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PORTRAIT OF MRS. Q——

FROM THE PAINTING BY WILHELM FUNK

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CENTURY

Vol. 89 NOVEMBER, 1914 No. 1

The Sword of Youth

A Romance of Love and War

Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds?—JOB.

By JAMES LANE ALLEN

Author of "The Choir Invisible," "A Cathedral Singer"

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

Part One

ONE bright September afternoon in 1863 a middle-aged woman with a gigantic masculine frame and the face of a soldier sat on the porch of a lonely farmhouse in central Kentucky knitting an undersized sock. Between her hands, which bore some resemblance to the feet of a big hawk, the web of soft, grayish wool hung down like the tender, torn skin of a mouse.

Once she dropped her work, and picking up the companion sock just finished, she stretched this as though from a wish to have it larger, to have it look more like the sock of a real man. Again and again, unaware of her act, she pulled it the long way and the broad way; and again and again the yielding fiber of the sheep's back returned to an inexorable mold, to the disappointing shape of nature. Then rigid in her chair, she stretched her arm out sidewise and dropped the sock to the porch; whereupon, taking up her bright needles, she went on to round out its fellow.

Her eyes rested on her work, but her thoughts seemed to dwell upon scenes far off—upon great scenes with great mem-

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ories. Interpreting her expression, you would have said that terrible events had wrung her heart, but had left her the long bivouac of a proud mind. It was the martial vigil of this bivouac that she kept there, sitting majestical and alone on her porch that still afternoon, a wounded sentinel.

At intervals her eyes were raised. They looked across the yard and the stable-lot toward a weedy carriage-road which ran over empty fields to an horizon wall of blue sky and white clouds. She had drawn her chair into position to command a view of this road. She wished to catch the first glimpse of him in the distance, riding slowly, returning from town with his bundles, an undersized figure. There would be the usual slant of sunshine on his coarse straw hat, the yellow hat of yellow harvests.

Whenever she scanned the road a shadow of disappointment darkened her face. It was not yet time for him to return, and she knew this; but unreasonableness is never reasonable: it is a pendulum that will never go with any clock; and because his coming was the only incident to stir the monotony of the interminable afternoon, she began to chide him for being late. In the fallow soil of her mind, where life no longer sowed bountifully as it had sowed of old, there had of late years sprung up a strange weed of impatience with him, and now in nearly everything that he did or did not do he seemed born to tread upon that weed.

A breeze, which did not blow wild and free across the country, but gamboled about the house as a domesticated yard wind, brought to her nostrils a familiar odor. The next moment from around the corner of the house, at the end of the long porch where the kitchen was situated, a middle-aged mulattress stepped slurringly into view and stood with respect. In one hand, at her side, she carried a piece of rope, in the other she held a clay pipe; on the heaped-up tobacco an ember from the mid-afternoon kitchen ashes glowed a faint rose.

She spoke with the soft voice of the Southern negro, betokening in her case happy lifelong slavery, out of which had grown two African virtues, affection and loyalty:

"I 'm going for my wood now, Miss Henrietta."

"Very well, Tabitha."

Her mistress—mistress no longer—did not turn her head, but merely lifted her eyes with another search of the road. The tone with which she had replied is not heard in this country now, perhaps nowhere in the world. It was the voice of the Southerner of that period, charged with absolute authority over the slave. That terrible authority had just come to its terrible end in the nation, but the tone kept sounding; the slaveless Kentucky woman still commanded her slaves.

When the negress received permission to do the work which she was perfectly free not to do, she turned away, and with puffs of blue smoke floating over her shoulder, moved along a foot-path toward the cabins; she alone remained of all those once crowded into those white frame cottages. Near them was a woodpile without wood; the fuel had long since been used. At the center of the little solitude a tall sunflower flaunted the colors of the sun over the desolation of the cooking-stove.

The negress crossed this space, and started to wade through a field of weeds toward a fence some hundreds of yards off. There she would gather half-rotten rails, bind these into a bundle with her rope, balance the bundle on her head, and by and by come wading back with wood to cook supper and breakfast.

This story is not about her. Yet all stories of those times are chained to her bondage and to the tragedy of that bondage for the unbound. She explained the iron-willed, tyrannical woman in the porch, the vast desolation of farms and plantations, the distant battle-line of exhausted, maddened armies facing each other half-way across the nation, youths and fathers and old men ready to die in their tracks, and dying there, confident

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that they perished on plains of glory about her. Vanish from American history she never will, in its pantheon of colossal figures the bronze Victory of a great self-avenging wrong.

The words of former slave and former mistress had disturbed the general stillness as the dropping of a few pebbles causes a quiver on a smooth sea. Another muffled sound did by and by make itself audible in the porch. Not far off in the yard an enormous peach-tree stood, with some of its fruit ripening. Beneath the tree spread the autumn blue-grass. From out a tuft of leaves nature now pushed one royal peach, and it dropped to the grass, and lay there in full view, tinted with the colors of a sunrise.

The lonely woman glanced toward it and thought of a father and four big, brawny, gallant sons nearly as tall as he making a playful group under the tree while one, grasping a pole to which was fastened a bag like a bird's nest, brought down the peaches unbruised. It went desolately to her heart that for them this afternoon the old house tree again faithfully ripened its fruit, but that they had long since bit the dust far from one another in the dark conflict's fury, and were brought together for their repose only in a mausoleum of battle-memories which she guarded.

Suddenly from the direction of the front of the comfortable old brownish brick house with greenish window-shutters she was startled by the sounds of some one coming. She stopped knitting and sat bolt upright, her face brighter. The next moment a girl appeared, walking deliberately, and carrying in each hand a plate covered with a napkin.

She, Lucy Morehead,—even at first sight you would have judged her to be about seventeen,—had arrived from the nearest farm-house, a mile or more distant. The land between the two homesteads was one stretch of meadows and pastures, across which, for neighborliness and the conveniences of farm life, a carriage-and-wagon road made its way, with deviations to circumvent green hills and to cross fords at the deep-banked, silvery brooks, where sometimes mint grew and brown-backed, white-bellied minnows darted. For walkers a foot-path ran straight from house to house, and by this the visitor had arrived. And there she was now, approaching under the shadows of the old forest trees, sometimes in open spaces where the sunlight fell on the brilliant grass.

Mortal curiosity and hope hover about anything carried under a fresh napkin. Therefore you might, by reason of attending to the covered plates, have failed to notice that the bearer of them was a gray-eyed lass, a long-lashed, heavy-haired, sweet-mouthed, very winsome lass; not tall, not slender, but built generously on the essential womanly plan, and, it plainly appeared, early developed by impatient nature as being a great chance for the right youth—for the right, lusty, ardent youth.

Her dainty snowy sunbonnet was lined with pink; her dainty sky-blue gingham dress had bishop's sleeves and a skirt barely reaching to the grass-tops. Her dainty, snow-white bib-apron was tied at her back with long, stiff streamers. She had on white stockings and black kid slippers and white lace mitts. Her heavy chestnut plaits reached to the snowy bow at her back; and in front, at an upper corner of the bib-apron, at the heart-corner, just above a firm, warm, half-budded breast, she had pinned a little bunch of fresh lemon verbena and pink honeysuckle.

Altogether, she did not belong to the nation's war, but to its peace. She came upon the autumn scene out of the world's perpetual springtime. So that, September though it was, you fantastically, fitly conceived her as having stepped down from some upper chamber in the April of old apple-trees, with half-opened buds for the flooring and with bluebirds building and caroling about the windows. There she was with her three blended natures, the flower of her sound, sweet body, the maturer vows and bonds of character to be, and in the shadow of these, waiting in

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the shadow behind life itself, the folded pinion of something divine.

No sooner had she stepped into view than the mood of the eager woman on the porch underwent a change. Her face settled to a look of limited cordiality. The visitor, in the desperate circumstances, might be welcome; she was not wholly approved for herself.

But the hostess rose, laying her knitting in her chair, and advanced to the edge of the porch to greet her guest; the Southern gentlewoman of those days always rose to greet *any* guest. As she moved, the eyes with wonderment measured her extraordinary height and dignity. She had the figure and bearing of a weather-beaten, gaunt general wrapped in his long, gray military cloak; for her dress was a faded gray silk, and its only decoration was a mourning-band like a military collar. This collar was fastened at her throat with a gold portrait-locket which suggested a big brass army-button. Her complexion was sallow, and little freckles on her face and hands all the more gave her the appearance of having just been through a military campaign. Her glossy, pale-brown hair, as straight as an Indian's, was parted in the middle and brushed in two large puffs back over her ears. She had wonderful amber-colored eyes, in the irises of which little round points of jet looked like scattered bird-shot—bold, keen, far-searching, unconquerable eyes.

At her rotting porch-edge, with the proud breeding of the land, she waited for her guest.

"How do you do, Lucy? I am glad to see you, my dear," she said, with the smile of a large gentleness, as Lucy Morehead, having put one of the plates down beside a pillar of the porch, came up the three steps. Neither offered to kiss the other, though this ceremony was esteemed a custom of the country. Instead, they shook hands; the radiant girl smiled back at the faded woman, and looking with sincere, gray eyes into those sincere, amber-colored ones, which vaguely suggested two nuggets of gold half buried in the surface of a brownish rock, she said with the simplest response:

"How do you do, Mrs. Sumner?" Then she offered her plate, adding as simply, "Mrs. Sumner, we were making little spice-cakes, and I brought you some."

The courtesy could hardly have been held to be personal; it was rather an observance of the old hospitality when every country home overflowed from kitchen and pantry, orchard and garden, upon its sated neighbors. For exactly this reason the gentlewoman to whom it was offered found the gift a little hard to receive. It brought remembrance of how, with the first revolution of the great iron wheel of war, which is always the great golden wheel of fortune—she had been hurled from high to low, from abundance down to need. All her life she, too, had been

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used to give, to scatter broadcast among her neighbors; and the reversal of position, this tying of her hands of plenty, made the gift a little bitter as she held out to it the hands of want. Nevertheless, her thanks were graciously expressed, and having so expressed them, she turned, and bore the gift into the house.

"Sit here, Lucy," she said, coming out into the porch again more proudly, and drawing forward a chair, yet not very near to her own.

"Thank you, Mrs. Sumner; I believe I should like to sit on the edge of the porch," suggested the girl as one who slips away; and she went back and took her seat on the edge of the porch beside the plate she had left there. The seat was comfortable, and it was natural, since even grown children often retain the wild-animal instinct that avoids the artificial elevations of chairs. But there may have been a purely human reason also why the visitor chose that spot as the proper remove from which to pay her visit.

Conversation naturally opened with neighborly inquiries, but scarcely had it started before Mrs. Sumner's attention began to be drawn to the plate. The visitor kept guard over it as though she had not surrendered its contents, as though she was not permitting it, so to speak, to enter the house.

Perhaps only minds of heroic measure experience the full offensiveness of little things, the ignominy of having to treat with them upon any terms. Mrs. Sumner felt obliged, though reluctantly, to take notice of the plate thus forced upon her attention, yet withheld from her confidence. Such behavior in her guest involved a departure from acceptable manners, agreed-upon good manners.

"My dear," she said, glancing pointedly at the plate to force an immediate explanation, "you are too generous; one plateful is quite my share."

Lucy Morehead merely lifted the napkin and peeped under it with an air of innocence, though allowing it to be inferred that innocence was not the virtue she aimed at.

"Take off your bonnet, Lucy," said Mrs. Sumner, quickly.

"Thank you, I 've just a little while to stay, Mrs. Sumner," replied the girl, resisting the advance. "But I believe I *will* take it off," she added, considering perhaps her own whim; and raising her chin, she untied the snowy strings and laid the bonnet on the porch beside the plate. Now free to make herself comfortable, she crossed her slippered feet on the grass, crossed her hands in her lap, tilted her head at a slight upward angle against a pillar of the porch, and fixed her eyes on Mrs. Sumner's face, studying it.

That face had grown graver. Plainly a liberty was being taken that amounted to an affront. There is often another obstacle to the peace of minds of heroic measure: they can carry on war only behind the barriers of their own ideals, among which may be reckoned the walls of their own impregnable politeness. Mrs. Sumner now felt that if her youthful visitor was being discourteous, she must be treated with all the more courtesy. On her own part, since she could not explore the plate, she must ignore it until the little drama worked itself out according to the caprice of the dramatist.

She led the conversation once more to neighborly inquiries. Lucy Morehead, at ease with enjoyment of the situation she had brought about, began to take a wider survey of her surroundings. She espied the peach out in the grass, and for a while looked at it with ever-mounting and amused desire.

"May I have that peach, Mrs. Sumner?" she asked finally, laughing and coloring at her own avowed beggary.

"My dear, you may have a basketful if you can find ripe ones. The pole is propped there in the fork. I will come out and help you."

"Oh, no, thank you; I want just that one," said the girl, declining again; and she went over and picked up the peach and returned to her seat and put it beside her bonnet.

"You know we have n't any fruit knives now, Lucy."

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"Thank you; I want to take it home to look at."

Next the girl's eyes fell upon the sock on the porch at arm's-length from the chair of the knitter. She had seen it the moment she arrived. There could be only one person for whom that sock was knit. When she spoke again, her voice had sunk to the lowest tone in her scale. Always it is the frivolous that soars toward the shrill. The lowest key of the voice is reserved for what lies at the bottom of the mind, for the significant, the serious, the intimate, the very tender. The girl spoke with her voice gone down to its lowest key:

"Is Joe at home, Mrs. Sumner?"

So composedly she sat there, with her slippers crossed on the grass, her hands crossed in her lap, her head resting against the porch pillar, her accusing eyes resting on the knitter's face—childhood in its awful judgment upon age. You would at once have known that, whoever Joe was, in the opinion of the visitor he was not appreciated, was somehow being wronged all along. "Is Joe at home?"

The answer was quietly returned, enveloped in comment:

"He has gone to town. He took in a basket of peaches, and he is to bring back some groceries. We shall depend upon the peach-tree awhile for supplies. He ought to be here now."

A second question followed in that same lowest key of the intimate:

"He is seventeen to-day, is n't he?"

An answer was returned with reticence:

"Yes, he is seventeen to-day."

"Mrs. Sumner," said Lucy Morehead, sitting up suddenly, "will you give him this plate, please, when he comes, and tell him that it is a cake I made for him? I remembered this is his birthday."

The words were meant to cut, and words meant to cut in that way always do cut.

"Yes, my dear, he will get it when he comes."

The plate was explained, the visit over, but the visitor lingered. She did not withdraw her eyes from the mother's face, gaging its self-control. This was only a little scene in an old warfare—that between two women over a man to whom both are bound most closely, but each most differently; an old warfare as to which understands him better, esteems him higher, holds him dearer, and will attack the other for him first.

Suddenly the girl's mood changed. She bent over the plate, lifted the napkin again, peeped, and laughed to herself.

"It is n't spice-cake," she said, looking up at the mother with innocence beautiful because it really was innocence. "It is n't spice-cake!"

"He will find out what kind it is."

"He won't know. Will you please be sure to tell him that it 's bride's-cake?"

She spoke as though for a birthday of that character the appropriate offering was a cake of that description, and to this she had nothing to add. Slowly she put on her bonnet and slowly she walked up into the porch.

"Good-by, Mrs. Sumner."

Mrs. Sumner rose:

"Good-by."

Lucy Morehead went away across the yard as deliberately as she had come. Mrs. Sumner let her hands drop to her lap and watched the sweet April-fragrant figure until it disappeared around the corner of the lonely house.

Among the few wholly innocent pleasures of the old must be reckoned their discovery of the love-making of the young. It is like seeing the first crocus come up in an abandoned yard, like watching from an afternoon window a distant hill turn green, like pulling apart aged lilacs and surprising within them the few strands of a nest. The traveler turns round, steps backward to the rotting gate of the past, and, leaning on it with a smile, looks finally at springtime and romance.

But we have only to press upon life's pleasures a very little to force out of any one of them the blood-drops of a wound; and these shy, beautiful alliances of the young have likewise to be understood as their heartless preparation to capture the

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scene; as nature's rise and revolt against the old, which will presently push them out of their chairs and beds, away from tables and chimney-corners, out of the porches, out of the world.

As Lucy Morehead's figure passed from sight and Mrs. Sumner took up her knitting, the gayer half of the visit, its freshness, its charm, its romance, passed quickly from her mind, leaving the serious half to weigh upon her reflections. This was her natural way, however, of looking at all life; one of the weaknesses of her mind was that it was too strong. She was unable to look at little things in a little way. For her they always ran into ever larger things until she lost sight of them altogether in the important.

It is true that in this case there was special reason why the child's visit was grave enough; for it was a veiled attack upon her motherhood, upon her treatment of her own son.

She had never borne a daughter; this had been to her a harsh limitation of her own harshness, that she had not perpetuated lovely feminine traits among men, had not even brought into the world another harsh woman to replace herself.

But Lucy Morehead had more nearly than any one else taken the place of a daughter. She had been at the Moreheads' on the night the little new-comer arrived, and had been among the first to enfold her in sympathetic maternal arms. As time went on the little girl had become her favorite child in the neighborhood; and this beautiful relation had lasted until the day when nature brought about one of her cruel changes. Lucy Morehead had grown old enough to discover that the main person in the Sumner house was not Mrs. Sumner, but Mrs. Sumner's son. And the change became crueller when she began to take sides with him against the mother—to withdraw her visits, to cool in her affection, until finally the relation between them had become what the visit of this afternoon had shown it to be, one of alienation and of reproach.

The knitting mother thought bitterly of all this; and she did not stop there, but went on to conjecture whether her son were not really back of the girl's visit and behavior. Had he been complaining of his own mother? Did they stand together in this condemnation of her? She had no evidence on which she could lay a clear touch that such was the case, but she had her intuition. Intuition! That pompous charlatan whom we station at the front entrance of our intelligence to give us news of those who pass and of those who arrive. That mischievous misinformer whose word we never doubt! She had her intuition.

And so absorbed was she with it that she forgot to watch for his return across the fields. Then at last she did lift her eyes, and saw him not away off in the distance, but right there close to the fence.

He was at the stiles near the yard gate, astride his father's old velvet-footed, bay saddle-horse, the only horse left to them. With one hand he held balanced before him on the pommel of the saddle a large handle-less feed-basket containing his purchases for the pantry; the day's newspaper lay folded on top of the groceries.

With both hands he lifted the basket over to the upper block of the stiles and then he got off on the lower block. He ungirthed his saddle, and threw it with the saddle blanket upon the top plank of the fence. Then the boy stepped down off the block and undid the throat-latch; and as the horse lowered his head toward him, he slipped off the bridle with a good-by pat or two on the white star in the forehead.

Joseph Sumner swung the heavy basket to his right hip, and holding it there and bending far over to balance the weight, he kicked the latch-less yard gate open, and came along the grassy pavement to the porch.

As he thus walked bent over, he looked less like an undergrown youth than a little old man bowed beneath the weight of his years and the burden of his toil. You could see that he was strongly built, well put together; but there could be no denial that his proportions were not im-

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pressive, not hero-like. The bodily total of him was a disappointment, a chagrin, a calamity. In a family of giants, father and much older brothers, who now that they had fallen in battle were larger than life, since the glorious dead always grow in remembrance beyond reality, in such a family of males, with a gigantic mother, too, he was despicable; he was a human nubbin, he was the family runt.

His hands looked like a workman's from hard, rough usage, and they were browned and freckled, as his face was browned and freckled. He was not to be described as freckled, but as speckled: for every freckle of hers she had laid on him ten. Under the coarse straw hat you could see that he had thick reddish-yellowish hair, with thick whitish eyelashes and eyebrows. They looked all the whiter at present because he was covered with pike dust; it had settled all over him like a fine meal, from his eyelashes to his coarse dark-cloth jacket and down to his negro shoes, unblacked, and tied with leather strings. He was not ill-looking in the face, but good-looking, with four strong signs in the direction of manhood—eyes full of genuine character, large ears, a long, strong nose, and a big, shapely, honest, most human mouth. Such a mouth alone has made the career of many a man in his struggle with natural disadvantages.

Perhaps the foremost character impression you got of him was his looking settled. He came upon the stagnant scene as the active, authoritative head of things. A war-child during these later years of his short life, war and hardships and responsibilities had matured him faster than time, faster than nature. In premature development of his whole self he was a young man; he was twenty. And that workman's face of his might next have been read by you as truly a marvelous document of human fidelity, a meek page out of life's testament of faithfulness.

"Well, Mother," he said, in his pleasant way, setting the basket down on the edge of the porch, "here are all the things."

He said this with a tone of glad respect for her, but with a candid admission that he was about done for. He might well have been, for he had worked at one thing or another since daybreak. But something else sounded in that voice, the highest, deepest thing in him—the solemn eloquence of duty. He became at once to you a person who in those simple words was discharging himself of his day's

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stewardship with a good conscience. You might likewise have inferred, had you listened delicately, that only by an effort had he fixed his mind on that stewardship of buying groceries; the splendid concern of his life this day had not been in buying groceries.

She merely asked one question, the usual question, as she drew her chair over to the edge of the porch:

"Is there any more news from the war to-day, Joe?"

"Nothing since yesterday."

She laid the newspaper covetously in her lap to read at once, and began to lift the bundles out one by one, those packages of adversity, which, as she piled them on the porch, suggested a small rampart against hunger, an armful for the old-time pantryful.

She investigated each parcel, welcomed each, with the comical, the absurd interest of unoccupied, lonely country people in things that have just been brought from town. He stood before her, looking on reminiscently.

"I wasted two of the peaches," he said, bringing the matter up promptly as entering into a faithful accounting of his stewardship.

"How?"

She did not lift her head; her voice expressed no surprise, but surely it expressed no pleasure. He explained with some self-satisfaction:

"When I got out on the pike, I had n't ridden far before I came to a train of loaded army-wagons on their way south—half a mile of them. Something had happened to one of the wagons at the head of the train, and they had all halted. As I was riding along on the side of the pike, one of the teamsters, a big fellow in his new blue uniform, caught sight of the peaches on top of the basket, and sprang up on the seat, and called out to me: 'Hello, you damned, dried-up little rebel, throw me a peach.' I stopped and picked up the biggest and greenest one I could put my hand on, and stood up in the stirrup, and threw it at him as hard as I could. But he caught it and laughed at me and stuck his teeth in it and held out his hands and called out from behind the peach, 'Hit me again, Colonel.' I picked up another one and threw that at him with all my might, and it hit him on the nose. The blood spurted out on his face. I think I knocked his front teeth out; I hope I did. Anyhow, he dropped the peach out of his mouth. Then I rode on. Two were all I could waste on him."

That quick heat, that instant blow, which was in his father's blood and in hers, that family trait, that Kentucky ideal, drew from her in his case no response. Such things were not for him. An attack on half a mile of army-wagons with a basket of ripe peaches meant for market, that did not particularly resemble anything in the pioneers. Nothing in the life and adventures of Daniel Boone was eclipsed by it, for instance. The pleasure he now felt in telling of it almost savored to her of brag, because he had nothing bigger on his record as an achievement.

She was looking at a few lumps of white sugar. She knew perfectly well how white sugar looked; but she was looking at the white sugar, which at any sacrifice she would have. Suddenly she laid the package down, glanced over the total of things on the porch, and, missing something, raised her dull burning, amber eyes to his:

"Where is the tin bucket you were to buy and where is the lard?"

He met her look, thunderstruck, undone. He jerked off his hat and thrust his fingers into his sandy hair on one side of his head and rubbed it hard, as if to cudgel the undutiful brain on the inside. Then he made his clean, sorrowful confession:

"I forgot the bucket and I forgot the lard."

This was one of the failings that tried her, his forgetfulness. It grew on him. When he was young, apparently he could not forget anything; he was a little remembering prodigy. But as he had grown older, he had begun to lapse, as though his thoughts, separated from his duties, had chosen widening paths. To

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her it was a bad sign, a weak tendency toward slackness, shiftlessness. If there had been a family coat-of-arms, its motto would have been, "Do not forget." Aye, do not forget. Do not forget strangers, do not forget friends, do not forget enemies. Do not forget hospitality, do not forget kindnesses, do not forget injuries. Do not forget the living, do not forget the dead. Vigilance, wariness, absolute attention to the thing in hand—these had made the pioneer, had made Kentucky, had made the family. History had no record of sleepy-headed, woolgathered backwoodsmen, or of absent-minded Indians, or of absent-minded Sumners.

The spirit of this hardihood, of all these traditions, was in her tone as she asked her next question:

"How did you happen to forget?"

"I don't know *how* I happened to forget. I wish I *did* know. I would n't do it again."

"I made a memorandum for you."

"On the way to town I read the memorandum over and threw it away: I thought I had memorized the memorandum."

With every attempt to get at the root of the blame, he further demonstrated his unreliableness. And now he stood before her convicted of having come short of his duty. His plain judgment of himself was that there could be no way out of this trouble, that he had failed of his duty. Thus he forced her to provide a way, which would also carry along with it the needed wholesome discipline.

"Go into the kitchen and get the old bucket," she said in a voice of mortification that she was brought down to a trifle which might have been remedied so easily, so easily, "and go over to Mrs. Morehead's and tell her that I wish she would lend me enough lard for supper and breakfast. Tell her I told you to get lard in town to-day, but that you forgot it. Explain to her that I am ashamed to have to borrow."

Her voice put the load of the whole matter back on his shoulders; and he accepted the load with the submissiveness of a tired donkey which, having reached home hungry and thirsty after a long journey, is started off on another without food or drink. In truth he became instantly alert and grateful for this unexpected way out of the difficulty. He looked, if anything, less hungry and thirsty, and he started off toward the kitchen, saying to her with a kind of apologetic reassurance, and with fresh faith in his efficiency this time:

"It won't take me long. It is n't time yet to go about supper. I 'll be back in a few minutes, Mother."

Indeed, he walked so fast that only a few minutes were needed, along the straight path across the fields, to bring him to the Moreheads'.

As he entered the yard, Lucy Morehead was out there watering the flowers growing about the front porch and in little round and oval beds on each side of the pavement: they needed regular watering that year, for there was a great September dryness in the clouds. The younger children of the family, in fresh white frocks, with fresh ringlets and tiny slippers, were playing about her at a safe distance; for to keep them at this distance that she might be undisturbed, she now and then lifted the watering-pot and threw the spray at them, threatening their frocks and curls. It was a charming scene.

She, too, at home was at the head of affairs. Her father, the country doctor of the neighborhood, had died the year before the war; her brother, the eldest child, had at the first bugle-call gone into the Southern cavalry of Kentucky youths; her mother was an invalid. And thus she also had been forced into a maturity of character beyond her years. But their property had not suffered from the ravages of war: the former physician's services to all were gratefully remembered, and the family were, besides, sweet-natured people who made friends, not enemies.

When she saw him, she put down the watering-pot at once, heedless of the

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children, who closed in and wrangled as to which should use it; and she came to meet him with the serenitude which was her temperament, her trustfulness. She was now white-frocked also and bare-headed, with a blue ribbon at her throat, white like a swan's, and a blue ribbon at her belt, and blue ribbons, laced Highland-fashion, about her white ankles. She was old enough to begin to make herself two or three times a day an invitation to love's arms.

The effect of her afternoon visit to his mother had left misgivings, and his unexpected appearance became associated in her mind with a stormy scene that might have followed upon his return.

"How do you do?" she said, with uneasiness at heart, but with mischief still lurking in her eyes.

He stopped before her, soiled and forlorn, and did not even pluck up heart to greet her. Her loveliness, her freshness, was blurred to him, was invisible, on account of his abject errand, his most unbeautiful emergency, his disgrace of memory.

"Lucy," he said with a husky throat, "I forgot the lard! Mother asks Mrs. Morehead to lend her enough for supper and breakfast. Will you get it and bring it out to me, please? I will get some in town to-morrow and return it. And please tell Mrs. Morehead that mother is sorry to give her this trouble. Explain to her that it is all my fault, my forgetfulness."

He was so glad to take the blame off his mother, to lay the load of it where it belonged, on his donkey back and brain.

His first words having quieted her fears, she gave way to humor at the sight of him, at the ignominy of his plight. The dews of laughter were on her long lashes, and her face had flushed rose-pink as she took the bucket out of his hand. But first she let her hand slide down and lie beside his about the bucket-handle. His had not been washed since morning, but the touch of it sent a thrill through her which she did not quite acknowledge to herself. She knew only his hand, not his lips.

"You shall have all the lard you want," she said, with an overflow of the maternal. "What else?"

"Nothing but lard—unless I have forgotten something else."

She eyed him with comical distrust.

"Had n't you better try to remember? Suppose I run over the list? Butter? No butter? Preserves? Spice? No, not any more *spice*. Never any more spice, *never!* Nothing else? Soap? Lye?"

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She had in her a streak of woman's salutary wit and wickedness.

"Lard 's all," he said solemnly, "I *think!*"

She tossed her head at him, turned and walked toward the house.

"Hurry, Lucy, won't you, please?" he called after her, desperately.

"I *am* hurrying," she called back over her shoulder, with her lovely profile in view, slackening her steps.

When she brought the bucket out to him, he held out his hand to take it, but she stepped back, searching him with her eyes resentfully.

"Not until you remember something else," she said finally.

"There is not another thing," he protested. "Not one thing, I swear!"

She stepped forward and looked at him.

"And you have already forgotten your birthday-cake?"

He shook his head as though he did not understand, as though his brain had given way.

She explained, with some sudden misgivings of her own brain:

"I made you a birthday-cake and left it for you this afternoon. And you have n't received it?"

"For *me?* To-day? You made *me* a birthday-cake *to-day?*"

He dwelt upon the last word as though it were the most important part of the whole matter. Then he continued, looking at her with dusty tenderness:

"I had just gotten home, and we were looking over the things when we missed *this,*" taking the bucket from her and shaking it ignominiously. "I will get the cake when I go home. And when I come back, I 'll thank you better. I want you to meet me after supper. There is something I want to tell you, to-night, Lucy."

His look, his voice, instantly drove away playful thoughts. She searched his face, and saw what was new and strange. And she asked with quick sympathy:

"Is it something important?"

"It *is* important; but I must hurry back now. You meet me. Don't fail, Lucy."

It was like a command, his first command to her. She liked it all the more for that reason, and she responded at once out of the better liking:

"Have I ever failed? But tell me now, Joe. What is it? I want to know now."

"No, you meet me," he said with a sternness not directed to her, and that lifted him far above the level of the scene in which he was taking part.

"But I can't wait," she said, she who was never impatient.

As Joseph Sumner hurried home, the sun was at his back and threw his lengthened shadow on the ground before him. His eyes became strangely riveted on that shadow, on that larger image of himself. It was a reality there, but it was a reality nowhere else, having no parentage of flesh and blood, but only its ancestry of air and light. Yet somehow the big solar photograph, alive and moving rapidly before him over the film of grass, fitted the scale of the pictures which had been before his mind all day. As a shadow at least he measured up to those great pictures.

They had to do with the first decisive event of his life. Beyond the event lay the void of his early childhood; on this side stretched the clear track of his memory, one hard, straight road.

It was the night his father and his brothers had left home, riding away at dead of night just before the first eager gathering of men into the first Southern armies. They had not come home to supper that evening, and when he went to bed, still they had not returned. The first thing he knew after that was being gently shaken by the shoulder. Not fully aroused out of his sleep, he heard a voice saying, "Don't wake him." It was one of his brothers who spoke. Another voice closer to his ear insisted, "Yes, we must wake him; we must all tell him good-by." His shoulder was shaken again, and he was gently pulled over on his back. Then he opened his eyes and sat up bewildered and saw, gathered at his bedside, his father and his brothers, with their hats on, and hunting-belts and hunting-boots, all look-

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ing at him very grave. His father had lifted him in his arms and carried him across the room to the bureau where a solitary candle burned, and had turned him around so that the light would fall on his face, to get a good look at him, he rubbing his eyes and confused as to what it all meant. Then his father, his splendid, glorious father, had said:

"Little man, I am going away to-night, and your brothers are going with me, and we may be away a long time." He stopped there, then went on: "It might be longer, longer. Now, then, you will be the only man of us left at home; and you will be at the head of everything; and you are going to do your best, are n't you, your very best?"

He had answered, not understanding much about it:

"Yes, Papa."

"You are going to take care of your mother? You are going to be a good son to your mother?"

"Yes, Papa."

"And as fast as you grow up, you are going to take your father's place, and take your brothers' places, and be all of us to her as nearly as you can?"

"Yes, Papa."

"I know it. I know it. Well then, little man, God keep you and God keep her, and God keep both of you together, till all of us come back—or till some of us—or none of us—"

"Yes, Papa."

His father had set him down on the floor and walked away, and then his brothers had stooped one after the other and told him good-by:

"You must manage everything, Joe."

"I will."

"You may have the shot-gun. Keep it cleaned."

"I will."

"And don't forget about the dogs. Be sure to feed the dogs."

"I will."

"Take good care of mother, Joe!"

"I will."

Then they went out on the porch. The moon was shining away up in the sky, and it must have been about midnight, and everything was bright as day; the shadows under the trees and bushes were the only darkness. Hitched to the fence, saddled, were five of the best horses. Out there on the porch the parting had taken place between them and his mother. As each propped his rifle against the wall of the house and advanced, she clutched him to her breast. All were tall, but she seemed to tower above them, as against her heart one by one she consecrated them to battle. Each as he left her arms stepped aside, grasped his rifle, and waited. Then his father and mother, with their arms around each other a long time, and low, swift, broken words from each to each. When their parting was over, his four brothers made of themselves a group about their father, and all five tramped solidly out of the porch along the pavement, and were mounted and gone, riding furiously southward, with the horses' feet fainter and fainter across the fields.

His mother stood there on the edge of the porch, the moonlight pouring down upon her—stood there as white as death, her long hair, yellowed by the moonlight, falling down over one shoulder, as still and as white as death. Not till they were gone too far to turn back, not till the last sound from them had died out, did she move. Then she stretched out her arms to them, and down her face her tears ran. Again and again her arms were flung out, imploring them to come back, sending them away, in the tempest of her grief and rage.

He stood apart on the porch, with the moonbeams pouring down on him, too, awed and watching her and waiting. His heart ached to feel about himself the arms that had enwrapped the others and had made them so sacredly one. But in that breaking up of the family he was overlooked, left out. She acted out her tragedy before him as though no eye beheld her in her solitude. And so, having nothing else to turn to, he began from that hour to turn toward himself, to get prematurely old and strong, to know loneliness and its strength.

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And now on this day when he was seventeen years old, he had been putting two great pictures side by side: that September night when his father and his brothers had ridden away to swell the first flushed armies of the onset, and this September day when far to the south of him stretched the last of the thin, wasted, ragged ones.

Such were the vast dramas of life and history glowing in his brain as he hurried along the foot-path, carrying his few spoonfuls of borrowed lard, with the sun at his back and his lengthened shadow on the ground.

Hardly could he keep his eyes off that big shadow, that coveted aggrandizement of stature, that incorporeal betterment of sun and dust. If Nature ever, as men of old believed, sends auguries to her children from far beyond the counsels of humanity, this may have been one from her to him.

The plain early supper had been eaten by mother and son in almost unbroken silence.

His thoughts were on the terrible thing he meant to tell her when they were together again out on the porch, where they usually sat till bedtime. As he went over and over this, trying to arrange it in his distracted brain as best he could, deep emotions—emotions he had never known, were unlocked in him. Gladly he took refuge in the silence lest he betray himself. There was something that he could not hide, though he did not know this: that as with his troubled face he sat at his end of the table, his poor coarse spoon, his knife, and plate, his tumbler and his bread, not because they were poor and coarse, but because they were unblessed by tenderness, helped to make a revealing portrait of him amid those familiar surroundings. The beholder would at a glance have comprehended that here was a human soul and a human lot which had long dwelt together, but had never met. Choking down what little of his supper he could eat at all, he soon rose with a muttered excuse for his absence, and went out to finish some work for the night.

His mother had not remarked anything unusual in his demeanor because her own thoughts were violently engrossed with what she had just read in her paper. Some intelligence there drove from her mind the disagreeable incident of the afternoon. She had not forgotten that incident; she did not intend to forget it. It had affected her treatment of him upon his return and her manner toward him ever since; the whole suspected meaning of it lay as a spark near her anger, which at its worst was blind fury.

The news was that her husband's brother had just bought near town another splendid farm, the war-cheapened blue-grass acres of a war-ruined Southern family; the acquisition was further proof of his rapidly growing wealth, due to his influence at Federal headquarters, where he had large commissary contracts with the Government. While his wealth thus grew, he was at the same time the clue to her own deepening poverty. He accounted for her supper that evening, such as one of her former negroes would not once have eaten; he was responsible for the house stripped to the barest comforts; his restraining hand was on the empty stables, the empty barns, the ruined farm.

At the outbreak of the Rebellion her husband had held immense Southern investments, with capital partly borrowed from this brother as a loan secured by a mortgage on the estate. Those investments the declaration of war had instantly rendered worthless. The two brothers, who all their lives had been inseparable friends, now sundered by politics, were turned into implacable enemies. Her husband, though on the verge of bankruptcy, hurried South, and soon afterward took his sons with him into the army; his brother's sons went into the Northern army; and the breach widened into one of those common enough in the Kentucky of that time, which knew neither charity nor pity nor mercy.

Her husband and her sons fell in the first battles. Not long after, one cold, rainy autumn day, there was a forced sale of everything except what the law pro-

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vided that she might keep—the law which knows to what limits human nature will go and has to stop it on the way. Next her husband's brother, who, under an old fraternal will never revoked, held a joint administrator's right, took legal steps to acquire the management of the farm. He undertook to do this either by moving upon it himself or by placing it under the control of an overseer. She fought him in this aggression. She undertook the sole leasing and management herself. He opposed and thwarted her. And now years had passed, and neither had yielded. Meanwhile all her servants had deserted except one woman, her personal domestic; they had deserted, and some of the best trained had been taken into his household—her cook, her house girl, her coachman. Thus everything that could rot rotted, and everything that could produce produced weeds.

Always any great civil war is two wars, the war of armies in the field and the war of those who remain at home. The first often betters human nature by the exercise of the elements of its strength and by its struggle in some great cause, covering the welfare and the fate of a nation. The second invariably debases by the contest for personal advantage and the pursuit of revenge. Thus when a war ends, those who survive battles are better, those who survive quarrels are worse. Soldiers return home forgiving and tolerant; civilians remain embittered and vindictive.

As she rose from the table an impulse probably derived from these thoughts led her to step out upon the front porch. There at this hour in former years the family, reassembled after the separations of the day, were wont to give loose rein to their animal spirits, fun-loving dispositions. She remained a moment only, solitary apparition of a vanished society. As she had opened the parlor door, she had torn to pieces immense cobwebs spun across the thresholds. From the rose-bush half-fallen about the porch-steps long rank shoots crossed the air and pointed at her, driving her back: wild nature was returning to riot over a civilization which once had conquered it, and she shrank back into the house as though herself assailed by the armies of Nature. Returning to her customary seat on the side porch, she sat there slowly rocking, her hands, emptied of work, grasping the arms of the chair.

Before her as she looked out the direction was due south, and far southward, with a sudden ungovernable wish to forget her troubles, great and small, old and new, she now sent the tide of her heart's yearning.

The scene which rose before her was the Southern camps, those sinking regiments of spent youths, those shattered battalions of old men, eating their soldier suppers. What had they to eat as they sat about their ragged tents or sprawled on the grass near their tattered flags in their battle-stained gray jackets, many of which at the outset had been decorated

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with buttons of solid gold? She could see them smoking, laughing, making fun of hunger and hardship, they who had been heirs to millions and owners of the wealth of half the continent. Her imagination led her among them like a guide, showing picture after picture. Off there a group of shapely young daredevils mockingly surrounded one who was grilling a dried herring on half a canteen. Yonder, withdrawn from the rest, crouched a huge fellow with a torso of a bull, wrapped in his overcoat though the evening was warm, its cape pulled down over his face like a cowl, the desire of things far away maddening him. Vividly she could see some gray-haired man with a drink of water in one hand, a ration in the other, recalling a hushed moment at home and the bowed heads and his blessing on the stately meal. And then the white, patient faces of the sick, the ghastly, brave faces of the wounded! Ministering to these the well, the unwounded; trying to nurse them, trying to tempt their appetites with what? Men bathing the faces of other men with a freshly cooled cloth, some man slipping an arm under some other man and trying to lift him up and straighten his blanket and comb his hair where it had gotten tangled with the tossing of the head all day.

She could particularly distinguish here and there green boys who lately had arrived in camp, who, as the older members of the family had fallen, could not be kept at home. Perhaps among them, almost overlooked by his bigger, noisier comrades, some quiet one who might be there without having been happy with his mother, and thus with no wish to remember her while he marched or when he lay down to sleep. If she could have reached such a camp, she would have pushed by the others and have made her way straight to him.

Joseph Sumner came around the house and took his seat on the edge of the porch where Lucy Morehead had sat. Nothing was said for a while. There was intense stillness. From beneath the rotting porch-steps a toad which lived there hopped out, and with short jumps went down the grass-grown pavement. Every evening he hopped out and went down the pavement and hopped back. Joseph Sumner's eyes followed curiously the departure of the toad. Finally she, with half-unconscious exercise of an old habit of mind at this hour, asked a question: it was a tribute to the routine of former discipline on the farm.

"Have you finished your work, Joe?"

"I have finished it."

It did not escape her that he answered with unusual composure, that his words were stiffened by an extraordinary significance. While she pondered the meaning of this, he opened the conversation on his side:

"Mother, do you know how old I am to-day?"

The question for the second time within a few hours brought to her attention the disagreeable subject of the afternoon. The repetition of it reinforced her suspicion that there existed some kind of understanding to rebuke her as a mother for the treatment of her own son. Lucy Morehead had asked the question in a tone of sweet-natured reproach; his tone carried no feeling whatsoever. He spoke as though he realized that his birthday was a very small matter to her, which naturally might be overlooked. She liked neither the girl's interference nor her son's indifference, but between the two she liked his indifference less. It was galling that he should refer to his birthday apologetically. His doing so was a part of a submissiveness, a kind of humility in him that had often of late stung her. Apparently it grew in him, this submissiveness, for as a mere child he had been a little yellow hornet of passions.

She answered as, indeed, she naturally might answer:

"I think I am the one who ought to know."

"Do you remember something I said to you when I was fifteen?"

"No, I do not especially remember anything you said to me when you were fifteen."

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His comment was a little wistful:

"I thought it was something you would remember. I hoped you would. I told you that if the war lasted until I was seventeen, I should want to join the army. You don't remember that now?"

"No, I do not remember it now."

"Very well, then, Mother," he said, aroused a degree—"Very well. But I am seventeen years old to-day, and I want to ask you whether it is not time that I went?"

"Went where?"

"To join the army."

"I do not. Why do you ask me foolish questions, Joe?"

He asked another with some quickness:

"When do you think I ought to go?"

She replied with some quickness:

"I do not think anything about it."

He pressed her still more quickly:

"Then you do not think I ought to go at all?"

Her reply was instantaneous.

"Certainly not."

He sat looking at her like a person who without warning had been struck on the head with a bludgeon, and for a moment does not realize what has happened to him or what to do. Nevertheless, from the first instant he did realize this, that she did not even think of him in connection with the war. For her there was in him no promise of the soldier, no sign of the fighting man. That call, which the whole civilized world as a marveling listener had heard time and again, to youths of the South to leave their homes for the battle-fields though but to die there as fathers and older brothers had died—that call was not meant for his ear and was never to stir his soul. His place was at home, a solitary little farm-hand. He sat there stunned, and with the pallor of the sick on his face, in his eyes the strange darkness that is sometimes the pathos of the sick.

The toad, having traveled to its ends of the earth, came hopping back along the pavement, its puffed, foolish eyes searching its little world of air, its short, flabby jumps the measurements of its destiny, its tender tongue its only blade against death.

Joseph Sumner sat up straighter against the pillar of the porch, and, looking with sudden appeal at his mother, asked her a question. His lips quivered, his voice nearly failed him, and his face was ashen.

"You think, then, that I ought never to go?"

"Certainly not."

"Why, Mother? Why do you think that of me?"

It was a cry of anguish.

She did not answer. She had definite reasons and she had vague feelings. He was little, he was young, he had never shot a gun, the only one in the house having soon been taken away by the Federal authorities. He had never in his life killed anything but vegetables and weeds.

The roots of the whole matter, however, penetrated more deeply into the soil of human nature, out of which a mere workman's spade will sometimes turn up things surprising and not pleasant to look at; and about him there were in her own nature two such things, not good to contemplate or to write of, either, but thrown here to the surface as dark growths that happily die upon exposure to the sun.

This was one: that from the time she was left alone with him he had given up his out-door play, his all-day followings after whatever was of interest on the farm, and had begun to hang around, waiting for anything she might tell him to do. Humanly he turned himself over to her as wax to be molded to her will and needs. But perhaps human nature may not often be intrusted with what never resists it. Perhaps no human being is quite worthy to live long with another who submits. Perhaps whatever serves does so at its peril, and only what rules is safe. Certainly, however else his conduct was to be viewed, it did not look like fighting; it was not war; experience furnished her no ground for thinking him at heart an uncontrollable warrior, that he was of a mind to go after Grant.

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The other difficulty took this dark shape: that the things he did for her were such as her other sons had never done; her negroes had done them. The older boys had been young lords of the land. And his very happiness in this servitude, the naturalness with which he fitted into it, affected her opinion of him a little, lowered it just a little. For human nature finds it hard to recognize on the earth a few things which seem to arrive upon it as proofs of diviner things elsewhere. Through its long history it has grown used to the one old commonplace mixture of good and evil; and if anything wholly good, entirely noble, comes its way, since it cannot discover the familiar mixture, it will imagine the accompanying evil and *make* the familiar mixture. Thus invariably the things in human life most misjudged, last understood, are the highest things; the martyrs of the race have had the fate of its criminals.

He was now in the position of having run the risk of doing gladly for her the things she had been accustomed to order her slaves to do, and insensibly in her thoughts of him he had become entangled with slavish work. Unconsciously the things done, and the doer of them, do become bound up for us as within one iron ring of an idea. A cobbler, meet him where we may, does he ever fail to suggest old shoes?

The yoke of the farm, the yoke of the common toiler of the fields, which bends the neck down till it stays bent down, had that descended on the neck of Joseph Sumner? Had he become lost to her for the heroic, though complete, self-sacrifice to the servile? Nothing in him glorious but duty, and simple duty so little glorious?

She did not answer. The terrible anguish in his cry had gone through her, of course, and it may have been the very anguish of it that most kept her from replying; the whole subject were for his sake best dropped.

Meantime there he sat, waiting for that answer, his lips white, the look of wounded devotion in his eyes, which never forsook her face. And it must have been that as thus he waited and as thus she could not break the silence which more and more plainly seemed meant only to spare him—it must have been that some great vital thing in his life came then and there to the end of its existence.

For the image of ourselves that we see in the heart of another is what our love lives by or dies of, and Joseph Sumner had discovered in the mind of his mother an image of himself which she believed to be the true one, but which wrought upon

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him an effect instantaneous and horrible. He had recovered his senses now, his mind had begun to act with inconceivable swiftness, and while she kept silent with many thoughts, he was silent with one—his hatred of that image. Out of the depths of all that he was rose a murderous passion to attack that image, to spring at it and tear it out of her—that image.

When next he spoke, his voice had incredibly changed. There was in it no appeal to her. The tenderness had gone out of it; there was a sudden loss of lifelong respect for her, and there was a straight sharp challenge:

"*Why*, Mother? *Why* do you think I ought never to go into the Southern army?"

Again she declined to answer.

"*Why? Why?*" he exclaimed excitedly, pressing straight at the core of her.

His persistence irritated her, his stubbornness in trying to draw out things that would mortify him. To end the folly of it all, she laid hold, not unkindly, upon the first reason her mind encountered, not a full answer, but better than a full answer:

"Have n't you your work here to do?"

He replied instantly, with the same composure as at first:

"I have *had* work here to do."

The words meant nothing, but the tone nettled her, and she inquired with ironical forbearance:

"And has the work come to an end?"

"It has. The work has come to an end."

This, instead of further provoking her, quieted her.

Her troubles with each of her other sons—and she had passed through a mother's full experience—had begun as each passed from clear, placid boyhood into turbulent youth. She had learned to sit quiet through such storms, refusing to see them while they lasted or to remember them when they were gone, and she was too wise now to throw away former wisdom. She had suddenly wondered whether this was not a first outbreak of his, happening in conjunction with a birthday and a disagreeable birthday incident. Therefore when she next spoke she addressed him as though he had not said anything at all, as though they were just beginning a conversation. Her tone had the familiar quietness with which every evening she laid out her plans for the next day.

"Joe," she said, "when you go to town to-morrow, I want you to get—"

"Stop, Mother!" he cried, springing up from his seat.

He crossed the pavement and stood in the yard in front of her chair, and not once during what followed did he move, fixed there in body as in resolve.

"Stop!" he repeated as though eager to save her from possible humiliation. "Do not say anything to me about to-morrow. I do not wish to leave undone anything that you had ever told me to do; and if you had told me to do anything for to-morrow, it would ring in my ears for the rest of my life because I had not done it. Stop, then; let us try to come to an understanding."

She stopped rocking at least; amazement stopped her. What she might have said she was not to know; he gave her no time.

"Mother," he said, with a clear ring in his voice, "I do not think that perhaps you have ever understood me. But no matter, the time had not come. Now the time has come, and it is necessary. I shall try to make you understand. The day I was fifteen years old I said to you that if the war lasted until I was seventeen, I should want to join the Southern army. I am not surprised that you do not remember. You made me no reply then, and you may not even have heard me; your thoughts may have been on my father and my brothers. I have read your thoughts about them so long; my thoughts have been with them, too. I have read your thoughts about many other things. You have had more than enough to think of without thinking too much about me. You made me no reply, and I had about half a mind to go then; but many things kept me here.

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When I was sixteen I came much nearer going; still, some things held me back. Besides, I did not wish to go without your consent, and I did not believe you would give your consent. To-day I am seventeen years old, and I have but one feeling: that it is not my duty to stay at home any longer; it is my duty to go."

With this announcement of the greatest plan of his life he was content to pause a moment; to him it was grave enough to justify some attention. He had expected that it would overwhelm her. On the contrary, she sat looking at him without the slightest change of expression and merely waited for him to go on. Having discovered the presence in him, long fostered, of an incredible folly, she wished to let him utter his whole mind about it as the quickest way of being cured. He had no intention to keep her waiting.

"I have made my plans," he said briskly, returning to the mere business of it all, "but I have planned first for you. You cannot stay here alone; it would be unsafe, and, besides, some one must take my place. Mother, you must send for my uncle; he must come and take charge of the farm. He had better move here to live."

This time there was no doubt of the shock his words dealt. She never took her eyes from his face. He continued more persuasively, mildly:

"I know how you feel toward him, and I know how I feel; but it will be better to let him come. I have done what I could, but that has been very little. He will bring his stock and he will bring his negroes. Some of them were our negroes; they know your ways; you trained them. Almost any one of them will be able to do for you more than I have done. My plan is that you have him come, no matter how you feel about him."

She stood up. She was angry at last. He had gone too far. He counseled her to disregard things too great for him to understand. He presumed to dictate to her about family wounds and wrongs, such wounds and wrongs as are sacred to the old, and become doubly sacred when bound up with memories of the dead and never to be righted.

She rose, and she was angry, and she was afraid of her anger. Her precaution was that of a man who declines to be drawn into an ordinary quarrel for fear that the quarrel may become a fight and in the fight he may overuse his strength

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and kill. She faced him, and she lifted just one finger.

"Not another word!" she commanded almost inaudibly, laying her command on him as though he were a child and as though she stopped a child's further utterance with the impress of her will. Then she turned to enter the house.

"Stop, Mother!" he called out again. His tone was inconceivable to her; it carried an unbelievable authority. Despite herself she stopped and turned just outside her door.

"I don't want you to go in, Mother, and I don't want you to go away," he said—"not yet. Since we have begun, we had better finish. This had to come, and it has been a long time coming, a long, long time. Now let 's be over with it once and for all. I told you I had made my plans. But I must know your plans. Are you willing to let my uncle come?"

She took three long, swift steps toward him and halted. Her dried, freckled skin revealed under it the ugly stain of a rush of blood; her small oval, amber eyes blazed, they blazed like an enraged jaguar's. She forgot the boy who stood there in the yard baiting her; she remembered nothing but old family quarrels. Folding her hands in front of her, the palm of one lying upward in the palm of the other as though she held a prayer-book, in a voice as stilled as though she faced the altar, she slowly read the psalm of her hate:

"Before anything he sowed on this land could be harvested, I would pray to God to blight the fields, and my prayer would be answered. Before his stock should drink the water of the pond, I would take the mattock and dig the bank away and drain the pond dry. Before his negroes—my negroes, whom he has hired—should come back into the cabins, I would set fire to the cabins. Before he should enter this house to live in it, I would burn my husband's bed and the nursery where my sons were cradled; and I would sit outside and with joy watch my home, my shelter, become a pile of ashes."

Joseph Sumner looked at his mother with every faculty tense and quivering. Never but once before had he seen her as he saw her now—on the night his father and his brothers had ridden away. And the never-healed wound she had made in him that night she now tore open and made more horrible. She spoke over his head; again he was overlooked, left out, in her devotion to the family, and in her reckoning with its enemies. All at once she remembered him, and she looked down at him and answered him casually:

"Before I send for your uncle, every weed that can grow is free to grow and everything that can rot shall rot."

"Then let them rot!" he cried, his own anger bursting out at her that she still put him aside, and that what was everything to him was nothing to her. "Let them rot! Better for them to rot than for me to rot!"

Her eyes descended on him with a vivid flash. They rested on him with a steady blaze, as though she would scorch him with scorn that he could make terms with his father's enemy.

"Mother!" he started in again, "the night my father went away—"

"Don't speak to me about your father!" she said, shaking her finger at him. "If you thought of your father as you should, you would not think of your uncle as you do. And you would remember your father's last words to you."

He raised his arm, shook his finger back at her:

"I *do* remember my father's last words to me! He told me to stay here and be at the head of everything. Long have I heard those words of my father, and long, Mother, have I heeded them. But I do not hear them any longer. What I now hear him say to me, and have long heard him say is: 'Not there at home, but here where I and your brothers fell. Come and fill one of these places, come and fill all of them, if you can. Whatever you can do for your mother, you can do better here. No longer try to fill our places on the farm, but our places at the front. Every man, every boy is needed on the battle-field.' That is what I hear my

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father say to me, and long have heard him, but have not heeded."

There may have been for her a breath of music in this that struck chords of music in herself, that smote the harp of her griefs. Again she answered, and again she forgot him; again her mind passed from the little scene there at her feet to the great scene of the nation far away. She spoke to that:

"The war is nearly closed. It cannot last much longer, not much longer, not much. When it is over, those who survive will go upon the roll of eternal honor: they will be the soldiers of all time. But before it closes there may be some who, knowing that the danger is past and hardship at an end, will steal into the ranks at the last hour to get their names on that immortal list." Now again she remembered him; and she bent over and pointed a finger straight at him:

"Would you like to be one of those? Are you going to try to claim a soldier's glory without having fought a soldier's battles? Do you wish to go down in history honored for having done—*nothing?*"

He was beside himself with rage. He hurled his words back in her face:

"Is it *my* fault that I am not older, or is it yours that you did not bear me sooner? Did I decide when I was to be begotten or when I was to be born? Is it my fault that the war began when it did instead of beginning when it did n't? If it is soon to end, then the sooner I 'm in it the better. Mother, would you see the South whipped and me not facing those who

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whip her? If this war ends without my going into it, what will my life be? How will I look my children in the eyes when they ask me years from now to tell them stories about it and when I say to them that I stayed at home; that I kindled fires, fed the turkeys, cooked slop for the pigs when there were any pigs? Are you willing to send me through my life along that road?" His nature broke in two, and part of it flowed back to her with the old faltering tenderness: "But I want your consent. Send me away as you sent away each of my brothers!"

Two thoughts may have pierced her like two more sorrows. She began to tremble and to show signs of distress. If he went, none would be left, nothing would remain but herself with desolation. And if he never came back, everything would pass into the possession of the enemy of them all. She gathered up her strength and replied to his pleading with all the more of iron resolve:

"You shall never have my consent."

"Then I will go without your consent."

She strode swiftly to the edge of the porch and towered over him with all her authority, with that magnificence of will which of old had ruled so many lives. She stood there over him, the last person in the world on whom she could lay any order, over whom she could exercise the whole might of herself.

"*No!* You hear me, Joseph? *No!* Now stop it!"

He laughed at her. He railed at her with mockery as though he were half-crazy.

"Forbid me! *You* forbid me! Your forbidding me has no more effect than if I did not know you. You stand there as though I never saw you." Again his nature broke in two, and this time part of it flowed articulate toward duty: "I *have* to go. There is no help for it, not in me. If I were in heaven and could get out of heaven, I would go. Because," he said, launching at her the last power of his soul, *"because it is right."*

Those words brought back to her the same past that she had just brought back to him. Her husband's last words had been: "We go, dear noble wife and comrade, we leave you, leave everything, because it is right: there is no help for it."

Now across the chasm of years these words were caught from the lips of the dead upon the lips of the living. But the dead! She had long cherished a strange jealousy about those dead. They were apart from the present. None must draw too near them. And her anger now swept her away:

"Never think to be like your father and your brothers. Don't try."

The words stung him as with a poison and rendered him frantic.

"If I had never known my father," he raved, "if I had never had a brother, if I had never had my own mother, I would go. What do you think of me?" he shouted at her, he roared at her. "What do you think I 'm made of? What do you think is in me? That I am to sit here on the porch of evenings like the toad under the steps, satisfied to poke out its tongue at a fly and helpless against being trod on? A Kentucky runt, the cast-off nubbin of my father's blood and your blood?"

He beat her in the face with his words as though they were his fists. He struck her with them as with stones. She threw up her hands before her eyes and turned back into the house.

"Even if I am," he called out after her, "even if I 'm nothing but that," he said in the cooler voice of one who picks up some little clod and tosses it at the back of another whom he no longer has to fight, "even if I 'm nothing but that, I will make the most of it."

She entered the house brokenly, desolately.

It was a quarter or half an hour later, and Joseph Sumner was again on his way to the Moreheads'.

When the mind is stirred to its depths, trifles in it are often thrown to the surface; and as his mother had turned desolately away from him and he had wheeled rudely away from her, he had recollected that, after all, his work was not finished: on this forgetful day he had

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forgotten something else, and at once he had attended to that. Afterward he had gone up to his little room, bared by that bankrupt sale, to wash his hands again. Then he had refilled his tin basin with what cool spring water remained in his cedar bucket, and had plunged his face down into this, and held it there awhile; it felt fever-hot. And he had wet his hair again, and, standing before the cracked glass of his little cherry-wood bureau, tried to brush it back from his comely, honest-looking forehead. All at once he wondered whether Lucy Morehead liked his looks. Within the brief time since the revolt against his lot and his break with his mother he had entered upon a new life toward Lucy; at a bound his nature had attained maturer growth in that direction. As first evidence he began to feel concerned about his personal appearance, a new kind of burden; for every pair of life's shoes pinch somewhere. When you change the shoes, you merely change the pinch.

And so now he was on his way to her, not dusty, but wonderfully fresh and clean, his coarse shoes blacked, his best calico shirt showing sentimentally inside his unbuttoned jacket.

His eyes no longer had the expression of being sensitively on the watch for duties, for things he might have to do or might not have done; instead they held a steady, happy, careless fire. Under his tan there showed the deeper burn of boiling blood. Tan and freckles and boiling blood combined caused him to look in the face not unlike a splendidly ripened pomegranate. He had acquired a new walk, his stride no longer being that of the farm-boy who drags a tired body from task to task. It rather resembled the careless, independent saunter of a youth who has just turned soldier, and already feels himself sharing the soldier's character and entitled to the soldier's ways. To his brain had mounted two new red wines, young liberty and young strength—lusty red wines in any man's veins, and he was drunk with the mixture.

All this meant that he had torn himself desperately loose from everything that had been slavish and hateful to him in his life on the farm. He was his own man, his own master; he was himself at last, his long kept-down, actual emancipated self. And now already, as the first act, he was on his way to battle-fields where, under the eyes of the world, men were heroes. Already he saw himself the hero on those fields.

The little path over the fields had hitherto been to him as an unthought-of straight line between two houses; it had no more called out his emotions than would an iron bar with a screw at each end. But now as he walked slowly along, the meadows on each side, the deep, still, shining pastures, the old trees, the familiar fields, in the waning afternoon light, in the waning green of late summer —he passed them all as though for the first time aroused to their reality, as giving back to them what they gave so plenteously to him—their established peace.

He stooped down in the meadow and pulled a red-clover blossom, and twirled it meditatively under his nose and stuck it in the buttonhole of his jacket, the first spontaneous decoration. Farther along he broke off two little white field-daisies with golden hearts,—stars of the earth's tenderness,—and put them beside the clover. Once ten yards away a vesper-sparrow fluttered to a mullein-stalk and, balancing itself there, sang for him, for *him,* and he stopped and listened. He came to a brook which ran between narrow, green banks. A piece of thick timber, laid across it, made a bridge. He stepped out on this bridge and stood looking down at the brook. Presently he knelt and, reaching under the bridge, broke off some sprigs of mint thriving there in the cool moisture; and dabbling them in the water, he stood up and ate one. He pulled off the heads of the two other stalks and tossed them in quiet succession on the swift water. One sprig sat upright, and was carried away like a green cork; the other fell over on its side, and drifted flat.

He lingered there on the bridge over

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the brook with a kind of truant joy just to be idle, not to have anything in the world to do, but knowing that in a little while he would be on his way toward great things.

In truth, Joseph Sumner had stepped from beside his old companion Care to the side of a new companion Joy. The path between these two is so short, so very short in our lives! Yet he who is at either end of that path knows nothing of the other end. Care cannot communicate with Joy a few feet from it; Joy cannot reach Care at arm's-length away. Side by side they move forward through life, looking out upon the same world and seeing different worlds.

Thus the old things of his young life dropped out of it, and into the voids created by them rushed other things, a flower, a bird-song, a bridge, a brook, the evening land; and plucking the flower with him, listening to the song with him, standing on the bridge beside him, laughing at the brook with him, crossing the evening land with him, Lucy Morehead.

He had told her to meet him, and he did not doubt that she waited. As he pictured their meeting, he took off his hat and passed his hand over his hair to smooth it down in place, wondering again whether she really did like his looks. His looks had become such a responsibility that he now trundled them before him as though they made a wheelbarrow-load. He pushed his thumbs inside the waistband of his trousers and tried to draw down his shirt so it would not pucker on his chest. He had long been aware of the existence of this unnecessary and disfiguring pucker, but it had never before occasioned him chagrin; he had never distrusted it as a possible detriment to his felicity. Since he was a soldier about to say good-by, he wished her to remember him as a good-looking soldier, gallant and trim, though not yet in his uniform, and with a clean, sweet, fresh, lovable body as he clasped her. He was not so sure that he *would* clasp her, but he was perfectly sure that he meant to try. He had misgivings as to clasping her before he told her, but there seemed every likelihood that he would clasp her afterward. Young as he was, he surmised that clasping depended upon what you had just had to say for yourself.

The boundary between the two farms ran at nearly equal distance from the two farm-houses. A high fence marked its course. The land was well covered with a vast network of these high rail-fences in those days of the mid-century bluegrass farmers.

In this boundary-fence a gate was swung wide enough for the neighborly passage of threshing-machines and mowers and grain-loaded wagons. Through the gate ran the path. On each side of the fence was a bluegrass pasture, not woodland pasture, but treeless pasture; and on the Morehead side of the fence, out in the Morehead treeless pasture, there had sprung up one of those clumps of trees which were then a characteristic feature of the country. The traveler saw many of them in those days. Sometimes one would be situated near a valley stream; sometimes on a hilltop, crowning the landscape like a woodland temple of old classic lands without a sylvan deity.

The land was high there. It sloped westwardly toward the Morehead place and eastwardly toward the Sumner place. From it as a lookout it was easy for one to see much of what went on in the yard, in the lots, of either homestead. On the eastern side of the clump of trees Lucy Morehead sat and waited, looking down the long gradual ascent which he must climb. She had spread over the grass her shawl of blue zephyr, which she herself had knitted, and she was sitting on it, white-frocked still, a blue ribbon at her cool throat, a blue ribbon about her warm waist, blue ribbons laced about her ankles, her long chestnut plaits knotted with blue ribbons. In the evening light, under the soft, clear sky brushed by the low rays of the sun, on the lap of that verdure, against the background of vines and boughs, she waited—waited like some unharmed Marguerite at sundown on the Elysian Fields.

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Across the crystal stillnesses of air there reached her on her side of the fence, though she paid no attention to them, the distant evening noises of farm life. From over the fence there came not a sound of fowl or beast or human being to betoken the day's profitable and peaceful close. Over there the hatreds of war reigned amid the desolation they had created. Those hatreds, this desolation, furnished the ground of Lucy Morehead's disapproval of Mrs. Sumner. There was small capacity in her nature for hatred of any one, and her brain of seventeen summers and no worldly experience was innocent of worldly wisdom. She was filled with things much nearer heaven than worldly wisdom ever gets to be. But she had gifts of her own—a marvelously clear, straight eye for invaluable ordinary things, a quite marvelous simplicity of good sense, fairness of judgment; and out of these she condemned old quarrels that burdened a young life. It had become the demand, the requirement, of her whole nature that Joseph Sumner's mother should become reconciled to her brother-in-law for the sake of her own son.

She sat wondering whether the grave things he was to tell her concerned the family feud. At least she foresaw that they concerned *her*—her and him, the present, the future; as much as this was implied in his confidential and urgent manner.

When through the fence she saw him coming, she rose and started toward him with her quiet steps, with the sereneness of her trust.

He did not as always open the big field-gate just wide enough for the passage of his body and then quietly close it behind him; but he pushed it wide open as for a loaded wagon, and he walked through the middle space as though he were that harvest-freighted vehicle. And he allowed it carelessly to slam behind him with the whole shock of its weight. And he tossed his old harvest-frayed hat edgewise up into the air, and as it descended caught it on the pitchfork of his arm, and advanced toward her, careless, easy, free, with a broad smile. Nature interposed no structural obstacle in his case to a broad smile; all that was required was some outside happening which would warrant him in making use of her ample arrangements.

His unusual behavior and demeanor had not escaped her attention, nor had the daisies in his buttonhole. It was the first time she had ever seen flowers on his jacket. She knew the jacket perfectly well, every seam of it and crease and chronic dust-spot; but the flowers struck her as the first excitement of its humdrum life. Its daisies seemed to consort with her rose. His flowers and her flowers, as soon as they discovered each other began to exchange little responsive signals; they began to say for the wearers of them what the wearers themselves had never said. The effect upon her of all this was that she did not walk farther toward him, but stopped and waited. He came up without a word as though his mere expression ought to suffice, as though the mere look of him would explain. And indeed, upon close inspection, the look was so beyond experience that involuntarily she exclaimed:

"Why, Joe, what have you been doing to yourself? You look *almost*—handsome!"

At this unexpected reassurance, which came almost as an answer to his hard wayside praying, forthwith he was of a mind to pass beyond the doubtful frontier of looks and enter what seemed to him to be his own country.

"Then kiss me!" he cried, and tried to throw his arms about her. Almost he succeeded, for she was not expecting the unexpected, not believing the incredible. She eluded him and softly fled from him, and he pursued her a few steps across the grass. Once she called back to him with her tranquil laughter:

"You must have found out the name of the cake. I am afraid you have eaten it. I am so afraid you have eaten too much."

He reached for her quickly, and caught one of her long plaits. She bent far over away from him:

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"Don't, Joe," she said, "or I won't like it," and she gave him to understand by her tone that he had already taken possession of all the territory he had as yet acquired. He released her, and she turned toward him, tossing her long plaits back into their places, and with soft, sliding movements of her finger-tips over her ears. Then she began to study his face again with amused bewilderment at his riot of happiness.

"It 's all settled, Lucy!" he exclaimed, ready to communicate his good fortune. "I am going!"

"*Where* are you going?" she inquired indifferently, feeling sure that he could not be going anywhere very far off.

"To join the army. I am going at daybreak in the morning. I have come to tell you good-by."

The announcement broke upon her life without warning. And life seemed to stop. She stood mute, white-frozen and mute. And her heart barely cried out:

"No! no! no!"

He laughed at her distress:

"Yes! yes! yes!"

Her swift thought instinctively raised the first great obstacle:

"Have you told your mother?"

"I have told my mother."

He answered in a manner to close that part of the subject; it could not even be discussed. But she now questioned him with alarmed and rebuking eyes. She wished to know more; she must speak out as one woman for any other woman thus deserted.

"How *can* you go?"

He merely laughed.

"I can go easily enough. I can leave everything."

Her eyes doubly rebuked him that he could leave two women.

"And you can be happy to go?"

"I am happy to go. It is easy to be happy if you get the chance!"

New thoughts came to her:

"When did you first think of going?"

"The night my father and my brothers went. I have thought of it every day since, every night since."

She was finding him out sorrowfully.

"And you have never told me, Joe!" she said sadly.

"I have never told you," he replied, laughing that he had kept his secret. "Why should I have told you I *wanted* to go? As soon as I knew I was going I told you. A soldier does not talk."

Her thoughts traveled to her brother.

"O Joe, you will see Tom, you will be with Tom!"

He shook his head.

"I don't think so; it would take me too long to reach that part of the army."

He pointed up the hillside to where her shawl was spread, and started toward it:

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"I 'll tell you everything."

She sat down, glad to do so, because she had no strength; he threw himself on the grass beside her.

"My plan is," he said, pressing on—"my plan is to go straight to Virginia, to General Lee's army. That is the quickest way for me to get through the lines, and that is where I want to be. The government railroad runs almost to Richmond. Lincoln wants to capture Richmond. Grant is the man he has picked to take Richmond. I 'm going straight there because I 'll be in the thick of it; from this time on all the hard fighting is to be there. No, I won't be with Tom."

So he *was* going after Grant, after all!

She had ceased to ask questions; she merely listened as the marvel of himself and his plans were unfolded. The little remembering prodigy he once had been he was still; to her he seemed to know everything. While she listened, a great change came over her: the almost maternal sympathy she had always felt for him disappeared; for the first time she confronted the heroic, and she bowed down to that.

"And now, Lucy," he said as though coming to things nearer home, "one thing you are to do for me. I leave my mother in your care. She will need you."

She looked quickly away from him.

"Promise," he urged.

She still looked away.

"No," he insisted, understanding her reluctance, "you must promise; you are to take care of my mother. And I have told her that she must let my uncle come."

She suddenly looked him in the eyes.

"She will never let him come. She will be left alone."

"Then she will have you. Promise, forget, forgive."

The first tears dimmed her eyes because she yielded to him to her own hurt.

"I will do what I can."

"If you can ever send me a letter," he said, continuing his plans, "you are to tell me the truth about everything at home. I shall want to know what happens tomorrow and the next day. And if you send me such a letter, if you ever have to write to me, go to my uncle. He has influence at headquarters, and will get the letter through the lines. If you ever write, tell me the truth about my mother."

The minutes had slipped by unwatched. The sun had gone down, the shadows of the earth grew larger, darker about them. Remembrance of how late it was startled her at last, and she looked at him quickly, with a long, quivering breath of distress.

"I must go back to the house," she said, "but I can't tell you good-by."

He lay on the grass beside her, propped on his elbow, his cheek in his palm; he looked up at her with no pain in his eyes. Not even parting could extinguish his joy; happiness ran through him like light.

He patted the grass beside him, beside his head.

"Put your head down here beside mine," he said softly. "This is going to be my pillow. Every night as I lay my head on it, I will remember that yours was once beside mine, on the same pillow—on *my* pillow. It will be there every night. Lie down here beside me, Lucy."

When there is but little time in which to yield, one yields so easily, so much; she lay down beside him, trembling, and with a faintness in her brain.

He sat up and bent over her. He slipped one hand under her head and let it rest in his palm, and he passed his other arm about her, and bent his face low over her face. Here eyes were closed.

"Remember," he said, "that where your head is will be my pillow. Every night as I put my head there, I 'll remember that yours was beside mine once, on the same pillow—on *my* pillow. It will be there every night. I must kiss you. You must kiss me. We must kiss each other."

Her lips parted; a quiver passed over them—a little quiver of the lips, their delirium, their bliss, life's consecration, life's torture.

He murmured, with a stirring of maturer things in him:

"Till I come. Or—or—for whatever happens to me, Lucy."

(To be continued)

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Rejected

Drawn by
Boardman Robinson

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Germany's Destiny

By SAMUEL P. ORTH

Bearing on shoulder immense,
Atlantean, the load,
Well nigh not to be borne,
Of the too vast orbit her fate.

TO-DAY the vision in every one's mind is the colossal figure of the Iron Chancellor, standing with uplifted sword in the great hall of Versailles, proclaiming that German Empire which four centuries of vicissitudes had retarded, and two brief decades of superhuman energy had wrought.

Most people seem to believe that German destiny is balanced on the sword. If it is, then the very precincts of its birth enshrouded the new empire with an ominous fate; for Versailles is the greatest monument to autocratic folly in the world, and the pale ghosts that haunt its vast and silent corridors are the souvenirs of a Bourbon wilfulness that nowhere has found a nearer replica than in the grandson of the smiling William who stood by Bismarck's side to receive the symbol of empire from his great chancellor's hand.

Curiously, Germany has been the one great modern cultural and industrial power to preserve almost intact the theory of class government through divine right; and the corollary of divine right is military might: So the Hohenzollern presence looms at once into your vision as you scan the European horizon.

It will be five hundred years next summer since the emperor of the Holy Roman Empire sent Prince Frederick, an impecunious Swabian nobleman, to subdue the wild and wilful province of Brandenburg. This Frederick was the first of the Hohenzollerns. He was a militant, capable, daring prince, with his eye on the stars, his hand on his sword, and his heart in his royal prerogative.

THE UNCHANGING HOHENZOLLERNS

A FEW years ago, after one of the Kaiser's characteristic *coups de personne,* August Bebel, the fearless commoner, was asked what he thought of it.

"I can only say," he replied, "that the Hohenzollerns never change."

The first Frederick was the princely example of the last, and the last William is the faithful follower of the first. The race has remained true to the type, and the individual members of the race pride themselves on this lineal integrity. A recent cautious biographer of the Kaiser says:

He is to-day the same Hohenzollern he was when he mounted the throne, observing exactly the same attitude toward the world abroad and his folk at home. . . . He still thinks himself the selected instrument of Heaven, and acts toward his people, and addresses them, accordingly. He still opposes all efforts at political change, as witness his

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attitude toward electoral reform, toward the Germanization of Prussian Poland, toward socialism, toward liberalism in all its manifestations. He is still, as he was at the outset of his reign, the patron of classical art, classical drama and classical music. He is still the War Lord with the spirit of the Bishop, and the Bishop with the spirit of the War Lord. With the Emperor time for twenty-five years appears to have stood still.

Autocracy moves only by compulsion, and to the Hohenzollerns compulsion has been so moderated by conditions and events that they have succeeded in bringing political medievalism into the heart of the present.

First, the throne has been constantly surrounded by an assertive feudatory camarilla. Aristocracy and the Junkers have united in a ruling class that possesses all the practical characteristics of the feudal barony. The "upper class" still regards the constitution as a concession. It believes in Stein's maxim, "Authority, not majority." It therefore prefers a Cæsar to a cabinet. It is in every sense a governing caste, from the ranks of which alone are recruited the leading officers of army and navy, of government and diplomacy.

Then, history and geography conspired to prevent a German union that would enable a united people to overthrow the assumptions of autocracy. The Teutons sifted into the vast area between the Baltic and the Alps in groups. Separatism seemed the doom of these scattered nuclei. Even the Carlovingian empire failed to bring unity, and at the close of the Middle Ages there were three hundred and sixty-two German states, some ecclesiastical, some secular, all petty, ruled by no fewer than eighteen different kinds of governments.

Germany has thus had to struggle constantly against political provincialism in its worst form. Petty states are the opportunity of the feudalist; the lord can maintain his vassalage only on the threat of combat. When political nationalism dawns, feudalism fades. Thus France and England rid themselves of petty principalities and dukedoms while Germany was still in fragments.

Moreover, during these years of particularism, Germany was the battle-ground of the Continent. From Luther to Napoleon, two hundred and fifty years, she endured a constant warfare, in which her unhappy people saw almost every race of Europe, by both hireling and patriot, devastate the fields and towns of Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, and Würtemberg. This warfare culminated in Waterloo, and what was left of Germany fell back exhausted after that supreme effort.

This constant fighting weakened the people and strengthened the autocracy. For the populace, weary and despoiled, relied on the strength and leadership of the governing class. And this became a national habit.

Above this feudalistic particularism has loomed a constant larger sectionalism, threatening German unity: first pope *versus* emperor, then Protestant *versus* Catholic, finally Hapsburg *versus* Hohenzollern.

As political unity was denied these people, so also was the realization of a democratic self-consciousness. Only once, in 1848, after the full meaning of the centuries of warfare had been brought home to the working-man, was there an attempt to establish constitutionalism. It was short lived. The exiles of that patriotic revolt found refuge in America.

BISMARCK'S BACKWARD LOOK

THEN came Bismarck, master of kings, but not master of destiny. For sheer power of command he ranks with Cæsar and Charlemagne. But what is the judgment of time on his political clairvoyance? He looked backward, not forward. And while with giant strokes he welded the petty states to the throne of Prussia in the forge of his statecraft, he wrought his work for the purpose of strengthening the state, not for the purpose of widening the sphere of individual freedom. His great contribution to statesmanship, state insurance, or state socialism, was to him

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merely the application of a feudal formula to modern workmen.

Bismarck is not the pinnacle—he is rather the pivot—of German destiny. Behind him lay the old Germany, before him the new, and he chose to invest his great work with the spirit of the past. So with Machiavellian craftiness he manipulated the great liberal party of that day until it became an ally to his reactionary conservatism. He crushed every attempt at democratic autonomy in his iron fist. Equal-manhood suffrage for the Reichstag he wrote into the imperial constitution because the smaller states compelled him. He provided a parliament, but no parliamentary government; a council, but no cabinet; a chancellor, but no prime minister. The entire administration of the Bismarckian empire centered in the Kaiser. You may say that this is a constitutional autocracy, but it is nevertheless autocratic.

"THE RACE OF THINKERS SHALL BECOME A RACE OF DOERS"

THE Bismarckian conception of political freedom is displayed by the anti-socialist law the chancellor framed after several insane attempts had been made upon the life of the aged Kaiser. His weapon he took from the arsenal of the Inquisition—repression. Into the hands of an unenlightened constabulary he placed the most extravagant discretion in closing meetings and making arrests. He established what he gently termed "the minor state of siege," a sort of politic-intellectual terrorism, so that in the twelve years of its operation, in this land boasting a leadership in culture, fifteen hundred periodicals and books were placed on the Index Expurgatorius of this pope of privilege, fourteen hundred outspoken and fearless Germans were imprisoned, and an empire-wide propaganda forced underground. With the retirement of the old chancellor the law was repealed, and it was found that this repression had merely developed the roots of a plant that at the end of this war may bear strange fruitage.

The soldiers who clustered about the Iron Prince in exultant mood at Versailles were the legionary of a people who had maintained a cultural cohesion in the midst of political and sectarian sectionalism. Their sheer physical hardihood challenges admiration. The Thirty Years' War alone would have sapped the vitality of an ordinary people; but the Teutons multiplied despite the sapping of war. Burdened with poverty and strife, they had enriched philosophy as no race since the Athenian. Learning and all the gentler arts were richly intermingled in German culture, and the universities, housed in unostentatious buildings, drew the scholarship of the world. Let the German reflect, that when his country was torn by political and religious discord, when from without her condition seemed least attractive, her inner life glowed with the brightest achievements of her genius. Goethe dwelt in a humiliated fatherland.

The old Germany was a land of peasants and artisans, a plodding, early rising, thoughtful, God-fearing folk, who somehow thrived on the lean German soil, who patiently obeyed their masters, and wasted no thought on German destiny.

There was scarcely a factory in the whole realm. Wealth was not sought. Plain living and high thinking had for at least three centuries characterized the Teuton. No one ever dreamed, least of all the Briton, that this overcareful race of craftsmen and farmers would penetrate the corners of the earth with the legend "Made in Germany."

Everybody knows that this is what has happened. With his feet planted squarely on Kant and Goethe, Bismarck proclaimed *"Aus dem lern-folk soll ein That-folk werden"* ("the race of thinkers shall become a race of doers").

Almost in a trice idealist Germany became first industrial Germany, then imperialist Germany. It is the most astounding transformation ever known. We pride ourselves on our rapid industrial development, but we had a virgin continent, untrammeled by hampering conditions. A new people, the pick of the most enterprising, we shaped our own government,

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made our own policies, and had no jealous neighbors across the line-fence.

But the German had all the handicaps of temperament, tradition, poverty, industrial inexperience, a poor soil, and a restricted area. One marvels how he achieved the metamorphosis from the plodding worm to the ambitious butterfly; how this scholar discovered the unity between the abstract and the concrete.

Americans returning from Germany are constantly expressing their surprise at the extent and perfection of this new industrialism, which outrivals our own. Everywhere you see business—business. I remember the disappointment of my first trip up the Rhine. The Rhine I had pictured was the Rhine my mother had often described, and the Rhine of my mother was the Rhine of old Germany. To-day factory towns, steamboats, barges, locomotives, smoke, noise; yesterday vineyards, peasants, song, legend. The Heidelberg of old is now cradled in the black bosom of a new factory town.

Sixty years ago there were two cities of a hundred thousand inhabitants in the empire; to-day there are forty-eight such cities. What need of reminding the reader that in twenty-five years Germany's coal production increased twelve per cent., coke production forty-three per cent., banking capital one hundred and forty-five per cent., pig-iron production three hundred and one per cent.; that in this period the horse-power of her machinery has tripled, the tonnage of her shipping quadrupled, the savings bank deposits quintupled? Statistics are only an aggravation when viewing such a stupendous spectacle.

THE HUMAN MACHINE THAT IS GERMANY

How was this magic leap into the sun accomplished? By mechanism. You realize the moment you cross the border that you have entered a realm where some mysterious gravitation is at work subordinating individual initiative to the will of the state. Everywhere you find the evidence of a compelling foreordination. The empire is organized into a gigantic machine, the spirit of which is efficiency, the inexorable law subordination. Everybody is fashioned into his place, and keeps it.

"What are you going to be when you grow up?" I asked the bright son of a master mechanic.

"He is going to be a machinist," promptly answered the father.

The lad had no choice, and unquestionably the father had no choice; perhaps he did not want any choice. For we must remember that this mechanism is possible only in a land of caste, where persons are born into and not unto.

A part of this machine is the wonderful school system, which, while it teaches everything under the sun, teaches thoroughly only one thing to one lad. So is the complicated system of state insurance a part of this machine—pensions for the aged, the sick, and the maimed, and bounties for widows and orphans. And a part of this mechanism is the good-will shown by the state to capitalism on the one hand, and agrarianism on the other. Pedagogue, preacher, and professor,—especially the professor,—capitalist and landlord, artisan and laborer, have all been marshaled with exact military precision under the overmastery of the state into this marvelous modern feudality, which tolerates no derelicts.

Without crowding the individual,—rather, as an aid to his efforts,—the state engages in all sorts of activities. It owns railroads and telegraphs, warehouses, electric power plants, theaters, markets, pawnshops, tenements. It has hospitals for the sick, shelters for the homeless, soup-houses for the hungry, asylums for the weak and unfortunate, nurseries for the babies, homes for the aged, cemeteries for the dead.

And what activities are not reached by the omnipotent state are organized by private persons. The land teems with co-operative enterprises of all kinds. Nowhere else are there such labor organizations, such agricultural banks, such co-partnership shops, such cartels and trusts of every variety. Organized labor, organized capital, organized charity, organized

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coöperation, wheels within wheels, man and nature put under hourly tribute to the great god Routine!

The meager soil is harassed until only 9.3 per cent. of the area is unproductive, against 18.3 per cent. of little England, and 14.3 per cent. of fertile France. Every waterway is harnessed; harbors are wrested from the sea. A few years ago Wilhelmshaven was a sand waste.

And this organized vigilance extends into every market on earth. Last winter I was shown German-made serapes and hats sold in Chile. I was told that Germans had carefully studied the Chilians' wishes as to design and quality and size, and had responded to the precise demand, while American manufacturers tried to impose ordinary hats and cheap blankets without any regard to the traditions and tastes of the Chilian. I have known of Berlin making careful inquiry into the best method for putting up pearl buttons,—the color of the pasteboard to be used, etc.,—to please prospective African customers.

It is a stupendous machine, with the patents of Bismarck, Hohenzollerns & Co. on every detail. And it works.

It is not surprising that industrial Germany became almost immediately imperialist Germany. This self-conscious nation, grown proud of her puissance, looked beyond the sea. Bismarck put it this way: "Up to 1866 we had a Prusso-German policy. From 1866-70 we had a German-European policy. Since then we have had a world policy."

THE NEW IDEALS OF THE RACE

THIS world-consciousness of a humble and frugal people naturally brought on a great change in their mental attitude. A new ambition stirred their hearts. The sea lured them, as it had called to the English, the Dutch, the Spanish four centuries before. The truth is, the Germans experienced simultaneously the period of commercial adventure and the industrial revolution.

Born out of time, it would seem, this people of thinkers in the brief span of a few decades passed through the most thrilling experiences which the Britons had known in four centuries of romantic history—adventure, colonization, industrial awakening. They met the shock of this dual realization with the mechanism of feudal autocracy, and sought through a perfection of foreordained routine, rather than through the stimulation of individual initiative, to atone for this tardiness.

In 1896 the Kaiser said at a banquet of his leading merchants and financiers:

> The German Empire is now a world empire. . . . German subjects, German knowledge, and German industry cross the ocean. The volume of German goods on the sea amounts to thousands of millions of marks. On you, gentlemen, is placed the duty of helping me unite this greater German Empire to the empire here at home.

So this industrial paternalism was to become a world force not through an extension of "knowledge" merely,—of arts, science, skill, idealism,—but of "subjects" and "industry."

The sudden prosperity of Germany brought a ludicrous self-exaggeration. "German culture will be the world culture," was the euphonious paraphrasing of this ambition.

Prof. Heinrich von Treitschke, a popular and brilliant exponent of the Hohenzollern imperialism, made it very clear:

> When the German flag covers and protects this immense Empire [colonial], to whom shall the sceptre of the universe belong? What nation shall impose her will upon the others in a state of weakness and decadence? Shall it not be Germany whose mission it will be to guarantee the peace of the world? Russia, a vast, half-developed colossus, with feet of clay, will be absorbed in economic and internal difficulties; England, stronger in appearance than in reality, will doubtless see her colonies break away and become exhausted in fruitless struggle; France, a prey to discord and faction, will sink deeper and deeper into decadence; as for Italy, she will be able to do no more than assure a meagre existence to her

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sons. . . . The future belongs to Germany, and Austria, if she values her national existence, will stand by her side.

Forgotten at once are the painful lessons of history and the greatest of all international factors, the ethnic factor.

Another imperialistic professor whom Germany is proud to honor, Prof. Delbruck, last year gave the following explanation of the world-desire of his Kaiser:

Since 1871, particularly within the last fifteen years, enormous and productive territories have been continually seized and occupied by strong nations. Britain has conquered a new empire in South Africa. America has acquired the Philippines, the Hawaiian Islands, and Porto Rico, and imposed her hegemony over the West Indies and Central America. Japan has annexed Corea and is dividing Manchuria and Mongolia with Russia. England and Russia are absorbing Persia. France has pocketed Morocco. Austria-Hungary has annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina. Italy has taken Tripoli. The Balkan States have partitioned the Turkish Empire.

All these are natural processes. Germany has no reason to oppose them. But she wants her share.

For this object she needs a fleet. . . . The abandonment of unworthy suspicion; the acknowledgment of our right to grow, and participate in shaping the world's destiny; the expression of an honest desire to reach an understanding; formal diplomatic steps in that direction; simultaneous withdrawal of arbitrary opposition to legitimate German political aspirations—these are the things we await of England. If she has no inclination to meet us on that ground, if her interests rather point to a perpetuation of the anything-to-beat-Germany policy, so let it be. The Armageddon which must then some day ensue will not be of our making.

This, then, is the German's interpretation of his destiny. How has nature served him? Of all the powers who have, in the European era, aspired to colonial empire, Germany is the first one which has had meager access to the sea. Geographically she is a layer of Teutonic influence between the irrepressible Muscovite and the rapidly recuperating Latin. She is bottled in. The North Sea is Britain's, and must remain so as long as any vitality is left in that island empire. The Mediterranean gateway is held at Gibraltar, while Latin influences control both its African and European shores. There is no direct access to the Atlantic. Yet the Kaiser said at Stettin in 1898, "Our future lies on the water," and Kiel is the symbol of this *See-Herrschaft*.

This tight little country, scarcely half as large as Texas, with a teeming population of 60,000,000, increasing at the rate of 800,000 a year, which has long been compelled to import food, and whose productiveness is probably at its height, is told to extend territorially. Where? America has its Monroe Doctrine; Asia its "open door"; Africa, the only continent left, has been largely preëmpted.

Clearly, for this ambitious people the era of colonization dawned late.

About 1880 a pioneer German trader got a "concession" from the Hottentots, and from that day to this there have been ardent, and often agonizing, attempts to secure colonial territory; witness Morocco, the Agadir incident, the Philippine attitude.

History shows that time has a way of rewarding the efficient, the wary, and the patient; and this reward the German imperialist might well have expected. But for once he forgot the national proverb: "Geduld überwindet Alles" ("Patience overcometh all obstacles"), and we behold an impatient leader of a patient people attempting by force what could reasonably be presumed to be accomplished only by patient waiting and crafty diplomacy. How else explain the constantly increasing armaments, the restless aggressiveness, and to-day's wanton inopportunism? Perhaps this war will refute the maxim of Frederick the Great, the Hohenzollern ideal: "Any war is a good war undertaken to increase the power of the state."

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In the meantime industrialism has made its mark on the brow of these superbly organized people.

Partly because of his military training,—the raucous command of the drill sergeant has never been silenced in Germany,—partly because of his genius for thoroughness, this all-embracing mechanism has not been so deadly to the German as one would think. To the American ideal of liberty it would be instantly fatal. But the Teuton cares little for the paraphernalia of liberty. He cares a good deal, however, for that "inner freedom" which Goethe taught him to win "daily"; he struggles for philosophical rather than for political liberty.

Occupied with introspection, this child of thought is willing to submit to conditions which the American would angrily resent. Lacking the volatile emotionalism of the Latin and the self-complacent stolidity of the Briton, he possesses a perseverance which, if wisely led, would be all-conquering. *If wisely led!*

This mechanism has not stimulated inventiveness. Mechanically the German is an imitator. Careful German observers have assured me that, in their opinion, state paternalism has checked initiative, and has even, to some extent, threatened the self-reliance of the workman. Even for the Teuton the limits of a state machine have been reached.

It is his patience, his perseverance, and his habit of obeying orders that has made it possible to perpetuate the caste system while transforming an agricultural into an industrial country. Germany is at heart as much a land of social layers to-day as it was in the days of the Great Elector. Every one has his status, his "Stand," from the aristocracy down, and this status is quite as important as one's personality or one's achievements. It is more than "station"; it is life: it absorbs the thought and the activity of every one, and lends rigidity to society which seems paradoxical in a country that has seen remarkable transformations in forty years.

This caste explains the ludicrous uniform-worship, the authority fetish of the Germans. Take the Kupenick incident, which set the world laughing. A few years ago a poor soldier, who was evidently a mixture of knave and wag, somehow got possession of a captain's uniform and the password. He invaded a provincial town, commandeered a company of soldiers, marched to the town hall, represented to the officials that he had authority from the Government to take over the keys to the treasury; received the keys, helped himself to the public funds, and marched away. Such was the German respect for the uniform, the token of authority, that no warrant was asked for, and the looting was not exposed until the next stated accounts were sent to Berlin. Imagine an American town clerk opening the village safe on the verbal representation of any one, President, governor, or sheriff! This hierarchy of officialdom is builded upon medieval obedience and patience.

But in the train of all her new wealth has come a new sort of Teuton—the spendthrift and voluptuary. Gruel is no longer the national diet. Folly comes on the wings of prosperity. It links arms with the swaggering militarist, it bows obedience to officialdom, and the snobbery of aristocracy is wedded to the snobbery of money. Germany has grown rich, and it need not cause surprise if these riches prove her greatest curse. I believe there is apparent a decadence in habits, in morals, in ideals, in research, in art. "Business has eaten the heart out of scholarship," said Germany's leading scholar to me two years ago. This savant had himself become "Excellence," and was announced by an obedient flunky as you entered his study.

Every one who has sojourned in Berlin has been shocked at the banal vulgarity of the "night life," which fairly typifies the resultant of the two forces, new wealth and ancient caste. This decadence is the more remarkable when one considers the chaste and frugal Teuton of yesterday.

But even in this land of fixed status, many of the business phenomena with which we are familiar appeared. Great captains of industry by their own prowess lifted themselves from the bottom to the

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top, like Ballin, and Thyssen and Rothenau.

Here is a new aristocracy in a land of fixity, a money power with which the feudalists were not slow in forming a working alliance. The Kaiser took peculiar pleasure in honoring them.

Modern Germany is, then, a dual kingdom, the aristocratic and the plutocratic. And there is a third Germany. Outside the orbit of *Gottes-gnadigkeit* and the industrial hierarchy is a vast body of men who have not been invulnerable to the war-cry of La Salle, the experience of '48, and the rising tide of liberal thought in university, church, and forum. German Social Democracy has long held the eye of the world, and many hoped to see in it the advance guard of a new era—the dawn of disarmament.

In this Social Democracy the emphasis is on the second syllable. These four and a half million voters are first of all democrats, and many of them are not socialist at all. Many small merchants and manufacturers, especially in southern Germany and the Rhine valley, have assured me that they voted for the Social-Democratic candidate because it is the only party through which they can utter their protest against the hierarchy of blood, steel, and gold.

Three Germanys, one within the other, feudal, industrial, democratic, and all of them resting on that medieval bulwark of authority, militarism. Never in history has there been such another combination. England and the United States are industrial countries. England, an island empire, relies, it is true, upon her vast navy; but she has no great standing army, and her government is democratic. The soldier is merely an incident in Anglo-Saxon industrialism, and democracy is potent. Russia has a feudal autocracy and an army, but she has neither political democracy nor a factory industry. France has her army and her industry, but she is a republic, and her army is not the expression of her political theorems.

During forty years of development, these three German empires have been growing. Democratic Germany grew more rapidly than even industrial Germany, but it gained scarcely any concessions. In Prussia, at least, every young man who joins the Social-Democratic party leaves all hope of governmental preferment behind. The expanding circle of the democracy crowded both the industrial and feudal camarilla more and more, until in the last elections it seemed as if somewhere the encircling steel of prerogative would have to yield.

But instead of revolution, more army levies, a five-per-cent. property tax, a greater navy.

Then the war. Encircled by enemies, some prompted by revenge, some by jealousy, some by the instinct of ethnic growth, this triplicate empire of mechanical perfection faces its supreme fate. Lord Roberts said only two years ago, "Germany strikes when Germany's hour has struck."

The hour has come, and the three Germanys thus far have stood together. It was expected that the industrial princes would stand by the Kaiser. But the Social-Democrats have constantly opposed the increase in armaments, and preached against violence. While their leaders had repeatedly assured the Government that in the hour of peril the socialist would prove as patriotic as any others, they at the same time warned the nation that they would resist a war of aggression. Their actions indicate that they consider this a war of defense. The patriot has overcome the doctrinaire, and for the moment all are united around the throne.

So the student of affairs sees to-day the final test of a vast human mechanism that has reduced 60,000,000 persons to 60,000,000 obedient "parts," resting upon the tripod of bureaucracy, bayonet, and state benevolence. Is it possible so to drill the human mind and body into mechanical docility and yet retain that nationalistic spirit which is the noblest phase of race development? Can you unite military efficiency and industrial efficiency in one people, in the twentieth century proscribe autonomy to both society and the individ-

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ual, and yet retain cultural virility? Can you make a man a machine, and yet by some autocratic miracle save his soul? This is the greatest issue of this war.

THE CAUSES OF THE PRESENT WAR

It will not do to say that the ethnic impulse is the primary cause of the war. If Great Britain and France were neutral, it could be said that this is a skirmish in the colossal contest of Europe *versus* Asia. Even with France in the contest, race hatred might be a leading factor. But with Britain in the ranks of the allies, it cannot be called merely an ethnic war. Nor can I concede that it is merely a war for commercial supremacy, prompted by Great Britain's fear and the newer trade jealousies of the Latins. Casting aside all the historical hatreds, the race feuds, and the rivalry for world markets, this war is primarily a war for the survival of an idea—the imperialistic idea of centralized, mechanical force.

Force is the key-note in this most needless of wars. The aristocratic idea has fortified itself behind German tradition and German efficiency. It persists in believing that nations and world empires are built on superimposed force, not on spontaneous power. No modern empire has tranquilly survived a century of superimposed force. Probably the biggest mistake militarists have made is the delusion that the British empire is built on coercion, symbolized by the navy. Every Englishman knows that the moment Downing Street lifts its little finger to coerce any part of the empire it will fall to dust.

It is, after all, the old notion that has time and again prompted international levelers, the Cæsars, Napoleons, and Alexanders, to try to wipe out by the force of arms national individuality, and substitute a generally monotonous imperium. In this Great Britain is no less at fault than Germany, and Russia cannot possibly clear her skirts of blame. France is seeking revenge behind the armies of her world-seeking allies.

We have arrived at a time when national individuality is a recognized necessity for the perpetuation and enrichment of culture and civilization, when the size of a nation has little to do with its power to sway ideals. To work out their own personality is the appointed destiny of nations, as of individuals. It is a painful struggle, requiring fortitude as well as ability, self-sacrifice as well as exploitation. Above all it requires the free and natural expression of the personality of every citizen. In this program, history has long since revealed the necessity of a hearty coöperation between the free individual and the responsive state. After all, it is individuals, and not machines, that make a nation.

Events will soon declare whether Germany is to be shocked into a newer and truer self-realization. This unusual people, so capable of efficient team-work and yet so fecund of talent, has not, in the sway of the Bismarckian empire, been able to break the circle of political intolerance which envelops them. Antiquated election laws, a peculiarly odious caste system, and, above all, the coarse spirit of militarism have stifled the artistic and intellectual aspirations of the patient Teutons.

However the fate of battle may ensue, the new Germany will surely come. It will have more, much more, of Bavaria, and less, very much less, of Prussia. It will break the shell of caste, open the magic chambers of opportunity, and allow that upward flow of talent and ambition from the humblest to the mightiest, which is the only purifying current in a nation's life. It will substitute the power of the people for the force of the bureaucrat. It will invade the farthest corners of the earth with the rich and varied products of its genius, and return to her high place German art, German music, and German scholarship.

Such a Germany the world needs. And when the super-struggle between Asia and Europe comes, as come it will, no encircling horde of enemies will threaten her, but Europe will gladly follow the lead of the German people into the war of the ages.

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The Serenade

By JENNETTE LEE

Author of "Happy Island," "Uncle William," etc.

Illustrations by Clara Elsene Peck

"ABOUT so high, I should think," said the girl, with a swift twinkle. She measured off a diminutive man on the huge blue-and-white porcelain stove and stood back to survey it. "And about as big," she added reflectively.

Her sister laughed. The girl nodded again.

"And *terribly* homely," she said, making a little mouth. Her eyes laughed. She leaned forward with a mysterious air. "And, Marie, his coat is green, and his trousers are—white!"

The two girls giggled in helpless amusement. They had a stolid German air of family resemblance, but the laughing eyes of the younger danced in their round setting, while the sleepy blue ones of the older girl followed the twinkling pantomime with a look of half-protest.

"They were in the big reception-room," went on the girl, "and I bounced in on them. Mama Rosine was giving him the family history—you and me."

They giggled again.

The younger one drew down her face and folded her hands in matronly dignity, gazing pensively at the blue-and-white stove, her head a little to one side.

"My own voice is alto, Herr Schubert, and my daughter Caroline's; but my daughter Marie has a *beautiful* soprano."

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She rolled her eyes, with an air of resigned sentiment, and shook the bobbing black curls gently from side to side. "And he just twiddled his thumbs like this, and grunted." She seized her sister around her plump waist and shook her vigorously. "Don't you *see* it?" she demanded.

The older girl laughed hysterically, with disturbed eyes.

"Don't, Cara!" she protested.

The dark eyes bubbled again.

"And his hair curls as tight--" She ran a hand along her rumpled curls, then a look of dismay crossed the laughing face. She subsided into a chair and folded her hands meekly. The little feet, in their stout ankle-ties, swung back and forth beneath the chair, and the round, German face assumed an air of wholesome stupidity.

Her sister, whose slow glance had followed hers, gave a little gasp, and sank into a chair on the opposite side of the stove in a position of duplicate meekness.

The door at the other end of the room had swung open, and a tall woman swept in, followed by a diminutive figure in green coat and white trousers. A pair of huge spectacles, mounted on a somewhat stumpy nose, peered absently from side to side as he approached.

"My daughters, Herr Schubert," said the tall lady, with a circumflex wave of her white hand that included the waxlike figures on each side the stove.

They regarded him fixedly and primly.

His glance darted from one to the other, and he smiled broadly.

"I haf seen the young *Fräulein* before," he said, indicating the younger with his fat hand.

The dark, round eyes gazed at him expressionless. His spectacles returned the gaze and twinkled.

"She has come into the reception-room while you were explaining about the voice of Fräulein Marie," he said, with a glance at the other sister.

The waxlike faces shook a little.

The lady regarded them severely.

"She is only eleven," she murmured apologetically to the little man.

"Yah! So?" he muttered. His glance flashed again at the immovable face.

"Caroline, my child, come here," said her mother.

The child slipped down from the stiff chair and crossed to her mother's side. Her little hands were folded, and her small toes pointed primly ahead.

"My youngest daughter, Herr Schubert," said the lady, slipping an arm around the stiff waist. "Caroline, this is your new music tutor, Herr Schubert."

The child bobbed primly, and lifted a pair of dark, reflective eyes to his face.

His own smiled shrewdly.

"She will be a good pupil," he said; "it is the musical type." The green coat and white trousers bowed circumspectly to the small figure.

"Now, Marie,"—the tall lady shook out her skirts,—"Herr Schubert will try your voice. But first, Herr Schubert, will you not give us the pleasure?" She motioned politely toward the piano, and sank back with an air of fatigued sentiment.

He sat down on the stool and ran his white, fat fingers through his curling hair. It bristled a little. The fingers fell to his knees, and his big head nodded indecisively. Then it was thrown back, and the fingers dropped on the keys: the music of a Beethoven sonata filled the room.

The grand lady forgot her sentiment, and the little waxlike figures gave way. Their eager, tremulous eyes rested wonderingly on the broad back of the player.

The white fingers had dropped on the keys with the lightness of a feather. They rose and flashed and twinkled, and ran along the keyboard with swift, steel-like touch. The door at the end of the room opened softly. A tall man entered. He looked inquiringly at the grotesque green-and-white figure seated before the piano, then his glance met his wife's, and he sank into a big chair by the door, a pleased look on his dark face. The younger child glanced at him shyly. He returned the look and smiled. The child's face brightened.

The door opened again, and a slight,

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figure stood in the doorway. He looked approvingly toward the piano, and dropped into a chair at the other side of the door, twirling his long, light mustaches.

The player, wrapped in sound, was oblivious to the world outside. The music enveloped him and rose about him, transfiguring the plain, squat figure, floating above the spectacled face and crisp, curling locks. His hearers glanced approvingly at one another now and then, but no one spoke or moved. Suddenly they were aware that a new mood had crept into the notes. Quick, sharp flashes of fear alternated with passages of clear, sunlit strength, and underneath the changing melody galloping hoof-beats rose and fell.

The dark-eyed child sat poised forward, her hands clasped about her knees, her tremulous gaze fixed on the flying fingers. She started and caught her breath sharply. Faster and faster thudded the hoofs; the note of questioning fear beat louder, and into the sweet, answering melody crept a note of doubt, undefined and terrible, a spirit echo of the flying hoofs. It caught up question and answer, and turned them to sharp, swift flight. The pursuing hoofs struck the sound and broke it; with a cry the child leaped to her feet. Her hands were outstretched, and her face worked. The man by the door turned slightly. He held out a quiet, imperious hand, and the child fled across the room, clasping the hand in both her own and burying her face in his shoulder. The swift sound was upon them, around them, over them, sweeping past, whirling them in its leaping, gigantic grasp. It hesitated a second, grew strangely sweet and hushed, and dropped through a full, clear octave on a low note. It ceased. The air quivered. The player sat motionless, gazing before him.

The dark man sprang to his feet, his face illumined, the child clinging to his hand. He patted the dark curls carelessly as he flashed a smile to the young man at the other side of the room.

"That 's mine, Schönstein," he said exultantly; "your tenor voice won't carry that."

The other nodded half grudgingly.

They were both looking toward the player. He swayed a little on the stool, stared at the ceiling a moment, and swung slowly about, blinking uncertainly.

The older man stepped forward, holding out a quick hand.

"*Wunderschön!*" he said warmly. "What is it? Are there words to it? Can you get it for me?"

The tiny man seemed to shrink a little. He put out his fat hand and waited a moment before he spoke. The full, thick lips groped at the words.

"It is—it is something—of my own," he said at last.

They crowded about him, questioning and delighted.

"Have you published it? What is it?"

"'Der Erlkönig,'" said Schubert, shortly. The child's face quivered.

"I know," she said.

Her father glanced down at her, smiling.

"What do you know?" he said gently.

"I read it," said the child, simply. She shivered a little. "The *Erlking* carried him off," she said. She covered her face, suddenly in tears. She was quivering from head to foot.

The count glanced significantly at his wife. She came forward and laid her hand on the child's shoulder.

"Come, Caroline. Come, Marie," she said. "Later, Herr Schubert, I shall have the pleasure of thanking you." She swept from the room.

The three men remained, looking a little uncomfortably toward the closed door.

The count shrugged his shoulders and glanced at the musician.

"A very impressionable child," he said lightly.

"A very unusual child," returned the small man, gravely. He was blinking absently at the count's dark face. "She has the temperament," he murmured softly; "she will learn."

The count beamed on him.

"We depend on you to teach her," he said suavely. "You will go with us next week to Zelitz?"

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The young man bowed uncertainly. His full lips smiled doubtfully. "It is an honor," he said, "but I must work. There is not time to lose. I must work." He moved his big head from side to side and twirled his fingers.

The count smiled genially.

"It shall be arranged—a little house by yourself, apart from the castle; a piano; absolute quiet; lessons only by your own arrangement." He spoke quietly, in the tone of a superior granting terms.

The thick lips opposite him were puckering a little, and the eyes behind the great spectacles blinked mistily.

"I must have time," repeated the little man—"time to think of it."

The count's face clouded a shade.

"We depend on you," he said. The tone had changed subtly. It was less assertive. "With the Baron von Schönstein—" he motioned toward his companion; the two young men bowed slightly—"with the baron we have a fine quartette, and with you to train us—oh, you *must* come!" His face broke into a winning smile.

The young man smiled in return.

"I will come," he said; "but—free," he added.

"Free as the wind," assented the count, easily. The note of patronage was gone.

A big sunny smile broke over the musician's face. It radiated from the spectacles and broadened the wide mouth.

"*Ach!* We shall do great things!" he announced proudly.

"Great things," assented the count. "And 'Der Erlkönig'—I must have 'Der Erlkönig.' Bring it with you."

"'Der Erlkönig' shall be yours," said Schubert, grandly. There was the air of granting a royal favor in the round, green-and-white little figure as it bowed itself from the room.

In the hall he stumbled a little, looking uncertainly about. A small figure glided from a curtained window and approached him timidly.

"Your hat is on the next landing, Herr Schubert," she said.

He looked down at her. His big face flushed with pleasure. "You like my music," he said bluntly.

She shook her head gravely.

"It is terrible," she replied.

The spectacles glared at her.

"It hurts me here." She raised a small, dark hand to her chest.

The musician's eyes lighted.

"That is right," he said simply; "*yah,* that is right—it hurts."

They stood looking at each other in the dim light. The child's eyes studied the big face wistfully.

"I wish you would never play it again."

"Not play my 'Erlkönig'!" He glared at her.

She nodded slowly.

"Never," she said.

He waited a moment, looking at her sternly. He pushed his spectacles far up on the short curls and rubbed his nose vigorously.

The child's eyes waited on the queer, perturbed face. She gave a quick little sigh. Her lips had parted.

He looked down with a sudden big smile.

"I will never play it for you again," he said grandly. The spectacles descended swiftly, the door banged behind him, and the child was left alone in the great dim hall.

II

THE heat of the day was nearly spent, but the leaves of the oaks hung motionless. The two young men walking beneath them had bared their heads. One of them glanced up now and then, as if looking for coolness in the green canopy.

"It will rain before night," said the baron, casually, noting the glance. His lithe figure, in its white suit and blue tie, showed no sign of heat or fatigue.

The musician, puffing beside him, wiped a handkerchief across his warm face.

"*Yah,* it will rain," he assented hopefully.

The baron glanced at him, smiling.

"You find ten miles a good stretch," he remarked. "We went too far, perhaps."

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"'*Nein!* I cannot speak it,' he said softly. 'But the song it will speak it for me—when I come.'"

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"*Nein,* not too far. We have had great talk," responded Schubert. His face under its mask of perspiration shone gloriously. He glanced down a little ruefully at his short, fat legs in their white casings. "But my legs they do not talk," he announced naïvely. "*Yah,* they are very weary, perhaps; but my soul is not weary." He struck his breast a resounding blow with the palm of his hand and straightened his short body.

The baron laughed musically.

A low, sweet sound, stealing among the oaks, answered the laugh. They stopped short, looking at each other. The sound came again, a far-off, haunting peal, with a little catch and sob in its breath.

They stole swiftly forward on tiptoe. Among the trees a roof and the outline of a small building glimmered. It was covered with dark ivy. Smoke came from the chimney, and through the open window drifted the strange, alluring sound.

"The house of the little folk of the wood," whispered Schubert, pressing forward.

"The wash-house," returned the baron, with a laugh.

The sound had ceased. The wood, in the soft heat, was very still.

"It is Marka," said the baron, glancing toward the house. "Marka has charge of the linen. I heard her the other day, in one of the corridors, singing; but Fritz hushed her up before she 'd begun. She 's a Hungarian—"

"Hush!" Schubert lifted a finger.

The music had begun again. The sadness was gone from it. It laughed and smiled to itself, and grew merry in a sweet, shy fashion that set the air about them astir in little rippling runs.

Schubert had started forward.

"I must have it," he said impetuously.

"Take care," warned Schönstein; "she is a witch."

The musician laughed, stealing away among the tree-trunks. He moved softly forward, his short fingers fumbling at his pockets. A torn envelop and the stub of a pencil rewarded the search. His face lighted as he grasped the pencil more firmly in his fingers, moistening it at his thick lips; he approached the open window.

He peered uncertainly into the dim room. By the fireplace stood a lithe, quick figure, sorting the pile of linen at her side. As she lifted each delicate piece she examined it carefully for holes or rents. Careless little snatches of song played about her lips as she worked.

The torn envelop rested on the sill, and the stubby pencil flew across its surface. The big face of the musician, bent above it, was alight with joy. The sound ceased, and he straightened himself, pushing back the hat from his brow and gazing fondly at the little dots on the torn bit of paper.

The girl looked up with a start. The shadow had fallen on her linen. She gazed with open, incredulous lips at the uncouth figure framed in the window.

A broad smile wreathed the big face.

"Go on, Marka," he said. He nodded encouragement.

She looked down at the pillow-slip in her hands, and back again to the face in the window. The linen slip was plaited uncertainly in her fingers.

"Go on," said Schubert, peremptorily. "You were singing. What was it, that tune? Go on."

She looked up again with bold shyness, and shook her head.

The face glared at her.

She smiled saucily, and, putting two plump hands into her apron pockets, advanced toward the window. Her steps danced a little.

Franz stared at the vision. He took off his spectacles and rubbed them, blinking a little.

"Waugh!" he said.

She laughed musically.

He replaced the spectacles, and looked at her more kindly.

She was leaning on the other side of the casing, her arms folded on the sill. Her saucy face was tilted to his.

He bent suddenly, and kissed it full on the mouth.

She started back, fetching him a ringing slap on the cheek.

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"You ugly thing!" she said. She laughed.

Franz gazed serenely at the sky, a pleased smile on his lips.

"You 're too ugly to look at," said the girl, promptly.

He looked down at her and smiled.

"That tasted good," he said.

She pouted a little and glanced at the door.

His glance followed hers.

"Sing me some more," he suggested craftily.

She threw back her head, and her lips broke into a strange, sweet sound. The dark eyes were half veiled, and her full throat swelled.

The wood about them darkened as she sang. Swift birds flashed by to their nests, and the green leaves quivered a little. A clash broke among the tree-tops; they swayed and beat heavily, and big drops fell. The girl's eyes flashed wide. The song ceased on her lips. She glanced at the big drops on the sill and then at the open door.

"Come in," she said shyly.

He opened the door and went in.

III

"We feared that you were not coming, Herr Schubert," said the countess, suavely.

The group that had gathered in the music-room looked up. The storm had ceased, and a cool breeze came through the window. Outside in the castle grounds dim lights glimmered.

The young man advanced into the group a little awkwardly, rubbing his eyes as if waking from a dream.

The baron, standing by the piano, glanced at him sharply under lowered lids. His lips took on a little smile, not unkind, but full of secret amusement.

The musician passed him without a glance, and, seating himself at the piano, threw back his head with an impatient gesture. He turned swiftly the leaves of music that stood on the rack before him.

"Sing this," he said briefly.

He struck a few chords, and they gathered about him, taking up their parts with a careless familiarity and skill. It was Haydn's "Creation." They had sung it many times, but a new power was in it tonight. The music lifted them. The touch on the keys held the sound, and shaped it, and filled it with light.

When it was finished they glanced at one another. They smiled; then they looked at the player. He sat wrapped in thought, his head bowed, his fingers touching the keys with questioning touch. They moved back noiseless and waited. When he was like this, they did not disturb him.

The melody crept out at last, the strange, haunting Hungarian air, with unrest and sadness and passion and sweetness trembling through it.

The baron started as he heard it. He moved carelessly to the window and stood with his back to the room, looking out.

The countess looked up with a startled air. She glanced inquiringly toward her husband. He was leaning forward, a look of interest on the dark face. The child at his knee shrank a little. Her eyes were full of a strange light. On the opposite side of the room her sister Marie sat unmoved, her placid doll eyes resting on the player with a look of gentle content.

The passionate note quickened. Something uncanny and impure had crept into it. It raised its head and hissed a little and was gone, gliding away among the low notes and losing itself in a rustling wave of sound. The music trembled a moment and was still; then the passion burst in a flood upon them. Dark chasms opened; strange, wild fastnesses shut them in; storm and license and evil held them. Blinding flashes fell on them. Slowly the player emerged into a wide sunlit place. The music filled it. Winds blew from the four quarters to meet it, and the air was full of melody.

The count stirred a little as the last notes fell.

"A strange composition," he said briefly.

The child at his knee lifted her head. She raised a tiny hand and brought it down sharply, her small face aglow with suppressed anger.

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"It was not good," she said.

The player turned to look at her. His big face worked strangely.

"No, it was not good," he said. "I shall not play that again. But it is great music," he added, with a little laugh.

The count looked at him shrewdly. He patted the child's trembling hand.

"Now," he said soothingly, "something to clear away the mists! 'Der Erlkönig.' We have never had it; bring it out."

Schubert hesitated an instant. He glanced at the child.

"That music—I have it not, Herr Count," he said; "I left it in Vienna."

The count moved impatiently.

"Play it from memory," he said.

The musician turned slowly to the piano.

The child's eyes followed him. She shivered a little.

He swung back with a swift gesture, feeling absently in his pockets.

"A piece of tissue-paper," he murmured. He had extracted a small comb from one of his pockets. He regarded it thoughtfully. "If I had one little piece of paper—" He looked about him helplessly.

"There is some in the music-rack, Marie. Find it for him," said the count.

The girl found it and laid it in his hand.

He turned back to the piano, adjusting and smoothing it. His broad back was an effective screen. The group waited, a look of interest on their faces.

Suddenly he wheeled about, his hands raised to his mouth, the comb, thinly covered with tissue-paper, at his lips, and his fat cheeks distended. His eyes behind the big spectacles glowed portentously.

They gazed at him in astonishment.

He drew a full breath and drove it forth, a lugubrious note. With scowling brows and set face he darted the instrument back and forth across his puckered lips. It wailed and shrieked, and out of the noise and discord emerged, at a galloping trot, "Der Erlkönig!"

The child, who had been regarding him intently, threw back her head, and a little laugh broke from her lips. Her face danced. She came and stood by the player, her hand resting on his knee.

Herr Schubert puffed and blew, and "The Erlking" pranced and thumped. Now and then he stumbled and fell, and the fugitives flew fast ahead.

The player's face was grave beyond belief, filled with a kind of fat melancholy, and tinged with tragic intent.

The faces watching it passed from question to amusement, and from amusement to protest.

"Nein, nein, mein Herr!" said the countess, as she wiped her mild blue eyes and shook her blonde curls. "Nicht mehr! nicht mehr!"

With a deep, snorting sob the sound ceased. The comb dropped from his lips, and the player sat regarding them solemnly. A smile curved his big lips.

"*Yah*," he said simply, "that was great music. I have made it myself, that music."

With laughter and light words the party broke up. At a touch from the count the musician lingered. The others had left the room.

The count walked to the open window and stood for a moment staring into the darkness. Then he wheeled about.

"What was it you played?" he said swiftly.

"A Hungarian air," replied Schubert, briefly.

The count looked incredulous.

"It was your own," he said.

"Partly," admitted the musician.

The count nodded.

"I thought so." He glanced toward the piano. "It is not too late—"

Schubert shrugged his shoulders.

"I told the child,—you heard,—I cannot play it again, that music."

The count laughed lightly.

"As you like." He held out a hand. "Good night, my friend," he said cordially. "You are a strange man."

The grotesque, sensitive face opposite him quivered. The big lips trembled a little as they opened.

"I am *not* a strange man," said Schu-

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bert, vehemently. "That music—it was —the devil!"

The count laughed again lightly. He held out his hand.

"Good night," he said.

IV

A SOFT haze hung over Zelitz. The moonlight, filtering through it, touched the paths and shrubs with shifting radiance and lifted them out of shadow. Under the big trees the darkness lay black, but in the open spaces it had given way to a gray, elusive whiteness that came and went like a still breathing of the quiet night.

A young girl, coming down one of the winding paths, paused a moment in the open space to listen. The hand that held her trailing, shimmering skirts away from the gravel was strong and supple, and the face thrown back to the moonlight wore a tense, earnest look; but the dark eyes in their curving lids were like a child's eyes. They seemed to laugh subtly. It may have been that the moonlight shifted across them.

A young man, standing in the shadow of the trees, smiled to himself as he watched her. He stepped from beneath the trees and crossed the open space between them.

The girl watched him come without surprise.

"It is a beautiful night, Herr Schubert," she said quietly as he stood beside her.

"A wonderful night, my Lady," he answered softly.

She looked down at him.

"Why are you not in the castle, playing?" she demanded archly.

"The night called me," he said.

She half turned away.

He started forward.

"Do not go," he breathed.

She paused, looking at him doubtfully.

"I came to walk," she said. She moved away a few steps and paused again, looking back over her shoulder. "You can come—"

He sprang to her side, and they paced on in silence.

She glanced at him from under her lids.

His big face wore a radiant, absent-minded look. The full lips moved softly.

"What are you thinking of?" she said swiftly.

He flushed and came back to her.

"Only a little song; it runs in my head."

"Hum it to me," she commanded.

He flushed again and stammered:

"*Nein, nein;* it is not yet born."

Her eyes were on the shifting light.

"Will you play it to me when it is done?" she asked softly.

"You know that I will."

She waited a moment.

"You have never dedicated a song to me," she said slowly. "There are the four to my father, but he is the count, and the one last year for Marie,—why to Marie? —and one for them all. But not one least little song for me!" The words had dropped under her breath. Her dark eyes were veiled. No one could say whether they laughed now.

He looked up with a swift, brusque gesture.

"They are all yours; you know it." The low voice rebuked her gently. "For six years they are yours—all that I have done." The face was turned toward her. It was filled with pleading and a kind of gentle beauty, clumsy and sweet.

She did not look at it.

"There is one that I should like to hear," she said musingly. "You played it once, years ago, on a comb. I have not heard it since." She laughed sweetly.

Schubert smiled. The hurt look stole from his eyes.

"You will hear it—my 'Erlkönig'?" he demanded.

She nodded.

"I will play it to you when I come back," he said contentedly.

She stopped short in the path.

"When you come back?" The subtle eyes were wide. They were not laughing.

"*Yah,* I shall—"

"Where are you going?"

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He rubbed his great nose in the moonlight.

"*Nein,* I know not. I know I must go—"

She stopped him impatiently.

"You will not go!" she said. He turned his eyes and looked at her. After a moment her own fell. "Why will you go?" she asked.

The face with its dumb look was turned toward her.

"That little song—it calls me," he said softly. "When it is done I will come back again—to you."

She smiled under the lids.

"That little song—is it for me?" she asked sweetly.

"*Yah,* for you," he said. He looked pleadingly at the downcast face. "The song it is very sweet; it teases me."

The lids quivered.

"It comes to me so close, so close!" He was silent, a rapt look of listening in his face. It broke with a swift sigh. "*Ach!* it is gone!"

She glanced at him swiftly.

"I thought the songs came quickly."

He shook his head.

"The others, yes; but not this one. It is not like the others. It is so sweet and gentle—far away—and pure like the snow. It calls me—" He broke off, gazing earnestly at the beautiful, high-bred face, with its downcast eyes. "*Nein!* I cannot speak it," he said softly. "But the song it will speak it for me—when I come."

She lifted her head, and held out her hand with a gesture half shy and very sweet. The moonlight veiled her. "I shall wait," she said gently—"for the song."

He held the slender hand for a moment in his own; then it was laid lightly against his lips, and turning, he had disappeared among the shadows.

V

"HALLO, Franz! Hallo, there!"

Two young men, walking rapidly along the low hedge that shuts in the Zum Biersack from the highway, lifted heated faces and glanced toward the inclosure, where a youth seated at one of the tables had half risen from his place, and was gesticulating with the open book in his hand to vacant seats beside him.

"It is Tieze," said Schubert, with a smile. "Come in."

His companion nodded. The next instant a swift waiter had served them, and three round, smiling faces surveyed one another above the foaming mugs.

"*Ach!*" said Tieze, looking more critically at the shorter man, "but you have grown thin, my friend. You are not so great."

Schubert smiled complacently. He glanced down at his rotund figure.

"*Nein,* I am little," he assented affably.

His companions broke into a roar of laughter.

"Drink her down, Franz! drink her down!" said Tieze, lifting the heavy stein.

Schubert wiped the foam from his lips.

"*Yah,* that is good!" He drew a deep sigh.

He reached out his hand for the open volume that lay by his companion's hand. It was given over in silence, and he dipped into it as he sipped the beer, smiling and scowling and humming softly. Now and then he lifted his head and listened. His eyes looked across the noisy garden into space.

His companions ignored him. They laughed and chatted and sang. Other young men joined the group, and the talk grew loud. It was the Sunday festival of Warseck.

Schubert smiled absently across the babel.

"A pencil—quick!" he said in a low tone to Tieze. His hand holding the open book trembled, and the big eyes glowed with fire.

Tieze fumbled in his pockets and shook his head.

Schubert glared at the careless group.

"A pencil, I tell you!" he said fiercely.

There was a moment's lull. Nobody laughed. Some one thrust a stub of pencil across the table. A fat young man sitting at Schubert's side seized it and, draw-

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ing a few music-bars on the back of a program, pushed it on to him.

"Ach," said Schubert, with a grateful sigh, *"Goot! goot!"* In another moment he was lost.

The talk grew louder. Hurried waiters rushed back and forth behind his chair with foaming mugs and slices of black bread, and gray and brown. Fiddles squeaked, and skittle-players shouted. Now and then the noise broke off and changed to the national air, which the band across the garden played loudly. But through it all Schubert's big head wagged absently, and his short-sighted eyes glared at the barred lines and flying pencil.

Suddenly he raised his head with a snort. His spectacles flew to his forehead, and his round face smiled genially at the laughing group.

"Done?" asked the fat young man with a smile. He reached out his hand for the scrawled page.

Schubert drew it jealously back.

"Nein," he said quickly.

Tieze, who had come around the table, stood behind them, scanning the barred lines and the scattered shower of notes. He raised a quick hand to the group about the table.

"Gott in Himmel!" he said excitedly. "Listen, you dunderheads!"

Silence fell on the group. Every glance was turned to him. He hummed softly a few bars of sweetest melody under the garden's din. The notes stopped in a choking gasp, Schubert's hand on his throat.

"Stop that!" he said hoarsely. The paper had been thrust loosely into his coat pocket. His face worked fiercely.

Tieze drew back, half laughing, half alarmed.

"Franz! Franz!" he said.

The other brushed his hand across his forehead and drew a deep breath.

"Yah," he said slowly, "I might have killed you."

Tieze nodded. A look of curiosity held his face.

"It is *schön, schön,"* he said softly.

Schubert turned abruptly.

"It is not for you," he said. "For years I search that song, over mountains, in the storm, in the sunshine; but it has never come—till here." His eye swept the crowded place. "Now I have it"—he patted the rough coat pocket—"now I have it, I go away."

VI

THE girl sitting on a rough bench by the low building stirred slightly. She glanced behind her. Deep blackness in the wood, shifting moonshine about her. She breathed a quick sigh. It was like that other night. Ah, he would not come!

Her face fell forward into her slender fingers. She sat immovable. The shadow trembled a little, but the girl by the low house was blind and deaf. Melodies of the past were about her. The shadow moved, but she had no eyes to see; slowly it traveled across the short-cropped grass, mystically green and white in the waning moon. Noiselessly it came; it sank noiselessly into the shadow of the low house. A sound clicked and was still. But the girl had not moved—memory music held her. It moved upon her spirit, low and sweet, and stirred the pulse, and breathed itself away.

She stirred a little, and laid her cheek upon her palm. Her opened eyes rested carelessly on the ground; her look flashed wide and leaped to the lattice window beside her, and back again to the ground. A block of light lay there, clear and defined. It was not moonlight or dream-light. She sprang to her feet and moved a step nearer the window. Then she stopped, her hand at her side, her breath coming quickly. The high, sweet notes were calling from the night. Swiftly she moved. The door gave lightly beneath her touch. She crossed the smooth floor. She was by his side. The music was around them, above them, shimmering. It held them close. Slowly he turned his big, homely face and looked at her, but the music did not cease. It hovered in the air above, high and pure and sweet. The face of the young countess bent lower; a look of tenderness waited in her subtle eyes.

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He sprang to his feet, his hands outstretched to ward it off.

"*Nein.* It is not *I.* It is the music. You shall not be bewitched!" His hands made swift passes, as if he would banish a spell.

She caught them to her and waited.

"Am I bewitched—Franz?" she said at last. The voice was very low. The laughing eyes were looking into his.

"*Yah,* you are bewitched," he returned stoutly.

"And you?"

"I have only love for you."

"And I have only love for you," she repeated softly. She hummed a bit of the melody and stopped, looking at him sweetly. "It is my song," she questioned —"the song you went to seek for me?"

He lifted his head proudly.

"It came for you."

She nodded with brimming eyes. Her hands stole softly up to the big face. They framed it in, with its look of pride, and touched it gently. "Dear face!" she breathed, "dear ugly face—my music face!"

They moved swiftly apart. The figure of the count was in the open doorway.

She moved forward serenely and slipped her hand in his.

"I am here, Father Johann," she said quietly.

His fingers closed about the white ones.

"Go outside, Cara. Wait there till I come."

Her dark, troubled eyes looked into his. They were not laughing now.

"Nay, Father," she said gently, "it is you who will wait outside—while we say farewell."

The count regarded her for a long moment, then he turned toward the young musician, his face full of compassion and a kind of envy.

"My friend," he said slowly, "for five minutes I shall leave her with you. You will go away—forever."

Schubert bowed proudly. His eyes were on the girl's face.

As the door closed, she turned to him, holding out her hands.

He took them in his, and they stood silent, looking into each other's eyes.

She drew a long breath.

"What do people say when they are dying?" she asked.

"*Nein,* I know not." His voice trembled.

"There is so much, and it is nothing," said the girl, dreamily. She moved a step toward the piano, his hands locked fast in hers. "Tell me again you love me!" she whispered.

He took off the great spectacles, and laid them beside the scrawled page.

"Look in my eyes," he said gently. A kind of grandeur had touched the homely features. The soul behind them looked out.

She bent toward him. A little sob broke from her lips. She lifted the hands and moved them swiftly toward the keys.

"Tell me!" she said.

With a smile of sadness, he obeyed the gesture.

Melody filled the room. It flooded the moonlight. The count, pacing back and forth, halted, a look of bewilderment in his face. He stepped swiftly toward the door.

The lights on the piano flared uncertainly. They fell on the figure at the piano. It loomed grotesque and grim, and melted away in flickering shadow. Music played about it. Strains of sadness swept over it in the gloom and drifted by, and the sweet, high notes rose clear. A little distance away the figure of the young countess stood in the shifting light. Her clasped hands hung before her. She swayed and lifted them, groping, and turned. Her father sprang to her. Side by side they passed into the night. The music sounded about them far and sweet.

FRANZ SCHUBERT, with his youth and his wreaths of fame, his homely face and soul of fire, is dead these many years; but the soul of fire is not dead. The Countess Esterhazy, framed for love, is dust and ashes in her marble house. The night music plays over her tomb. The night music plays wherever night is.

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The Breakdown of Civilization

The Part Played by Militarism and Race Ambition in Europe's Catastrophe

By W. MORGAN SHUSTER

Author of "The Strangling of Persia," etc.

THE vicious circle which has been pursued by the leading nations of Europe for the last twenty years has brought its inevitable consequence. With England holding fast to the policy of maintaining a two-power navy "to protect" her commerce and oversea possessions and Germany risking her financial integrity to build a navy "to defend her coast and rapidly growing merchant marine," with Germany, France, Austria, and Russia vying with one another in the creation of standing armies and vast mobile forces "for national defense," little else than the present struggle could be expected. Navies and armies "for national defense" are, unfortunately, equally available for offensive operations. Dogs long held in leash grow restless and irritable. Immense bodies of armed men, confident of their strength, upheld by the courage of the shoulder-touch, worked upon by the strains of patriotic and martial music, and elated by the glitter and gleam of weapons and uniforms, by the precision of drills and ardor of vast sham battles, and suffering from the general ennui of a well-ordered life, become sure victims of the war idea, and on their return to civil pursuits they spread its germs in ever-increasing numbers throughout every class of organized society. To a victim already suffering from toxic elements, only a slight shock is sufficient to start a raging fever. Derangements that a normal body would promptly throw off become instantly serious in a poisoned system.

General staffs, war colleges, naval strategy boards, and professional fighting-men are naturally ill-content to spend their entire lives in mere theorizing and shadow warfare. The skilled artisan always yearns consciously or unconsciously to use his tools; the inventor always aches to see his machine in actual operation.

To this vicious circle the makers of armaments and equipment in all countries have likewise contributed their full share. Not to do so, in more or less good faith, would be to deny their *raison d'être:* to be poor business men, at best.

On this dark background, common to all the great nations of Europe,—illumined by the fitful gleams of the armorer's forge, and quivering to the shock of heavy guns at practice, let us throw the pale green lights of acquisitive and destructive statesmanship, and observe as impartially as may be the picture which is thus presented.

That rusty implement, the "balance of power," text of so many diplomatic notes, *aide-memoires,* conversations, and threats, has been cast upon the junk-pile. It is precisely against the "balance" that each nation has been striving, secretly or openly, for the last twenty years.

The cabinets and ministries, foreign offices and embassies, crowned heads and oligarchies, upon whose policies and decisions the lives, liberty, properties, and legitimate hopes of nearly four hundred millions of people have depended, have proved unequal to their task. To preserve peace, to foster its arts, to protect each one of those millions of persons in his life and

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possessions, was their first and highest duty. How well have they performed it?

As the cock-fighter excites by every known art and wile the ardor and pugnacity of his fowl before tossing him into the pit, so have these divinely derived and self-constituted trustees of whole races and nations fanned human passions, played upon every chord of mortal weakness,—patriotism, avarice, pride, fear, race-spirit, love of home, and lust of glory,—to make men do their bidding unto death, and, dying, to praise those who made them food for cannon.

It is perfectly certain that had the nations which began this war really desired peace, they could easily have obtained it. Austria and Russia wanted war, and no human being can positively say which of them desired it more.

Napoleon is the foremost type of ruthless soldier in modern history. Great has been the obloquy heaped upon him by alien commentators in the last century. But even he began his wars on principle, however mistaken, and even to his vanquished foes he bore something of creative and constructive statesmanship. In this "World War" not a single such ray of light can be found. Not one claim of all-compelling principle on the part of any nation involved will bear the test of impartial investigation. Government "press bureaus" have put forth their *communiqués* to the world, governments have printed and circulated their "White Papers," each nation extolling its own virtue and forbearance, and hurling diplomatic insult and strategical vituperation at its opponents, but in neither the state papers nor the royal "conversations" just preceding the outbreak will the facts be made clear.

The war loans of Germany, France, and other nations since 1911, and the increased $500,000,000 in the gold reserves of the European banks since that time, demonstrate that this struggle did not come about in a week or a year.

Those of us who hold no briefs or partizan views may well be at a loss to fix the moral responsibility for this greatest of world calamities. It is no easy task, nor will there ever be agreement. Were its results, horrifying as they are, to be limited to the countries actually participating, the responsibility would not be so heavy. But a conflagration so vast as this cannot rage without scorching the abodes of mankind throughout the world, nor without its sparks and flying brands filling all peoples and nations of the earth with terror lest the flames extend to them.

Some facts, however, are known. They are not to be found in government papers or war bulletins. They are truths which every world-student, of whatever nationality, feels in his heart, and has known years before the definite shadow of this war had fallen across the world.

These facts relate to the dreams of empire-builders, to the office-holding lust of kings and ruling families, to the instincts of races, the aims of merchants, the greed of land, the birth of new political creeds.

Before and in this war there were and are five principal contestants, Russia, England, France, Germany, and Austria. Some smaller nations, like Servia, Montenegro, Belgium, and Portugal have already been drawn into the vortex. Another great power, Italy, was officially expected to take the part of Germany and Austria, and she may at any time enter the conflict on one side or the other. Other minor neutral powers, such as Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, will hold aloof unless their neutrality is violated or they are otherwise forced to take sides. Spain is unneutral in spirit, but has taken no active part, principally for economic and geographical reasons. Still other nations, like Turkey, Greece, Bulgaria, and Rumania, consider themselves to be vitally interested in the course of events and may become parties to the struggle through either internal or external pressure or because of the actions of one another. Outside Europe, Japan is the only power involved, though her theater of operations is declared to be only the far East. Even in the Orient, China sees herself threatened by the actions of Japan, so that in all the world only the United States and the republics of South and Cen-

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tral America stand really clear of the combat, even in a political sense. None, of course, is clear of its economic losses.

But the protagonists are only five. Without them the present tragedy could never have been staged. The Balkan States and Greece might have fought among themselves, or fought again with Turkey, but the consequences of such wars, except for their bearing on the attitudes of the five great powers, would have been comparatively unimportant.

To find the truth, then, we must examine the history and policies of the five chief combatants. Somewhere in the consciousness of their directing geniuses the secrets lie hidden. Open treaties should often be read with suspicion; the vital clauses are apt to be secret. Avowed foreign policies are often intended for public consumption only. *Ententes* are made on one side, with a tongue in the cheek, maybe on both. But in the analysis and weighing of certain fundamental facts that no impartial observer may ignore some approach to the secret may be had.

And here, to avoid misunderstanding, let us agree on a definition. By the "foreign policy" of a nation let us mean her more or less open and well-known attitude in relations with the rest of the world or with some other particular nation or nations. By the "national policy" let us understand something quite different. Let us mean by that the real, innermost aspirations, dreams, plans, hopes, and ambitions of the ruling classes, be they royal families and nobles, powerful commoners, statesmen of world scope, oligarchies of militarism, grand ducal councils, or exponents of the genius of a whole people.

The foreign policies of the five great powers have had little to do with bringing on the war. Their national policies have had all to do with it. Among the five, the nation which has had the most vigorous and radical foreign policy is naturally apt to be considered by the world at large to be the most at fault. Thus the rapid creation by Germany of a powerful navy has for years been considered by the English people as a deliberate challenge to their empire of the sea. So, also, has the upbuilding of the immense German army naturally been considered by France a menace to her safety. But we must go deeper than effects and means. We must seek causes and ends. They are to be found in true national policies, in the minds of the comparatively few intelligences that, generation after generation, by creed, tradition, patriotism, and for love of the game, embody and vitalize the ambitions of a whole race or nation.

The slowest moving nation in the world, except China, is Russia. At times she has seemed to take centuries to think, but she has always thought in centuries and not in decades or years. There is something impressive about great bulk and slow movements. Russia has both, but she has many other qualities. She is barbaric, but she is splendidly so. On the top of her great pot of boiling tea she has a thin scum of the most brilliant statesmen in the world. By "brilliant" is meant sheer intellectuality, not moral force. It would take a volume to trace the workings of Russian national policy even for the last one hundred years, but its cardinal principle has never changed: Russia is to dominate the world; Russian is to be the language of the East and of the West; the Greek Church is to be supreme; the Czar of Russia is to be the ruler of the earth.

This statement doubtless provokes a smile; absurd, you say. So it seems to us to-day, but the important point just now is not whether Russia will ever realize this dream, but the fact that she dreams it. She is, furthermore, the only nation which has had a really consistent foreign policy. When she determined that her destiny was to expand, she set out to expand, and if we may judge the future by the past, neither time nor defeats nor treaties nor right nor wrong will swerve her from her ultimate destination. Always following the lines of least resistance, she sought an outlet on the Mediterranean, hoping to defeat the Turks. England prevented her, in 1878, from taking Constantinople and the Dardanelles. Recoiling on herself, she spread into the Caucasus and the semi-

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independent territories of central Asia, and into Persia, striving vigorously toward the Persian Gulf and its easy route to the coasts of India. Later she turned toward the far East, pursuing a relentless course until temporarily stopped by Japan.

Recovering with amazing rapidity from her defeat in the Orient, she turned her earnest attention to the expansion of the doctrine of "Pan-Slavism," with hers as the dominant voice in the movement. Out of this grew the Balkan War and the Slavic intrigues, with the resultant dismemberment and weakening of Turkey. Russia has always fished best in troubled waters. Temporarily blocked in the far East by Japan, she determined to lose no further time in securing the port of Constantinople, with its wonderful defensive entrance to the Black Sea and its command of the Suez Canal and the waterborne commerce of the East. For the modern navy which she started to build after the destruction of her fleets by Japan she needed a warm-water port, an advantage which the Baltic denies to her. The Japanese War was followed by a complete reorganization of Russia's army on a modern basis, a part of the program being the creation of a force upon what she announced to be a peace footing of four million men. She also entered upon an extensive program of naval construction, and began the building of a number of strategical railway lines reaching to the frontiers of Germany and Austria.

But while Russia had been pushing her southeastern frontiers and spheres of influence to the very edges of China and India, an ever-strengthening barrier was growing up between her and western Europe. This was the powerful and rapidly increasing Teutonic race, represented in Germany and Austria. Something else besides the abundance of French capital made Russia reach across Germany and bind France to herself by selling her hundreds of millions of Russian securities, with the proceeds of which modern Russian industrial development was fomented. The political alliance with France, growing out of mutual hostility to Germany, naturally followed. But Russia was not yet ready for trouble in Europe. She realized the fact that ever since her war with Turkey British influence had been predominant at Constantinople, but that a few years ago there had been a marked change, and Germany had succeeded to the dominant position at the bedside of Europe's "sick man."

England and Russia have always been natural enemies. The most democratic nation in Europe and the most autocratic, though both empires in form, could not fail to be hostile, to say nothing of England's interests in Asia and the Orient and in keeping the Suez Canal and the Mediterranean free from Russian interference.

But when the Anglo-French *entente* was made, Russia was quick to seize her opportunity. Her dalliance with Sir Edward Grey culminated in the Anglo-Russian Convention of 1907, which, while ostensibly settling only Persian questions and Asiatic interests, was in reality intended to procure England's friendliness or, at least, neutrality in the coming conflict with the Teutonic barrier. Unless she had secured England's good-will, it is likely that Russia would have had to wait many years before feeling strong enough to war with Germany and Austria, even relying on French assistance. Certainly she would have had to wait until her navy was substantially as strong as Germany's. Few people know what Russia did between 1904 and 1914 to win the good-will of the British government and people. Certain it is that every British envoy and under-official who went to Petrograd returned to England glowing with enthusiasm for the great friend in the North, and amidst the exchange of Parliament committee visits and trade and finance commissions, only few in England now care to remember what has been said of the bear that walks like a man, or the solemn warnings given by Kitchener against Russia's designs on the British Empire.

But something still remained to be done. Russia relied upon English support in the coming conflict with Germany and Austria not so much because of her trust

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in England's real friendship and sympathy, but because she believed that England's dread of Germany's growing naval power and foreign commerce would inevitably lead to a clash. The test that Russia needed to assure herself came at the time of the Agadir incident in 1911. The palsying fear which then seized upon the British foreign office, and its humiliating efforts to win Russian esteem, left no doubt in the minds of Russian bureaucrats as to England's course toward Germany.

Shortly thereafter Russia announced her scheme for establishing an army of four million men on a "peace footing." The program was to occupy four years. What Russia did was to put her armies on a war footing. When the present conflict began, after a little over two years of "army reorganization," that Russia could mobilize in a few days at her German and Austrian frontiers a force so well equipped, large, and self-confident appears to have startled even the Kaiser's war experts, and so far has certainly been one of the surprises of the war. From this fact alone more can be discovered as to the real responsibility for bringing on the war at this time than by the perusal of a hundred "White Papers" and manifestos.

Mr. H. G. Wells said in 1913:[1]

> If we [England] can avert war with Germany for twenty years, we shall never have to fight Germany. In twenty years' time we shall be talking no more of sending troops to fight side by side on the frontier of France; we shall be talking of sending troops to fight side by side with French and Germans on the frontiers of Poland.

WHAT GERMANY SAW

Let us imagine ourselves to be patriotic German statesmen looking at the face of world politics three months ago to-day.

They saw on the surface their people, to the number of sixty-five millions, prospering in industry and agriculture, succeeding in the arts and sciences, confident of their power and destiny and of the greatness in store for the German Empire. But beneath the smooth surface of things they saw other things—things which took much of the zest out of the apple of present success, and they could find no answer to the problem thus presented except the iron voices of the progeny of Herr Krupp.

What were these things? They saw a Germany which had, with all her wealth and energy, reached the absolute limit of her resources for creating and up-keeping her vast modern military and naval establishments. They saw their Government driven at last to a tax upon the actual capital itself of its subjects, with which to add a hundred thousand men or so and their equipment to their already enormous standing army, the reason openly given being the unsettling of Europe's balance of power through the rise of the Balkan nations. They saw all this expensive military and naval equipment becoming obsolete with startling rapidity, and they shuddered before the alternative of raising the revenues for purchasing newer rifles and artillery and building newer ships and that of allowing their army and navy to fall behind those of other powers. For, be it remembered, they knew well that their entire scheme of empire, nay, their empire itself, depended upon the belief of the real German people that the Prussian military and naval machines *would,* and that they alone *could,* save Germany from her enemies and rivals to the northeast and southwest and across the channel.

Yet they saw even the patient German tax-payer beginning to rebel against heavy impositions, and, what was worse, him turning socialist in rapidly increasing numbers, whose influence and courage to attack militarism and the "mailed fist" grew apace. They saw more Zabern incidents in future, and the conviction grew that if this great "force machine" was ever to justify itself and renew its time-dimmed glories of 1870, the hour for action was drawing perilously near.

They looked across their eastern frontiers and saw the vast military preparations of Russia, and noted with alarm that her industrial activity and rapidly improving finances gave promise of still vaster preparations in years to come. They

[1] "Social Forces in England and America."

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turned their eyes to the North Sea and the channel, and in the smoke of British dreadnoughts read the reply to their own frequent self-questioning as to whether England would be able to maintain the same ratio of her naval supremacy despite Germany's efforts to diminish the gap.

Across the French frontier they saw no sign of let-up in the maintenance of the tricolor's armed forces. An additional year of military service and new artillery made the French reply to Germany's extraordinary war tax.

They did more: they consulted statistics, and found that their surplus population,—the German emigrant, one of the finest types of citizens in the world,—for years, until recently, had been enriching other countries by his citizenship, especially since Germany lacked attractive colonies in which he could be induced to settle and remain a German subject; and they knew that, because of increased population, the tide of emigration would shortly begin again.

They may have even remembered the coup executed by the *Wilhelmstrasse* against the bear at the time of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and may have seen possibilities of pushing a glorious and inexpensive campaign against their Gallic rivals to a speedy and profitable conclusion, meanwhile holding the bear in check through his fear of German legions. The colonies of France, Belgium, and Holland may have flitted through their minds. To all this was added some confidence that England would not strike, especially while on the verge of civil war over Ulster (the German view), even though France and Russia fought together, and the hope that Italy would do her part as a member of the Triple Alliance.

Call all this latter train of subjects a mere frame of mind, but remember that the economic question which confronted these German statesmen could not be so lightly dismissed. The people had been so often and so thoroughly bled with tax laws that anemia was at hand.

Any patriotic and impartial Austrian statesman, contemplating his country's situation at any time during the first half of the year 1914, must have been deeply impressed by the evident fact that the cohesive strength of the Austro-Hungarian Empire was diminishing in about the same rapid ratio as were the physical and mental powers of Emperor Francis Joseph. In this opinion he was not alone, as was shown on more than one occasion when the bourses of Europe thrilled and developed fever at the rumors that the aged ruler was critically ill. It had become common gossip in certain circles in central Europe that the death of the present emperor would signalize the speedy breaking-up of the polyglot kingdom.

He must have seen also that, while the Austrian army was neither so large nor so splendidly organized and equipped as the German, and his navy even further from Germany's standard, the drain upon Austria's smaller resources was proportionately just as severe as Germany.

But by far the most serious internal factor of anxiety was the growing discontent of the great Slav elements in the population of the dual empire. The first Balkan War, and the remarkable successes of Bulgaria and Servia over the Turks, had awakened certain racial aspirations in every Slav heart throughout the world that boded no good to Austria-Hungary. Russia encouraged this by the clever political dodge of "Pan-Slavism." To cap the climax, however, Russia, almost over night, demanded a voice and influence in Balkan affairs, which intensely irritated and alarmed the Austrian Government. Russia's theory was that, as the greatest Slav nation, she should more or less control the destinies and policies of her smaller sisters—a sort of central European racial "Monroe Doctrine," which every Austrian deeply resented.

When we consider that Russia has, a month after the beginning of hostilities, thrown immense armies into Galicia and eastern Prussia, and if we trace the broad path of "Pan-Slavism" to include Rumania, Bulgaria, Servia, Albania, Bosnia, and Montenegro, the Austro-Hungarian Empire will be found firmly seized in the

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bear's jaws. With Slav-controlled ports on the Adriatic, the Russian dominance would be assured for all time to come.

So an imaginative Austrian could picture his country being slowly strangled and crushed until, after becoming a second-rate power and losing the support of its Slav elements, it finally fell into Russia's complete control.

He doubtless remembered with pride how, so short a time ago as 1908, Vienna, in agreement with Berlin, had hurled an ultimatum at Russia which the Petrograd cabinet had been hurriedly assembled before daybreak to accept. Russia was not then ready to go to extremes.

But all these factors, while ominous, were not exactly acute subjects of tension between Vienna and Petrograd before the assassination of the heir to the Austrian throne, Archduke Ferdinand. When this purely political murder took place, there could be no doubt as to the ground-swell which it represented. Whether the Servian Government or the Servian army had any part in this well-organized conspiracy will probably never be known to the world; whether a greater power than Servia was the real instigator of the affair will likewise remain in that mystery which usually enshrouds such matters: but at all events the world knows that Vienna chose officially to regard the Servian Government's attitude as hostile, and that, having so chosen, she handed Belgrade an ultimatum which she knew could hardly mean anything but war.

It was manifest from Servia's whole attitude that she was being powerfully encouraged and supported, if not actually urged on, by Russia, so that with the delivery of Austria's offensively worded demands every one felt that the die had been cast which was to decide for many years, if not forever, whether the Teutonic race and the reigning families of Hohenzollern and Hapsburg were to dominate central and western Europe, or whether they were to look forward to a long retreat before the advance of 180,000,000 of people, whose ruling classes have the cunning of a fox and the political morals of a wolf.

With this situation in mind, it becomes useless to consider whether the murder of the Austrian heir was the real provocation or only a most plausible and convenient pretext for the momentous decision taken at Vienna and Berlin that the time had at last come for the soul-trying test of strength, courage, and readiness.

If Servia had not been clearly informed by Russia that she would be supported by Russia and France, it is safe to say that, despite the fanatical courage of her people, she would not have courted almost certain destruction by Austria, however insolent were the latter's demands.

Austria knew this from the beginning of the trouble, as did Germany, and her treatment of Servia was most insulting and provocative.

Thus, after many different windings, within and without the circles which define domestic situations and foreign and national policies, we have come back to a point at which all parties to the controversy were more or less ready to stand and do battle. Russia might have preferred to wait another five or even ten years, though she needed Constantinople without delay. On the other hand, a noticeable *rapprochement* was under way between England and Germany, and with the English navy hostile, or even free to take an independent stand, Russia could not possibly hope to hold Constantinople. Germany might indeed have preferred to await the success of Prince Lichnowsky's friendly overtures at London before joining her ally, Austria, in a death-struggle with Russia, but circumstances had rendered that course impossible.

We may therefore sum up by saying that the fundamental cause of this war was conflict of race purpose; the nature and time of the conflict were largely influenced by England's departure from her former boasted policy of isolation from Continental intrigues and alliances. Had England remained absolutely neutral as between France and Germany, instead of choosing to regard Germany as her natural enemy and France as her heaven-sent friend, Russia would probably have been

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compelled to wait a generation or more before actively asserting her claim to dominate the destiny of the minor Slav nations, and what the attitude of Germany and Austria would have been in the face of a passive instead of a virulent case of "Pan-Slavism" we can only conjecture. It is undoubtedly true that the readiness of Berlin and Vienna to take up the Russian defiance delivered through Servia was in part due to their exaggerated idea of the deterrent effect which the apparent disaffection of the British army over the Ulster question would have on England. Then Germany probably believed that the Poles, Finns, and Jews in Russia and the political situation in the Caucasus would prove serious handicaps to Russia's striking power. If so, she was wrong.

FRANCE ON THE DEFENSIVE

FRENCH statesmen realized sadly that with the decrease in the birth-rate their country, despite her wealth and culture, was rapidly becoming a second-rate power in a military and naval sense. In a comparatively few years Germany would have double the population of France.

France's desperate efforts during the last forty years to keep herself secure from German military threats have been but natural, and her relatively large army may be fairly held to have been intended for purely defensive purposes, never for offensive work in Europe. She was in the unenviable position of knowing that whenever Vienna, Berlin, or Petrograd decided to go to war, she, France, would be the principal battle-ground, and spoils.

After Belgium, France is the nation most deserving of sympathy. Her alliance with Russia was dictated by both economic and strategical reasons, and so long as Germany continued to grow as a military power, any other course for France would have been folly.

Whatever her career of conquest in the past, for the last forty years France has sought only peace and security. She has nursed some resentment over Alsace and Lorraine, but it has been more of a national political fetish than anything else, and the idea of a war of revenge has never seriously entered into her policies.

There can be little question that neither the British Government nor the people was desirous of entering upon war. The shudder and chill which ran through Paris while the British Government was making up its mind whether to fight, or upon what grounds, are sufficient proof that no one considered the British to be firebrands.

Of course the reason officially put forth for going to war with Germany must be regarded as purely technical; namely, the violation by Germany of Belgium's neutrality, which had been guaranteed by England. Shameless as was Germany's violation of Belgium's treaty and sovereign rights, England has been known to countenance just such things only a few years back. Of course far more potent reasons than the fact that she had guaranteed Belgium's neutrality influenced the British nation to decide for war. The practical certainty that the French army and navy, fighting alone against the better trained and numerically superior land and naval forces of the Kaiser, would be permanently subdued and become tributary in some form to Germany, and the possibility of seeing German fortifications and a naval base at such places as Ostend, Calais, and Cherbourg, were amply sufficient to determine the British course.

That there were other contributory causes seems equally clear. The strain of keeping forty per centum ahead of Germany in amount of naval construction had been felt in England, though far less than the corresponding strain had been felt in Germany. There was also a certain commercial rivalry and bitterness which, between nations as between individuals, is apt to produce irritation and estrangement. The very aggressiveness and blatancy of "made in Germany" and its world scouts lent wings to suspicions and fears. Then the knowledge of the British Government that the otherwise insoluble Ulster situation would be swallowed up in the national defense idea was of course comforting to a party in power, but

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none too certain of its domestic program or tenure. These side incidents, however, like the Belgian neutrality pretext, were mere atoms compared with the salient fact that if Germany whipped France, stood off Russia, and gained a few years' respite, she would be in a position to challenge England on an exceedingly favorable basis. It would be defeating her enemies one by one, which is still good tactics in battle or statesmanship. Hence England had to fight. As things stood, for her to have adopted any other course in August, 1914, would have been utter folly.

Yet it is equal folly that England and France should be fighting together to destroy the great German peoples, instead of being leagued with them to maintain the present boundaries of the larger nations of Europe, and to settle in some decent and unselfish way the recurring questions between the Balkan nations. Even Russia would have thought thrice before running afoul of a policy advocated by England, Germany, and France. And the prospect of another visit of Russian troops to England fifty years from now would have been greatly lessened.

One of the saddest features of this struggle is that if either side gains a decisive and permanent victory, the wheels of progress will be indefinitely stopped. If Germany wins, western Europe will face a modern Charlemagne, swollen with success and idolized by his people. The Prussian militarist system, which would be credited with the triumph, would receive new impetus, and extend itself over all civic activities in an overwhelming wave. Western Europe would be in a permanent and continuing "state of siege" from within. France, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, Denmark, and Holland would in time become mere German provinces. Fat burghers would again become the daily sport of young military blades. Only England could even hope, through her isolation and sea-power, to maintain her independence, but it would be at a heavy cost.

Of really crushing Russia there would be no likelihood; but she would be stopped in her "russification" of the Balkans and held for a long time at her present western and southern boundaries.

If, on the other hand, Germany should be badly defeated and Berlin be entered by Russian armies, it would become the manifest duty of France and England to insist upon a settlement which, while making another such German "war machine" impossible in future, would nevertheless leave an intact German nation, if only to serve as a barrier between Russia and western European countries. The pact just made by England, France, and Russia requiring unanimous consent to any terms of peace may yet prove to be a two-edged sword.

With the outbreak of hostilities in this struggle all respect for moral codes seemed to disappear. The practical advantages of lies, deceits, broken pledges, and the terrorizing effects of barbarous atrocities were apparently too strong for governments or armies to resist. All spirit or notion of chivalry or fairness, all respect for treaties and engagements, were blown into thin air at the first shot.

With what irony the Belgian nation must have heard, on August 9, after rivers of Belgian blood had been spilled, the Lorelei voice of the German Foreign Office suggest that if Belgium would not offer further resistance, Germany would give "the solemn assurance that she had no *intention* of annexing Belgian territory," but that she "would evacuate Belgium as soon as war conditions would permit."

France uses African troops against Germany; the allies may yet find a way to get a Japanese army landed in Europe; Germany incites the Turks to take up arms against the allies, and looks cheerfully forward to inciting a rebellion of the Moslems in India. The improvement between this and the Thirty Years' War seems to be principally in science, arms, equipment and death-dealing devices, not in methods of entering upon it or respect for the rules of civilized warfare.

At a terrible cost the world has already learned a new lesson: That even in this twentieth century there is civilization only in peace; war is always barbarism.

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In the War-Cloud

The Coming of the Storm in England

By H. FIELDING-HALL

A FEW weeks ago we were at peace, only a few weeks ago, yet, looking back, that time seems to have belonged to a past that is already half forgotten. It is true, of course, that we were not quite untroubled. There was the Irish business which threatened civil war, and there was Servia's quarrel with Austria. Yet somehow we—I mean, of course, the ordinary public—were not anxious. The Irish crisis as far as we felt it came to a head in March, and we were tired of it. The issues were now so narrowed that we could not believe in civil war. Perhaps we were wrong, but that was what was felt. As a topic of conversation it had become flat and wearisome; it was played out as a general sensation and we wished that politicians would grasp the fact that the country was tired of their squabbles and wanted something more interesting.

As to Servia and Austria, we did not see how we were concerned. All our interest in the Balkans was used up by the Balkan wars and here again we wanted something new. Besides, the holidays were coming on.

Then the papers began to talk gloomily if restrainedly about danger to the peace of Europe, but that again was nothing new. They did so at the time of the Agadir affair and again when Montenegro wanted Scutari. We were tired of talk.

Then came events.

On August 2nd Germany and France began to mobilise. We thought that meant business. Our first fleets disappeared into space.

On August 3rd Sir Edward Grey made his statement in the House.

On August 4th we declared war on Germany.

And so practically in three days we passed from peace to war, to the greatest war the world has known.

And as regards the country at large the change was accepted without enthusiasm, without surprise, without fear.

It is true that in the financial world we heard of a crisis. The Bank Holiday lasted for four days instead of one, and no one could draw money. But no one wanted very seriously to do so. Cheques were still good; business went on as usual except that suddenly change could not be got. Gold almost disappeared. We could understand that, because we heard that the banks wanted it, but small silver also disappeared. What became of it I have no idea. No one would want to hoard token money surely. Yet it disappeared. On Tuesday the 4th of August I paid a two shilling bill at a restaurant with a half sovereign, and received in change a postal order for five shillings, one for two shillings, a sixpence, and six pennies. A day or two later I got change for a five pound note at the railway station, while paying for a ticket, all in paper. The new pound notes had arrived. The first created curiosity, the second was accepted as if we had used them all our lives.

The next thing to strike our attention was the newspapers. They had been reduced to half or less. Whole sheets of advertisements were gone. And there was hardly any news, only rumours and reports of skirmishes and movements. All other news had disappeared.

Meanwhile there were signs of great activity in certain places, naval and military centres, but outside these, except for the proclamations posted everywhere, there was little to denote that we were at war. Certain people rushed to the grocers and bought up stocks of eatables as if a

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state of siege was imminent. The result was a rise in prices of certain food-stuffs. This action was denounced as selfish, and no doubt it was selfish in its results, but I doubt if the people who did it realised the harm they caused. Their idea was rather this—that war—the greatest war of the world—having been declared, it behooved them to take immediate action. They must assist the State. How better could they assist than by rendering themselves independent and self-sufficing? They might even be able to assist others less provident. They were "assisting the State." If every one laid in stores for six months what a relief it would be to the anxieties of Government! And some grocers, anxious to realise old stocks, were not backward in pressing their customers to provide themselves. Government has unfortunately taken it differently and called them worse than enemies.

Others have begun to put their households on a war footing. One lady I know has abolished bacon and another is economising on eggs. All purchase of superfluities, such as literature, has ceased. Men and women spend their leisure time trying to realise that they are at war and trying to invent some way of expressing this in action. It annoys us to find that life is much the same as ever, that the wants of life make themselves felt as usual and can be met only in the usual ways.

For a week or more we have been engaged in the World War and yet life is just the same.

We are under martial law. Lord Kitchener is practically Dictator of England, and yet the only open evidence is that a special constable with a band on his arm is on duty at the cross roads instead of the usual "Boy Blue." The mechanism of life is unaltered.

It is true, of course, that the outbreak of war has made a very great deal of difference to many individuals. Our young men have rapidly been disappearing. First went the Navy and Fleet reserves, then the Army reserves, then the Territorials. Then Kitchener wanted a new army of 100,000 men, and got them.

Motor bicyclists were wanted for despatch riding, and the roads are enjoying an unwonted peace from their noise and smell.

For a few days motor-cars were scarce, I don't know why. Perhaps it was considered wrong to motor in war time, but then they all came out again. Horses and motor lorries have disappeared to a great extent—requisitioned for the army.

German waiters have gone in many places from the hotels.

And with all this, out of the great centres of naval or military activity, general life is unruffled. If a month ago it had been proposed to give us pound notes instead of golden sovereigns we would have risen in insurrection. Had sugar then doubled in price we would have known the reason why. Never in our history before have our horses been requisitioned and our roads blocked at night. We don't mind. We are not even surprised. We would rather it were worse.

As to excitement, I have seen none of it. The streets are even quieter than usual except when troops march through.

At the clubs men are less talkative than usual, not more. There is in fact little to talk about. At the outbreak of the Boer War everyone was discussing whether the war could have been prevented or not, and how and when and what. Everyone had his own very strong opinion about Kruger and Chamberlain and Rhodes and the War Office, and many other men and institutions, and every one expressed his opinion. Of the causes of the present war no one says anything. Sir Edward Grey's and Mr. Asquith's speeches are not discussed at all. The eleventh hour diplomacy interests no one. We are glad the final formalities were carried out with dignity and coolness, but they were only formalities before the duel.

What was the cause of the war? The invasion of Belgium by the Germans? That was the occasion, not the cause. What are the causes of great wars? No one knows. There is no question more unsatisfactory than to try and discuss

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them, to argue this way or that about them.

I remember for many years studying the causes of the Indian Mutiny, to try and resolve them. I read innumerable books that "explained" these causes fully. It was the annexation of Oudh, it was the greased cartridges, it was the great increase of the Sepoy army, it was this and that and the other. But the annexation of Oudh followed other events, and was at the time it occurred inevitable; so was the increase of the Sepoy army. The greased cartridges incident would at ordinary times have passed unnoticed.

An old Sepoy officer, when asked for the cause, shook his head and said, "A great wind blew and the war came." The mysterious chupatties that were circulated before the Mutiny about which so many tales have been told as evincing a deep-laid conspiracy showed only the unrest before the storm. It originated in a simple, usual custom at a marriage feast and spread, carried by the general unrest. It had no meaning, it was the result of no plan. It was a sign of the general unrest and that was all. A storm was brooding and the dead leaves whirled.

To study the occasions of great wars and believe you have found the causes is the most futile of things. We know nothing yet of the great tides of life that flow and ebb about the world; I wonder shall we ever do so. Not at all events till we know for certain the objective of Life, and of that we have as yet no idea, only guesses.

So no one takes any interest in "the causes" of the war. I have never heard it alluded to in conversation. When the flood is threatening to engulf you questions of meteorology are set aside.

Then as to real news we have none. The papers, shrunk to less than half their bulk, give us a quantity of words which convey nothing. You could compress all the real war news into less than half a column a day.

Other news hardly appears. The papers are afraid of accidentally saying more than they ought, so they say nothing. One paper even declared that it would not give its usual reports of weather at seaside watering places as "the weather is an important factor in maritime war."

From abroad we have a number of complaints of "atrocities"—shooting of civilians, and so on—by Germans and Belgians. Both sides complain as usual, as if war was a game played by rules. "This is not civilised war," says one correspondent, indignantly. War is, of course, the temporary denunciation of all the conventions which make civilisation. It is a return to fundamental facts. War is an atrocity within which all lesser atrocities are hidden.

We have heard of the gallant defence by Belgium of Liège at first with surprise and then with pleasure. Of our own movements we hear nothing officially. What news we have comes in private letters, and in this way we hear of troops moving. Of the fleet nothing is published. We have ideas of where it is, but we don't repeat those ideas.

Occasionally we hear guns from far out at sea, but know nothing of their meaning.

Occasional stories of spies float about, some true no doubt, others that only raise a smile. For the first few days we heard great speculations as to the future events, now no one speculates. We take events as they come, or rather as we hear of them.

Prophecies float about. This war has been prophesied in all details most accurately. Mr. Belloc, General Nogi, and many others foresaw the battles round Liège. Professional soothsayers even told the very year. One prophecy says that the war will be over before the end of the vintage.

Prophecies that turn out true are interesting, but what becomes of all those that turn out wrong, and how are you to know the true from the false?

A frequent phrase heard is Armageddon. "This is the Armageddon of Revelation." Well, Armageddon means the "Mount of the Gospel," or the "Mount of Apples," and if you will read the sixteenth chapter of Revelations you will see that it is probably the place where the Blessed

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were gathered together, and not a battlefield at all.

Considering the quantity of prophecies poured out daily, the wonder is not that some come right but that so very few do. I do not think prophecies trouble us much. What do affect us are the little personal tragedies that we see all round us. I know of three women living together, making a scanty living by keeping a boarding house. The two younger are helpless and prostrated by a panic of the war; they cry and groan. The eldest—she is over seventy—does all the work now herself. She has hardly more flesh than a skeleton, her eyes are dimmed and sunk with age, her hands are claws. She has the courage of a grenadier and will pull them all through I am sure.

Then there are the war marriages. I know of one such where the young couple parted an hour afterwards, he leaving for his regiment which is in the Expeditionary Force. Will they meet again? Who knows? And why did she so wish for this form of marriage to be done before he went away? That she might feel that she, too, girl though she was, had given to a nation a great gift—her husband? Who knows? Not she. Such deeds come from emotions and not reason.

It is strange to notice how unevenly divided the country's service is among the working classes. In some families all the able-bodied men have gone, in others none. The housemaid tells me she has thirteen relations, father, two brothers, two uncles, and eight cousins, under arms in either the army or navy. Other families have none. This county of Devon has many men in the fleet. In some villages there is not a household that has not one or more men in the navy. But is not this the county of Raleigh and Drake and many more sea-kings of old? And they are not forgotten yet. Amongst the richer classes it is otherwise. It is rare to find a family that has not given someone to some war. Though England has had no great war since Waterloo, what a number of minor wars there have been! Since the middle of the last century there have been the Crimea, the Indian Mutiny, the China War, Ashanti, the Afghan War, the Burma War, Tirah, Chin Lushai, China again, the Zulu War, two Boer wars, Egypt, the Soudan and many smaller expeditions, all of which used many officers, if but few British troops.

The British army is small, but Englishmen officer many troops that are not white, and do a great deal of fighting with them. There is no class in the world that has such a fighting tradition as our upper and middle classes have. War medals are not rare things even in remote villages.

Therefore in itself war is not strange to us, is less strange than to any other great nation. We have been conscious of war always.

The difference to-day is that our navy is engaged and that war is very near us. It might even touch our coasts, or affect our food supply. It is a war of existence for us, not immediately, perhaps, but eventually. War is coming home to us in a way we have not experienced for a hundred years. Nevertheless the country is not angry with its enemy. That at first seems strange. Though we acknowledge that failure would mean destruction, and even success will have to be paid for very dearly, there is no vindictiveness. We have got to fight Germany to a finish, but we no more hate Germany than a boxer does his opponent. Even the German Emperor is not abused or reviled in England. I have seen stronger remarks about him in American papers than any I have heard or read in England. As the German war-lord, we desire and will try to accomplish his destruction, but that does not extend to his personality. Although the danger to us from William now may be as great as it was from Napoleon a hundred years ago, there is nothing like the animus there was then. We feel rather an equal sorrow for all the combatants caught in this deadly whirlwind of war.

All this denotes an attitude that is unusual and that requires some explanation, if explanation be possible.

Let us look at the state of England

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during the last few years and see if there is anything unusual.

The first thing that strikes one looking back, that struck one at the time, was a growing unrest and an ever-increasing irritability amongst all classes. There was a ferment going politically, religiously, socially, individually. It was not, however, a greater ferment than we have experienced often before, not so great as some crises that we have gone through. It was not the changes occurring, or threatened, but the temper of the people generally and certain other signs, that were noticeable. And they were signs of coming war.

When a storm is coming in the air, there are certain signs that have always been observed to precede it. When the balance of nature has been upset and she is about to right herself suddenly and violently, the coming of the storm is preceded by certain signs. The birds know it and become restless, flying to and fro and complaining, before seeking the shelter that they know that they will need. Horses become more nervous, cattle show that they are afraid. Dogs often roam to and fro, unquiet and afraid. Fish will not feed, but seek the quiet depths. There is a strain in the atmosphere that affects all life, that creates uneasiness and irritability and a formless fear. Even human beings feel it, some more, some less; their work is affected and their play.

It is something the same before great human convulsions. Many old writers have pointed out that great wars, foreign or domestic, were preceded by a general discontent. "The rich were discontented with their wealth, the poor with their poverty. The old landmarks were disregarded and there were no new ones put up. Prophets arose all over the land preaching new, strange doctrines that some disbelieved and feared, while those who believed them feared them yet more. Quarrels, whether of party, of class, or of individuals, assumed a bitterness that was unusual, and while all men feared some danger no one could say where the danger might arise. The roads were full of masterless men."

Just so have we been in England for some time, all our quarrels have taken edge. Every one spoke of war and some prepared for it. Ulster and the Nationalists armed; the trades unions talked of arming; a section of women declared open war upon society. These are but instances. That all this irritability had little real justification did not in the least prevent it; on the contrary, the more unreasonable men are the more determined they are.

Everyone was getting into fighting humour—not with any foreign power, but with anyone handy. Except among a few experts there was no expectation of any foreign war. Indeed a large and influential class in England declared that the days of war—for us—were over and that we would never fight again.

Then of a sudden we are involved in a world war—and no one is surprised. Domestic dissensions disappear, we accept a state of things totally new, totally unexpected, and no one is surprised. The formless malaise that we were experiencing has now an objective. Everyone felt that something was bound to happen. Well, something has happened. We are at war—and everyone says, "There, I told you so," though he never did. That ends the discussion. No one has anything more to say. It is a very silent war because there is nothing to say. We don't require rousing. No speeches are made anywhere; no appeals, except the plain call to arms or to help in one way or another. We all know we have got to see the thing through, and there is n't the least necessity or desire to talk about it. Let the leaders say what they want and they will get it. No war songs are sung, no war music played. It is not needed. It is much too serious for mafficking. Every one will find so much outlet for his energies now that there is none left for what might be termed extras.

It is a war as passionless as if we were about to fight an earthquake, a whirlwind, a volcano—the more determined for that. That is our present temper. What it will be six months hence I don't know—much the same probably.

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La Dévideuse

From the Painting by Greuze
In the Collection of J. P. Morgan at the Metropolitan Museum of Art
Photogravure made for the Century

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Addie Erb and Her Girl Lottie

By FRANCIS BUZZELL

Illustration by E. L. Crompton

ONE week the little town of Almont was white with snow; the steep slide of Gidding's Hill was still the rendezvous of the town girls and young men. The next week found the snow gone, patches of green grass, budding trees spilling sap that made drops on the sidewalks like the beginning of rain, and old men comfortably lounging in chairs or on benches against the buildings on the sunny side of Main Street.

But it was not this spring awakening that excited Addie Erb's girl Lottie. Many springs had come in just this way; she might have counted as many as twenty-five had she possessed a memory. No, the sudden awakening that made her mouth gape wider than usual and her eyes become fevered with excitement was the awakening that had suddenly come to the big brick house on the hill—Orin Crisman's house.

Ever since the middle of winter an oil-lamp had gleamed faintly from one of the chamber windows, intensifying by its pale, starlike glimmer the utter gloom and loneliness that seemed to enshroud the rest of that big house; and every day or so had found Dr. Greenshield's buggy standing in the drive.

In just such a way had a lamp, perhaps the same one, stood for many winters in the window of the front parlor, sending out its feeble light. It had been there for one purpose. If it had been articulate, it would have said, repeating the formula over and over again:

"This is the way home, John; this is the way home, George. This way, George; this way, John. Steady, boys; drive with a tight rein; you are Orin Crisman's sons."

No such lamp had beckoned to George and John for twenty years; George was farming in the Canadian Northwest, and John—John was God knows where. The nearest of Orin Crisman's direct kin, as concerned distance, was his grandchild, George's girl, at school in Detroit.

Addie Erb and her girl Lottie knew nothing of the lamp that had burned for George and John. Their memory, never holding anything that extended back more than a year or two, knew only of the "sick" lamp. All winter they had seen it—a star in the night that told them that one of the old Crismans was ailing. That it was Orin Crisman they knew from the fact that he had ceased to be one of the throng in the post-office late every afternoon waiting for the distribution of the mail. Grandma Crisman, as far as any one knew, and any one knew everything in the village of Almont, had not stirred foot out of that big house during winter months for more than ten years. And this winter, with Orin Crisman sick, the big house on the hill had been as though hermetically sealed, as viewed from the front. Only the back door, on the narrow porch of which was the well pump, had opened and shut for months, to let hired-man Jim or hired-girl Mary in and out.

So to Lottie, on this sunny morning in spring, the throwing wide of the big front doors and the activity about the place meant only one thing: Orin Crisman, who years before had inspected with his own hands every brick that had gone into his "grand" house, was dead.

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Sometime during the late night or early morning Addie Erb had been awakened by the passing of a buggy, the spokes of which, being dry and loose, had rattled. She knew that rattle, and when dawn came, and mother and daughter arose from the bed they shared, she had said:

"I heard Undertaker Hopkins's buggy go by in the night; some one is dead."

And then came confirmation of the death. Lottie, looking through the window, saw the big house awaken. And as she watched, Bije Hopkins, undertaker and proprietor of the town's only furniture store, dressed in a somber black suit, went by in a wagon loaded with funeral chairs.

He was dead; Orin Crisman was dead.

"Ma, oh, Ma, old Crisman has died!"

All day they watched, the old, dull-witted woman and her queer daughter. People passed in and out of the big house; strips of carpet were taken out to the lawn and brushed by hired-man Jim; water was dashed against the outside of the front windows. The old phaëton, the pride of Orin Crisman, was rolled into one of the open sheds, to make room for the teams of the country relatives. Orin Crisman's second cousin Hattie—she of the goiter—and her husband arrived from Orion County behind the old mare Kitty; Cousin Hugh and his woman and two children drove in from Utica Township.

Night came. Lottie went to the post-office. The depot bus drew up, and old Mike, clambering clumsily down from its top, limped in with the mail-pouch. Puffing and wheezing, he squirmed his way through the crowd. Some one said:

"Sa-ay, Mike, who 's your passengers?"

And old Mike, pointing back over his shoulder with one hand, thumb extended outward, said:

"George Crisman's girl and a fellow from Detroit."

Then Addie Erb's girl Lottie, walking out to the sidewalk to get a closer look at old Crisman's grandchild, saw Pastor Lucus of the Congregational Church take her hand and heard him say:

"God keep you, George Crisman's girl! I knew your father."

Hurrying home in the dusk, Lottie ran across the patch of grass in front of the paint-bare little cottage, crying as she ran:

"Ma, oh, Ma, George Crisman's girl has come to the funeral!"

All evening, late into the night, they talked of the funeral. They talked about it during the meager supper; they went together to the well in the yard of their nearest neighbor and talked as they drew the water; they talked in bed, squeezing each other's arms when words failed, pressing closer together.

"We 'll watch all morning," said Addie Erb.

"So 's to know just when," added Lottie.

Then they breathed deep sighs, and longed for the morning to come.

"We must get ready early, to be sure."

"Yes, Ma. It will be elegant."

Orin Crisman was one of the oldest and richest inhabitants of the village. His big, bare house, with its mansard roof, its terraced yard, clipped evergreens, and the four tall Lombardy poplars, looking like giant, folded-up umbrellas resting on their handles, that stood sentinel where the yard faced Pleasant Street, all seemed wonderful to Addie Erb and her girl Lottie.

And now for the first time they were sure of seeing the interior of the big house. No one would turn them away; this they knew from many years of funeral-going. They would sit in the big house the windows of which looked down so grandly upon their little cottage. There would be singing; Pastor Lucus would tell what a fine, good man Orin Crisman had been. They would get a chance to look at the dead man, so still and waxen, in his coffin; perhaps they would be lucky enough to get chairs where they could see into the back parlor, where the mourners would be.

Morning came. Marcus Pratt, up with the sun, drove past in his hooded delivery cart; he would be the first to arrive at his grocery store. Jim East, still drowsy with sleep, worked the handle of the wheezing pump in his back yard across the street, sucking up water for his horses; one of the babies in Joe Jelsh's house wailed.

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"The two simple souls drew closer together. Such a greeting they had never received before; they did not understand."

Addie Erb and her girl Lottie slid out of bed and into slatternly wrappers; they threw open the back door of the cottage; stood blinking at the sun, sleepily rubbed their eyes; and then went about the accustomed early morning tasks, glancing every few moments at the house on the hill. Things sizzled in a greasy frying-pan on the stove; blue smoke, rising when Lottie lifted a lid and poked at the green wood in the fire-box, made her eyes water and set Addie Erb to wheezing.

The morning slowly wore away. A few people passed in and out of the big house on the hill; hired-man Jim raked leaves in the front yard.

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"Ma, oh, Ma, there goes the Jersey girls!"

And Addie Erb, joining Lottie at the window, saw Sarah and Allie Jersey, old maids both, step side by side down from the porch of their yellow-painted house and slowly climb the hill.

"You watch, Lottie, while I get ready."

"Yes, Ma; and then you watch for me."

And while Addie Erb was putting on her shiny, black-silk dress, ages old and dusty from wear, Lottie stood at the window, her mouth gaping wider and wider.

"Ma, oh, Ma, there goes Alfie Brab! Hurry, Ma! Everybody 's coming. It will be elegant. Hurry, Ma! Pastor Lucus just went in."

People were walking or driving up to the big house on the hill from every direction—people dressed in their best Sunday clothes, somber, dull-colored clothes; clothes that wore for years, and sufficed for church, for funerals, for weddings.

"Ma, hurry up, Ma!"

Then Addie Erb stood at the window, putting on her old black bonnet, faded, gray with age; she played nervously with her darned cotton gloves, two fingers of which were worn through at the tips.

"Drat them gloves! Lottie—you, Lottie, bring me needle and black thread. There goes them Sessions girls. Ain't they grand! Did you ever! That Hawsner girl 's got on white shoes. There 's old Aunt Judie—old scarecrow! She 's ninety-five if she 's a day; she 's an old witch, that 's what she is. Who 'd 'a' thought that him that 's dead is her nephew! You Lottie, hurry up!"

"Ma, oh, Ma, there 's three buttons off my shoes!"

"You Lottie, never mind; come on!"

Out of the house they went, up Pleasant Street, past the Jersey home and the Sessions house and the house of Marcus Pratt. They walked in single file, Lottie, round-shouldered, drooped, trudging along behind Addie Erb, shrunken-chested and bent.

Old Mother Lowell, too feeble to go out anywhere, from her easy-chair on the porch, saw them pass, and cackled.

A few stragglers were still slowly climbing the hill.

"There 's Addie Erb and her girl Lottie," said one.

"Queer pair," said another. "Sort of vultures, they are, if you can say such things about creatures that don't actually eat the dead. There ain't been a funeral in this town since I can remember that ain't brought them out. Why, two or three years ago they went to the funeral of that tramp who was killed by the cars, and they mourned just like they did when Lottie's pa was buried, fifteen years ago. They 've been queer ever since Jonas Erb died."

And another said:

"They 're never known to go into people's houses unless there 's a funeral."

"Curious for them to be going to Orin Crisman's house," said still another. "Whatever has got into them? Orin Crisman's house is no place for them."

Up the hill they slowly climbed, Addie Erb and her girl Lottie; up the front steps, walking slowly, hands folded at their waists, heads bent.

Some one whispered:

"You, Lottie!"

Some one else tittered.

The two simple souls drew closer together. Such a greeting they had never received before; they did not understand.

Pastor Lucus, seeing them on the porch, came to the door.

"Why, Addie—"

A quavering voice interrupted:

"Let them come in, Pastor Lucus; let them come in. Come in, Addie, come in, Lottie. No one shall be turned away on this day; no one can say so—no, not any one. He! he! he! she remembered her old grandpa's house, she did; fine girl she is—my George's girl. Come in, come in. Orin Crisman invites you to the wedding—George's girl's wedding."

They stared at the old man like startled children, then they turned and went down the steps, along the winding brick sidewalk, down the street, back to the paint-bare cottage from which they had emerged so mournfully happy.

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From the Log of the *Velsa*

Sixth Paper: East Anglian Estuaries

By ARNOLD BENNETT

Author of "Clayhanger," "The Old Wives' Tale," etc.

Illustrations by E. A. Rickards

AFTER the exoticism of foreign parts, this chapter is very English. But no island could be more surpassingly strange, romantic, and baffling than this island. I had a doubt about the propriety of using the phrase "East Anglia" in the title. I asked, therefore, three educated people whether the northern part of Essex could be termed East Anglia, according to current usage. One said he did n't know. The next said that East Anglia began only north of the Stour. The third said that East Anglia extended southward as far as anybody considered that it ought to extend southward. He was a true Englishman. I agreed with him. England was not made, but born. It has grown up to an extent, and its pleasure is to be full of anomalies, like a human being. It has to be seen to be believed.

Thus, my income tax is assessed in one town, twelve miles distant. After assessment, particulars of it are forwarded to another town in another county, and the formal demand for payment is made from there; but the actual payment has to be made in a third town, about twenty miles from either of the other two. What renders England wondrous is not such phenomena, but the fact that Englishmen see nothing singular in such phenomena.

East Anglia, including north Essex, is as English as any part of England, and more English than most. Angles took possession of it very early in history, and many of their descendants, full of the original Anglian ideas, still powerfully exist in the counties. And probably no place is more Anglian than Brightlingsea, the principal yachting center on the east coast, and the home port of the *Velsa.* Theoretically and officially, Harwich is the home port of the *Velsa,* but not in practice: we are in England, and it would

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never do for the theory to accord with the fact. Brightlingsea is not pronounced Brightlingsea, except at railway stations, but Brigglesea or Bricklesea. There is some excuse for this uncertainty, as Dr. Edward Percival Dickin, the historian of the town, has found 193 different spellings of the name.

Brightlingsea is proud of itself, because it was "a member of the Cinque Ports." Not *one* of the Cinque Ports, of which characteristically there were seven, but a member. A "member" was subordinate, and Brightlingsea was subordinate to Sandwich, Heaven knows why. But it shared in the responsibilities of the Cinque. It helped to provide fifty-seven ships for the king's service every year. In return it shared in the privilege of carrying a canopy over the king at the coronation, and in a few useful exemptions. After it had been a member of the Cinque for many decades and perhaps even centuries, it began to doubt whether, after all, it was a member, and demanded a charter in proof. This was in 1442. The charter was granted, and it leads off with these words: "To all the faithful in Christ, to whom these present letters shall come, the Mayors and Bailiffs of the Cinque Ports, Greeting in the Lord Everlasting." By this time ships had already grown rather large. They carried four masts, of which the aftermost went by the magnificent title of the "bonaventure mizen"; in addition they had a mast with a square sail at the extremity of the bowsprit. They also carried an astrolabe, for the purposes of navigation.

Later, smuggling was an important industry at Brightlingsea, and to suppress it laws were passed making it illegal to construct fast rowing- or sailing-boats. In the same English, and human, way, it was suggested at the beginning of the twentieth century that since fast motor-cars kicked up dust on the roads, the construction of motor-cars capable of traveling fast should be made illegal. There are no four-masted ships now at Brightlingsea; no bowsprit carries a mast; no ship puts to sea with an astrolabe; the "bonaventure mizen" is no more; smuggling is unfashionable; fast craft are encouraged.

Nevertheless, on a summer's morning I have left the *Velsa* in the dinghy and rowed up the St. Osyth Creek out of Brightlingsea, and in ten minutes have been lost all alone between slimy mud banks, with a border of pale grass at the top, and the gray English sky overhead, and the whole visible world was exactly as it must have been when the original Angles first rowed up that creek. At low water the entire Christian era is reduced to nothing in many a creek of the Colne, the Blackwater, and the Stour; England is not inhabited; naught has been done; the pristine reigns as perfectly as in the African jungle. And the charm of the scene is indescribable. But to appreciate it one must know what to look for. I was telling an Essex friend of mine about the dreadful flatness of Schleswig-Holstein. He protested. "But are n't you educated up to flats?" he asked. I said I was. He persisted. "But are you educated up to mud, the lovely colors on a mud-flat?" He was a true connoisseur of Essex. The man who is incapable of being ravished by a thin, shallow tidal stream running between two wide, shimmering mud-banks that curve through a strictly horizontal marsh, without a tree, without a shrub, without a bird, save an eccentric sea-gull, ought not to go yachting in Essex estuaries.

Brightlingsea is one of the great centers of oyster-fishing, and it catches more sprats than any other port in the island, namely, about fifteen hundred tons of them per annum. But its most spectacular industry has to do with yachting. It began to be a yachting resort only yesterday; that is to say, a mere seventy-five years ago. It has, however, steadily progressed, until now, despite every natural disadvantage and every negligence, it can count a hundred and twenty yachts and some eight hundred men employed therewith. A yacht cannot get into Brightlingsea at all from the high sea without feeling her way among sand-banks,—in

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A visitor aboard the *Velsa* at "Brigglesea."

old days before bell-buoys and gas-buoys, the inhabitants made a profitable specialty of salving wrecks,—and when a yacht has successfully come down Brightlingsea Reach, which is really the estuary of the River Colne, and has arrived at the mouth of the creek, her difficulties will multiply.

In the first place, she will always discover that the mouth of the creek is obstructed by barges at anchor. She may easily run aground at the mouth, and when she is in the creek, she may, and probably will, mistake the channel, and pile herself up on a bank known as the Cinders, or the Cindery. Farther in, she may fail to understand that at one spot there is no sufficiency of water except at about a yard and a half from the shore, which has the appearance of being flat. Escaping all these perils, she will almost certainly run into something, or something will run into her, or she may entangle herself in the oyster preserves. Yachts, barges, smacks, and floating objects without a name are anchored anywhere and anyhow. There is no order, and no rule, except that a smack always deems a yacht to be a lawful target. The yacht drops her anchor somewhere, and asks for the harbor-master. No harbor-master exists or ever has existed or ever will. Historical tradition—sacred! All craft do as they like, and the craft with the thinnest sides must look to its sides.

Also, the creek has no charm whatever of landscape or seascape. You can see nothing from it except the little red streets of Brightlingsea and the yacht-yards. Nevertheless, by virtue of some secret which is uncomprehended beyond England, it prospers as a center of yachting. Yachts go to it and live in it not by accident or compulsion, but from choice. Yachts seem to like it. Of course it is a wonderful place, because any place where a hundred and twenty yachts foregather must be a wonderful place. The interest of its creek is inexhaustible, once you can reconcile yourself to its primitive Anglianism, which, after all, harmonizes rather well with the mud-flats of the county.

An advantage of Brightlingsea is that when the weather eastward is dangerously formidable, you can turn your back on the North Sea and go for an exciting cruise up the Colne. A cruise up the

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Colne is always exciting because you never know when you may be able to return. Even the *Velsa,* which can float on puddles, has gone aground in the middle of the fair and wide Colne. A few miles up are the twin villages of Wivenhoe and Rowhedge, facing each other across the river, both inordinately picturesque, and both given up to the industry of yachting. At Wivenhoe large yachts and even ships are built, and in winter there is always a choice selection of world-famous yachts on the mud, costly and huge gewgaws, with their brass stripped off them, painfully forlorn, stranded in a purgatory between the paradise of last summer and the paradise of the summer to come.

If you are adventurous, you keep on winding along the curved reaches, and as soon as the last yacht is out of sight, you are thrown back once more into the pre-Norman era, and there is nothing but a thin, shallow stream, two wide mud-banks, and a border of grass at the top of them. This is your world, which you share with a sea-gull or a crow for several miles; and then suddenly you arrive at a concourse of great barges against a quay, and you wonder by what magic they got there, and above the quay rise the towers and steeples of a city that was already ancient when William the Conqueror came to England in the interests of civilization to take up the white man's burden —Colchester, where more oysters are eaten on a certain night of the year at a single feast than at any other feast on earth. Such is the boast.

But such contrasts as the foregoing do not compare in violence with the contrasts offered by the River Stour, a few miles farther north on the map of England. Harwich is on the Stour, at its mouth, where, in confluence with the River Orwell (which truly *is* in East Anglia) it forms a goodish small harbor. And Harwich, though a tiny town, is a fairly important naval port, and also "a gate of the empire," where steamers go forth for Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Germany, and Sweden. We came into Harwich Harbor on the tide one magnificent Sunday afternoon, with the sea a bright green and the sky a dangerous purple, and the entrance to the Stour was guarded by two huge battle-ships, the *Blake* and the *Blenheim,* each apparently larger than the whole of the town of Harwich. Up the Stour, in addition to all the Continental steamers, was moored a fleet of forty or fifty men-of-war, of all sorts and sizes, in a quadruple line. It was necessary for the *Velsa* to inspect this fleet of astoundingly ugly and smart black monsters, and she did so, to the high satisfaction of the fleet, which in the exasperating tedium of Sunday afternoon was thirsting for a distraction, even the mildest. On every sinister ship—the *Basilisk,* the *Harpy,* etc., apposite names!—the young blue-jackets (they seemed nearly all to be youths) were trying bravely to amuse themselves. The sound of the jew's-harp and of the concertina was heard, and melancholy songs of love. Little circles of men squatted here and there on the machinery-encumbered decks playing at some game. A few students were reading; some athletes were sparring; many others skylarking. None was too busy to stare at our strange rig. Launches and long-boats were flitting about full of young men, going on leave to the ecstatic shore joys of Harwich or sadly returning therefrom. Every sound and noise was clearly distinguishable in the stillness of the hot afternoon. And the impression given by the fleet as a whole was that of a vast masculine town, for not a woman could be descried anywhere. It was striking and mournful. When we had got to the end of the fleet I had a wild idea:

"Let us go up the Stour."

At half-flood it looked a noble stream at least half a mile wide, and pointing west in an almost perfect straight line. Nobody on board ever had been up the Stour or knew anybody who had. The skipper said it was a ticklish stream, but he was always ready for an escapade. We proceeded. Not a keel of any kind was ahead. And in a moment, as it seemed, we had quitted civilization and the latest machinery and mankind, and were back in

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The skipper, aboard a bicycle, finds navigation even harder than upon the River Stour.

the Anglian period. The river, marshes, and distant wooded hills, that was all; not even a tilled field in sight! The river showed small headlands, and bights of primeval mud. Some indifferent buoys indicated that a channel existed, but whether they were starboard or port buoys nobody could tell. We guessed, and took no harm. But soon there were no buoys, and we slowed down the engine in apprehension, for on the wide, deceptive waste of smooth water were signs of shallows. We dared not put about, we dared not go ahead. Astern, on the horizon, was the distant fleet, in another world. Ahead, on the horizon, was a hint of the forgotten town of Mistley. Then suddenly a rowboat approached mysteriously out of one of those bights, and it was manned by two men with the air of conspirators.

"D' ye want a pilot?"

We hardened ourselves.

"No."

They rowed round us, critically staring, and receded.

"Why in thunder is n't this river buoyed?" I demanded of the skipper.

The skipper answered that the intention obviously was to avoid taking the bread out of the mouths of local pilots. He put on speed. No catastrophe. The town of Mistley approached us. Then we had to pause again, reversing the propeller. We were in a network of shallows. Far to port could be seen a small red buoy; it was almost on the bank. Impossible that it could indicate the true channel. We went straight ahead and chanced it. The next instant we were hard on the mud in midstream, and the propeller was making a terrific pother astern. We could only wait for the tide to float us off. The rowboat appeared again.

"D' ye want a pilot?"

"No."

And it disappeared.

When we floated, the skipper said to me in a peculiar challenging tone:

"Shall we go on, sir, or shall we return?"

"We 'll go on," I said. I could say no less.

We bore away inshore to the red buoy, and, sure enough, the true channel was there, right under the south bank. And we came safely to the town of Mistley, which had never in its existence seen even a torpedo-boat and seldom indeed a yacht, certainly never a *Velsa*. And yet the smoke of the harbor of Harwich was plainly visible from its antique quay. The town of Mistley rose from its secular slumber to enjoy a unique sensation that afternoon.

"Shall we go on to Manningtree, sir?" said the skipper, adding with a grin, "There 's only about half an hour left of the flood, and if we get aground again—"

It was another challenge.

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"Yes," I said.

Manningtree is a town even more recondite than Mistley, and it marks the very end of the navigable waters of the Stour. It lay hidden round the next corner. We thought we could detect the channel, curving out again now into midstream. We followed the lure, opened out Manningtree the desired—and went on the mud with a most perceptible bump. Out, quick, with the dinghy! Cover her stern-sheets with a protecting cloth, and lower an anchor therein and about fifty fathoms of chain, and row away! We manned the windlass, and dragged the *Velsa* off the mud.

"Shall we go on, sir?"

"No," I said, not a hero. "We 'll give up Manningtree this trip." Obstinacy in adventure might have meant twelve hours in the mud. The crew breathed relief. We returned, with great care, to civilization. We knew now why the Stour is a desolate stream. Thus to this day I have never reached Manningtree except in an automobile.

And there are still stranger waters than the Stour; for example, Hamford Water, where explosives are manufactured on lonely marshes, where immemorial wharves decay, and wild ducks and owls intermingle, and public-houses with no public linger on from century to century, and where the saltings are greener than anywhere else on the coast, and the east wind more east, and the mud more vivid. And the *Velsa* has been there, too.

IN SUFFOLK

THE Orwell is reputed to have the finest estuary in East Anglia. It is a broad stream, and immediately Shotley Barracks and the engines of destruction have been left behind, it begins to be humane and reassuring. Thanks to the surprising modernity of the town of Ipswich, which has discovered that there are interests more important than those of local pilots, it is thoroughly well buoyed, so that the stranger and the amateur cannot fail to keep in the channel. It insinuates itself into Suffolk in soft and civilized curves, and displays no wildness of any kind and, except at one point, very little mud. When you are navigating the Orwell, you know positively that you are in England. On each side of you modest, but gracefully wooded, hills slope down with caution to the bank, and you have glimpses of magnificent mansions set in the midst of vast, undulating parks, crisscrossed with perfectly graveled paths that gleam in the sunshine. Everything here is private and sacred, and at the gates of the park lodge-keepers guard not only the paradisiacal acres, but the original ideas that brought the estate into existence.

Feudalism, benevolent and obstinate, flourishes with calm confidence in itself; and even on your yacht's deck you can feel it, and you are awed. For feudalism has been, and still is, a marvelous cohesive force. And it is a solemn thought that within a mile of you may be a hushed drawing-room at whose doors the notion of democracy has been knocking quite in vain for a hundred years. Presently you will hear the sweet and solemn chimes of a tower-clock, sound which seems to spread peace and somnolence over half a county. And as you listen, you cannot but be convinced that the feudal world is august and beautiful, and that it cannot be improved, and that to overthrow it would be a vandalism. That is the estuary of the Orwell and its influence. Your pleasure in it will be unalloyed unless you are so ill advised as to pull off in the dinghy, and try to land in one of the lovely demesnes.

About half-way up the estuary, just after passing several big three-masters moored in midstream and unloading into lighters, you come to Pinmill, renowned among yachtsmen and among painters. Its haven is formed out of the angle of a bend in the river, and the narrowness of the channel at this point brings all the traffic spectacularly close to the yachts at anchor. Here are all manner of yachts, and you are fairly certain to see a friend, and pay or receive a visit of state. And also very probably, if you are on board the *Velsa,* some painter on another yacht

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"Ipswich closes the estuary of the Orwell." A view of the dock.

will feel bound to put your strange craft into a sketch. And the skipper, who has little partiality for these river scenes, will take the opportunity to go somewhere else on a bicycle. You, too, must go ashore, because Pinmill is an exhibition village, entirely picturesque, paintable, and English. It is liable to send the foreigner into raptures, and Americans have been known to assert that they could exist there in happiness forever and ever.

I believe that some person or persons in authority offer prizes to the peasantry for the prettiest cottage gardens in Pinmill. It is well; but I should like to see in every picturesque and paintable English village a placard stating the number of happy peasants who sleep more than three in a room, and the number of adult able-bodied males who earn less than threepence an hour. All aspects of the admirable feudal system ought to be made equally apparent. The chimes of the castle-clock speak loud, and need no advertisement; cottage gardens also insist on the traveler's attention, but certain other phenomena are apt to escape it.

The charm of Pinmill is such that you usually decide to remain there overnight. In one respect this is a mistake, for the company of yachts is such that your early morning Swedish exercises on deck attract an audience, which produces self-consciousness in the exerciser.

Ipswich closes the estuary of the Orwell, and Ipswich is a genuine town that combines industrialism with the historic sense. No American can afford not to visit it, because its chief hotel has a notorious connection with Mr. Pickwick, and was reproduced entire and life-size at a world's fair in the United States. Aware of this important fact, the second-hand furniture and curio-dealers of the town have adopted suitable measures. When they have finished collecting, Americans should go to the docks—as interesting as anything in Ipswich—and see the old custom-house, with its arch, and the gloriously romantic French and Scandinavian

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"Of all the estuary towns, Maldon, at the head of the Blackwater, is the pearl."

three-masters that usually lie for long weeks in the principal basin. Times change. Less than eighty years ago the docks of Ipswich were larger than those of London. And there are men alive and fighting in Ipswich to-day who are determined that as a port Ipswich shall resume something of her ancient position in the world.

Just round the corner from the Orwell estuary, northward, is the estuary of the River Deben. One evening, feeling the need of a little ocean air after the close feudalism of the Orwell, we ran down therefrom to the North Sea, and finding ourselves off Woodbridgehaven, which is at the mouth of the Deben, with a flood-tide under us, we determined to risk the entrance. According to all printed advice, the entrance ought not to be risked without local aid. There is a bank at the mouth, with a patch that dries at low water, and within there is another bank. The shoals shift pretty frequently, and, worst of all, the tide runs at the rate of six knots and more. Still, the weather was calm, and the flood only two hours old. We followed the sailing directions, and got in without trouble just as night fell. The rip of the tide was very marked, and the coast-guard who boarded us with a coast-guard's usual curiosity looked at us as though we were either heroes or rash fools, probably the latter.

We dropped anchor for the night, and the next morning explored the estuary, with the tide rising. We soon decided that the perils of this famous river had been exaggerated. There were plenty of beacons,—which, by the way, are continually being shifted as the shoals shift,—and moreover the channel defined itself quite simply, for the reason that the rest of the winding river-bed was dry. We arrived proudly at Woodbridge, drawing all the maritime part of the town to look at us, and we ourselves looked at Woodbridge in a fitting manner, for it is sacred to the memory not of Omar Khayyam, but to much the same person, Edward Fitzgerald, who well knew the idiosyncrasies of the Deben. Then it was necessary for

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us to return, as only about two hours at each tide is there sufficient water for a yacht to lie at Woodbridge.

The exit from the Deben was a different affair from the incoming. Instead of a clearly defined channel, we saw before us a wide sea. The beacons or perches were still poking up their heads, of course, but they were of no use, since they had nothing to indicate whether they were starboard or port beacons. It is such details that harmonize well with the Old-World air of English estuaries—with the swans, for instance, those eighteenth-century birds that abound on the Deben. We had to take our choice of port or starboard. Heaven guided us. We reached the entrance. The tide was at half-ebb and running like a race; the weather was unreliable. It was folly to proceed. We proceeded. We had got in alone; we would get out alone. We shot past the coast-guard, who bawled after us. We put the two beacons in a line astern, obedient to the sailing directions; but we could not keep them in a line. The tide swirled us away, making naught of the engine. We gave a tremendous bump. Yes, we were assuredly on the bank for at least ten hours, if not forever; if it came on to blow, we might well be wrecked. But no. The ancient *Velsa* seemed to rebound elastically off the traitorous sand, and we were afloat again. In two minutes more we were safe. What the coast-guard said is not known to this day. We felt secretly ashamed of our foolhardiness, but we were sustained by the satisfaction of having deprived more local pilots of their fees.

Still, we were a sobered crew, and at the next river-mouth northward—Orford Haven—we yielded to a base common sense, and signaled for a pilot. The river Ore is more dangerous to enter, and far more peculiar even, than the Deben. The desolate spot where it runs into the sea is well called Shinglestreet, for it is a wilderness of shingles. The tide runs very fast indeed; the bar shifts after every gale, and not more than four feet of water is guaranteed on it. Last and worst, the bottom is hard. It was probably the hardness of the bottom that finally induced us to stoop to a pilot. To run aground on sand is bad, but to run aground on anything of a mineral nature may be fatal. Our signal was simply ignored. Not the slightest symptom anywhere of a pilot. We were creeping in, and we continued to creep in. The skipper sent the deck-hand forward with the pole. He called out seven feet, eight feet, seven feet; but these were Dutch feet, of eleven inches each, because the pole is a Dutch pole. The water was ominous, full of curling crests and unpleasant hollows, as the wind fought the current. The deck-hand called out seven, six, five and a half. We could almost feel the ship bump, and then we were over the bar. Needless to say that a pilot immediately hove in sight. We waved him off, though he was an old man with a grievance.

We approached the narrows. We had conquered the worst difficulties by the sole help of the skipper's instinct for a channel, for the beacons were incomprehensible to us, and we imagined that we could get through the narrows into the river proper. But we were mistaken. We had a fair wind, and we set all sails, and the engine was working well; but there was more than a six-knot tide rushing out through those narrows, and we could not get through. We hung in them for about half an hour. Then, imitating the example of a fisherman who had followed us, we just ran her nose into the shingle, with the sails still set, and jumped ashore with a rope. The opportunity to paint a water-color of the *Velsa* under full sail was not to be lost. Also we bought fish and we borrowed knowledge from the fisherman. He informed us that we had not entered by the channel at all; that we were never anywhere near it. He said that the channel had four feet at that hour. Thus we learned that local wisdom is not always omniscience.

After a delay of two hours, we went up the Ore on the slack. The Ore is a very dull river, but it has the pleasing singularity of refusing to quit the ocean. For

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mile after mile it runs exactly parallel with the North Sea, separated from it only by a narrow strip of shingle. Under another name it all but rejoins the ocean at Aldeburgh, where at length it curves inland. On its banks is Orford, a town more dead than any dead city of the Zuyder Zee, and quite as picturesque and as full of character. The deadness of Orford may be estimated from the fact that it can support a cinematograph only three nights a week. It has electric light, but no railway, and the chief attractions are the lofty castle, a fine church, an antique quay, and a large supply of splendid lobsters. It knows not the tourist, and has the air of a natural self-preserving museum.

THE INCOMPARABLE BLACKWATER

TIME was when I agreed with the popular, and the guide-book, verdict that the Orwell is the finest estuary in these parts; but now that I know it better, I unhesitatingly give the palm to the Blackwater. It is a nobler stream, a true arm of the sea; its moods are more various, its banks wilder, and its atmospheric effects much grander. The defect of it is that it does not gracefully curve. The season for cruising on the Blackwater is September, when the village regattas take place, and the sunrises over leagues of marsh are made wonderful by strange mists.

Last September the *Velsa* came early into Mersea Quarters for Mersea Regatta. The Quarters is the name given to the lake-like creek that is sheltered between the mainland and Mersea Island, which is an island only during certain hours of the day. Crowds of small yachts have their home in the Quarters, and the regatta is democratic, a concourse or medley of craft ranging from sailing dinghies up through five-tonners to fishing-smacks, trading-barges converted into barge-yachts, real barge-yachts like ourselves, and an elegant schooner of a hundred tons or so, fully "dressed," and carrying ladies in bright-colored jerseys to preside over all. The principal events occur in the estuary, but the intimate and amusing events, together with all the river gossip and scandal, are reserved for the seclusion of the Quarters, where a long lane of boats watch the silver-gray, gleaming sky, and wait for the tide to cover the illimitable mud, and listen to the excessively primitive band which has stationed itself on a barge in the middle of the lane.

We managed to get on the mud, but we did that on purpose, to save the trouble of anchoring. Many yachts and even smacks do it not on purpose, and at the wrong state of the tide, too. A genuine yachtsman paid us a visit—one of those men who live solely for yachting, who sail their own yachts in all weathers, and whose foible is to dress like a sailor before the mast or like a longshore loafer—and told us a tale of an amateur who had bought a yacht that had inhabited Mersea Quarters all her life. When the amateur returned from his first cruise in her, he lost his nerve at the entrance to the Quarters, and yelled to a fisherman at anchor in a dinghy, "Which is the channel?" The fisherman, seeing a yacht whose lines had been familiar to him for twenty years, imagined that he was being made fun of. He drawled out, "*You* know." In response to appeals more and more excited he continued to drawl out, "*You* know." At length the truth was conveyed to him, whereupon he drawlingly advised: "Let the old wench alone. Let her alone. *She* 'll find her way in all right."

Regattas like the Mersea are full of tidal stories, because the time has to be passed somehow while the water rises. There was a tale of a smuggler on the mud-flats, pursued in the dead of night by a coast-guardsman. Suddenly the flying smuggler turned round to face the coast-guardsman. "Look here," said he to the coast-guardsman with warning persuasiveness, "you 'd better not come any further. *You do see such wonderful queer things in the newspapers nowadays.*" The coast-guardsman, rapidly reflecting upon the truth of this dark saying, accepted the advice, and went home.

The mud-flats have now disappeared, guns begin to go off, and presently the regatta is in full activity. The estuary is

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dotted far and wide with white, and the din of orchestra and cheering and chatter within the lane of boats in the Quarters is terrific. In these affairs, at a given moment in the afternoon, a pause ensues, when the minor low-comedy events are finished, and before the yachts and smacks competing in the long races have come back. During this pause we escaped out of the Quarters, and proceeded up the river, past Bradwell Creek, where Thames barges lie, and past Tollesbury, with its long pier, while the high tide was still slack. We could not reach Maldon, which is the Mecca of the Blackwater, and we anchored a few miles below that municipal survival, in the wildest part of the river, and watched the sun disappear over vast, flat expanses of water as smooth as oil, with low banks whose distances were enormously enhanced by the customary optical delusions of English weather. Close to us was Osea Island, where an establishment for the reformation of drunkards adds to the weird scene an artistic touch of the sinister. From the private jetty of Osea Island two drunkards in process of being reformed gazed at us steadily in the deepening gloom. Then an attendant came down the jetty and lighted its solitary red eye, which joined its stare to that of the inebriates.

Of all the estuary towns, Maldon, at the head of the Blackwater, is the pearl. Its situation on a hill, with a fine tidal lake in front of it, is superb, and the strange thing in its history is that it should not have been honored by the brush of Turner. A thoroughly bad railway service has left Maldon in the eighteenth century, for the delight of yachtsmen who are content to see a town decay if only the spectacle give esthetic pleasure.

There is a lock in the river just below Maldon leading to the Chelmsford Canal. We used this lock, and found a lock-keeper and lock-house steeped in tradition and the spirit of history. Beyond the lock was a basin in which were hidden two beautiful Scandinavian schooners discharging timber and all the romance of the North. The prospect was so alluring that we decided to voyage on the canal, at any rate as far as the next lock, and we asked the lock-keeper how far off the next lock was. He said curtly:

"Ye can't go up to the next lock."

"Why not?"

"Because there 's only two feet of water in this canal. There never was any more."

We animadverted upon the absurdity of a commercial canal, leading to a county town, having a depth of only two feet.

He sharply defended his canal.

"Well," he ended caustically, "it 's been going on now for a hundred or a hundred and twenty year' like that, and I think it may last another day or two."

We had forgotten that we were within the influences of Maldon, and we apologized.

Later—it was a Sunday of glorious weather—we rowed in the dinghy through the tidal lake into the town. The leisured population of Maldon was afoot in the meadows skirting the lake. A few boats were flitting about. The sole organized amusement was public excursions in open sailing-boats. There was a bathing-establishment, but the day being Sunday and the weather hot and everybody anxious to bathe, the place was naturally closed. There ought to have been an open-air concert, but there was not. Upon this scene of a population endeavoring not to be bored, the ancient borough of Maldon looked grandly down from its church-topped hill.

Amid the waterways of the town were spacious timber-yards; and eighteenth century wharves with wharfinger's residence all complete, as in the antique days, inhabited still, but rotting to pieces; plenty of barges; and one steamer. We thought of Sneek, the restless and indefatigable. I have not yet visited in the *Velsa* any Continental port that did not abound in motor-barges, but in all the East Anglian estuaries together I have so far seen only one motor-barge, and that was at Harwich. English bargemen no doubt find it more dignified to lie in wait for a wind than to go puffing to and fro regardless of

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wind. Assuredly a Thames barge—said to be the largest craft in the world sailed by a man and a boy—in full course on the Blackwater is a noble vision, but it is not the final word of enterprise in transport.

The next morning at sunrise we dropped slowly down the river. All the tints of the pearl were mingled in the dreaming landscape. No prospect anywhere that was not flawlessly beautiful, enchanted with expectation of the day.

At seven o'clock we had reached Goldhanger Creek, beset with curving waterweeds. And the creek appeared to lead into the very arcana of the mist. We anchored, and I rowed to its mouth. A boat sailed in with two old fishermen.

"Is this creek long?" I asked. They both gazed at the creek as though they had never seen it before.

"Aye, it 's long."

"How long is it? Is it a mile?"

"Aye, it 's a mile."

"Is there anything up there?" Another pause. The boat was drawing away.

"Aye, there 's oysters up there." The boat and the men withdrew imperceptibly into the silver haze. I returned to the yacht. Just below, at Tollesbury pier, preparations were in progress for another village regatta; and an ineffable melancholy seemed to distil out of the extreme beauty of the estuary, for this was the last regatta, this our last cruise, of the season.

All Souls' Night

By GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON McGIFFERT

AS it was promised them, so I beheld,
'Twixt sun and sun, wild beasts became as men.
No longer swinging their great heads, they looked
Amazed upon each other, saw the moon,
The still, dumb trees. The air scarce bore the noise
Of their rejoicings, their thick stutterings,
The babel of their unpent, labored thoughts.
Life channels, old, obliterate origins
By man forgot, they subtly understood.
Birds knew the wise mechanics of their flight,
The beaver of its bridge, the bee its way.
Bears pondered on the habits of their kind,
The lion kneeled before the spectacle
Of its age-thwarted life by speech set free.
The ape wrought curious tool for stranger arts,
Knew not if to invent or speak or think
Gave greater joy, threw off incumbrances
Life loaded on him when the stars were young,
And stood there in his glory, lord of all.
The peer of man in mind, beyond him far
In gifts surrendered or by mankind lost.

. . . . . .

Then even as I looked, the dawn stole in,
Eyes faded, and great heads began to swing.
Most pitiful of all, and last to change,
The ape reluctant dropped its tools and fled
Beyond the gates of consciousness, again
A gibbering, furtive beast by nature damned.

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South of Panama

First Paper: Western Colombia and Ecuador

By EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS .

Professor of Sociology, University of Wisconsin, Author of "Changing America," "The Old World in the New," etc.

With an Introduction

By JOHN BARRETT

Director-General of the Pan-American Union; formerly Minister to Siam, Argentina, Colombia, and Panama

THE phrase, "south of Panama," has a mighty significance. It means not merely geographical location. It signifies vast virgin areas of lowland and upland contrasted with fallow valleys and lofty plateaus populated and cultivated through centuries. It means barren and burned mountains and dreary deserts mingled with forested and watered slopes, grassy llanos and pampas, and flowering savannas. It means the mixing of almost forgotten aboriginal races and surviving Indian types with the intellectual and refined descendants of early Spaniards and Portuguese and the later sprinkling of adventuresome Germans, Italians, English, and Americans. It means an ancient civilization, fascinating Incan ruins, old-fashioned Moorish and Spanish architecture in the sleeping cities and towns, with strange peoples and conditions harking back to far centuries, hard by a new civilization, modern sky-scrapers, and boulevards in growing commercial entrepôts and ambitious capitals, with progressive peoples and conditions which rival the best that the old East and the new West of North America can show.

South of Panama, above all, suggests opportunity. It stands for governments, peoples, commerce, resources, progress, and possibilities that deserve the study and interest of the world. It presents a field of new activity and fascinating achievement that should attract the capital, trade, and travel of both North Americans and Europeans. It holds out a need of increased population that should be studied and met by the promoters of legitimate and worthy immigration. It calls for money and men to build railroads, harness water powers, construct dams and dig ditches for irrigation, open mines, promote agriculture, and fell forests.

While backward, disappointing, and discouraging in some regions, in many others the country south of Panama is progressive, gratifying, and encouraging. The worst of it is so much less in quantity and permanent influences than the best of it, that the latter is sure to dominate eventually the entire area from Colombia and Venezuela, on the north, to Argentina and Chile on the south. In a few countries it has its shortcomings, its peculiarities of former isolation, and the unhappy local conditions of government, society, and trade, that sometimes give an unfavorable impression to the traveler and student; but these are so counterbalanced by its progressive potentialities and its remarkable progress in many parts, its enormous latent riches, and its evidences of intellectuality, high civilization, and stable government, that, viewed in its entirety, it

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gives promise of a political and social development and economic evolution that will astonish the world.

Although realizing that South of Panama may include the continent of South America, we are hardly able to grasp its greatness of area, population, and commerce. We of the North have been spending so much time traveling along Eastern and Western roads of travel, and neglecting Southern fields of visit and study, that we are sadly ignorant of what South of Panama really means. Ten wonderful countries—one of them, Brazil, larger than the United States proper—occupy the Southern Continent, but how many North Americans stop to think that they cover an area of seven millions of square miles, that they possess a population of nearly sixty millions, and that they conduct an annual foreign commerce valued at two billion dollars? One of them, Argentina, has the largest per capita foreign commerce of any important country on the face of the earth. The average North American and European, who thinks himself well informed on the general features of the world's history and achievement, has vague ideas of the big and favorable things of South America; but he has little actual knowledge of the real facts, and too often has his judgment been warped and prejudiced by exaggerated ideas of the less-favorable features of government, peoples, society, climate, and commerce. Stories of the heat of the low-lying tropical coasts cloud his appreciation of the many cool and invigorating plateaus of the interior, and he overlooks the temperate climate of southern South America.

A sensational news-despatch from South America to the papers of New York, London, and Paris about some small local disturbance that would not be dignified with the descriptive name of "riot" or "mob-gathering" in the United States inspires the average observer to conclude that South America is the home of revolutions, and to forget that the greater part of South America has not been torn with a serious revolution in three decades. He overlooks the remarkable fact that South America has no such record for cruel war and merciless killing of men as has Europe, and that more property and lives have already been destroyed in one month's fighting in France, Germany, and Austria than in a century of South American history. He is silent over the fact that while the Palace of Peace at The Hague is almost within the range of the cannon of the fighting hordes of Europe, the Peace Monument of the Andes, the great statue of the Christ on the summit of the Cordilleras, which form the boundary-line between Chile and Argentina, is made of the molten cannon of the armies of these two sister-nations, which, with possibly greater cause for war than the struggling European nations, twenty years ago resorted to peaceful arbitration, and since then have had no thought or fear of war.

What is wanted to-day to promote true Pan-American solidarity and unity of purpose in the great family of Western nations is an appreciation and accurate knowledge by North America and North Americans of the history and institutions, the peoples and governments, and the present progress and future possibilities of South America and South Americans. Let our boys and girls, our future citizens, upon whom depends the evolution of ideal Pan-Americanism, think and study not alone in terms of Alexander the Great, Cæsar, Charlemagne, Charles Martel, Cromwell, Napoleon, Wellington, Washington, Scott, Grant, and Lincoln, but let them gain impressions also from the names and achievements of San Martin, Bolivar, Sucre, Artigas, José Bonifacio, O'Higgins, Morazán, Hidalgo, and Marti, the great liberators and leaders of South American struggles for liberty, independence, and free peoples. When our students discuss educational and intellectual effort and progress in Europe and the United States, let them also take into consideration the educational and intellectual history and development of South America, not forgetting that in Lima, the capital of Peru, was founded the great University of San Carlos almost a century before Harvard opened its doors, and that at Cordova, in Argentina, another university was attended by hundreds of students long before Yale and Dartmouth were even planned by their founders.

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After our municipal experts have visited and talked of the great cities of Europe, they should not overlook Rio de Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, with its population of one million, its wonderful municipal improvements in the form of broad avenues, artistic water-fronts, and marvelous mountain parks; Montevideo, the attractive capital of Uruguay, with a population of four hundred and fifty thousand, a city of homes, having also a harbor development that represents an expenditure of twelve millions of dollars; Buenos Aires, the capital of Argentina, which, with a population of one million seven hundred thousand, now takes rank after New York and Chicago, and becomes the third city of the Western Hemisphere, proudly possessing the finest opera-house, the best-equipped newspaper building and plant, and the most elegant club-house of any city in the world; and Santiago, the capital of Chile, which, with a population of nearly half a million souls, is often described as the Paris of the Andes, and is famed for the refinement of its people.

And so I might go on writing of the region south of Panama, but that is the agreeable work of Professor Ross in the series of articles which will appear in THE CENTURY. I have been able to touch only very few of the high points of this interesting subject, but he will develop its whole conformation. While my position as the executive officer of the Pan-American Union, the international organization of all the American republics devoted to the development of good understanding, friendship, commerce, peace, and the dissemination of information among them, will not permit me to indorse the opinions or stand sponsor for the views of any writer upon South America, I feel confident that the story which Professor Ross tells so well will prove most interesting and instructive to those who may have the opportunity and pleasure of following his travels through the medium of this great magazine.

FROM the windless Gulf of Panama it is two days of sluggish steaming, in a vessel built for the navigation of a mill-pond, to Buenaventura, wettest and unhealthiest port of the West Coast, and once reputed one of the three worst spots on the globe for the white man. For all that, this inter-island harbor is the sole gateway to western Colombia and particularly to the famed Cauca Valley. Not long ago American engineers put a light railroad through the mountains seventy-five miles to Cali; but unprecedented rains fell,—half a fathom in two days,—the floods descended, and the track was ripped out of the cañon. So it was necessary to get together from all over the country five thousand pack-animals to take care of commerce while the road was being thoroughly rebuilt on more solid lines.

Behind Buenaventura, and reaching to the foot-hills of the Coast Range, is a malarious jungle, called the Choco, where it rains every day. Here no one lives save the descendants of the negro slaves Las Casas, the friend of the Indians, caused to be introduced into New Granada in order to free his *protégés* from oppression. Certain virile Texans have acquired a huge Spanish grant in this belt, and are planning to bring out American families, settle them on the land, and go to lumbering hard woods and raising cattle. The men are honest, but everybody who knows the climate of the Choco deems it a mad enterprise.

In the Choco slavery has been extinct since 1851, so that life has regained the simplicity of Eden. The women wear a short skirt, and for looks throw a napkin over the bosom; the men are stark but for a G-string. They live in palm-thatched bamboo huts raised about a yard above the ground. The bamboos of the frame are tied together with lianas,

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and the sides are of bamboos split and flattened into a kind of board. The builder needs no hammer, saw, nail, or screw; only the machete. Nor does the jungle black enslave himself to hoe or spade or plow. He slashes away the jungle, starts a patch of plantains, or cooking bananas, and sows a little corn. His canes he crushes in a hand-mill, and boils the juice down to sugar. He fishes, hunts, converts molasses into rum, and rolls stalwart cigars of his own tobacco leaf. So he eats, drinks, smokes, loafs, and lets time pass, with no vanities, no interests, no ideas, no standards, no outlook, no care for the future.

Nevertheless, this gymnosophist of the Choco is by no means a low type. The black people of this West Coast seem to have been drawn from the better tribes in Africa. Their heads are rather good, and the Guinea type, with thick, everted lips and retreating forehead, is less common than among American negroes. The Colombians insist that these blacks are more intelligent than their Indians, and that their cross with the white has given a better result than the cross of Indian with white.

Why is it that tropical travelers leave so much untold? Those without experience of the vertical sun come upon a spring at the foot of a cliff, and drink, anticipating coolness. No one has warned them that springs cannot gush coolness when the heart of the cliff hoards up no winter cold. Nor have they realized to what steep cliffs trees will cling when there is no winter snow to sweep down and tear away the growth. Along the trail are sights which remind them that they are in the home of the only white men of the New World who tortured in cold blood. The pack-animals are horribly galled, and the bemired beast that does not respond to cruel beating will be left without any one putting it out of its misery. The native leaves his horse saddled through the nooning, not even bothering to loosen the girth. He justifies his practice as *"costumbre"!* At one spot the broken edge of the trail and a crushed pack-animal a hundred feet below bear witness that there is a limit even to the wisdom of a mule. Here and there one comes on flocks of *gallinazos* dissecting the remains of beasts that have died in service. They are rather mannerly birds, and as they draw back from their pecking at our approach, they look, for all the world, like old ladies in black bombazine gathered about the coffin at a country funeral.

Cali, a city of thirty thousand, toward which all the mountain roads converge, is like a pretty girl seated on a bank and paddling her feet in a brook. The life of the town revolves about the river that comes tumbling down from among the hills. Every bright day nearly the whole adult population bathe in it. From a single point one may see hundreds in the various operations. Gentlemen with white linen and black coats strip beside the negro muleteer and the swarthy peon. The pretty girl disrobes beside the coal-black negress with a cigar between her lips. Every tree and bush yields fancied protection. Behind their large sheet-towels, men and women undress not fifteen yards from one another, while lads and lasses splash about in the same pool. The men wear a napkin about the loins, the women a red calico Mother-Hubbard, which, when wet, discloses the form with startling fidelity. More leveling even than a bathing-beach, the river reveals to his fellow-citizens, almost *in puribus,* the portly judge, the grizzled municipal councilor, or the skinny banker. But no one stares or is self-conscious, and the proprieties are strictly observed. Still, some deplore this Arcadian daily dip, and point out that only two children out of five in Cali have been born in wedlock.

Down the middle of the streets gurgles clear mountain water. Why not, since in all Cali there are only three carts? There is, to be sure, an automobile, which was the pride of the town until, after a few runs, it blew out a tire. Nobody had thought to order extra tires with the machine, so for months it has been out of use, waiting a new tire from the States.

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From the Moors came the Spanish-American custom of taking the front yard into the house. This is the patio, or court, paved sometimes, but more often graced with trees, shrubs, potted plants, a flower-bed, a pool, or a fountain. All the rooms open upon the patio, and about it is all the life of the family. It is deliciously intimate, this having a wee park within the house, but it is selfish. Your neighbor cannot enjoy your patio, nor you his. The beauty of the continuous lawns on an American residence street is free to all. Here the street slinks between blank walls, broken by a few barred windows, and all the charm of the patios is hidden from the public. Pretty homes you have, but not a pretty town. This Oriental house, planned for defense, and suited to the insecurity of a thousand years ago, is an anachronism to-day, and will doubtless yield in time to the democratic and neighborly type of home.

Life in the patio is shut away, peaceful, and self-sufficing, and in a way this Cauca Valley is one big patio. East across the valley the mountains loom through the haze. Boats ply the Cauca River north a hundred miles to Cartago, where the river falls rapidly and becomes unnavigable. Cordilleras and Choco shut it from the Pacific, whose shuttles of commerce no more disturb the valley than the clicking hoofs of the passing mule-train break the drowsy calm of the patio.

No wonder the life of the Calians is filled with trivialities. They are all interrelated, they remember kinship even unto the *nth* degree, and they spend much of their time visiting back and forth and gossiping hours upon hours over the pettiest matters—who has become engaged, how the cattle are doing, and how the servants are behaving. Trifling details are dexterously made to yield interest, so that the talk flows on and on. The passion of these people for politics is due in part to the uneventfulness of their lives. They watch it as breathless and absorbed as "fans" watch a league game.

It is pathetic to see how girls educated in a Quebec or New York convent return to Cali with a resolve not to sink into this listless, indolent way, but to "start something," give a garden party or lawn fête, make a real social life. But the system is too strong for the poor things. They are steam-rolled by the church and by the established social customs. After a while, broken in spirit, they cease to struggle, sink into acquiescence, and become just as narrow in interests and pursuits as the women who have never been out of the valley.

The way of doing business is leisurely. Suppose you want to hire horses. You go in, shake hands, and are invited to sit down. San Jacinto takes your hat, asks after your health and after the health of the members of your family. You talk over the details of the matter, arrive at an understanding, take your hat, and shake hands. Jacinto begs you to place him at the feet of your lady. You bow, lift your hat, and leave. There is plenty of time. Life is not intense, and a piece of business is quite too succulent and refreshing a morsel to be hurried over. Jacinto wants whatever diversion it affords.

"Life here," observed an American of some years in Cali, "is a great lesson in self-restraint. These people regard swearing and storming as a sign of weakness. The more you storm, the politer they become. Till the last gasp they keep up appearances, preserve the semblance of mutual respect and courtesy." The sentiment of personal dignity is strong among poor as well as rich. The servants are not tip-extractors, and the wayfarer entertained in some humble home must be tactful in offering money. Under the good manners of the lower orders there is a sense of equality which will not brook abuse from any quarter. The laborers on the railway will not stand tongue-lashing and rough treatment from the foreman. In our climate hunger and cold are powerful allies of the employer, forcing the bullied laborer to pocket his pride and stick to his job. Here there is no cold, and free land is plentiful. Under harsh treatment the laborer sulkily retires to his

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hut and his banana-patch. He does not *have* to keep your job. You can get him to work *with* you when you cannot get him to work *for* you. A railway contractor told me he would say to his men going home to look after their families or their crops, "Well, boys, when will you be back to help us?" Here, as in Cuba, it is well to let the working-man feel he does you a favor by accepting employment with you.

The limit factor to prosperity is not any lack of soil or climate, roads or markets, but the habits of the people themselves. The American who settles here expecting to get rich developing the dormant resources of the valley, sometimes comes to grief from having failed to take into account the character of the Caucans. Thus a Colorado college man who, in partnership with a Colombian classmate, had started a shoe factory in Cali, ran upon an uncharted snag. He imported American machines and trained the coffee-colored youths to run them, but the trouble came in selling the shoes. The classes are crazy for the foreign article, and will not buy the local shoe at half the price of the imported. The masses, alas! wear no shoes at all. He thinks if he can get hides tanned here, he can turn out shoes so cheap that even peons will begin to wear them. But he has not made money, as he hoped, and he wishes himself back in the States.

"Put it straight," he said to me, "and dissipate the rosy dreams young Americans are cherishing as to the chances for them here. Then paint the life here: nothing to do in the evenings, no amusements, no society; no girls one would want to marry; nothing to bring a wife to."

I recall half a dozen Americans who, with coffee, sugar, and public utilities, have become wealthy according to the Colombian standard; but they are exceptional men and would have succeeded at home. Doubtless every one of them would be worth more to-day if he had stayed in the States. Soil and climate are here, and the valley *does* progress; but, owing to hitch after hitch, things have gone slower than they had hoped. The reopening of the railroad, port improvements at Buenaventura, and the canal burn like a comet in the imagination of the stirring spirits, however, and all expect this to be the year I of a new era.

So the spell that held Cali in slumber is breaking. The autumnal haze is lifting, electric lighting, telephones, a tram to the river, and a plaza with band music have come in within five years. Twice a week the ice-making machine "functions," the sign "Hielo" is hung out, and the gentlemen at the bars have something to tinkle in their glasses. Lately the motion-picture show has come, and the people are wild over it. Revealing the big world beyond the blue Cordilleras, these films are bound to make the young folks restless. To-day you show a Caucan a good chance to make money, and, as likely as not, the man will decline it with the remark, "We must leave something for our sons to do." No doubt the sons will be ready to do it.

Natural barriers so divide the country that Colombia in reality consists of a number of provincial "tribes" loosely aggregated into a nation. Of these the most pushing and formidable are the Antioquians, whose home lies to the north of the valley. These people belong to the Old Testament. The lads marry at eighteen or twenty, the girls at fifteen or sixteen, although I have met some who were brides at twelve. The families are patriarchal in size, twelve children being nothing uncommon; one hears of a single couple with twenty-nine sons! The Antioquians are not only hard working and acquisitive, but they are enterprising and aggressive. Thanks to their Biblical prolificacy and their bracing climate, they are spilling over their boundaries into other provinces, and, since they capture branch after branch of business and make money, they are much feared by other Colombians. It is a striking fact that not only do the Antioquians often show the Semitic countenance and Hebraic traits, while their province abounds in Biblical place names, but they regard

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themselves, and are regarded by others, as Hebrews. It is supposed that long ago numerous converted Spanish and Portuguese Jews settled in this province, and became the seed of this pushful race. What with these and with the five thousand Syrians now in Colombia, and more coming in all the time, the future of the country has a Semitic look.

The ports along the coast from Buenaventura to Guayaquil seem to be spigots spouting natural products from an inexhaustible back country. Here is piled crude rubber in lumps as big as one's two fists; there the warehouses are bursting with cocoanuts. In one town cacaonuts are everywhere spread out drying. In another the boys are growing up illiterate because their parents keep them out of school shucking and sacking tagua, or ivory-nuts, without which a third of the human race would go buttonless. Coffee comes out on the lighters, and some cotton. Sugar, bananas, and oranges ought to be pouring out of the interior, but they are not, because both labor and capital are lacking to subdue the wilderness. Aside from gathering natural products, the only industry seems to be the weaving of Panama hats, which has its center at Manta, Ecuador.

For the little ports backed by jungle the arrival of the weekly steamer is a festal occasion. The boats of the captain of the port, the customs officer, and the agent of the company come alongside filled with their friends, eager to stroll about the decks and test the resources of the bar. The officer of the port brings several female members of his family, who of course must be invited into the captain's cabin and regaled with his Scotch. If a prominent citizen is leaving for Guayaquil, his friends breakfast with him on board, quaff toasts, cheer, slap one another on the back, and send him off in a blaze of glory. If, tarrying too long at his wine, one of them appears on deck after the last boat has left, and sees himself let in for an involuntary sea voyage, there is a hurricane of glee.

These people attach no value to time, and the captain who lasts on this run is a man beside whom Job was testy and irascible. At Esmeraldas the ship was ready to leave at noon. She got off at four because a despatch-boat waited hours while the *gobernador* wrote various letters for Guayaquil. They might have been ready earlier or he might have shut himself up for an hour while writing them. But a relative or a friend dropped in, cigarettes were lighted, and the letter was thrown aside till they had talked themselves out. Thus the chance caller may delay the clearance of the ship, and nothing can be done about it.

Always yellow fever and bubonic plague may be found at Guayaquil. Although most of the time they smolder in the huts of the outskirts, there are seasons when they blaze up dangerously. When we went in, it was the dry season, and mosquitos were few along the water front. Still, there were ten cases of bubonic and thirty of yellow fever. The *Stegomya* never troubles the highlanders of Ecuador, but Quito fears the bubonic, and allows no one to come up who has not been vaccinated for it in the municipal bacteriological laboratory at Guayaquil. The native born of the port are immune to yellow fever, because the babies get the fever in a mild form, and the survivors are ever afterward safe. Americans are determined to keep the canal zone free from infection, and their strictness about vessels that have touched at Guayaquil is putting a like strictness into the sanitary policy of other West Coast ports eager to benefit by the canal. More and more Guayaquil is quarantined against; she therefore foresees grass in her streets if she does not clean up, and costly measures of sanitation are under consideration. Still, among the short-sighted native merchants one comes on the feeling: "Sanitation will tempt the gringo to come in and wrest our business from us. Let our friend Yellow Jack stay."

Perhaps the most attracting thing about Guayaquil is that from it an American train will set you in half a day on one of

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the two greatest plateaus in the world, and at the close of the second day will bring you to Quito, only five leagues south of the equator. Out across the plain to Bucay, where the two-mile climb begins, one fills a mental film with scenes from tropical agriculture: orange-trees glorious with yellow globes; palms bearing cocoanuts at every stage of growth; fields filled with a low, pinkish-green Spanish bayonet, holding often a central spike that bears a pineapple; patches of toquilla, which yields the "straw" for making Panama hats; banana plantations making a dense jungle four fathoms deep. Then there are trees bearing *papallas,* mangos, and bread-fruit. The tall chimney-stack marks the sugar-mill. Over toy tracks cars carry the sugar-canes to the mill, and after they have been passed between double rolls, the refuse is dry enough to burn at once in the furnace. Down orchard rows one sees the magenta or golden cacao-pods, as big as a bos'n's fist, not drooping gracefully from twigs, but stemmed right to the trunk and branches of the tree.

Planted only three yards apart, the trees grow into a dark jungle and run to foliage. In one grove, however, they stood seven yards apart and were loaded with pods. This departure betokens, no doubt, foreign influence. The foreigner asks:

"Why don't you give your trees more room, trim off the dead and weak branches, and let the sun into your orchard?"

"My father and my grandfather," replies the Ecuadorian planter, "got from this estate enough to live on, so why should I depart from their ways? Spare me your new-fangled notions."

Still, there is a tale of one Don Ignacio who, in a corner of his cacao plantation, cut out every other tree and every other row to see what would happen. It became noised about that he was *loco,* and the rumor reached his ears.

"Wait three years," he said; "if then this field bears less than the others, call me *loco.*" After three years the neighbors saw his trees set thick with pods, and said, "So Don Ignacio is not *loco,* after all," and they began to follow his example.

At Alausi, a mile and a half up, we are among irrigated patches of wheat, corn, cabbages, and other characteristic crops of the temperate zone. Above two miles we rumble over bleak *paramos,* or mountain pastures, with cattle and sheep cropping on the tawny slopes, while the bottom of the ravines is gemmed with fields of lucerne, potatoes, and barley, bright green in gray, like jade set in granite.

We lie over night at Riobamba, and thence to Quito is a day, with a chain of Andes on each hand. Surely no other city in the world is approached by a double avenue of volcanoes, from five to ten leagues wide and forty long. Chimborazo, Altar, Tunguragua, Cotopaxi, Sangay, and Cayambé thrust a mile or more of mantled peak above the snow-line, which here under the equator is between fifteen and sixteen thousand feet. The train pants up wind-swept ridges and slips down into sheltered valleys. At Urbina we are near to twelve thousand feet, a thousand feet above the highest tillage. In ninety minutes we glide down thirty-four hundred feet to Ambato, girt with vineyards and peach-orchards. It is like passing from Labrador to Maryland.

One does not need the smoke-plume floating from the peaks or the jarring detonations to learn what manner of land this is, for every railway cutting exposes a tragic page of history. The blanket of volcanic ash dropped over the country every century or so gives vast gray landscapes like Nevada. Trees there are none, and the houses are all of adobe and thatched. Beside the huts stand beehive stacks of yellow grain like those of an Iowa farmer. Near by is a threshing-floor, with a donkey going round and round while the husbandman plies the pitchfork. The irrigated fields, the sheepfolds, the oxen drawing an iron-shod, one-handle plow of the time of the Pharaohs, remind one of Biblical agriculture.

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Between the fields run hedges of spiny American aloe, or century-plant, the same plant that in Mexico yields pulque and in Yucatan the fiber for binding-twine. Cacti abounds, clumsy and bulbous, bearing a top like the seven-branched candlestick of Solomon's temple. Here, just as in China, one sees the cornstalk shelters of the nocturnal crop-watchers. Most of the day we are within sight of the famous *carretera,* or high-road, built forty years ago by Garcia Moreno, the best, but also the most ruthless, president that Ecuador ever had. One sees no wheel on it, but always there is in sight a mule-train or a file of burdened Indians.

Although the eastern Cordilleras march between us and the hot, steaming country of the Napo, we cross streams that break through and find their way to the Amazon. Latacunga, one of these crossings, is the birthplace of the most romantic gold legend in Ecuador. Benalcazar and his Spaniards, who came up from Peru and took the kingdom of Quito, although in their mad search they left not one stone upon another, never found the treasure which Quito gathered for the ransom of Atahualpa, but secreted after word came of his murder by Pizarro. Long after, a certain Spaniard in Ecuador, Valverde, became suddenly very rich after his marriage to an Indian girl. Valverde returned to Spain, and on his death-bed told how his father-in-law had led him to a cave in the fastnesses of the Andes wherein lay the ransomed gold of the Inca. He left for the king of Spain a written *derrotero,* or chart, with minute directions how to reach the treasure-cave from Latacunga. The *derrotero* was sent to Ecuador, copied, and many expeditions have set forth on the strength of it. The numerous landmarks it mentions tally perfectly with the locality until a certain hill of pyrites is reached, after which the trail vanishes. In Quito I met an American army officer of some years in Ecuador who had spent nearly a thousand dollars in two expeditions, both of which broke down at the critical moment owing to the desertion of the Indian porters. However, by passing the pyrite hill on the left instead of on the right, as all the others had done, he picked up the trail-marks of the *derrotero,* and was very near the goal when fear of starvation turned him back. He has no doubts of the *derrotero,* and is sure that the treasure will yet be found.

Quito, lifted nearly two miles into thin air, has always boasted its "perpetual spring"; but, in sooth, it would be just as fair to call its climate "perpetual autumn." With a temperature that covers about 60 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, the Quitonian passes his life in early April or late October. He escapes winter, to be sure, but misses the vernal miracle that redeems the higher latitudes. But, whether he feels chilled or baked, he can always turn his eye toward comfort. Out across the plain, about three miles to the north, the road drops three thousand feet through a stupendous ravine, and from the high places of Quito one can peer down into a semitropical valley, its coffee-trees and cane-fields dancing in the heat-waves. On the other hand, when the overhead sun scorches, there are a score of snow peaks to refresh the eye. As you study through a field-glass the hugh drifts and wild snow-storms on Antisana, which looks out over the rank forests of the "Oriente," you realize that it is easier and safer to get from where you are to Greenland than to reach those polar solitudes only a dozen miles away.

Groves of eucalyptus in the environs of Quito agreeably relieve the majesty of the scenery, and it is said that this province has a third of a million of these trees. President Moreno introduced them from Australia half a century ago, and it is a saying among even the enemies of Moreno that on the day of judgment he will escape the penalty of his misdeeds with the plea, "I gave Ecuador the eucalyptus."

The numerous public squares, handsome monuments after the latest ideas of French or Italian art, well paved, though narrow, streets, and gay colors of walls and cos-

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tumes, combined with its wonderful natural surroundings, make Quito a city to remember. Nevertheless, there are unspeakable stenches arising from the filth due to the primitive habits of the Indian population. Not even in the towns of southern China is one subjected to worse olfactory torture than in Quito. Slavery and ill treatment have sunk the native population into the depths of degradation and hopelessness. Perhaps nowhere on the globe do human beings so much resemble passive beasts of burden. In fact, the Indians used to be designated as "smaller beasts of burden" to distinguish them from pack-animals. Loaded, they clamber up the steep streets as stolid as little gray burros. One sees many an urchin of seven years bearing on his back a load of bricks as heavy as he is. One woman, bent under a burden, carries a child at her breast and is soon to become again a mother. Another laden woman plies distaff and spindle as she creeps along. Here is a file of barefoot women bent under loads of earth or bricks, escorted by a man with a whip.

The women wear several woolen skirts without shape. A breadth of raw red or purple cloth right from a native loom is hung in ample folds about the lower half of the body, and gathered in clumsy pleats at the waist. Half a dozen such skirts, one over the other, produces a monstrous accumulation of cloth about the hips, which utterly destroys the lines of the figure.

Very striking is the contrast between the Indian women and the negresses of the lowlands. The negro woman shows coquetry in her walk and carriage, in her way of wearing her *manto,* and in her sidelong, challenging glances. The moment she feels the eye of the stranger upon her, her every move betrays self-consciousness. But I have never seen an Indian woman show any desire to attract and please. She gazes dully at you, and endures your look as might a cow or a ewe. In natural function she heeds the beholder no more than if he were a stone.

In the market-place the mothers while away the time looking over their children's heads. Often one woman lays her head in another's lap, while her hair is explored in quest of game which the finder at once pops into her mouth. The Indians wear the hair long and never wash or comb it, so that it becomes a tropical jungle, the happy home of many an insect that dies of old age.

The Indians of the table-land are short and beardless, with big faces and large mouths. Many have red cheeks, due, some doctors say, to the multiplication of red corpuscles in the blood, while others attribute it to high blood pressure. It is certain that none of the lowlanders are ruddy, whereas pallid people, after a few weeks in Quito, often develop glowing cheeks, which, however, fade out on their return to the coast. The women have wide faces and high cheek-bones, and can never be called beautiful. Most of the men look stupid, by no means as intelligent as the average negro. The women have a pleasant expression and manner, and look brighter than the men. They pile on skirts and muffle themselves in bright shawls, while the men all wear cotton trousers and bright red or striped woolen ponchos. What with solid red, pink, vermilion, lavender, or purple, the color scheme of a group of these people is wonderful. Not even in Tunis does one meet its equal. A file of Indians, in bright red ponchos, galloping along a trail on the other side of a gorge, the line undulating gracefully as the trail rises or descends, makes a brilliant picture. No doubt such color is a comfort to these poor people. Nowhere did I come upon such dismal highlanders as in a settlement of free Indians, at an altitude of eleven thousand feet, who banish all color from their costume. Sitting solitary out on the heath, huddled in black poncho or shawl, watching their flocks, they are the dreariest-looking mortals to be met.

I found no foreigners who have faith in the future of this people. They point out that while this was a Spanish colony there was a continual flow of immigrants from Spain, many of whom, no doubt,

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were men of force. Political separation interrupted this current, and since then the country has really gone back. Spain had provided a ruling organizing element and, with the cessation of the flow of Spaniards, the mixed bloods took charge of things, for the pure-white element is so small as to be negligible. No one suggests that the mestizos—in the lower classes they are known as cholos—equal the white stock either in intellect or in character. They lack self-reliance. If anything goes wrong, they look to the government to remedy it. "You will get cacao-trees planted far enough apart," observed a diplomat, "only when the government fines any man who plants them too close. It never occurs to one of these planters to experiment on his own account and see what would happen if special seed were used, or if the trees were planted or treated differently."

Among the rougher foreigners and Peruvians the pet name for these people is "monkeys." The thoughtful often liken them to Eurasians, clever enough, but lacking in solidity of character. Their want of truthfulness no one denies. They distrust one another and prefer to deal with foreigners. For instance, the native lets his house to the foreigner rather than to the Ecuadorian, because he is surer of his pay and counts on his property being better cared for. The native tenant, when he vacates the premises, will steal every removable thing.

Natives and foreigners alike declare that a large white immigration is the only hope for Ecuador. There are fewer than two million people in Ecuador, and two thirds of them are Indians. Yet several business men endorsed the opinion of the British consul, of thirty-five years' residence in the country, that Ecuador could feed fifty millions of inhabitants, half of them in the lowlands, raising cacao, sugar, cotton, and tropical fruits for export, and the rest on the table-land, growing cereals for themselves and the lowlanders. White people could thrive here, for the coast-lands are cooled by the influence of the Humboldt current. But the coveted immigration of Europeans will not occur so long as the mestizo element dominates and misgoverns the country.

The foreigners in Quito shudder still at the horrors witnessed here in 1912 as sequel to the abortive revolution led by Alfaro, former Liberal President of Ecuador. Alfaro, a coast-man, with the aid of his coast friends, got possession of Guayaquil, and there was bloody fighting across the river between his followers and the government troops sent down from Quito. All the while the highland soldiers were dying like flies from yellow fever. The Alfarists surrendered, but, contrary to the terms of the agreement between the parties arranged by the foreign consuls, they were taken up to Quito. The archbishop there was besought to restrain his people, but Alfaro as president had antagonized the church, so the archbishop was silent. The mob rose, took the revolutionists out of prison, and dragged them to death in the streets. After ghoulish orgies, their heads and members were carried about in triumph on pikes, while the bodies were burned before the populace in the plain beyond the city.

"Why do you do this?" asked an American of a cholo woman in the hideous forefront of ferocity.

"Señor," she replied, "this man caused the death of our brothers and our sons, and we cholos have strong hearts."

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A Birthnight Candle

By JOHN FINLEY

A CANDLE, waiter! Thank you. No, 't is not
To light a cigarette. I wish its flame
For better use. A little nearer, please.
For if the guests should see, they 'd wonder—well,
But you do know that I have touched no wine
This hallowed night, this night the lad was born
Which ushers in each year great Lincoln's day.
The brilliant banquet-hall of myriad lamps
Will not deny me this one little blaze
From all its dazzling wealth to celebrate
His natal festival.
Do you, perchance,
Not have this custom, *garçon,* in old France,
Of lighting candles on a birthday cake,
And quenching then each flame with some fond wish?
Well, I have said that wheresoe'er this night
O'ertook me exiled from his happy face,
I 'd blow a candle out with such desire
As could have speech, but in a lambent flame
Piercing the mystery of space about.
This night has found me guest at this high feast,
Companioned of famed men, but with my thought
Ever of him and her who gave him birth.

And here 's the candle. For some holy rite
'T was doubtless fashioned, and by hands that moved
In rhythm with some sweet song, molding the wax
Distilled by bees that roamed through flowered fields
In drowsy summer afternoons, to store
The precious fires from out the skies, and then
To give them perfume of the fragrant earth.

There! It has gone, and never light since God
Divided day from dark has borne a prayer
More ardent than this wish for him whose name
I, bearing, vow anew to keep from stain.

. . . . . .

Put back the candle in its golden cup.
No, thank you, waiter; no liqueur for me,
But just a little coffee. Yes, two lumps.
(The smoke is getting in my eyes.) That 's all.

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The Making of a Russian Terrorist [1]

By MARIE SUKLOFF

MARIE SUKLOFF is the most dramatic product of modern Russia. Still a young woman, she has already gone through all the cataclysmic experiences of an out-and-out revolutionary, including exile to Siberia. In the accompanying article she furnishes a human document of great value in a serious study of Russia's problems. The Austrian assassination aroused the whole world's interest in secret Slavic societies. Miss Sukloff's development into a Russian terrorist, and her secret missions as one, throw an illuminating side-light upon the methods of such organizations at home. She tells a sensational story simply and sincerely. In those bitter times Marie Sukloff was undergoing an ordeal by fire for a cause that she considered the highest and greatest in the world. It is THE CENTURY'S privilege impartially to set before its readers a record of that most dramatic period in her life. No one can read her description of the isolation and intense mental stress of the newly made terrorist, or of the intensity of her emotions and her certainty of the right road, without gaining a new view of what we call "consecration to a cause." Whatever we may think of the aims and methods of the revolutionists, however we may deplore bomb-throwing and similar expedients, as we read these pages we feel Prometheanly struggling in the bonds of ignorant tyranny a desire, in part as ignorant, for the principles of human liberty. And behind the narrative looms a shadow of silent and inexorable despotism—a shadow impossible to dispel.—THE EDITOR.

I HAD decided to go abroad, because I had learned that the leading spirits of the "fighting league" of our party were just then living at Geneva. It was my intention to join the league and become a terrorist. My own life and that of my friends had taught me that peaceful methods of struggle with tyranny were no longer possible. Terrorism at that time was not only the mood of individuals in Russia, but all classes of society were pervaded with the spirit of active struggle.

[1] From "The Life Story of a Russian Exile," by Marie Sukloff. The Century Co.: New York.

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The masses were waiting only for a signal to rise in open revolt against the despotic régime.

To become a member of the terrorist organization was a matter of considerable difficulty. Only people with an established revolutionary reputation were admitted. With doubt in my heart I arrived in Geneva. Luckily, I found there Comrade Nicholai, who had escaped from Siberia a few weeks before me, and had already succeeded in forming the acquaintance of people who stood close to the league. Thanks to his efforts, I obtained an interview with the leaders of the organization several days after my arrival in the city.

By their keen sympathy and thoughtful attitude these people made a profound impression upon me. With great circumspection they tried to dissuade me from the course I had chosen, but it was of no avail. I knew too much about the life of my unhappy country to change my resolution and turn from the path to which I had been driven.

The executive committee finally decided to admit me into the organization. My first mission was to be the assassination of General Trepov. He was the St. Petersburg *gradonatchálnik,* or city governor. He it was who issued the famous order to the local garrison "not to spare cartridges."

The first and foremost condition of the life of a terrorist is the complete severance of all intercourse with relatives and friends. A terrorist may not even correspond with anybody. The sole purpose of this is to safeguard innocent people against governmental persecution in the event of arrest of a member of the organization. There have been cases when people were exiled to Siberia or sentenced to long terms at hard labor for having written to or received a note from a terrorist.

This isolation and constant dwelling on one thought have a very peculiar effect upon one. The whole universe no longer existed for me. Trepov's photograph represented to me a symbol of all of Russia's ills, and his death the only cure for them. Now, when I think of the weary weeks which I passed in that little village, I know that only fanatical faith gave me the moral strength to prepare myself for such an act. My thoughts could not clearly picture that to which I was inevitably drawn. The fact that I was going to sacrifice my own life had absolutely no influence whatever upon me. I never even thought of my own death. But *his* death, the death of one whom I considered the cause of thousands of deaths, was constantly in my mind.

At last, after a month of weary solitude, a comrade brought the disappointing news that General Trepov had found out in some way about the intention of the "fighting league" and had taken extraordinary precautions: he did not receive anybody and scarcely left his house. The committee deemed it best to postpone the attempt until another way was found.

It was difficult for me to agree to this decision, and I decided to go to St. Petersburg myself and see what I could do there. Having obtained the necessary information and addresses, I went to the capital. But I have not room here to recount my unavailing experiences of that period. I failed to reach the general.

The "fighting league" always had a list of high government officials whose activity was most injurious to the liberal movement, and upon such officials the league, in conjunction with the central committee of the Socialist-Revolutionists' party, pronounced sentences of death. Next on the list was Governor-General Kleigels at Kieff, who by indiscriminate suppression of all manifestation of dissatisfaction among peasants, students, and workingmen and cruel persecution of the Jews had made himself hateful to all who had the welfare of Russia at heart. General Kleigels was warned by the Kieff committee of the party that he would be assassinated if he did not cease his atrocities; but he continued his policy of suppression, and took measures to guard against an attempt on his life.

Comrade Nicholai and I undertook to execute the sentence pronounced upon

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Governor-General Kleigels. It was planned that we should settle at Kieff, Comrade Nicholai as a street peddler and I as a flower-girl. These occupations gave us the possibility of being in the street all the time without arousing suspicion.

From seven o'clock in the morning till eight in the evening I sat on a stone at the corner of the street where the general lived. Comrade Nicholai had a stand on the opposite corner. A week passed, then another, then a third, but Kleigels would not leave his house. One day two Cossacks galloped past me, followed by a closed carriage, with two Cossacks riding in the rear. The carriage stopped before a church. I hid myself around the corner. At last Kleigels appeared, but his wife and son were with him. My eyes fell at that moment on my comrade, who stood at the entrance of the church. Despair was written on his face. I understood his thoughts. Had this cowardly general heard that Kalýaev had twice risked his life, but would not kill the Grand Duke Sergius because the duchess was with him, and so used his family as a shield? To us they proved an insurmountable barrier. It was no part of our policy to shed the innocent blood of women and children. We strictly adhered to this rule, sometimes at great cost to ourselves.

So my second mission was doomed to failure. Soon after my last unsatisfactory conference with M. Azeff, a prime mover in the league (whom I later knew as an infamous traitor to our sacred cause), a bomb hurled by Ivan Kalýaev ended the life of Grand Duke Sergius, then Governor-General at Moscow.

Crazed with fear, the czar locked himself in his palace, which was filled with soldiers. But the revolutionary propaganda in the army had weakened even this bulwark of czarism, and the soldiers could no longer be trusted.

In the meantime the political agitation in the country was assuming unheard-of proportions. Partial strikes on railroads and other public and private enterprises united into one country-wide general strike. The whole mechanism of the great empire came to a standstill. The authorities completely lost their heads, and for several days the very capital was virtually ruled by the "council of labor deputies" elected by the workmen of St. Petersburg.

This open and general revolt forced the czar to yield, and on the seventeenth of October, 1905, he issued the famous manifesto granting a constitution to Russia.

On the day following the issue of the manifesto, the "black hundred," which consisted chiefly of the riffraff of the city population, with an admixture of secret police agents, disguised gendarmes, and spies, took possession of Kieff. They robbed and murdered the defenseless inhabitants of the city before the very eyes of the soldiers and police, and were even helped by these in their work of pillage and slaughter.

To resist the attacks of these hooligans, the young people formed self-defense leagues. I became a member of one of these leagues, and with a revolver in hand fought off the drunken mob. After two days of such activity my position in the city became insecure. I was under surveillance, and arrest threatened me at any moment. Then I decided to leave. I changed my appearance somewhat, and went to Moscow. I stayed in Moscow for some time, and, having learned that agitators were wanted in the province of Tchernigoff, went there. I had a letter to a certain Mr. B——, who was well known for his revolutionary propaganda among the peasants.

When I came to him and declared my intention of doing propaganda work in the villages, he said to me:

"I am very sorry you came to us at such a bad time. Governor Khvostoff has been 'pacifying' the peasants, and the village now presents a dreadful sight."

He introduced me to two comrades, a middle-aged man and a young girl, and we three started out the next day. We were dressed in peasant garb, and in our wallets, which we carried on our backs, were prohibited pamphlets. Toward

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evening we came to the nearest village. We entered a hut, and the host welcomed us very cordially.

"Put up the samovar," he said to his wife, who was rocking a baby in a cradle suspended from the ceiling.

"Well, Vania, why did n't you come around to us for such a long time?" the host asked, turning to my comrade.

"I was in Moscow," Vania answered.

"What have they decided there?" asked the host. But suddenly his cheerful, smiling face darkened, and not waiting for an answer, he said, "Did you hear what happened to us here?"

"Yes, I did," my comrade replied; "but I want to hear the whole story from you."

"Wait, the boys will come, and we will talk it over," said the host. "Did you bring any books?" he asked.

We untied our wallets and laid out on the table all the pamphlets we had brought. The host reverently picked up every one of them and read the titles aloud.

Soon the hut filled with young and old peasants. There were even women with infants in their arms. They all knew Vania well, and greeted him in a friendly manner.

"See how many of our people are missing!" said an old peasant with a white beard. "That 's after the manifesto."

"Tell Vania everything," several voices said at once.

The old peasant laid his hands on the table, crossed them, and began:

"When we heard that the czar had issued a manifesto and had given us liberty,—and the year had been a bad one, and there was nothing in our barns,—we understood by the czar's favor to us that we might take the superfluous grain from the landowners. We gathered the whole village, came to the house of the landowner, called him out, and said to him:

" 'The czar's favor gave us a manifesto that we might take your grain, there being none in our barns. Give us the key. We will divide fairly, and shall not forget you.'

"The landowner began to yell at us, and went back into the house. We waited, but he did n't come out. Then we decided that he had heard nothing about the czar's manifesto. So we broke the lock, divided the grain among ourselves, and went home. That was in the morning. Toward evening we heard a noise, and the dogs were barking. We went out and saw an important official coming. All about him were Cossacks. We thought that he came to read to us the czar's manifesto, so we fetched bread and salt and met him, bowing low. He ordered us to gather in the village square. We came in good order, and he swore at us in the worst language. Then he shouted:

" 'Those of you who first thought of rioting and going against the landowner step out.'

"We all answered in a chorus:

" 'Your high Nobility, we did not riot, but there was a manifesto from the czar that we might take the grain from the landowner, there being none in our barns.'

" 'I 'll show you!' he shouted, striking us with a *nagaika*. 'I 'll show you what the czar's manifesto means! Let us have rods, rods!'

"They seized Andrei first, and flogged the poor fellow so that he remained lying on the spot. His hapless wife was weeping, and the Cossacks hit her in the face with their *nagaikas* and swore at her. The women and the children began to cry. The Cossacks surrounded us on all sides and did not let us get away. They flogged ten people, and after that the official—it was the governor—said:

" 'And now take the grain back to the landowner's barn.'

" 'That, your high Nobility, we cannot do,' we answered. 'There was a manifesto from the czar that we might take the grain for ourselves.'

" 'Shoot these dogs!' he shouted to his Cossacks, and they fired a volley. Eight were killed and many wounded. After that the Cossacks went to the houses and began to rob us. They insulted our wives and daughters, and Savitch's girl they crippled for life."

As he spoke his white head was shaking,

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Marie Sukloff, a moving spirit of the "fighting league" in oligarchic Russia.

and his withered hands were trembling. Every word of his sounded terrible in the dimly lighted hut. He finished, and rested his head on his hands. For a long time no one dared to disturb the silence which reigned in the room. It seemed to me that a whole eternity had passed since he began his woeful tale.

About ten o'clock the gathering broke up. We remained there for the night. I did not sleep. That night a resolution ripened in my mind. In the morning I refused to go farther and returned to the city. I went to a member of the local committee of the Socialist-Revolutionists' party. He was a well-known revolutionist who had spent a great many years in prison and in Siberian exile. To this man I confided my secret.

"Very well," he said; "I will communicate with the committee."

On the same day he delivered to me the following decision:

"The committee deems the assassination of Governor Khvostoff necessary at this moment as a response to all the atrocities he has committed in the villages. It has also become known to the committee that the governor is trying to organize a Jewish pogrom in the city of Tchernigoff. In consideration of all this the committee accepts your proposal, and authorizes you to make the attempt."

Mr. V—— also gave me money for

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necessary expenses and some information about the governor.

Governor Khvostoff lived at the end of the city. His house stood on a hill, and was surrounded by a garden. Fortunately, the third house from his was vacant, and I immediately rented it. The house was rather too large for one person, and to avert suspicion I told the landlady that I expected my mother and sister from Warsaw. I sent my passport—that of a Polish school-teacher—to the police station, and in a few days it came back safely. Then I telegraphed to Comrade Nicholai. He had shortly before left the hospital, having been wounded during a pogrom that occurred on the day after the issue of the manifesto. Comrade Nicholai arrived in Tchernigoff in a few days, and took lodgings opposite the Noblemen's Assembly. The governor sometimes visited there.

Sitting at my window, I studied the governor's daily routine. I learned when he got up and when he went to sleep. I learned when he received and whom. I even knew his dinner-hour.

For a whole week the governor did not leave his house except for a walk in his garden. Slowly the days and sleepless nights dragged by. Alone with my thoughts, I paced the deserted house. I spent most of the time making up a list of the governor's victims. I treasured the names of those who had been shot or flogged to death by him. I read and reread for the thousandth time the simple narratives of the peasants about his terrible crimes, and my heart bled for them. Hopefully I looked in the direction of the shelf on which the bomb lay.

Finally it became positively known to us that the governor would drive on New Year's day, at twelve o'clock, to the Noblemen's Assembly, and we decided to assassinate him on his way back.

It was New Year's eve. I sat near the window and looked at the snow-covered road. There was only one thought in my mind: he must die. All doubts had disappeared. I knew, I felt that it was going to happen.

At midnight I carefully removed the tube from the bomb, dried the powder, and reloaded the bomb. I put the four-pound tin box in a fine hand-bag specially bought for the occasion, and again read over the list of the peasants murdered by the governor. I set everything in order, wrote a letter, and left money for the landlady. Then I went to bed.

"I must sleep," I repeated to myself, and I actually fell asleep.

A knock at the door roused me. I opened my eyes, and the consciousness of what was going to happen on that day filled my soul. My heart began to beat faster and faster. There was another knock at the door. I slipped on a morning gown, and looked out of the window. A group of masked children stood at the door. I understood that they must have come to congratulate me, and, according to custom, throw millet-seeds all over the house. For this they get a few copecks.

I admitted them, and in feverish haste began to hand to them anything I could lay my hands on. An uncontrollable desire to remain a little longer with these innocent children seized me, and I begged them to take off their masks and have tea with me. They hesitated; but when one of the older boys took off his mask, all followed his example. I made tea, and seated the children about the table. They were becoming bolder and bolder, and soon they were chatting carelessly and curiously regarding me and everything in the house.

The samovar was steaming merrily on the table, the children were laughing noisily, the sun shone brightly in my window. For a minute I forgot what was going to happen in a few hours. Suddenly a Cossack galloped past, followed by a carriage. I recognized the carriage. The children continued to laugh, but I no longer heard them.

"Go, go, children! It is time!" I exclaimed. "But first let us bid good-by."

They looked at me in surprise. Their cheerful little faces clouded with regret, and their thin, unwashed hands extended to me.

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The hut in Borovoi-Mlin, western Russia, where Marie Sukloff was born.

"Don't forget me, children!" I said.

They made the sign of the cross, wished me a happy New Year, and quietly went away. I dressed hastily, took my hand-bag, and went into the street.

The day was bright and cold, the sky cloudless. The street was almost deserted, with only now and then an occasional passer-by hurrying to church. Four blocks from my house was a bridge on which a *gorodovoi* stood on fixed post. Holding the bag in my hand, I passed him, and he bowed low and wished me a happy New Year. Soon, however, I came back, and began to walk up and down not far from my house. A few minutes later I saw from afar Comrade Nicholai walking with slow and measured steps toward me. In his hand he held a box tied with a red ribbon: that was a bomb. He crossed the bridge, and stopped about seventy or eighty feet from me. I knew then that he would throw the bomb from there. It was our understanding that he would throw the bomb from where he stopped. I continued to walk back and forth in the direction of the governor's house. Comrade Nicholai overtook me, and whispered while passing:

"I saw him. Remember; keep farther away from me, lest an accident should happen to your bomb when mine explodes."

"All right," I whispered in reply.

"Good-by!" said Nicholai, and quickly went to his former place.

I followed him with my eyes, hardly moving. The street still remained deserted. Suddenly a mounted Cossack ap-

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peared, and behind him a carriage. Comrade Nicholai immediately stepped down from the curb. At that moment the carriage approached him. He raised his hand, and threw the bomb under the carriage. The bomb fell softly on the snow and did not explode. A police officer who was riding behind the governor sprang at Nicholai, and I heard the report of a pistol. The carriage stopped for an instant; but evidently taking in the situation, the coachman began to whip the horses, and drove at full gallop straight in my direction. I stepped into the middle of the road, and with all my might hurled the bomb against the carriage window. A terrific force instantly stunned me. I felt that I was lifted into the air.

When I regained consciousness and opened my eyes there was nobody around. I lay on the road amid a heap of debris. Blood was streaming down my face and hands. I tried to lift my head, and lost consciousness.

When I came to the second time I was standing near a cab, supported by a strange woman. She was telling something to the cabman, but I could not hear her. She put me into the cab, and the driver started. He drove past my house, across the bridge, where a *gorodovoi* had always stood, but where there was none now. We rode through the whole length of the street without meeting a human being.

"What does this mean? Where are all the people?" I thought to myself.

The cab turned into some street, and stopped in front of a house. The name of a hospital at once brought me to my senses. I understood that through some miracle I had been saved from destruction, and that I had been brought, not to the prison, but to a private hospital. I paid the cabman, waited until he disappeared around the corner, and then went. At every step blood streamed down my face, blinding me. I walked and walked, utterly unaware of where I was and where I was going. I felt that my strength was leaving me, and that I would soon fall in the middle of the street. I chanced to see an open gate. I went into the yard, and sat down on the snow. The thought that I was saved did not console me. I knew that whoever should undertake to hide me would perish together with me.

"Where, where shall I go?" I thought.

To stop the flow of blood, I put some snow in my handkerchief and applied to my head. This refreshed me a little. Then I took off my fur coat and lay down on it. Gradually my hands and feet began to grow numb with cold. The snow about me became red. Drops of blood froze on my face and hands. It grew dark. I felt a strange weakness in my whole body, and a deadly drowsiness seized my benumbed limbs. I do not know how long I had lain thus when I felt that some one was tugging at my sleeve. With difficulty I opened my eyes. A youth stood near me. He bent down close to my ear, and I distinctly heard, "Is that you who killed the governor—you?"

His words lighted up my dying consciousness.

"Yes, it is I."

The youth straightened up, looked once more at me and the blood-stained snow, and went away without saying another word. Hardly five minutes had passed when he came back, followed by a hunch-backed old man. They raised me in their arms, and carried me into a house. The warm air and cold water applied to my head brought me to full consciousness. I realized that these poor Hebrews were imperilling their lives.

"I must go away at once," I said to the old hostess, who was coaxing me to lie down on their only bed.

"But the young man asked us to take care of you," she replied.

The youth returned from somewhere greatly agitated, and said that the police were following me by the blood trail, and would probably soon be there.

"Oh, oh!" groaned the old woman, and in great terror began to circle about the room. I ran to the door, intending to go out, but the woman cried to me:

"What are you doing? They will see you, and we shall perish."

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The exterior of the Russian military prison where Miss Sukloff was confined.

Suddenly she opened the wardrobe, pushed me in, and locked it. Humiliated and exhausted, I leaned against the door of the wardrobe, not daring to breathe. A far-away noise reached my ear. It came nearer and nearer. I heard the tramping of many feet near my hiding-place. My knees bent under me; I lost consciousness.

Late at night I found myself sitting at a table. The room was lighted by a candle. The old woman was whispering in my ear:

"Thanks to God! I succeeded in fooling them."

I could not understand what she was saying. I felt sharp pain in my head, and my whole body was burning. I cared about nothing, and wished only for quiet and rest.

The youth came in, holding in his hands a soldier's coat and cap. They put it on me, and, holding me under the arms, led me into the yard. They seated me in a sleigh, with the youth beside me, and we drove away. We rode aimlessly through the city, passing everywhere patrols of soldiers and police. This eighteen-year-old youth evidently did not know where he was taking me. Bewildered by his discovery, and not wishing to deliver me into the hands of the infuriated authorities, he tried to save me at the risk of his own life.

At last we safely got out of the city, and after driving the whole night came to the town of Gorodnia. In this little town, where the youth hoped to put me on a train, we were stopped by a police captain with a group of soldiers. They took us to the police station and kept us there until a company of Cossacks arrived. I was separated from the youth, put in a closed carriage, and rushed back to Tchernigoff. We came there toward evening.

There was no furniture whatever in the filthy cell at the police station where they first put me, and I lay down on the floor. I was so weak from the loss of blood that I could not stand on my feet. A gendarme with a drawn saber stood near me. The door was not locked.

For several days I was in a semiconscious state. I remember only that my cell was always crowded with officials, high and low, who came to look at me. Whenever I began to fall asleep, the gendarme roused me and demanded:

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"Who are your accomplices? What are their names?"

Weak and exhausted as I was, this question always brought me back to consciousness. I knew perfectly well why the gendarme asked me this, and silence was my only answer.

This inofficial torture continued for two weeks, but the consciousness of duty was so strong in me that all the physical pain and misery they inflicted upon me did not produce the desired effect, and all the subtle contrivances of the gendarmes to wring a confession from me were futile. All that they could think of doing to me was in a vast degree milder than what I had done to myself. My tormentors understood this, and seeing that their inhuman methods did not bring the desired results, they often let me sleep. During these two weeks the procurator and the examining magistrate came to see me a couple of times. But as I did not at all think of denying that I had thrown the bomb at Governor Khvostoff, they lost all interest in the case, and conducted the investigation with cold indifference. They did not even succeed in learning my real name, and I appeared before the court as "Unknown." By not revealing my identity I hoped to spare my parents the cruel agony for a daughter who must die on the gallows.

On the sixteenth of January, late at night, I was transferred to the military prison, and told there that I would be tried by court-martial the next day. At ten o'clock in the morning Comrade Nicholai, the youth who was guilty of nothing but not having betrayed me to the police, and I appeared before the military court. When we were led into the court-room it was crowded with gendarmes and police. In a corner sat the unfortunate old parents of the youth. They were the only outsiders.

The ceremony of the trial lasted about half an hour, because we did not deny the fact, and there remained only to render the verdict, which they as well as we knew beforehand. We were offered permission to say a last word. Comrade Nicholai rose and said:

"Gentlemen of the court: I went openly to fight the enemies of the people. I knew beforehand that for this death awaited me. But the belief that only by this means we can free Russia gave me the strength to sacrifice my young life. And now, before my death, I swear to you, my enemies, that this youth is innocent, and that I see him for the first time in my life."

"Gentlemen of the court," said the youth, "I do not ask for clemency for myself, although I do not consider myself guilty. But I beg you to look at my old parents and take pity on them."

It was my turn to say my "last word,"[1] and I rose.

"Gentlemen of the court: I swear to you by my sacred belief that Russia will be free, for in this belief I went to my death; I swear to you by the name of the 'fighting league,' to which I have the honor of belonging, that this boy is innocent. Look at me. I am young, and I love life. I never knew Khvostoff, and had nothing against him personally. I went to assassinate him for the terrible atrocities committed by him in the villages, and after he had proved to be a real enemy of the people. I knew beforehand that I should die for this, but the thought of death did not terrify me. I went openly to my aim, and never lied even to my enemies. Perhaps I have only twenty-four hours to live, and you are the only people I see before my death. At this minute I want to forget that you are my enemies, and, as before God, I swear that this youth is innocent."

I sat down; the procurator rose and said:

"Gentlemen of the court: Although the accused produce a favorable impression, I, in the name of the law, must demand a death-sentence for all three."

After this the court retired to deliberate upon the verdict, and we were taken to our cells.

Terror seized me at the thought that they might hang this strange eighteen-year-old boy. I paced my cell for hours. The sun set, it grew dark, and the judges

[1] It is a general practice in Russian courts to allow the accused to address the court before the judges retire to deliberate upon the verdict.

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Miss Sukloff in her cell at the military prison awaiting her trial for the Khvostoff assassination.

were still deliberating. Oh, if only they would not hang him!

The clock struck midnight. Some one stealthily opened my door.

"To the court-room, please!"

The gendarme spoke in a whisper. The corridor was half dark. There came a clinking of spurs and sabers and the noise of hurried footsteps. Gendarmes and police were everywhere. The court-room was empty. The faces of the judges looked tired and haggard. The procurator did not look at us. At the sight of their expressions the torturous thought, "They will hang him! They will hang him!" passed in my mind. Everything grew cold within me. I could hardly stand on my feet. At last the president of the court, an old general, read the verdict.

"Nicholai Shpeizman is sentenced to die by hanging. 'Unknown' is sentenced to die by hanging. B—— A—— is sentenced to ten years at hard labor."

I felt as if a heavy load had fallen off my shoulders. We congratulated the youth and bade him good-by.

"Ten years at hard labor!" I said aloud. "You will not have served a year when Russia will be free."

The judges looked in surprise at our animated faces, and one gendarme whispered to the other:

"They probably did not hear their own sentences."

We were led back to our cells.

"Is this a death-sentence?" I asked myself when I was left alone. "But why is my heart so light? Why don't I feel what is going to be in twenty-four hours?" I searched all the recesses of my soul, I watched its innermost thought and movements, but there was no sign of death.

I saw no longer the walls of my solitary cell. I heard no more the stealthy footsteps of the gendarmes. I no longer looked at the indifferent faces of my jailers. There was no death, there were no longer the cruel chains which bound Russia. I was rising higher and higher, supported by thousands of arms. Where am I? Where am I? "Russia is free, free!" some one whispered in my ear. "You did not assassinate any one. That was all a nightmare, a horrible nightmare."

"Dress yourself, dress yourself!"

This voice at once roused me to consciousness.

"Is it possible that the twenty-four hours have already passed?" I involun-

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tarily asked the gendarme. "What time is it?"

"It is six o'clock in the morning," he replied.

"Is n't it all the same," I thought to myself, "whether they will hang me a few hours earlier or later?"

The sun had not yet risen. And how I wanted to see the sun!

"Where will *it* be?" I asked the gendarme, but he only looked at me with a confused expression and did not answer. Suddenly I remembered the letter I had prepared for my parents. It was my last word to them. I looked around; there was no one but this gendarme.

"Listen," I said to him. "I cannot go to the gallows at peace with myself not having sent this note to my parents. This is the last wish of a woman who goes to die, and you cannot refuse her. Whoever you are, you have or had parents and must understand their terrible grief." And I pressed the note into his hand. He looked about him, concealed the note, and said:

"All right; I will send it. But now I am taking you not to the execution, but to the prison."

"They will hang me *there,*" I assured him.

Later I found that my parents never received this note. But, after all, he was a kind gendarme, because the thought that the parents would receive my last words of consolation gave me much strength, and I should have died happy.

In a closed carriage, surrounded on all sides by mounted soldiers, I was taken to the city prison. I was locked in a dark and filthy solitary cell. "I shall have to wait here a whole day," I thought to myself. The day passed quickly, and night came. I lay down on the cot without undressing. In alarm I listened to the footsteps of the gendarmes in the corridor. "Why don't they take me?" I thought. The hours slowly dragged by. Footsteps were constantly heard; frequently they approached my door, but passed it every time. Finally I fell asleep.

When I woke, the sun was high. An uncontrollable joy of life seized me. I felt my hands, my limbs, and the happy consciousness that I was alive, young and strong, was stronger than the death-sentence which hung over me. Every sound I could catch gladdened me. The tiny bit of blue sky I saw through the bars enchantingly drew me toward itself. I paced my cell, and my dreams carried me far beyond the prison walls. A great feeling of love of life, love of all living, grew more and more within me, and it vanquished death.

"They will hang you to-night," I tried to argue with myself, but the words seemed meaningless. They could not conquer my belief in life, in all living. My jailers no longer irritated me. There was no more hatred in my heart toward these misguided people. They seemed so far, far away from me.

The whole day I was in a state of exaltation, and in the evening I again prepared for death, and waited. Without undressing, I lay down, but could not keep awake and fell asleep. Six days passed thus in the expectation of death. Every morning I looked in surprise at the bit of sky, which calmly regarded me from its azure height.

"What is it, then? Is it possible that this is death?" I wondered.

On the seventh day there came a knock on the wall. My heart began to beat joyfully: so I had a neighbor!

"Who are you?" I knocked immediately, and there came an answer, clear and unmistakable, "Shpeizman."

"O God!" I exclaimed, "how is that? He is here, and they did not hang him yet!"

Soon we were deeply engrossed in conversation. It appeared that he had spent all the time in the military prison, and had just been brought here.

"This is the last day," he knocked.

"Yes, I am sure," I answered.

We hastened to share all our thoughts and feelings, all that we had lived through in the years of our friendship, unbroken by prison and exile.

"I don't want you to die," Nicholai knocked, and the feelings which had been hidden deep in his heart were revealed.

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Approach to the prison, showing the Russian sentry on guard.

I could no longer stand near the wall. In utter exhaustion I fell on my cot. Hour after hour passed. Night came. There was an unusual noise in the corridor. I held my breath, and pressed my hands close to my heart. I heard the door of the adjoining cell open. "They are taking Kolia," I thought. I listened. Some one approached my door.

"Farewell, my beloved! Farewell, my dear! Be happy!"

"Kolia! Kolia!" I cried, but the thick walls drowned my feeble voice. I crouched in a corner and listened. The noise of footsteps grew fainter and fainter and died away. The strokes of a hammer were heard. "They are finishing the gibbet," passed in mind. I leaned against the wall through which Kolia had talked; he was there no more. My heart was painfully compressed, and in the stillness of the night I could hear the dying sigh of Kolia.

Some one stealthily opened my door and entered the cell. "At last!" I thought, and, straightening up, turned to face my executioners. It was beginning to dawn, and the little lamp which lighted my cell had grown faint in the light of breaking day. The governor approached and looked in my face without uttering a word. There was something evil in his look. I understood that he had come from the execution. He stood for about five minutes and went away.

I lay on my cot with my eyes open. A snow-storm was raging outside and knocking at the window bars. The prison clock struck ten. The door of my cell was thrown wide open, and a high official entered.

"I have brought you imperial clemency. Your life has been granted to you," he said and went out.

Slowly the hours passed. I lay motionless on my cot, trying to grasp the enormous significance of the fact. But a sudden void had formed within me, and there was nothing but emptiness in my soul. The thread of my inner life had broken, and I now vainly tried to gather the lost ends.

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Maggie's Minstrel

By FLORENCE CONVERSE

Illustrations by W. M. Berger

IT was that latest of daylight hours, when all green things are greenest, before the sudden flushing of the afterglow startles the eye upward. We were planting a tree.

The little white-haired genius of the garden pressed her rheumatic knees confidingly against the dewy bosom of mother earth and made wavering passes with a trowel. Christina held the watering-pot absently, at the dribbling angle. The dribble dribbled down her gown; but I reflected that it was a wash-gown, and turned my attention to more important matters. I was shuffling the leaves of the "Phædrus," trying to find the prayer to Pan, for planting trees was to be a rite with us. This was the first tree we had ever planted. Maggie, in everybody's light, in everybody's way, stood gripping the handle of the spade with both hands, one foot uplifted to force the edge through the sod. It was the wrong foot, but I did not know that till afterward, and neither did Maggie, although she was our cook.

We were all talking, not actually at

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once, but our remarks overlapped, anthem-fashion, and returned upon themselves, da capo, da capo.

Maggie was saying: "Is it here that you want it, Mrs. Hazeltine? Is it here? Is it here, then? Is it here?" Every time she said "Is it here?" she lifted the spade and her foot, and set them down in the place that interfered most effectively with the wanderings of the trowel.

Christina was saying: "It will never shade the back piazza—never in this world. Just consider. The sun sets over there. No, Mother, you should bring it at least four feet this way. I thought you meant it to shade the—"

Christina's mother, the genius before mentioned, was saying: "How can I see where I want to plant it, with Maggie directly in my light? Take the spade away. Do you want to cut off my fingers, Maggie? That is the third time. My dear, I know exactly where I wish to plant this tree. It will shade the piazza perfectly."

I was saying: "Why translation? Why don't we read it in the original Greek?"

Christina was continuing to say: "No, Mother; it must be four feet this—"

Then a strain of music smote upon our ears, and we all looked up, to see the sky rosy west and east and overhead, and a young man leaning against the wild clematis-vine that curtained the west piazza. He was playing on a little double pipe of the kind the shepherds use in Sicily, and deep in his eyes glowed a smile, a softly mirthful smile, intimate, yet dreamily remote.

"Pan!" said Christina, and "Orpheus!" said I; but Maggie said: "An Eyetalian! My kitchen door 's open!" Christina's mother whispered, " 'Sh, Maggie!"

Presently I began to wonder whether the new-comer had laid us all under a spell with his tender, melancholy piping and his merry, tender smile; for we did not say another word, and he piped and piped and smiled and smiled. Then on a sudden, with one last bird-like trill, he had taken the little pipe from his lips, thrust it into his coat-pocket, drawn from beneath his arm a hitherto unguessed accordion, and was expelling therefrom a gusty succession of sounds that we later learned to interpret as "Yankee Doodle."

The spell was broken. Christina hurried toward him, pouring copious libations at every step; I could feel the water soaking through the soles of my thin slippers as I followed her.

Italy was our passion, the Italian immigrant our problem and our soul's brother. We re-read "The Divine Comedy" once a year and the immigration laws once a month, sometimes oftener. We had translated into English the "Little Flowers of St. Francis" and three of Petrarch's sonnets, and into Italian the Declaration of Independence, Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg, and the law against spitting in public streets and vehicles. In winter we taught Italian classes at a social settlement. Christina had men in her classes, and she taught them English, and about Mazzini, and the evils of the "boss" system in municipal politics. My class was a mothers' club, and the mothers all spoke dialects that I could not understand. I did not try to teach them English, but we smiled at one another a great deal, and said, *"Come sta?"* At Christmas I gave them statuettes of the Madonna. On the days when we did not go to the social settlement to teach, we had lessons in Italian at home, from educated, but starving, Italians, who really needed the money. One winter Christina had four teachers, all teaching her at once, but at different hours; and I had six. Christina had not so much time as I to take lessons; she was mastering the intricacies of the "boss" system.

In the intervals of teaching and being taught we served on committees, the functions of which were to restate, in terms of industry, charity, civics, literature, or art, the problem of the Americanizing of the Italian immigrant.

There were inevitably moments of reaction, briefest flickers of the tip of passion's flame, in springtime; but the heart of our fires burned uniformly intense. April might overhear us murmuring

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against the monotony of *"Come sta?"* but June would surely find us reading Dante and preparing a course of lectures on Italian and American heroes of independence. What though this very spring, on leaving town, we had confided to each other guiltily that we feared we should not care if we never saw the face of the Italian immigrant again? Behold us now, after four weeks of mountain solitude, tripping over one another to greet him, chirping ecstatically, *"Come sta?"* and again *"Come sta?"* Our hearts were fluttering in pleasurable anticipation of the lines and gestures and cues in this little drama of getting acquainted; we knew them all by heart, even as we knew the third canto of the "Paradiso"; his glowing gratitude, his swift delight and tentative "You spick my langwidge?"; his flattering lapse into his native tongue; his wistful pleasure over the fact that we, too, had been in *Italia*—yes, even in *la bella Napoli.*

"Come sta?" we blithely prompted. But he did not take the cue. His dreamful, smiling gaze seemed to pass through us as we approached; he continued his barbaric, impassioned rendering of "Yankee Doodle." It is disconcerting, mysterious, not to be looked at by the person whom you address. Perhaps he was Pan, after all.

"Come sta?" we repeated, but with less assurance; and Christina added, *"Italiano, lei?"*

"Yankee Doodle" ended on a long, braying note as the unknown crushed his accordion against his heart.

"That one she is Italian?" he inquired, nodding beyond us.

"That one" was unmistakably Maggie, who, seeing the nod, came trundling across the little lawn. Maggie was round; there was a tremolo, as of a joggled dumpling, in all her motions.

We laughed. The blood of the Celt rioted merrily in Maggie's veins. We laughed, and shook our heads. How should we guess that there was a new play toward, and that to us had been assigned the minor parts? Enter Maggie, short and fat and middle-aged, with a grin. How could we dream of such a thing?

"Oh, well-a," he acquiesced enigmatically; and still his musing smile caressed the circularities of our handmaiden.

"He thought you were Italian, Maggie," said I, yielding to a mischievous impulse. But a second time our knowledge of human nature proved inadequate, for Maggie was pleased; her grin became ridiculously coy.

Months afterward, when we were still discussing cause and effect, Christina and I came to the conclusion that our own devotion to things Italian had imperceptibly served an educational purpose in undermining Maggie's native prejudice and preparing her for this psychological moment. Christina's mother, whose point of view is less Italianate than ours, inclined to believe that Maggie would have been quite as flattered if that delicately respectful yet ardently appreciative gaze had emanated from the eye of a Hottentot; but, as we pointed out, such emotional gradations are not native to the eyes, or the bosoms, of Hottentots.

"American born, I am," said Maggie to the minstrel, with her most affable intonation.

"Oh, well-a," he answered, still with that curious air of waiving all objections.

"Children! children! Are you going to plant this tree to-night?" called a brisk, high little voice from the other end of the lawn.

We looked irresolutely at Orpheus. Then Christina threw me a glance which conveyed the information that her purse was in the left-hand corner of her top bureau-drawer, at the back.

"I will bring a light," I said. "It will be too dark by the time we want to read the prayer to Pan." I gracefully withdrew.

When I came out again the movement was da capo, and Christina was saying:

"No, Mother, you are mistaken. It must come at least four feet this way."

"As you have the spade, you may use it, Maggie," rejoined Mrs. Hazeltine. "It will save time. Right here."

I had brought out the majolica Cupid that sits above the stairs in the living-room

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"At Christmas I gave them statuettes of the Madonna."

and lights us on our way to bed. He holds a poppy-blossom in each hand, and in the blossoms we keep tall candles.

Christina applauded my inspiration joyously. The little flames trailed backward through the dusk as I walked; the hot wax dripped on my fingers. Maggie had once more set hand and foot to her task, and my arrival illumined her picturesque attitude.

"You will fall yourself over yourself," observed the minstrel. "It is not a way to dig the hole."

He laid one brown, thin hand quietly upon Maggie's two puffed, red ones, which grasped the spade, and for the first time his glance condescended to us.

"If I shall plant this tree?" he inquired. "It is permitted?"

"Oh, if you would!" we chorused—we three, for Maggie said nothing. In a sudden flaring of the Cupid-candles I was surprised to see that her face was crimson, and there was the strangest look in her eyes, as if she had had some sort of shock. It was a very young look, and helpless.

The stranger withdrew his hand from hers as casually as he had laid it there, and took possession of the spade. He must have been holding Maggie's hands in that absent-minded fashion for as many as fifteen seconds.

"Don't drip the wax down my neck! Hold him lower! Hold him steady! Here, let me hold him!" expostulated Christina.

But I clung to the revealing torch-bearer, and turned his light upon the serene face of the minstrel.

"If he were really Orpheus, for example," I mused, "his youth would make no difference; it would be only an illusion. Or is it Maggie's middle age that would be an illusion?"

"You are a gardener?" hazarded Christina's mother, following the motions of the spade with approving eye.

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"No, Signora; I work in shoe factory, Haverhill, Mass-achu-setts."

"Then you are out of work?" asked Christina. "You are looking for something to do? Too bad!" Christina had sweetly sympathetic possibilities in her voice.

For a moment he stopped digging, and lifted his head with a reassuring smile.

"Ah, Signorina, it is summer," he said, and leaning on the spade, he let his eyes move contentedly along the line of penciled light that illumined the edges of the mountains against the dusking sky.

Christina and I exchanged glances of rapture. The situation was so poetic, so improvident, so familiarly Italian!

"I am Siciliano," he continued. "In my country we have mountains—" again his eye swept the undulating sky-line—"very different," he added, with an apologetic smile.

"Mongibello," nodded Christina. "Yes, we know. Very different, very beautiful."

"Oh, this pretty," he said resignedly. "I like this very well. Trees and much shade, and plenty little—br-rook. If I can see Mongibello up there,"—he pointed skyward,—"I will like this very well. But Mongibello stays in Sicilia. Oh, well-a."

"Then why did you come to America if you were so happy in Sicily?" Christina pressed gravely.

"So happy, Signorina, yes—and so hungry!"

The poetry of his reply silenced us for the moment; but Christina's economic instincts quickly rallied.

"Yet when you have a good job in a shoe factory, you give it up," she admonished. "You will be just as hungry in America as in Sicily if you do not work."

His smile was careless.

"To be a little hungry in summer, Signorina, that makes not bad to me. *Ecco,* my dinner!" He pulled the musical pipe from his pocket and blew a minor scale. "Signorina, to eat the dead shoe-leather in summer that slays the good appetite. To stay in the shoe factory that also is to starve." He threw down the spade. "*Ecco,* the hole, Signora!" He knelt, and began to examine the roots of the little pine-tree carefully. I held the torch-bearer lower.

"And what becomes of your wife and children while you 're traipsin' through the country blowin' a whistle?" inquired Maggie, a curious, personal resentment in her tone.

He flung his head back, and the candle-light fell full upon his face. Silent, teasing laughter spoke in his eyes as he looked up at Maggie.

"My wife and my children they are not become—yet," he replied. The conquering laughter endured on his lips, in his eyes. "I look for her when I walk on the road; I look for her behind a tree; I call her with my moosic, so."

He had the pipe out again, and was tootling imperatively at Maggie; his very eyes seemed to tootle. "I look for her when I come up this hill to this house." There was a sudden flash from those eyes, and then he lowered them. "I think I find her very soon now," he said, and he began to put the little tree in the hole.

Christina and I squeezed each other's hands. Christina was beginning to realize that here was a situation.

"Water!" said Mrs. Hazeltine.

We had left the can at the other side of the lawn; but when Maggie had brought it back, Christina found the "Prayer to Pan," and read it by the light of Cupid's candles; while first Maggie, and then the minstrel—because Maggie's hands were shaky, and she slopped the water—poured a libation about the roots of the little pine-tree, and Christina's mother patted the grassy sods in place with loving, grubby fingers.

"Beloved Pan," intoned Christina, and the minstrel bared his head—"Beloved Pan, and all ye other gods who haunt this place, give me beauty in the inward soul; and may the outward and inward man be at one. May I reckon the wise to be the wealthy, and may I have such a quantity of gold as none but the temperate can carry."

When she had come to the end, the minstrel made the sign of the cross upon his breast, and resumed his battered hat.

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"At the end of a week he still lingered."

"Where is the purse?" whispered Christina. But I had forgotten to get the purse when I went into the house; it was still up-stairs in the left-hand corner of Christina's top drawer, at the back. Mrs. Hazeltine made furtive dives in the direction of a pocket. There was a brief pause as we stood embarrassed about the tree. I thought of suggesting that we take hands and dance in a ring; but Maggie made a saner suggestion.

"Do you think perhaps he 's not had his supper, Mrs. Hazeltine?" she remarked.

"Oh, I 'm afraid you have n't!" cried Christina's mother, hospitably. "Won't you go with Maggie, now, and let her give you something?"

"La signora e molto graziosa," he beamed, lapsing for the first time into his native tongue; "but I have here my supper. I do not need—" He drew from his pocket a newspaper parcel in which we divined an onion.

"There 's some of that there macaroni, cooked Eyetalian fashion," observed Maggie, still addressing her remarks to Mrs. Hazeltine. "I could warm it up. I have n't had my own supper yet. He can set down with me,—I ain't particular,—unless he 'd rather eat to himself."

The Italian took off his hat and held it against his heart, making a slight, but courtly, inclination, first toward Mrs. Hazeltine, then toward Maggie. His face was radiant with appreciation and delight.

"If I will be invited from Miss McGee,

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"I could hear her creaking ponderously back and forth"

it is much pleased," he cried. "I come sure!"

"Not McGee—Doyle," said Maggie, leading the way to the kitchen.

"He can't be more than twenty-five," I murmured irrelevantly.

"And Maggie is thirty-six," supplemented Christina.

"Don't be absurd, children," said her mother; "he 'll be gone in an hour."

But it was nearer two hours before Maggie came into the living-room to put away the silver and the glasses.

"Has Orpheus gone, Maggie?" Christina inquired, concealing her curiosity under a light carelessness of tone.

"His name, in American, is Humbug," said Maggie. "Did you ever? In Eyetalian it 's Oom—something-or-other, like that Dutchman in South Africa."

"Humbert!" ejaculated Christina.

"You mean Herbert," said Maggie. "Well, maybe it is. I 'm sure I hope so."

It was always difficult to enlarge Maggie's vocabulary; hers was a provincial mind. She dismissed our etymological efforts with the remark that he said he was named after the King of Italy. "The one that died." Then she changed the subject.

"He says he ain't ett such macaroni not since he left Italy three years ago. Talk about blarney!"

We hastened to reinforce Umberto's praise; but from the expression of Maggie's face I presently inferred that we were speaking to deaf ears.

"He thinks he 'll see if he can't get a job to the farm for a day or two, now it 's haying," she resumed.

Christina and I exchanged glances of furtive delight. Christina's mother discoursed for three minutes impressively upon the text "A rolling stone gathers no

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moss." In her peroration she excused the minstrel on the ground that he was "only a boy."

Maggie examined a tumbler, holding it up to the light to discover traces of lint.

"Of course he 's young," she admitted, "but he ain't what I should call a boy. And I don't know as I blame him for cuttin' loose summers. Other folks than him does it."

The thrust went home. Christina and I preserved a guilty silence, our eyes fixed upon the pages of our respective magazines. There was the soft click of the tumblers against the shelf, one, two, three, four, then a dry, explosive laugh from Maggie, and she said:

"Where do you think he says he 's going to sleep to-night? Under my window! Ain't he a fool!"

Before we could reply she had gone into the kitchen and shut the door. Even as we gazed at one another, somewhere from out in the summer darkness came a premonitory blast from an accordion, and the first words of "Santa Lucia" trolled forth in a young and operatic baritone.

He was not gone in an hour or in a day. At the end of a week he still lingered, haying when the weather permitted, weeding the garden under the guidance of Mrs. Hazeltine, turning the ice-cream freezer for Maggie. Evening inevitably found him sitting on the kitchen door-step, playing softly on his little pipe, or waking the echoes with his accordion.

"Are we going to let this thing go on?" we hourly asked one another. Apparently we were.

"But how can I insult Maggie by suggesting that she is fool enough—" murmured Mrs. Hazeltine.

"Yet evidently she is," said I.

"Christina might speak to him," her mother suggested, faint-heartedly.

"Warn him against trifling with Maggie's young affections?" cried Christina. "Oh, no, Mother, I really could n't. But I will if I get a chance."

The chance, however, was slow in offering. Umberto, when in our presence, confined himself and us to general topics: *il giardino, le montagne, la musica, il pellegrinaggio*—our polite word for his vagabondage. It was not until the day after Maggie asked us about the olive-trees that he broached the theme of marriage, and even then his meaning was veiled in allegory.

Maggie's interest in Italy and its products—chiefly, it must be confessed, its food products—had expanded more rapidly during these ten days of Umberto's dalliance than in all the years in which she had been our faithful servitor and family friend. She suggested that we import polenta. She mourned the fact that she never had tasted a fresh fig. She presented us with a savory new concoction which she called a "fritter mixture," a *fritto misto,* indeed, but with none of the original ingredients. She abjured lard and clamored for olive-oil.

"Did you ever see an olive-tree?" she asked us one evening when she was putting away the silver.

"Yes, we had; in Italy many times."

"What kind of a tree are they?" she pursued.

Christina got out our photographic record of Italian journeys and showed Maggie picture after picture of olive-trees,—whole orchards hung and garlanded with grape-vines, hillsides cloudy with the silver bloom of the young leaves,—and explained their shape, their coloring, their esthetic value in the landscape, their usefulness. She paused at last before a lovely picture of a single olive-tree in fruit, with a laughing little boy up in the branches picking the olives.

"Don't you think they are beautiful trees, Maggie?" she asked.

But Maggie's reply was bewildering in its reticence.

"It 's not for me to say," she answered primly. And after a moment: "Bert 's awful fond of olive-trees. You have n't got another print of that picture, have you, Miss Christina? One that you don't want?" It happened that Christina had, and she gave it to her gladly.

The next day the opportunity for which we waited came, and incidentally Mag-

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gie's reticence was explained. Umberto was watering the little pine-tree he had planted two weeks before, and examining its needles and tips. Christina and I went down and stood beside him, watching him.

"You think it will live now, don't you, Umberto?" Christina asked.

"Sure!" said Umberto.

His face was more sober than usual, and he seemed absorbed in serious, even sad, thoughts. I had never seen him so subdued.

"You like trees, Umberto?" continued Christina.

"Yes, Signorina." He sat back on his heels and surveyed the little pine. I thought the conversation ended, and was about to return to the piazza and my book; but he spoke again, this time in Italian:

"That Margarita—resembles a tree. Do you know the olive-tree, in la Sicilia, Signorina? Where I am born there are a great many. When I see Margarita, I think of that little tree of my country, with those ripe fruits for me. She tells me she is old, but I reply that I prefer them when they are not so young. They are more beautiful when they are old."

"But, Umberto," began Christina, gently, also speaking in Italian, "let us consider the transplanting of trees. It is not safe to try to take up a tree of—of—middle age by the roots and make for it a different life. This little pine-tree, for example, is young—"

"And I, am I not young, Signorina?" cried Umberto.

"But it is not you, Umberto, who resembles a tree."

"Oh, well," he exclaimed in English, springing to his feet; and then excitedly, once more in Italian: "I ask you, Signorina, what is young? What is old? Is it not America that is young—so very young? Yes? And Italy is the old one. And I—I am Italy! *Ecco!*"

What could we say? After all, we reflected, it was Maggie who must have the last word. We smiled, and shook our heads at him, and betook ourselves to the reperusal of the "Vita Nuova."

That night, from my north window, which commands the kitchen door-step, I became aware that an Italian lesson was in progress. There was a moon, and Maggie had put out the light in the kitchen, and drawn her rocking-chair to the open door; I could hear her creaking ponderously back and forth. Umberto sat below her on the door-step.

"*Cara,*" said Umberto, "that is dee-ar-r. But we have in Italian another word—*carina;* that is dee-ar-r, but it is more little dee-ar-r, more close. You have not those little words in America."

"Yes, we have," interrupted Maggie. "We have dear, and we have dearie."

"Dee-ree," said Umberto.

"Curreener," said Maggie.

Whereupon Umberto gave a musical cry, sprang to his feet, raced across the yard to the pasture fence, singing madly as he went, and leaped the fence without touching his hand to the rail. Four times he bounded over the fence, back and forth, in the moonlight, singing little high whoops and trills. He was like a passion-drunken bird wooing its mate. I could hear the creak of Maggie's rocking-chair and her slow chuckle.

"What did you do that for, Bert?" she asked amusedly when he came back to her, breathing hard.

"Oh, well-a," he cried, throwing out his arms and sinking down on the door-step.

"It does me good, Bert, to see anybody so full of feelin' as you are," said Maggie.

"I will do you good always; but you will see," he exclaimed in a passionate whisper. He was kneeling on the step. There was a low protest from Maggie, then another sound, soft, something like the continuous chirping of birds at dawn, and the rocker creaked once extra loud.

I shut my north window, although the night was warm, and went into Christina's room, and woke her out of her first sleep.

In the morning Maggie came to us in the garden, where we were all three killing rose-bugs. Her manner was embarrassed; she ran a dish-towel between her hands. My own hands trembled so that I

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lost three rose-bugs, and Christina stopped hunting altogether. Only Mrs. Hazeltine continued her pursuit with undiminished vigilance.

"Bert says him and I have the names of the king of Italy that 's dead, and the queen, only she 's still livin'. Oomburto and Margeriter. Eyetalians is very kind to their wives, ain't they?"

"Not always," said Mrs. Hazeltine, fishing four entangled rose-bugs out of the heart of a rugosa, and grinding them beneath her heel.

"Then it 's the women's faults, I guess," returned Maggie. "I don't believe from the way Bert talks that Eyetalian women has much sense."

Mrs. Hazeltine paused in her search for rose-bugs, and delivered a brief dissertation upon the fiery tempers of Italians and the dissimilarities of race between the American and the Italian. She even went so far as to say that she thought an American woman should consider long and seriously before marrying an Italian, "or any foreigner," she added weakly, veering off from personalities.

Maggie laughed consciously, and switched her dish-towel twice before she said that nobody could accuse her of having been in a hurry to marry any man, whether he was a Rooshian or a Filipino.

We waited breathless. At least Christina and I were breathless; Christina's mother had returned to the slaughter of rose-bugs. But even she jumped when the announcement came.

"Bert 's gone," said Maggie.

"Gone!" we gasped.

"Yes, gone. I sent him away."

"You mean," faltered Mrs. Hazeltine, "that he 's not coming back?"

"That 's for him to find out," said Maggie. After a moment, during which she seemed to take counsel with herself, she continued: "I would n't want it to get about as I had said this, and I would n't say it to nobody but you, Mrs. Hazeltine, —and the young ladies,—but it seems like I had sort of went to Bert's head. It 's his bein' an Eyetalian and fuller of feelin' than most. But I did n't think it was fair to him not to give him a chance to find out how he feels when he ain't here. Maybe he 'll get over it."

She waited, wistfully expectant of the polite, reassuring word from us. But we could not say it.

"Bert swears he won't," Maggie continued presently. "He 's very fiery. But, then, of course, he 's very young."

The little white-haired genius of the place went to the spot where Maggie stood beside the piazza steps.

"I honor and respect you, Maggie," she said. "You are a brave, good woman."

"If he comes back—" began Maggie. "But what 's the use of countin' your chickens before they 're hatched?" she added. "And if he don't, why, just the same, I would n't of missed these last two weeks—not for a farm!"

The days passed. Maggie in the kitchen caroled "Santa Lucia," or crooned under her breath the vague melodies Umberto had played on his little pipe. When Sunday came she asked to be allowed to go to the nearest town, about ten miles away, for the consolations of religion. By rising at five o'clock and availing herself of an intricate combination of buggies, trolley-cars, and excursion-trains, she could attend the half-past-ten o'clock mass and return in time to set the table for supper.

Yes, ours were very minor parts. We were not even on the stage in the last act; we only curtseyed in the epilogue. For of course Maggie met Bert in town, and when she came home she was married. Bert, it appeared, had prepared himself with a marriage-license the day after he left us, and had spent the interim filling the streets of that mountain town with sweet music and keeping one eye out for Maggie.

"And where is Bert now?" we asked when we had found our tongues.

"Oh, he 's went on to Haverhill in the excursion, to take up his job and hire a tenement. I told him I could n't come until the middle of September, and I 'd not have him round here makin' a laughin'-stock of himself to the farm. He 's took

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my picture with him—the one of the olive-tree. You don't mind, do you, Miss Christina? Bert said to tell you that if he has a little olive orchard, he stays at home now and not make himself a pillygreen-idjut any more. Them was his words as near as I could make out; maybe you know what he meant."

"Maggie my dear, I hope—we all hope—that you will be very happy," said Christina's mother, with perfunctory benevolence.

"But you think I won't," retorted Maggie, "and only because he 's eleven years younger than me. I tried to be fair to him—I tried."

"Dear Maggie—dear, dear Maggie, you were fair!" we said; and we all wept with her.

"If you don't mind," faltered Maggie, presently, "I 'd like to have the prayer that 's in that book you prayed out of the night you planted that little pine-tree—the night Bert come. Bert has spoke more than once of that prayer. I hunted it up when you was out one day, and we read it over till the meanin' begun to come, about bein' healthy and wealthy and wise, and havin' just enough money to keep a-goin'. Bert and me feel as if that prayer blessed our union," said Maggie.

Christina immediately copied for her on the typewriter the "Prayer to Pan" from the "Phædrus."

"Bert says he 's goin' to frame the picture of the olive-tree," said Maggie, "and I guess I 'll have him frame this prayer and hang it underneath."

Premonition

By ZOË AKINS

THEY wonder at the way I bear
Your instant death, they see me wear
The mourning garments of despair;
Yet in the sorrow of my eyes
They found nor horror nor surprise
When at the door they knocked and said
That you were dead.

A woman pities me who had
Death-kisses, shuddering and sad,
And a long watch within the gloom
Before Death came into the room.
Her husband left her with his hands
Still holding hers; she understands
Much, save that I do not lament
The way you went.

It was a mystic love and fleet,
And each kiss was a death kiss, Sweet.
The lightest that we ever gave
Was deep and final as the grave;
And in our meetings lay the sense
Of leave-taking and fear intense.
Now I shall never any more
Tremble when you go from the door,
Or wait with my breath tight with pain
For you again.

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Policing the Cities of Europe

By RAYMOND B. FOSDICK[1]

AN American student of European police methods is immediately confronted with a striking contrast to the practice obtaining in his own country. Here, generally speaking, each city governs its own police department under the more or less rigid scrutiny of the state legislature. In Europe the police forces of all the larger and more important cities are directly responsible to the state government and have little or no connection with the machinery of the municipality.

In London, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, Budapest, Madrid, and Lisbon the head commissioners are appointed by the crown and are responsible to the Ministry of the Interior or the Home Secretary. In Paris the head of the police is appointed by the President of the Republic; in Dresden and Munich, by the kings of Saxony and Bavaria respectively; in Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Christiania, by the kings of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway respectively. In St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Odessa the prefects of police (*gradonachalnik*) are appointed directly by the Emperor of Russia; in Constantinople, the sultan appoints the chief of police upon the nomination of the Minister of the Interior. In the eight largest cities of Austria, the ten largest cities of Hungary, and in all the cities of the Netherlands the heads of the police are appointed by the crown; while in Prussia the police departments of the important cities of Frankfort-on-Main, Breslau, Kiel, Cologne, Coblenz, Königsberg, and fifteen others are all under royal control. It is only in the provincial cities of England and Scotland, and the smaller cities of the Continent, such as Berne, Zurich, and Stuttgart, for example, that we find any degree of local self-government in the management of police forces. Glasgow, with a population of 785,000, is the largest city in Europe with a police department under municipal control.

The police executives in the larger European cities, therefore, are state officials. Although at first glance their appointment appears arbitrary, it is really the result of painstaking and careful selection. Indeed, in some cities the task of finding the right man begins two or three years before there is any intention of retiring the immediate incumbent. Sir Edward Henry, the present commissioner of the Metropolitan Force in London, was brought from India in 1901, and made assistant commissioner with the deliberate intention of testing his fitness for the higher position. In Vienna, at the present time, two men, one in the police department and the other in a related branch of the government service, are known to be in training for the police presidency.

Generally speaking, European police administration is a distinct profession. It is seldom that a man is chosen from an unrelated line of activity to fill a commissionership. The popular idea that European police departments are in charge of men taken directly from the ranks of army officers is without foundation. Only in the larger cities of Holland and in two or three instances in England has this practice been followed, and in these cases, as we shall see, the experiment has not always been a happy one. It is true

[1] Former Commissioner of Accounts, New York City. Mr. Fosdick's study of European police organization was made at the request of the Bureau of Social Hygiene, New York City, and will soon appear in a book entitled, "European Police Systems." The Century Co.

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that on the Continent the man who is in immediate command of the uniformed force of a police department is often an ex-army officer; but the head of the whole police department—the president, the commissioner, the director, the prefect, whatever his title—is more apt to be a jurist trained in government work than a soldier, although under the compulsory system of enlistment which exists in most Continental countries he has probably seen some military service. But in the minds of the European authorities, military experience is not the *sine qua non* of police management; by itself it does not constitute a sufficient guaranty of effectiveness or intelligence in supervising the complex and extensive affairs of a police department.

So, too, of other professions. Police business is a technical specialty, and a man who has made an effective record as an engineer, or who has established a reputation as a physician or health expert, is not necessarily equipped to handle it. A police head must be especially trained for his work. Ordinarily the man whom the Continental authorities select as commissioner has served his apprenticeship either as an assistant in the same department or as a commissioner in a less important city or as an official in another governmental branch. Karl Ritter von Brzesowsky, the president of the police force of Vienna, was for twenty-eight years an officer in the same department before he was promoted to his present position. Similarly, the police president of Budapest served twenty-three years before promotion to the post he now occupies. On the other hand, M. Hennion, the present prefect of police in Paris, was director of the *Sûreté Général* in the office of the Minister of the Interior, the department which controls the *Nationale Gendarmerie,* the *Brigade Mobile,* the local *commissariats,* and other police bodies and functions; while Dr. Bittinger, police director of Stuttgart, was called from an assistant commissionership in Munich. Dr. Domenico Castaldi, the recently appointed commissioner of police in Rome (*questore di Roma*), held similar positions in Ancona and Naples before he was called to his present post. Previously he had served not only as an assistant in the police departments of several Italian cities, but as an official of the Division of Public Security in the office of the Minister of the Interior. He is a university graduate, a doctor of jurisprudence, and one of the most cultivated men in the public service of Italy.

THE PRACTICE IN GERMANY

ORDINARILY, in Germany, but with the notable exception of Berlin, the police presidents are promoted from the lesser officers of the force. Dr. Gustav Roscher, police president of Hamburg, was chief of the detective division for seven years prior to his appointment, having previously served as an assistant prosecuting attorney. Dr. Paul Köttig, police president of Dresden, served twenty-one years in the department as a higher official, being promoted to his present position, like Dr. Roscher in Hamburg, from the directorship of the detective bureau, although he originally entered the force as a lieutenant (*Assessor*). In Berlin the custom has existed of choosing an official from some other branch of the governmental service, as, for example, from the civil force in charge of one of the provinces of Prussia. Thus, President von Jagow, head of the police, was promoted four years ago from the position of assistant in the office of the *Oberpräsident* of the province of Brandenburg. His predecessor in the presidency had been the chief civil officer of a *Kreis,* or section of a province. Like most of the higher official class in Germany, President von Jagow is a university graduate in law, who, after passing the necessary qualifying examinations, chose government work as a career.

In fact, in nearly all the large cities not only of Germany, but, as we shall see, of Austria-Hungary and Italy as well, the administrative police heads are jurists of university training, who enter the government service in a minor capacity, some-

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times as assistant officers in the police department, sometimes as under-secretaries or deputies in a state or provincial department, and are thereafter promoted step by step up the official ladder. It may be safely affirmed that in these countries no police head is ever appointed who has not had some previous experience in governmental work. The fact that the larger police departments are for the most part state institutions, constituting an integral part of the great web of officialdom which centers about the state ministries, makes a promotion scheme of this kind easily possible. In this scheme the commissionership of a police force is by no means the termination. The president of Berlin's force is almost certain, sooner or later, to become the *Oberpräsident* of a province, or at least a *Regierungspräsident*. The same thing is true in Munich, where a police commissionership is looked upon as a stepping-stone to more desirable positions under the government. In Hamburg and Dresden conditions are more static, and a police head whose services are appreciated is apt to find himself permanently retained. In Stuttgart, on the other hand, an undesirable police commissioner was recently promoted in somewhat forceful fashion to a higher position in state service, where his habits of mind would be less objectionable.

THE COMPLETE SYSTEM OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

IT has remained for Austria and Hungary, however, to evolve the most thoroughgoing system of official promotion in Europe. The entire civil service for the higher governmental officers is divided into eleven classes, called rank-classes. The prime minister alone represents the first class; in the second class are the ministers of the cabinet, in the third the assistant ministers. The fourth class is represented by the police president of Vienna, the chief justice of the court of appeals, the directors of finance of the various provinces of Austria, and other dignitaries. In each of the remaining classes are a large number of officials of various titles, who fill the numerous positions in the different departments of the national civil service. The eleventh rank-class is occupied by the *Practicants;* they are the beginners, serving their apprenticeship in the higher grades of governmental work, and all graduates in law fresh from the university. They may be assigned to any one of a large number of departments, to the office of the secretary of state or one of the other ministries, to the police department, the prosecuting attorney's office, the customs or revenue service, or one of the branches of the provincial governments. They may even be shifted from one department to another as they develop peculiar fitness for a particular line of work. Many of them hold the degree of doctor of law, having passed a higher examination than that required for entrance into the state service. In fact, fully forty per cent. of the higher officials of Vienna's police department have the title "doctor."

Around this rank-class system has been built up an elaborate scheme of promotion. Step by step, as their abilities and experience warrant, the men are promoted from one class to another. Thus the captains of the precincts in Vienna are all university men, most of them belonging to the seventh rank-class. So, too, the lieutenants of the uniformed force have been graduated from the university with a degree in law. The fact that the police president of Vienna has been in the department thirty-five years is, in view of this system, not astonishing. It means that thirty-five years ago he entered the department as a *Practicant,* fresh from the university, and that step by step he has risen from the eleventh class to the fourth. It further means that his successor and the man who will follow his successor as president are even now in training in one of the various rank-classes.

In no other country in Europe except Hungary and Italy is there anything approaching this elaborate system of training and promotion. In several of the states of Germany, particularly in Ba-

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varia and Würtemberg, and to some extent in Saxony, an attempt has been made to approximate it, and in all the other states there are more or less prescribed ranks or classes among the governmental office-holders; but they are used largely for the purpose of defining official precedence rather than for the sake of training and promoting, according to regular modes of procedure, the chief officers of the civil service.

THE ITALIAN SYSTEM OF APPOINTMENT

THE Italian system is in many ways unique. The police forces throughout the kingdom are national forces,[1] administered by representatives of the Division of Public Security, one of the branches of the Ministry of the Interior. Service in this department is looked upon as a distinct profession. Entrance is determined by competitive examination, preference being given to university graduates. A course of study at the police college introduces the candidates to the details of their new work, and with the title *delegati* they are assigned to the police force of some town or city. Later, as their abilities warrant, they are promoted to the rank of *commissare,* and finally to that of *questore,* in charge of a provincial force. Continually transferred to places of greater importance, their rise in the service is based on merit and achievement alone. When, therefore, the authorities seek a new head for the police force of an important city, they have only to choose from a group of trained specialists with years of practical experience in police problems behind them. To the Italian, therefore, it is a matter of course that the present *questore* of Rome has spent his life in police work, serving in various capacities and in many cities.

In marked distinction to the system of training and promotion generally prevailing in other countries on the Continent, Holland has tried the doubtful experiment of taking officers directly from the army to fill the commissionerships in her larger cities. That is, instead of following the natural line of promotion and selecting one of the assistant commissioners of a department, who, entering the force with the rank of lieutenant, has been promoted after years of training and service, Holland generally chooses an army officer. As may be expected, the army officer knows nothing of police business. He comes with a point of view entirely different from that of the force. His military training makes it difficult for him to conceive of his work as fundamentally a civil problem. In his relations with the citizens he is inclined to be blunt and tactless. He is not nearly so well equipped for his task as some of his assistants, who, coming from the same social class as the commissioner and as well educated, resent their subordination to an untrained man.

Needless to say, the experiment has proved a failure in Holland. One has only to examine the police organization of Amsterdam and talk with some of the subordinate officials to realize its defects. The continual friction between the commissioner and his deputies, the lack of a well-conceived plan of coöperative action, the antagonism of the uniformed force to the head of the department, are all evidences of ineffective control. To be sure, this condition is partly due to a faulty plan of organization, which allows the commissioner no adequate means of disciplining his assistants. To a much greater extent, however, it is due to the attempted application of military ideas and military training to a problem that in Holland, at least, is essentially one of civil administration.

METHODS OF SELECTION IN GREAT BRITAIN

IN Great Britain there is no fixed system by which police executives may be trained and developed. The fact that the police departments of the provincial cities are all locally controlled and largely independent would make a national system of training and promotion extremely difficult. Each city and county is free to

[1] *Carabinieri* and city guards, two military forces under the control of the ministry of the interior.

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adopt its own standards and select its own men. As a result, police executives are sometimes taken from the departments of other towns, or they are promoted from among the assistants in the same force, or, occasionally, they are drawn from the army or the Royal Irish Constabulary. In contrast with Continental officials, there are few among them who have received a legal degree. Most of them are men who have made police work a distinct profession, entering the service as ordinary constables and rising from the ranks. Of the 128 borough police forces in England and Wales, the chief constables of all but fourteen have come from the ranks, promoted gradually on the basis of merit, and often called from one city to another. In this respect, therefore, English and Continental practice are widely at variance. In Germany, Austria, France, and Italy it would be impossible for a man who had served as a patrolman ever to become the chief of his force in his own or in any other city. The prevailing class distinctions and social lines forbid. Indeed, the idea appears never to have been considered on the Continent, and questions on this score elicit stares of amazement. It is only in democratic England that such a practice could prevail. Even in England there are those who doubt its advisability not on the grounds of social distinction, but because they hesitate to place their police forces in the hands of men of limited education and point of view. "Once a constable, always a constable," is the remark that one occasionally hears, which is another way of stating the argument that a man whose preliminary education and advantages were such that he could secure nothing better than a position as a patrolman is not equipped to handle large questions in a large way, or deal administratively with the intricate business of a complex department. "We should greatly prefer an Oxford or Cambridge graduate thoroughly drilled in police work," said the chairman of the Watch Committee of a large English city in discussing the matter with me.

But there is another side to the question. The men who join the police forces as constables, and are subsequently promoted to the top, are frequently men of good family and excellent education, who have entered upon their work with the deliberate intention of making it a life career. Better equipped officials it would be difficult to obtain. They have served their apprenticeships with smaller forces of less important towns. They have risen gradually from one position of responsibility to another. They are thoroughly acquainted with their tasks. Indeed, this is the point of view generally accepted in England and Scotland. The present chief constables of Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Leeds, Edinburgh, Nottingham, and Bradford, not to mention a score of other important municipalities, have thus come from the ranks. Similarly the chief constables of smaller towns and cities are often recruited from the subordinate officers of large departments. Former inspectors and superintendents of the Metropolitan Force of London are at present the chief constables of Cardiff, Lincoln, Brighton, High Wycombe, and Barnstable; while Chester, Bolton, and Wigan have recruited their chief constables from the Liverpool force. All of these men at one time served in the ranks.

Police administrators in England and Scotland are occasionally taken from the Royal Irish Constabulary. The present chief constables of Birmingham, Glasgow, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Hull, and London, not to mention a number of others who have recently retired, served long apprenticeships with this force, entering as district inspectors after competitive examination. College graduates from Oxford and Cambridge, army officers who have served their term, representatives of prominent families, all attracted by the possibilities of policing as a profession worthy of intelligence and ability, enlist as commissioned officers in its service. In fact, the demand for district inspectorships is greater than the supply, and the waiting-lists are always full.

The case of Mr. Leonard Dunning is

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a typical illustration of the way the system works. An Oxford graduate, he entered the Royal Irish Constabulary as a district inspector. After twelve years of efficient service, he was appointed assistant head constable in Liverpool, a position which he occupied for nine years. At the end of that time he was made head constable; seven years later he received an appointment as his Majesty's Inspector of Constabulary for the Southern District of England under the supervision of the Home Office, a position which he now occupies. "A trained policeman," one of his colleagues called him. So, too, the experience of Sir William Nott-Bower, Commissioner of the City of London Police, is illustrative not only of this system of training, but of the opportunity for advancement which it presents. Formerly a captain in the English army, he joined the Royal Irish Constabulary as a district inspector. After a few years' service in that capacity he was called to the city of Leeds as chief constable; from Leeds he went to Liverpool, where he served as head constable for twenty years; he was then called to the commissionership in London, the position that he now holds.

ENGLISH METHODS OF SELECTION

In this manner, it would be possible to furnish illustration after illustration. The point is this: no English city of size or importance would think of selecting a man as chief constable who had not already demonstrated his ability in police work either in connection with a municipal force or as an officer of the Royal Irish Constabulary or other similar organization. The chief constable of Edinburgh served with the Northampton County police; the chief constable of Manchester held the same position in Oldham and Canterbury for terms of seven and five years respectively before he was called to his present post. When the authorities of the town of Preston wanted a chief constable, they did what is often done—I might almost say what is generally done—by an English community seeking a trained public official: they advertised in the newspapers. Of the seventy candidates who applied they selected a man who at that time was superintendent of police in the small town of Devizes, having previously served in the ranks at Swindon. Their choice was justified by the fact that this same man was later selected by the Watch Committee of Liverpool as assistant head constable out of forty or fifty candidates who presented themselves as the result of an advertisement. In the same way, when the Watch Committee of Liverpool wanted to secure the services of a second assistant head constable, they chose out of the eighty applicants a graduate of Cambridge who at that time was serving his fifth year as a district inspector in the Royal Irish Constabulary. J. V. Stevenson, Chief Constable of Glasgow, and C. H. Rafter, Chief Constable of Birmingham, served as officers in the Royal Irish Constabulary for seventeen and twelve years respectively before they were called to larger duties. Mr. Leonard Dunning's title could well be applied to them also: they, too, are "trained policemen."

It is safe to say that the majority of the police executives in the provincial towns and cities, and in the counties as well, are obtained in this fashion. The result is that, except in cases of promotion, it is seldom that the official is a resident of the city which chooses him. He may hail from anywhere between the Shetland Islands and Land's End. There is no catering to home talent. Indeed, residence in the same town is, if anything, a handicap to availability. "He had too many local connections," was the terse explanation I received in a typical English city when I asked why a certain man of prominence and ability had not been appointed chief constable. In brief, the English provincial city inevitably selects as its police executive the man whom it deems best fitted, without regard to birth, residence, or any other incidental factor.

The police commissionership of the London Metropolitan District involves

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the handling of such important problems and responsibilities that it deserves separate consideration. The commissioner is the head of the largest uniformed police force in the world, with jurisdiction over the largest municipal police area. His is a post of honor and distinction, requiring the highest ability and statesmanship. Outside of the cabinet itself, there are few more important offices in the entire kingdom, for the influence of the commissioner and of the organization under him makes itself felt in every city and town of Great Britain. The selection of the right man is therefore a matter of grave concern to the Home Office.

Six commissioners have commanded the Metropolitan Force since its institution in 1829. The first, Sir Richard Mayne, whose energy and capacity placed the force on a working basis and established it in the confidence of the people, was a graduate of Dublin and Cambridge and an attorney of distinction.[1] His successor, Sir Edmund Henderson, had been trained as a soldier, although he came to the commissionership from the head of the prison department of the Home Office. General Charles Warren, the next incumbent, was a well-known officer of engineers, whose talent for administration had been proved in Bechuanaland and elsewhere; he relinquished the governorship of the Red Sea Littoral to take up the commissionership in London. His successor, Mr. James Monro, had been an assistant commissioner prior to his appointment, although his original experience was obtained in the Indian civil service. Sir Edward Bradford, who followed him, was an army officer who had also served with distinction in India.

Sir Edward Henry is the present incumbent; his previous training is perhaps typical of the kind of man that the Home Office seeks as a commissioner. In 1873 he entered the Indian civil service as an assistant magistrate. In 1888 he was placed in charge of the district of Behar, where an ingenious tribe of criminals called Doms gave him an opportunity for the exercise of his special abilities. In 1891 he was appointed inspector-general of police in Bengal, and later was made commissioner for the entire southern district of India. During the South African War, he organized the civil police of Johannesburg and Pretoria. Appointed assistant commissioner of the Metropolitan Police of London in 1901, he was placed in charge of the Criminal Identification Department of Scotland Yard. In this position he established the finger-print method that he had brought with him from India. Upon the resignation of his predecessor in 1903, he was appointed commissioner. With Von Brzesowsky of Vienna and Roscher of Hamburg, he represents the best equipped type of police official in Europe.

[1] From 1829 to 1850 the force was administered by a double-headed commission, Colonel Sir Charles Rowan, a soldier of distinction, who had already gained some experience with the Royal Irish Constabulary, serving with Sir Richard Mayne. Colonel Rowan resigned in 1850. In 1856 the department was organized under a single commissionership, with a number of deputies or assistants.

THE TENDENCY TOWARD CIVILIAN HEADS

IT is noteworthy that of the commissioners of the Metropolitan Force one had been an attorney, two had been in the civil service of India and had afterward accepted appointments as assistant commissioners at Scotland Yard, while the remaining three were trained in the army, although they had occupied various civil positions under the Government. Military experience has never been regarded as a necessary qualification in England. In fact, of recent years there has been a growing conviction both in the Home Office and Scotland Yard that far better results can be secured with a civilian head, preferably a man who has had some previous governmental experience either in connection with police organization or, perhaps, in one of the ministerial or colonial offices. In his interesting memoirs, recently published in England, Sir Robert Anderson, for thirteen years assistant commissioner of the Metropolitan Force, expresses the following opinion:

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Sir Charles Warren's appointment to the head of the force was a risky experiment. The police cannot tolerate military discipline, and this was their first experience of a military chief commissioner. For it is no disparagement of Sir Edmund Henderson [General Warren's predecessor], to say that he was more of a civilian than a soldier; and, moreover, he came to Scotland Yard from Whitehall, where he had been at the head of the Prison Department. The effect was precisely what might have been anticipated. I speak with knowledge such as few others possessed, and I can say with definiteness that there was a dangerous want of sympathy between the Commissioner and the rank and file.

It is interesting to note that General Warren's term of office lasted only two years. His career emphasized the conviction that the handling of a large police force is not a military problem, nor is the military model to be too closely followed either in organization or discipline. Mr. James Monro, who succeeded General Warren in office, expressed the matter as follows:

> The police are not the representatives of an arbitrary and despotic power, directed against the rights or obtrusively interfering with the pleasures of law-abiding citizens: they are simply a disciplined body of men, specially engaged in protecting "masses" as well as "classes" from any infringement of their rights on the part of those who are not law-abiding.

This is the emphasis which one finds continually expressed in regard to the Metropolitan Police Force and its leadership.

TERMS OF OFFICE INDEFINITE

It follows logically that when men are as carefully trained and selected for commissionerships as they are ordinarily in Europe, the length of their term of office should in no way be limited or defined. Hence the European police commissionership is indefinite in tenure. There is not a single city of size or importance in England or on the Continent the head of whose police force is appointed for a fixed period. In fact, the idea of settling in advance the term of a police commissioner, of establishing by some arbitrary rule the time when his administration shall come to an end, seems never to have occurred to European authorities. They appoint their commissioners as a board of directors select a general manager or other official not for a definitely established term, but on the basis of satisfactory work. That is, it is assumed that a commissioner will hold office as long as he can hold it effectively, or at least until his conduct proves unsatisfactory to his superiors. The fact that the European police department is ordinarily responsible to the state rather than to the local government facilitates this arrangement, although the principle holds even in those cities which maintain a municipal control over their police. Periodic changes may indeed be made in the personnel of the Watch Committees of English provincial cities or in the administrative boards (*Magistrat*) of the smaller German municipalities, but there is no corresponding change in the police head. Such action would be totally repugnant to the European idea of efficiency. "Why introduce a new man to the position? What is wrong with the present incumbent? Our commissioners have too much valuable experience which has accumulated in years of effective administration; we cannot afford to change." This remark of a prominent civil official in a large German town is illustrative of the European spirit.

Indefiniteness of tenure in no wise jeopardizes the ability of European governments to rid themselves of inefficient or dishonest commissioners. The Home Secretary of England can at any time remove the head of the Metropolitan Force, just as the respective Ministers of the Interior in Austria and Prussia can discharge the police presidents of Vienna and Berlin, or the Watch Committees of any of the English or Scottish provincial cities

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can dispense with the services of their chief constables. That is, there is nothing in the law or in the agreements between governments and police commissioners to prevent summary action when necessary. Occasionally indeed, such action is taken, as, for example, when the Watch Committee of Carlisle removed its chief constable on the charge of accepting free rides from a taxicab company, or when the assistant commissioner of Kiel, Germany, was not only discharged, but sentenced for a term of years for dishonesty involving thousands of marks, or when the police president of Cologne was forcibly retired, ostensibly for abusing the rights of a Russian prisoner, but in reality because his administration had been marked with graft and dishonesty.

REMOVAL FROM OFFICE

EXAMPLES of this kind, however, are strikingly exceptional, and I note them only to show that the power of summary discharge exists and can, when necessary, be invoked. As a matter of fact, it is only in rare instances that police commissioners have for any reason whatever been removed from office. Such a thing has never occurred in Vienna, Berlin, or London, although, as we shall see, in the latter city there have been three resignations more or less forced by the Home Secretary. Indeed, so seldom have actual removals taken place, that in several German cities the police authorities whom I questioned on this matter were obliged to consult their law books to find out how such action could be taken. Ordinarily, unsatisfactory officials are allowed to resign, or they are retired on a pension, or, on the Continent, they are transferred to some other branch of the government service. But instances of unsatisfactory commissioners are difficult to discover, so careful and painstaking is their selection and so great is the desire of the state and municipal authorities to secure and retain as long as possible the services of thoroughly trained men.

As a consequence, a term of office extending over many years is the rule rather than the exception. In the eighty-five years in which the Metropolitan Police Force of London has been in existence there have been, as I have already stated, only six commissioners; that is, Sir Edward Henry, the present incumbent, is the sixth in line since 1829, which makes an average of a little over fourteen years apiece. Taking into consideration the fact that two of the commissioners served only two years each, the usual average is greatly increased. The terms ran as follows:

Sir Richard Mayne, K.C.B. .	1829–68
Col. Sir Edmund Henderson, K.C.B.	1869–86
General Sir Charles Warren, G.C.M.G.	1886–88
Mr. James Monro, C.B. . .	1888–90
Col. Sir Edward Bradford, Bart. G.C.B.	1890–1903
Sir Edward Henry, G.C.V.O., K.C.B., C.S.I.	1903–

London's experience is in no way peculiar. Chief Constable Stevenson of Glasgow has been in office twelve years; Robert Peacock has served Manchester in a similar capacity for sixteen years; C. H. Rafter has been thirteen years chief constable at Birmingham; Leonard Dunning, as we have seen, was seven years head constable at Liverpool, after nine years' service as assistant head constable. M. Louis Lépine, the former prefect of Paris, who resigned in 1913, had served continuously since 1899, besides a term of four years in the same position between the years 1893 and 1897. The police president of Dresden has held his office for nine years, Hamburg's president for fourteen years, Vienna's president for seven years, Amsterdam's commissioner for eleven years, Copenhagen's commissioner for twenty-six years. Dr. von Jagow is the tenth police president of Berlin since 1848, an average of nearly seven years for each incumbent. Three of his predecessors died in office; three were promoted to higher positions in the government service; the remaining four were honorably retired.

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To this general rule there are a few exceptions—exceptions to which, however, on account of certain weaknesses which they illustrate, it is necessary to call special attention. It occasionally, though rarely, happens that a police commissioner is sacrificed in the clash of political or other interests. In Budapest, in 1905, the police president was summarily removed by a political party just come into power on the ground that he had been instrumental under the direction of the opposing party in dissolving many assemblies and meetings. So, too, in Dresden, nine years ago, a police president who had served effectively for ten years was compelled to resign, following a sharp difference of opinion with the Minister of the Interior in a matter involving a royal scandal. In a number of the store windows of Dresden appeared pictures of the schoolmaster with whom the crown princess of Saxony had eloped. The police president, Le Maistre, was ordered by the Minister of the Interior to seize the pictures. He declined to do so on the ground that there was no law forbidding their exhibition. After his resignation, his successor confiscated the pictures in question. It is interesting to note, however, that the high court of Saxony subsequently held with Le Maistre that there was no law forbidding the exhibition of the pictures, but the resignation of the police president, having already gone into effect, was allowed to stand.

Paris, the city of shifting sentiment and fickle tradition, has had perhaps the unhappiest experience of all. Until M. Lépine's administration added an element of stability to the office, there was a long period of constant change. Forty-nine prefects have held the position since 1800, the year of its establishment, an average of two years and four months for each incumbent. From the formation of the third republic in 1870 to 1893, when M. Lépine first took up the responsibility, there were thirteen different prefects in office, an average of one year and nine months for each man, one official following another in rapid succession after a short and occasionally inglorious career. The kaleidoscopic change of ministries, the constant quarrels between the prefecture and the Interior Department, the frequent outbursts of mob violence and public criticism, combined to make the post the most precarious in the governmental service.

Even the Metropolitan Force of London, with its stable traditions and relatively long tenure of office of the commissioner, has not been without its sudden shifts in program and personnel. Ordinarily the support which the Home Office has given the commissioner has been cordial and sustained, but there have been exceptions to this policy—exceptions at once glaring and regrettable. For example, on February 8, 1886, a mob, collecting in Trafalgar Square, made its way to Hyde Park, breaking windows and looting shops en route. The disturbance caused a storm of newspaper criticism levied at the police for their stupidity and tardiness in handling the situation. In the heat of the excitement the Home Secretary, who had just come into office, publicly censured the police commissioner, Sir Edmund Henderson, and despite his seventeen years of honorable and effective service he was allowed to resign. His successor, Sir Charles Warren, was, as we have seen, a military officer of imperious temper, who was selected because he was regarded as preëminently fitted to handle the outbreaks of mob violence which had terrorized London in the spring of 1886. His term in office was an unhappy period of constant friction. Hampered by his own training, disliked by his subordinates, and unsupported, as he rightly or wrongly believed, by the Home Office, he resigned after two years. His successor, James Monro, fared but little better. Sir Robert Anderson, who served as his principal assistant, presents the case as follows:

> His predecessor had been driven out by the Home Office and he soon yielded to the same influence. . . Godfrey Lushington's

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intervention and influence as Under-Secretary [of the Home Office] were generally provocative and his manner irritating. To show how grotesquely Mr. Monro was misjudged at Whitehall, I may mention that when he summoned the police heads to a private conference on the Police Pension Bill, he was suspected of a design to foment sedition and an appeal was made to me confidentially to watch proceedings.

Much, perhaps, might be said in defence of the Home Office officials. Certainly they were anxious to remain on amicable terms with the commissioner and made an honest endeavor to support his policies. However, difficulties soon arose which required tact and good humor on both sides to compose. A period of friction ensued, and, like his predecessor, Mr. Monro resigned in two years.

It is a noteworthy fact that of the five commissioners whose connections with the Metropolitan Force have terminated, one died in office, one was retired for old age, while three have resigned after difficulties with the Home Secretary. It must be remembered, however, that all three resignations referred to occurred in the four years between 1886 and 1890; for the first fifty-seven years of its history, and during the twenty-four years just passed, the relations of the Metropolitan Forces with the Home Office were marked by the most intense cordiality, the latter department supporting the police through many difficulties and in more than one crisis.

I have mentioned these various incidents in the history of European forces to show that even with a method as excellent as that which Europe employs to choose and support her police commissioners there must inevitably be a few failures. No device is absolutely perfect; no machinery runs without occasional breakdown. The failures noted, however, have in Europe been surprisingly few,—one must search the records to find them,—and, when occurring, they have left no permanent mark to prejudice the quality or efficiency of the force.

If there is any one factor which contributes predominantly to the popular respect with which the European police are regarded, it is the personality of the commissioner, whose character alone is a guaranty of the integrity and efficiency of the force which he commands. In her appreciation of this fact, Europe has come close to the heart of the police problem. To obtain the right man, she has made the position one of great honor. The police commissionership of a European city is a career of prominence and dignity, attracting the best talent that the university or the Government can produce. Of the six commissioners of the Metropolitan Force, five have been knighted in addition to receiving other honors and decorations. The police president of Vienna has been made a baron, and his titles, received in Austria and from other countries, fill ten lines of type in the police hand-book. The same is true of the police president in Berlin and to a lesser extent, perhaps, of the police heads of other German cities.

Not only in honors, but in substantial remuneration, does Europe show her appreciation of an effective police commissioner. The head of the Metropolitan Force of London receives an annual salary of $12,000; the Paris prefect of police receives $10,000; Berlin's police president approximately $5000; Vienna's president $4000. These sums, of course, represent much greater amounts in Europe than they would in the United States. They are usually in excess of the salaries paid most of the governmental officials. In addition, a police head is invariably retired with a pension after satisfactory service. If he is called from the department of one city to another, he draws a pension from the city he leaves, dependent ordinarily upon his tenure of office there. In many cities he is provided with an official residence. With such a competence he lives in dignity and comfort, secure in the thought that his position is established and that when he wishes to retire he can do so on a substantial pension. Demanding much of her police administrators, Europe gives much in return.

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The Flirt

By AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

BEAUTIFUL boy, lend me your youth to play with;
My heart is old.
Lend me your fire to make my twilight gay with,
To warm my cold;
Prove that the power my look has not forsaken,
That at my will
My touch can quicken pulses and awaken
Man's passion still.
The moment that I ask do not begrudge me.
I shall not stay.
I shall have gone, ere you have time to judge me,
My empty way.
I am not worth remembrance, little brother,
Even to damn.
One kiss—O God! if I were only other
Than what I am!

The Witch

By ADELAIDE CRAPSEY

WHEN I was a girl by Nilus stream,
I watched the desert stars arise;
My lover, he who dreamed the Sphinx,
Learned all his dreaming from my eyes.

I bore in Greece a burning name,
And I have been in Italy
Madonna to a painter lad
And mistress to a Medici.

And have you heard—for I have heard—
Of puzzled men, with decorous mien,
Who judged, "The wench knows far too much,"
And burned her on the Salem green?

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The Wings of Horus

The Romance of the Hawk Man and the Dove Girl

By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

BINOVITCH had the bird in him somewhere: in his features, certainly, with his piercing eye and hawk-like nose; in his movements, with his quick way of flitting, hopping, darting; in the way he perched on the edge of a chair; in the manner he pecked at his food; in his twittering, high-pitched voice as well; and, above all, in his mind. He skimmed all subjects and picked their heart out neatly, as a bird skims lawn or air to snatch its prey. He had the bird's-eye view of everything. He loved birds and understood them instinctively; could imitate their whistling notes with astonishing accuracy. Their one quality he had not was poise and balance. He was a nervous little man; he was neurasthenic. And he was in Egypt by doctor's orders.

Such imaginative, unnecessary ideas he had! Such uncommon beliefs!

"The old Egyptians," he said laughingly, yet with a touch of solemn conviction in his manner, "were a great people. Their consciousness was different from ours. The bird idea, for instance, conveyed a sense of deity to them—of bird deity, that is: they had sacred birds—hawks, ibis, and so forth—and worshiped them." And he put his tongue out as though to say with challenge, "Ha, ha!"

"They also worshiped cats and crocodiles and cows," grinned Palazov. Binovitch seemed to dart across the table at his adversary. His eyes flashed; his nose pecked the air. Almost one could imagine the beating of his angry wings.

"Because everything alive," he half screamed, "was a symbol of some spiritual power to them. Your mind is as literal as a dictionary and as incoherent. Pages of ink without connected meaning! Verb always in the infinitive! If you were an old Egyptian, you—you—" he flashed and spluttered, his tongue shot out again, his keen eyes blazed—"you might take all those words and spin them into a great interpretation of life, a cosmic romance, as they did. Instead, you get the bitter, dead taste of ink in your mouth, and spit it over us like that"—he made a quick movement of his whole body as a bird that shakes itself—"in empty phrases."

Khilkoff ordered another bottle of champagne, while Vera, his sister, said half nervously, "Let 's go for a drive; it 's moonlight." There was enthusiasm at once. Another of the party called the head-waiter and told him to pack food and drink in baskets. It was only eleven o'clock. They would drive out into the desert, have a meal at two in the morning, tell stories, sing, and see the dawn.

It was in one of those cosmopolitan hotels in Egypt which attract the ordinary tourists as well as those who are doing a "cure," and all these Russians were ill with one thing or another. All were ordered out for their health, and all were the despair of their doctors. They were

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"Binovitch, his arms wide, his bird-like face thrust forward, had swooped upon her. He leaped. Almost he caught her."

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as unmanageable as a bazaar and as incoherent. Excess and bed were their routine. They lived, but none of them got better. Equally, none of them got angry. They talked in this strange personal way without a shred of malice or offense. The English, French, and Germans in the hotel watched them with remote amazement, referring to them as "that Russian lot." Their energy was elemental. They never stopped. They merely disappeared when the pace became too fast, then reappeared again after a day or two, and resumed their "living" as before. Binovitch, despite his neurasthenia, was the life of the party. He was also a special patient of Dr. Plitzinger, the famous psychiatrist, who took a peculiar interest in his case. It was not surprising. Binovitch was a man of unusual ability and of genuine, deep culture. But there was something more about him that stimulated curiosity. There was this striking originality. He said and did surprising things.

"I could fly if I wanted to," he said once when the airmen came to astonish the natives with their biplanes over the desert, "but without all that machinery and noise. It 's only a question of believing and understanding—"

"Show us!" they cried. "Let 's see you fly!"

"He 's got it! He 's off again! One of his impossible moments."

These occasions when Binovitch let himself go always proved wildly entertaining. He said monstrously incredible things as though he really did believe them. They loved his madness, for it gave them new sensations.

"It 's only levitation, after all, this flying," he exclaimed, shooting out his tongue between the words, as his habit was when excited; "and what is levitation but a power of the air? None of you can hang an orange in space for a second, with all your scientific knowledge; but the moon is always levitated perfectly. And the stars. D' you think they swing on wires? What raised the enormous stones of ancient Egypt? D' you really believe it was heaped-up sand and ropes and clumsy leverage and all our weary and laborious mechanical contrivances? Bah! It was levitation. It was the powers of the air. Believe in those powers, and gravity becomes a mere nursery trick—true where it is, but true nowhere else. To know the fourth dimension is to step out of a locked room and appear instantly on the roof or in another country altogether. To know the powers of the air, similarly, is to annihilate what you call weight—and fly."

"Show us, show us!" they cried, roaring with delighted laughter.

"It 's a question of belief," he repeated, his tongue appearing and disappearing like a pointed shadow. "It 's in the heart; the power of the air gets into your whole being. Why should I show you? Why should I ask my deity to persuade your scoffing little minds by any miracle? For it *is* deity, I tell you, and nothing else. I *know* it. Follow one idea like that, as I follow my bird idea,—follow it with the impetus and undeviating concentration of a projectile,—and you arrive at power. You know deity—the bird idea of deity, that is. *They* knew that. The old Egyptians knew it."

"Oh, show us, show us!" they shouted impatiently, wearied of his nonsense-talk. "Get up and fly! Levitate yourself, as they did! Become a star!"

Binovitch turned suddenly very pale, and an odd light shone in his keen brown eyes. He rose slowly from the edge of the chair where he was perched. Something about him changed. There was silence instantly.

"I *will* show you," he said calmly, to their intense amazement; "not to convince your disbelief, but to prove it to myself. For the powers of the air are with me here. I believe. And Horus, great falcon-headed symbol, is my patron god."

The suppressed energy in his voice and manner was indescribable. There was a sense of lifting, upheaving power about him. He raised his arms; his face turned upward; he inflated his lungs with a deep, long breath, and his voice broke into a kind of singing cry, half-prayer, half-chant:

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"The touch of panic fear caught the room. The nameless thing that all the evening had been vaguely felt was come. It had suddenly materialized."

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"O Horus,
Bright-eyed deity of wind,
[1]Feather my soul
Through earth's thick air,
To know thy awful swiftness—"

He broke off suddenly. He climbed lightly and swiftly upon the nearest table—it was in a deserted card-room, after a game in which he had lost more pounds than there are days in the year—and leaped into the air. He hovered a second, spread his arms and legs in space, appeared to float a moment, then buckled, rushed down and forward, and dropped in a heap upon the floor, while every one roared with laughter.

But the laughter died out quickly, for there was something in his wild performance that was peculiar and unusual. It was uncanny, not quite natural. His body had seemed, as with Mordkin and Nijinski, literally to hang upon the air a moment. For a second he gave the distressing impression of overcoming gravity. There was a touch in it of that faint horror which appals by its very vagueness. He picked himself up unhurt, and his face was as grave as a portrait in the academy, but with a new expression in it that everybody noticed with this strange, half-shocked amazement. And it was this expression that extinguished the claps of laughter as wind that takes away the sound of bells. Like many ugly men, he was an inimitable actor, and his facial repertory was endless and incredible. But this was neither acting nor clever manipulation of expressive features. There was something in his curious Russian physiognomy that made the heart beat slower. And that was why the laughter died away so suddenly.

"You ought to have flown farther," cried some one. It expressed what all had felt.

"Icarus did n't drink champagne," another replied, with a laugh; but nobody laughed with him.

"You went too near to Vera," said Palazov, "and passion melted the wax."

[1]The Russian is untranslatable. The phrase means, "Give my life wings."

But his face twitched oddly as he said it. There was something he did not understand, and so heartily disliked.

The strange expression on the features deepened. It was arresting in a disagreeable, almost in a horrible, way. The talk stopped dead; all stared; there was a feeling of dismay in everybody's heart, yet unexplained. Some lowered their eyes, or else looked stupidly elsewhere; but the women of the party felt a kind of fascination. Vera, in particular, could not move her sight away. The joking reference to his passionate admiration for her passed unnoticed. There was a general and individual sense of shock. And a chorus of whispers rose instantly:

"Look at Binovitch! What 's happened to his face?"

"He 's changed—he 's changing!"

"God! Why he looks like a—bird!"

But no one laughed. Instead, they chose the names of birds—hawk, eagle, even owl. The figure of a man leaning against the edge of the door, watching them closely, they did not notice. He had been passing down the corridor, had looked in unobserved, and then had paused. He had seen the whole performance. He watched Binovitch narrowly, now with calm, discerning eyes. It was Dr. Plitzinger, the great psychiatrist.

For Binovitch had picked himself up from the floor in a way that was oddly self-possessed, and precluded the least possibility of the ludicrous. He looked neither foolish nor abashed. He looked surprised, but also he looked half angry and half frightened. As some one had said, he "ought to have flown farther." That was the incredible impression his acrobatics had produced—incredible, yet somehow actual. This uncanny idea prevailed, as at a séance where nothing genuine is expected to happen, and something genuine, after all, does happen. There was no pretense in this: Binovitch had flown.

And now he stood there, white in the face—with terror and with anger white. He looked extraordinary, this little, neurasthenic Russian, but he looked at the same time half terrific. Another thing,

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not commonly experienced by men, was in him, breaking out of him, affecting *directly* the minds of his companions. His mouth opened; blood and fury shone in his blazing eyes; his tongue shot out like an ant-eater's, though even in that the comic had no place. His arms were spread like flapping wings, and his voice rose dreadfully:

"He failed me, he failed me!" he tried to bellow. "Horus, my falcon-headed deity, my power of the air, deserted me! Hell take him! hell burn his wings and blast his piercing sight! Hell scorch him into dust for his false prophecies! I curse him, I curse Horus!"

The voice that should have roared across the silent room emitted, instead, this high-pitched, bird-like scream. The added touch of sound, the reality it lent, was ghastly. Yet it was marvelously done and acted. The entire thing was a bit of instantaneous inspiration—his voice, his words, his gestures, his whole wild appearance. Only—here was the reality that caused the sense of shock—the expression on his altered features was genuine. *That* was not assumed. There was something new and alien in him, something cold and difficult to human life, something alert and swift and cruel, of another element than earth. A strange, rapacious grandeur had leaped upon the struggling features. The face looked hawk-like.

And he came forward suddenly and sharply toward Vera, whose fixed, staring eyes had never once ceased watching him with a kind of anxious and devouring pain in them. She was both drawn and beaten back. Binovitch advanced on tiptoe. No doubt he still was acting, still pretending this mad nonsense that he worshiped Horus, the falcon-headed deity of forgotten days, and that Horus had failed him in his hour of need; but somehow there was just a hint of too much reality in the way he moved and looked. The girl, a little creature, with fluffy golden hair, opened her lips; her cigarette fell to the floor; she shrank back; she looked for a moment like some smaller, colored bird trying to escape from a great pursuing hawk; she screamed. Binovitch, his arms wide, his bird-like face thrust forward, had swooped upon her. He leaped. Almost he caught her.

No one could say exactly what happened. Play, become suddenly and unexpectedly too real, confuses the emotions. The change of key was swift. From fun to terror is a dislocating jolt upon the mind. Some one—it was Khilkoff, the brother—upset a chair; everybody spoke at once; everybody stood up. An unaccountable feeling of disaster was in the air, as with those drinkers' quarrels that blaze out from nothing, and end in a pistol-shot and death, no one able to explain clearly how it came about. It was the silent, watching figure in the doorway who saved the situation. Before any one had noticed his approach, there he was among the group, laughing, talking, applauding—between Binovitch and Vera. He was vigorously patting his patient on the back, and his voice rose easily above the general clamor. He was a strong, quiet personality; even in his laughter there was authority. And his laughter now was the only sound in the room, as though by his mere presence peace and harmony were restored. Confidence came with him. The noise subsided; Vera was in her chair again. Khilkoff poured out a glass of wine for the great man.

"The Czar!" said Plitzinger, sipping his champagne, while all stood up, delighted with his compliment and tact. "And to your opening night with the Russian ballet," he added quickly a second toast, "or to your first performance at the Moscow Théâtre des Arts!" Smiling significantly, he glanced at Binovitch; he clinked glasses with him. Their arms were already linked, but it was Palazov who noticed that the doctor's fingers seemed rather tight upon the creased black coat. All drank, looking with laughter, yet with a touch of respect toward Binovitch, who stood there dwarfed beside the stalwart German, and suddenly as meek and subdued as any mole. Apparently the abrupt change of key had taken his mind successfully off something else.

"Of course—'The Fire-Bird,'" ex-

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"Earth held them not. Toward the open night they raced with this extraordinary lightness as of birds."

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claimed the little man, mentioning the famous Russian ballet. "The very thing!" he exclaimed. "For *us*," he added, looking with devouring eyes at Vera. He was greatly pleased. He began talking vociferously about dancing and the rationale of dancing. They told him he was an undiscovered master. He was delighted. He winked at Vera and touched her glass again with his. "We 'll make our début together," he cried. "We 'll begin at Covent Garden in London. I 'll design the dresses and the posters—'The Hawk and the Dove!' *Magnifique!* I in dark gray, and you in blue and gold! Ah, dancing, you know, is sacred. The little self is lost, absorbed. It is ecstasy, it is divine. And dancing in air—the passion of the birds and stars—ah! they are the movements of the gods. You know deity that way—by living it."

He went on and on. His entire being had shifted with a leap upon this new subject. The idea of realizing divinity by dancing it absorbed him. The party discussed it with him as though nothing else existed in the world, all sitting now and talking eagerly together. Vera took the cigarette he offered her, lighting it from his own; their fingers touched; he was as harmless and normal as a retired diplomat in a drawing-room. But it was Plitzinger whose subtle manœuvering had accomplished the change so cleverly, and it was Plitzinger who presently suggested a game of billiards, and led him off, full now of a fresh enthusiasm for cannons, balls, and pockets, into another room. They departed arm in arm, laughing and talking together.

Their departure, it seemed, made no great difference. Vera's eyes watched him out of sight, then turned to listen to Baron Minski, who was describing with gusto how he caught wolves alive for coursing purposes. The speed and power of the wolf, he said, was impossible to realize; the force of their awful leap, the strength of their teeth, which could bite through metal stirrup-fastenings. He showed a scar on his arm and another on his lip. He was telling truth, and everybody listened with deep interest. The narrative lasted perhaps ten minutes or more, when Minski abruptly stopped. He had come to an end; he looked about him; he saw his glass, and emptied it. There was a general pause. Another subject did not at once present itself. Sighs were heard; several fidgeted; fresh cigarettes were lighted. But there was no sign of boredom, for where one or two Russians are gathered together there is always life. They produce gaiety and enthusiasm as wind produces waves. Like great children, they plunge whole-heartedly into whatever interest presents itself at the moment. There is a kind of uncouth gamboling in their way of taking life. It seems as if they are always fighting that deep, underlying, national sadness which creeps into their very blood.

"Midnight!" then exclaimed Palazov, abruptly, looking at his watch; and the others fell instantly to talking about that watch, admiring it and asking questions. For the moment that very ordinary timepiece became the center of observation. Palazov mentioned the price. "It never stops," he said proudly, "not even under water." He looked up at everybody, challenging admiration. And he told how, at a country house, he made a bet that he would swim to a certain island in the lake, and won the bet. He and a girl were the winners, but as it was a horse they had bet, he got nothing out of it for himself, giving the horse to her. It was a genuine grievance in him. One felt he could have cried as he spoke of it. "But the watch went all the time," he said delightedly, holding the gun-metal object in his hand to show, "and I was twelve minutes in the water with my clothes on."

Yet this fragmentary talk was nothing but pretense. The sound of clicking billiard-balls was audible from the room at the end of the corridor. There was another pause. The pause, however, was intentional. It was not vacuity of mind or absence of ideas that caused it. There was another subject, an unfinished subject that each member of the group was still considering. Only no one cared to begin

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about it till at last, unable to resist the strain any longer, Palazov turned to Khilkoff, who was saying he would take a "whisky-soda," as the champagne was too sweet, and whispered something beneath his breath; whereupon Khilkoff, forgetting his drink, glanced at his sister, shrugged his shoulders, and made a curious grimace. "He 's all right now,"—his reply was just audible,—"he 's with Plitzinger." He cocked his head sidewise to indicate that the clicking of the billiard-balls still was going on.

The subject was out: all turned their heads; voices hummed and buzzed; questions were asked and answered or half answered; eyebrows were raised, shoulders shrugged, hands spread out expressively. There came into the atmosphere a feeling of presentiment, of mystery, of things half understood; primitive, buried instinct stirred a little, the kind of racial dread of vague emotions that might gain the upper hand if encouraged. They shrank from looking something in the face, while yet this unwelcome influence drew closer round them all. They discussed Binovitch and his astonishing performance. Pretty little Vera listened with large and troubled eyes, though saying nothing. The Arab waiter had put out the lights in the corridor, and only a cluster burned now above their heads, leaving their faces in shadow. In the distance the clicking of the billiard-balls still continued.

"It was not play; it was real," exclaimed Minski, vehemently. "I can catch wolves," he blurted; "but birds—ugh!—and human birds!" He was half inarticulate. He had witnessed something he could not understand, and it had touched instinctive terror in him. "It was the way he leaped that put the wolf first into my mind, only it was not a wolf at all." The others agreed and disagreed. "It was play at first, but it was reality at the end," another whispered; "and it was no animal he mimicked, but a bird of prey at that!"

Vera thrilled. In the Russian woman hides that touch of savagery which loves to be caught, mastered, swept helplessly away, captured utterly and deliciously by the one strong enough to do it thoroughly. She left her chair and sat down beside an older woman in the party, who took her arm quietly at once. Her little face wore a perplexed expression, mournful, yet somehow wild. It was clear that Binovitch was not indifferent to her.

"It 's become an *idée fixe* with him," this older woman said. "The bird idea lives in his mind. He lives it in his imagination. Ever since that time at Edfu, when he pretended to worship the great stone falcons outside the temple,—the Horus figures,—he 's been full of it." She stopped. The way Binovitch had behaved at Edfu was better left unmentioned at the moment, perhaps. A slight shiver ran round the listening group, each one waiting for some one else to focus their emotion, and so explain it by saying the convincing thing. Only no one ventured. Then Vera abruptly gave a little jump.

"Hark!" she exclaimed, in a staccato whisper, speaking for the first time. She sat bolt upright. She was listening. "Hark!" she repeated. "There it is again, but nearer than before. It 's coming closer. I hear it." She trembled. Her voice, her manner, above all her great staring eyes, startled everybody. No one spoke for several seconds; all listened. The clicking of the billiard-balls had ceased. The halls and corridors lay in darkness, and gloom was over the big hotel. Everybody else was in bed.

"Hear what?" asked the older woman, soothingly, yet with a perceptible quaver in her voice, too. She was aware that the girl's arm shook upon her own.

"Do you not hear it, too?" the girl whispered.

All listened without speaking. All watched her paling face. Something wonderful, yet half terrible, seemed in the air about them. There was a dull murmur, audible, faint, remote, its direction hard to tell. It had come suddenly from nowhere. They shivered. That strange racial thrill again passed into the group, unwelcome, unexplained. It was aborigi-

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nal; it belonged to the unconscious primitive mind, half childish, half terrifying.

"*What* do you hear?" her brother asked angrily—the irritable anger of nervous fear.

"When he came at me," she answered very low, "I heard it first. I hear it now again. He 's coming."

And at that minute, out of the dark mouth of the corridor, emerged two human figures, Plitzinger and Binovitch. Their game was over; they were going up to bed. They passed the open door of the card-room. But Binovitch was being half dragged, half restrained, for he was apparently attempting to run down the passage with flying, dancing leaps. He bounded. It was like a huge bird trying to rise for flight, while his companion kept him down by force upon the earth. As they entered the strip of light, Plitzinger changed his own position, placing himself swiftly between his companion and the group in the dark corner of the room. He hurried Binovitch along as though he sheltered him from view. They passed into the shadows down the passage. They disappeared. And every one looked significantly, questioningly, at his neighbor, though at first saying no word. It seemed a curious disturbance of the air had followed them.

Vera was the first to open her lips. "You heard it then," she said breathlessly, her face whiter than the ceiling.

"Damn!" exclaimed her brother, furiously. "It was wind against the outside walls—wind in the desert. The sand is driving."

Vera looked at him. She shrank closer against the side of the older woman, whose arm was tight about her.

"It was not wind," she whispered simply. She paused. All waited uneasily for the completion of her sentence. They stared into her face like peasants who expected a miracle.

"Wings," she whispered. "It was the sound of enormous wings."

And at four o'clock in the morning, when they all returned exhausted from their excursion into the desert, little Binovitch was sleeping soundly and peacefully in his bed. They passed his door on tiptoe. But he did not hear them. He was dreaming. His spirit was at Edfu, experiencing with that ancient deity who was master of all flying life those strange enjoyments upon which his troubled heart was passionately set. Safe with that mighty falcon whose powers his lips had scorned a few hours before, his soul, released in vivid dream, went sweetly flying. It was amazing, it was gorgeous. He skimmed the Nile at lightning speed. Dashing down headlong from the height of the great Pyramid, he chased with faultless accuracy a little dove that sought vainly to hide from his terrific pursuit beneath the palm-trees. For what he loved must worship where he worshiped, and the majesty of those tremendous effigies had fired his imagination to the creative point where expression was imperative.

Then suddenly, at the very moment of delicious capture, the dream turned horrible, becoming awful with the nightmare touch. The sky lost all its blue and sunshine. Far, far below him the little dove enticed him into nameless depths, so that he flew faster and faster, yet never fast enough to overtake it. Behind him came a great thing down the air, black, hovering, with gigantic wings outstretched. It had terrific eyes, and the beating of its feathers stole his wind away. It followed him, crowding space. He was aware of a colossal beak, curved like a simitar and pointed wickedly like a tooth of iron. He dropped. He faltered. He tried to scream.

Through empty space he fell, caught by the neck. The huge falcon was upon him. The talons were in his heart. And in sleep he remembered then that he had cursed. He recalled his reckless language. The curse of the ignorant is meaningless; that of the worshiper is real. This attack was on his soul. He had invoked it. He realized next, with a touch of ghastly horror, that the dove he chased was, after all, the bait that had lured him purposely to destruction, and awoke with a suffocating terror upon him, and his entire body

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bathed in icy perspiration. Outside the open window he heard a sound of wings retreating with powerful strokes into the surrounding darkness of the sky.

The nightmare made its impression upon Binovitch's impressionable and dramatic temperament. It aggravated his tendencies. He related it next day to Mme. de Drühn, the friend of Vera, telling it with that somewhat boisterous laughter some minds use to disguise less kind emotions. But he received no encouragement. The mood of the previous night was not recoverable; it was already ancient history. Russians never make the banal mistake of repeating a sensation till it is exhausted; they hurry on to novelties. Life flashes and rushes with them, never standing still for exposures before the cameras of their minds. Mme. de Drühn, however, took the trouble to mention the matter to Plitzinger, for Plitzinger, like Froud of Vienna, held that dreams revealed subconscious tendencies which sooner or later must betray themselves in action.

"Thank you for telling me," he smiled politely, "but I have already heard it from him." He watched her eyes a moment, really examining her soul. "Binovitch, you see," he continued, apparently satisfied with what he saw, "I regard as that rare phenomenon—a genius without an outlet. His spirit, intensely creative, finds no adequate expression. His power of production is enormous and prolific; yet he accomplishes nothing." He paused an instant. "Binovitch, therefore, is in danger of poisoning—himself." He looked steadily into her face, as a man who weighs how much he may confide. "Now," he continued, "*if* we can find an outlet for him, a field wherein his bursting imaginative genius can produce results—above all, *visible* results,"—he shrugged his shoulders,—"the man is saved. Otherwise"—he looked extraordinarily impressive—"there is bound to be sooner or later—"

"Madness?" she asked very quietly.

"An explosion, let us say," he replied gravely. "For instance, take this Horus obsession of his, quite wrong archæologically though it is. *Au fond* it is megalomania of a most unusual kind. His passionate interest, his love, his worship of birds, wholesome enough in itself, finds no satisfying outlet. A man who *really* loves birds neither keeps them in cages nor shoots them nor stuffs them. What, then, can he do? The commonplace bird-lover observes them through glasses, studies their habits, then writes a book about them. But a man like Binovitch, overflowing with this intense creative power of mind and imagination, is not content with that. He wants to know them from within. He wants to feel what they feel, to live their life. He wants to *become* them. You follow me? Not quite. Well, he seeks to be identified with the object of his sacred, passionate admiration. All genius seeks to know the thing itself from its own point of view. It desires union. That tendency, unrecognized by himself, perhaps, and therefore subconscious, hides in his very soul." He paused a moment. "And the sudden sight of those majestic figures at Edfu—that crystallization of his *idée fixe* in granite—took hold of this excess in him, so to speak—and is now focusing it toward some definite act. Binovitch sometimes—feels himself a bird! You noticed what occurred last night?"

She nodded; a slight shiver passed over her.

"A most curious performance," she murmured; "an exhibition I never want to see again."

"The most curious part," replied the doctor, coolly, "was its truth."

"Its truth!" she exclaimed beneath her breath. She was frightened by something in his voice and by the uncommon gravity in his eyes. It seemed to arrest her intelligence. She felt upon the edge of things beyond her. "You mean that Binovitch did for a moment—hang—in the air?" The other verb, the right one, she could not bring herself to use.

The great man's face was enigmatical. He talked to her sympathy, perhaps, rather than to her mind.

"Real genius," he said smilingly, "is as rare as talent, even great talent, is com-

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mon. It means that the personality, if only for one second, becomes everything; becomes the universe; becomes the soul of the world. It gets the flash. It is identified with the universal life. Being everything and everywhere, all is possible to it —in that second of vivid realization. It can brood with the crystal, grow with the plant, leap with the animal, fly with the bird: genius unifies all three. That is the meaning of 'creative.' It is faith. Knowing it, you can pass through fire and not be burned, walk on water and not sink, move a mountain, fly. Because you *are* fire, water, earth, air. Genius, you see, is madness in the magnificent sense of being superhuman. Binovitch has it."

He broke off abruptly, seeing he was not understood. Some great enthusiasm in him he deliberately suppressed.

"The point is," he resumed, speaking more carefully, "that we must try to lead this passionate constructive genius of the man into some human channel that will absorb it, and therefore render it harmless."

"He loves Vera," the woman said, bewildered, yet seizing this point correctly.

"But would he marry her?" asked Plitzinger at once.

"He is already married."

The doctor looked steadily at her a moment, hesitating whether he should utter all his thought.

"In that case," he said slowly after a pause, "it is better he or she should leave."

His tone and manner were exceedingly impressive.

"You mean there 's danger?" she asked.

"I mean, rather," he replied earnestly, "that this great creative flood in him, so curiously focused now upon his Horus-falcon-bird idea, may result in some act of violence—"

"Which would be madness," she said, looking hard at him.

"Which would be disastrous," he corrected her. And then he added slowly, "Because in the mental moment of immense creation he might overlook material laws."

The costume ball two nights later was a great success. Palazov was a Bedouin, and Khilkoff an Apache; Mme. de Drühn wore a national head-dress; Minski looked almost natural as *Don Quixote;* and the entire Russian "set" was cleverly, if somewhat extravagantly, dressed. But Binovitch and Vera were the most successful of all the two hundred dancers who took part. Another figure, a big man dressed as a Pierrot, also claimed exceptional attention, for though the costume was commonplace enough, there was something of dignity in his appearance that drew the eyes of all upon him. But he wore a mask, and his identity was not discoverable.

It was Binovitch and Vera, however, who must have won the prize, if prize there had been, for they not only looked their parts, but acted them as well. The former in his dark gray feathered tunic, and his falcon mask, complete even to the brown hooked beak and tufted talons, looked fierce and splendid. The disguise was so admirable, yet so entirely natural, that it was uncommonly seductive. Vera, in blue and gold, a charming head-dress of a dove upon her loosened hair, and a pair of little dove-pale wings fluttering from her shoulders, her tiny twinkling feet and slender ankles well visible, too, was equally successful and admired. Her large and timid eyes, her flitting movements, her light and dainty way of dancing—all added touches that made the picture perfect.

How Binovitch contrived his dress remained a mystery, for the layers of wings upon his back were real; the large black kites that haunt the Nile, soaring in their hundreds over Cairo and the bleak Mokattam Hills, had furnished them. He had procured them none knew how. They measured four feet across from tip to tip; they swished and rustled as he swept along; they were true falcons' wings. He danced with Nautch-girls and Egyptian princesses and Rumanian Gipsies; he danced well, with beauty, grace, and lightness. But with Vera he did not dance at all; with her he simply flew. A kind of passionate abandon was in him as he

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skimmed the floor with her in a way that made everybody turn to watch them. They seemed to leave the ground together. It was delightful, an amazing sight; but it was peculiar. The strangeness of it was on many lips. Somehow its queer extravagance communicated itself to the entire ball-room. They became the center of observation. There were whispers.

"There 's that extraordinary bird-man! Look! He goes by like a hawk. And he 's always after that dove-girl. How marvelously he does it! It 's rather awful. Who is he? I don't envy *her.*"

People stood aside when he rushed past. They got out of his way. He seemed forever pursuing Vera, even when dancing with another partner. Word passed from mouth to mouth. A kind of telepathic interest was established everywhere. It was a shade too real sometimes, something unduly earnest in the chasing wildness, something unpleasant. There was even alarm.

"It 's rowdy; I 'd rather not see it; it 's quite disgraceful," was heard. "*I* think it 's horrible; you can see she 's terrified."

And once there was a little scene, trivial enough, yet betraying this reality that many noticed and disliked. Binovitch came up to claim a dance, program clutched in his great tufted claws, and at the same moment the big Pierrot appeared abruptly round the corner with a similar claim. Those who saw it assert he had been waiting, and came on purpose, and that there was something protective and authoritative in his bearing. The misunderstanding was ordinary enough,—both men had written her name against the dance,—but "No. 13, Tango" also included the supper interval, and neither Hawk nor Pierrot would give way. They were very obstinate. Both men wanted her. It was awkward.

"The Dove shall decide between us," smiled the Hawk, politely, yet his taloned fingers working nervously. Pierrot, however, more experienced in the ways of dealing with women, or more bold, said suavely:

"I am ready to abide by her decision,—" his voice poorly cloaked this aggravating authority, as though he had the right to her,—"only I engaged this dance before his Majesty Horus appeared upon the scene at all, and therefore it is clear that Pierrot has the right of way."

At once, with a masterful air, he took her off. There was no withstanding him. He meant to have her and he got her. She yielded meekly. They vanished among the maze of colored dancers, leaving the Hawk, disconsolate and vanquished, amid the titters of the onlookers. His swiftness, as against this steady power, was of no avail.

It was then that the singular phenomenon was witnessed first. Those who saw it affirm that he changed absolutely into the part he played. It was dreadful; it was wicked. A frightened whisper ran about the rooms and corridors:

"An extraordinary thing is in the air!"

Some shrank away, while others flocked to see. There were those who swore that a curious, rushing sound was audible, the atmosphere visibly disturbed and shaken; that a shadow fell upon the spot the couple had vacated; that a cry was heard, a high, wild, searching cry: "Horus! brightest deity of wind," it began, then died away. One man was positive that the windows had been opened and that something had flown in. It was the obvious explanation. The thing spread horribly. As in a fire-panic, there was consternation and excitement. Confusion caught the feet of all the dancers. The music fumbled and lost time. The leading pair of tango-dancers halted and looked round. It seemed that everybody pressed back, hiding, shuffling, eager to see, yet more eager not to be seen, as though something dangerous, hostile, terrible, had broken loose. In rows against the wall they stood. For a great space had made itself in the middle of the ball-room, and into this empty space appeared suddenly the Pierrot and the Dove.

It was like a challenge. A sound of applause, half voices, half clapping of gloved hands, was heard. The couple

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danced exquisitely into the arena. All stared. There was an impression that a set piece had been prepared, and that this was its beginning. The music again took heart. Pierrot was strong and dignified, no whit nonplussed by this abrupt publicity. The Dove, though faltering, was deliciously obedient. They danced together like a single outline. She was captured utterly. And to the man who needed her the sight was naturally agonizing—the protective way the Pierrot held her, the right and strength of it, the mastery, the complete possession.

"He 's got her!" some one breathed too loud, uttering the thought of all. "Good thing it 's not the Hawk!"

And, to the absolute amazement of the throng, this sight was then apparent. A figure dropped through space. That high, shrill cry again was heard:

"Feather my soul . . . to know thy awful swiftness!"

Its singing loveliness touched the heart, its appealing, passionate sweetness was marvelous, as from the gallery this figure of a man, dressed as a strong, dark bird, shot down with splendid grace and ease. The feathers swept; the wings spread out as sails that take the wind. Like a hawk that darts with unerring power and aim upon its prey, this thing of mighty wings rushed down into the empty space where the two danced. Observed by all, he entered, swooping beautifully, stretching his wings like any eagle. He dropped. He fixed his point of landing with consummate skill close beside the astonished dancers.

It happened with such swiftness it brought the dazzle and blindness as when lightning strikes. People in different parts of the room saw different details; a few saw nothing at all after the first startling shock, closing their eyes, or holding their arms before their faces as in self-protection. The touch of panic fear caught the room. The nameless thing that all the evening had been vaguely felt was come. It had suddenly materialized.

For this incredible thing occurred in the full blaze of light upon the open floor. Binovitch, grown in some sense formidable, opened his dark, big wings about the girl. The long gray feathers moved, causing powerful drafts of wind that made a rushing sound. An aspect of the terrible was in him, like an emanation. The great beaked head was poised to strike, the tufted claws were raised like fingers that shut and opened, and the whole presentiment of his amazing figure focused in an attitude of attack that was magnificent and terrible. No one who saw it doubted. Yet there were those who swore that it was not Binovitch at all, but that another outline, monstrous and shadowy, towered above him, draping his lesser proportions with two colossal wings of darkness. That some touch of strange divinity lay in it may be claimed, however confused the wild descriptions afterward. For many lowered their heads and bowed their shoulders. There was awe. There was also terror. The onlookers swayed as though some power passed over them through the air.

A sound of wings was certainly in the room.

Then some one screamed; a shriek broke high and clear; and emotion, ordinary, human emotion, unaccustomed to terrific things, swept loose. The Hawk and Vera flew. Beaten back against the wall as by a stroke of whirlwind, the Pierrot staggered. He watched them go. Out of the lighted room they flew, out of the crowded human atmosphere, out of the heat and artificial light, the walled-in, airless halls that were a cage. All this they left behind. They seemed things of wind and air, made free happily of another element. Earth held them not. Toward the open night they raced with this extraordinary lightness as of birds, down the long corridor and on to the southern terrace, where great colored curtains were hung suspended from the columns. A moment they were visible. Then the fringe of one huge curtain, lifted by the wind, showed their dark outline for a second against the starry sky. There was a cry, a leap. The curtain flapped again and closed. They vanished. And into the ball-room swept the cold draft of night air from the desert.

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But three figures instantly were close upon their heels. The throng of half dazed, half-stupefied onlookers, it seemed, projected them as though by some explosive force. The general mass held back, but, like projectiles, these three flung themselves after the fugitives down the corridor at high speed—the Apache, *Don Quixote,* and, last of them, the Pierrot. For Khilkoff, the brother, and Baron Minski, the man who caught wolves alive, had been for some time keenly on the watch, while Dr. Plitzinger, reading the symptoms clearly, never far away, had been faithfully observant of every movement. His mask tossed aside, the great psychiatrist was now recognized by all. They reached the parapet just as the curtain flapped back heavily into place; the next second all three were out of sight behind it. Khilkoff was first, however, urged forward at frantic speed by the warning words the doctor had whispered as they ran. Some thirty yards beyond the terrace was the brink of the crumbling cliff on which the great hotel was built, and there was a drop of sixty feet to the desert floor below. Only a low stone wall marked the edge.

Accounts varied. Khilkoff, it seems, arrived in time—in the nick of time—to seize his sister, virtually hovering on the brink. He heard the loose stones strike the sand below. There was no struggle, though it appears she did not thank him for his interference at first. In a sense she was beside—outside—herself. And he did a characteristic thing: he not only brought her back into the ball-room, but he *danced* her back. It was admirable. Nothing could have calmed the general excitement better. The pair of them danced in together as though nothing was amiss. Accustomed to the strenuous practice of his Cossack regiment, this young cavalry officer's muscles were equal to the semi-dead weight in his arms. At most the onlookers thought her tired, perhaps. Confidence was restored,—such is the psychology of a crowd,—and in the middle of a thrilling Viennese waltz, he easily smuggled her out of the room, administered brandy, and got her up to bed. The absence of the Hawk, meanwhile, was hardly noticed; comments were made and then forgotten; it was Vera in whom the strange, anxious sympathy had centered. And, with her obvious safety, the moment of primitive, childish panic passed away. *Don Quixote,* too, was presently seen dancing gaily as though nothing untoward had happened; supper intervened; the incident was over; it had melted into the general wildness of the evening's irresponsibility. The fact that Pierrot did not appear again was noticed by no single person.

But Dr. Plitzinger was otherwise engaged, his heart and mind and soul all deeply exercised. A death-certificate is not always made out quite so simply as the public thinks. That Binovitch had died of suffocation in his swift descent through merely sixty feet of air was not conceivable; yet that his body lay so neatly placed upon the desert after such a fall was stranger still. It was not crumpled, it was not torn; no single bone was broken, no muscle wrenched; there was no bruise. There was no indenture in the sand. The figure lay sidewise as though in sleep, no sign of violence visible anywhere, the dark wings folded as a great bird folds them when it creeps away to die in loneliness. Beneath the Horus mask the face was smiling. It seemed he had floated into death upon the element he loved. And only Vera saw the enormous wings that, hovering invitingly above the dark abyss, bore him so softly into another world. Plitzinger, that is, saw them, too, but he said firmly that they belonged to the big black falcons that haunt the Mokattam Hills and roost upon these ridges, close beside the hotel, at night. Both he and Vera, however, agreed on one thing: the high, sharp cry in the air above them, wild and plaintive, was certainly the black kite's cry—the note of the falcon that passionately seeks its mate. It was the pause of a second, when she stood to listen, that made her rescue possible. A moment later and she, too, would have flown to death with Binovitch.

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The President's Son

By PHILIP PRESCOTT FROST

IT was four o'clock of a Saturday, deep in the recesses of the Stockholders & Directors National Bank of Chicago, so the first "set" of mail was down, and the sealing-machine clucked merrily under the incandescent lights at one end of the messenger-table as the big, fat envelops ran through. Neuman, a clumsy country boy of twenty-one, just off the prairies in search of a fortune, fed them in, and they piled up in front of the rollers not unlike straw before a thresher. The likeness gave his homesick heart a throb of comfortable satisfaction, a fact which he wisely refrained from mentioning.

Just beyond the debris, Bronson, son of the president of the Directors National, fresh from Harvard, sat in his immaculate shirt-sleeves and weighed the mail, marking the postage neatly in the upper right-hand corner. He was aware that he was to rise rapidly by sheer merit to a position of power and responsibility in the bank, and it was not strange that his present occupation and associates irked him somewhat. This beginning at the bottom to work one's way up like a common messenger had its disadvantages. On this particular evening it was more than usually annoying, for he had just been elected to the University Club out in Suburban Park, and, besides its being his first Saturday night with the club, there was to be a talk by John Strong, the "Grafting with Grafters" muckrake man. Bronson had been getting off early so often lately that he was ashamed to ask it to-night. He was dimly aware that the others never got off early.

Opposite the college man a dreamy-eyed youth, lately a printers' devil, and the latest addition to the force, absent-mindedly attached green one-cent "Franklins" to the bank's private mailing-cards, known as "tracers," and smiled vacantly in his sleep, save when the one they called the "anarchist" disturbed him at intervals with the magic word "Up!" removed the envelops upon which he had been sitting, inserted a yet uncompressed bunch, and ordered him "Down!" The gum on certain Manila envelops required more sustained and uncompromising pressure to insure adhesion than the machine afforded, therefore this primitive device.

In the absence of the head messenger, the anarchist was in charge of the force, having been the longest on it and being the next in line of promotion to "go up." He was below the average height, slender, almost emaciated, and bleached an unwholesome white, upon which smudges and streaks of Chicago soot stood out grotesquely. He made up for his lack of weight by his pernicious activity, organizing the work, stamping, sealing, inspecting, weighing, and recording at frantic speed. When he had no work to do, he loafed quite as uncompromisingly, in open defiance of the honored bank rule always to "look busy." His five months in the place had made him bitter against it, and when the lights were turned on and the stamp-drawer was open and the mail began to come down, it required only a word to loose his venom against the men who in his estimation determined the penny-wise policy of the Directors National.

With stinging pleasantries he would remind his colleagues of their privilege in being able thus to support so worthy a charity by fourteen hours a day of hard labor at the princely salary of twenty dol-

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lars a month. With conscientious accuracy he computed for them the exact time in hours and minutes they were required to work to earn the amount of a single brown postage-stamp poised on the tip of his index-finger. Yet when he had flashed sympathetic fire from his audience, he would perhaps suddenly convulse them with a well-turned witticism, or go on to spin yarns of his adventures until he caught some one of them with gaping mouth and idle fingers, spellbound and at his mercy. Bronson at once liked and disliked him.

"Express! Who 's going express?" It was Billy Hoffman, the fat little money-counter.

"I 'll take it to-night," said the anarchist, making for his locker. "What is it?"

"Adams and American; hurry up."

"Overcoat be hanged!" Seizing hat and gloves, the anarchist hurried out to the payer's cage after the fussy little Dutchman.

"Where 's the other man?" inquired Billy, blandly, when he arrived. "We 've got to cop ourselves to-night. The policeman 's gone." He was holding the bracelet invitingly open, that bugbear of all messengers, by which they are shackled to the heavy, two-handled money-box when transporting currency through the streets. The anarchist specially loathed that handcuff and chain.

"I 'll get another man," he said. "I did n't know you wanted more than one." He turned and went back to where two messengers were simulating industry over the copy-press and malodorous rag-box which they served.

"Express! Which is it?"

"Not me. I 'll tell you that right now." Squirting a jet of tobacco juice into a convenient waste-basket, the sport seized upon the wheel of the press with energy. The under lip of Willie Parker, a dissolute and unripe example of the effect of too much money and too little morals on a growing boy, protruded alarmingly. He was being imposed upon.

"Well, Jeeminy Crickets! I 'd like to know what you mean by comin' around here. As if we had n't enough to do! Why, good—why, look at—" Choking with emotion, he waved his cigarette eloquently toward the three letter-books before him. Glancing up, however, he saw that the anarchist was gone, so he replaced the cigarette where it would do the most harm, grinned in a sneaking way at the sport, and resumed his story where he had left off, at the point where the girl—well, let us say briefly, "he resumed his story."

The anarchist smiled slightly as he left the two loafers to the soft snap they had arranged for themselves. As he caught sight of Bronson's back, his eyes hardened again.

"Bronson,"—unconsciously he squared his shoulders as he said it,—"I shall have to ask you to go express to-night."

Bronson hesitated. It was raining after a day of snow. The streets were in that state of awful filthiness to which Chicago streets sometimes attain. Rain and fog were abroad.

"I do not wish to go express," said the future financier, with conviction. He looked up significantly at the farmer opposite, who was now stamping the eight-cent "big stuff" across the table. Neuman was looking over his head, his mouth half open and his eyelids wavering. Neuman did not say, "I 'll take it." Instead, he snapped his mouth shut suddenly, and fell to work with unction.

"It is your turn, I believe, and I prefer to have you to-night." The voice of the anarchist was as smooth as velvet behind him, but there was something in it which brought him to his feet. The anarchist wore hat and gloves, so the president's son limited himself to the same protection, leaving his handsome overcoat on its hook.

When fat little Billy saw the two messengers coming he nearly fainted with consternation.

"Here, here!" he ejaculated, in a fluster, thrusting the handcuff at the anarchist. "Quick! Don't you know who he is? That 's the president's son, old Bronson's boy! He does n't have to take out express."

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"He 's a messenger," the little anarchist hissed back, "and he 's going to do a messenger's work once in his life, if I 'm fired for it." He forcibly thrust one elbow in Billy's stomach, and, deftly wrenching box and manacle from him, presented the shining bracelet to his fellow, still looking him straight in the eye as he held it open.

Had Bronson been used to the game, he would have offered his left wrist; but involuntarily he put out his right, and in a second the steel was locked snugly about it, too tightly for comfort, thanks to the eagerness of the manipulator and the instant response of the spring ratchet.

They tramped down the long line of cages and desks and tables, past the bookkeepers and correspondence men and arithmometer girls, then through the lane between the officers' and stenographers' desks to the mahogany gate out to the twilight public floor. There is, of course, no disgrace in being chained to twenty-one thousand dollars, but the snug grip of the cold steel, the rattle of the chain, the curious scrutiny of passers-by, and the association of all these with criminal guilt and shame, bring the hot blood to the face of the uninitiated almost every time. Bronson was spared the discomfort of facing a curious street crowd by daylight. He could even have afforded to be thankful for the fog and rain.

As they stepped out through the big storm-doors to the street, the rain swirled down past distant cornices and beat in their faces. The anarchist let go the box to turn up his collar, and Bronson awkwardly worked his own up with his free left hand, the heavy box hanging from his right. Then the anarchist seized hold, and away they went, around corners, across uncleaned streets, and through slush-filled gutters, the box banging their knees, and the slime and water saturating their shoes and the bottoms of their trousers. Billy puffed on behind, alternately chuckling under his mustache, and pursing his lips in awe at the reckless and thorough way in which the little messenger was initiating his nominal subordinate.

Two blocks away the storm-doors gave as they plunged against them, and they stood at last before the money-window of the express office. The fifty-five-pound box had seemingly doubled in weight since leaving the bank, and it was only by a swing, a lurch, and a toss that it was thrown up on the ledge before the window. A gentleman smiled knowingly at this evolution, and remarked to a friend that the box doubtless weighed more than its contents.

Billy fussed up with his keys to unlock the receptacle, and the anarchist fell back three paces and stood poised, eyes half closed, watching the entire office like a cat, ready for a spring at any sign of a hostile move. Billy reached into the box, and, taking a firm, two-handed hold on the slack of a sealed bag, lifted until he was purple in the face, took a better hold, and, putting his strength into it, lifted the forty-pound bag of gold-coin and dropped it on the marble slab with a smash. The office shook to the solid blow, and the gentleman who had sneered caught the glint of the anarchist's eye upon him, and backed a little farther away from the window.

"Ten thousand," said Billy, fussily, tossing out the book. The agent signed for it in purple ink, while Billy signed the card attached to the bag; then back the book went into the box, down came the cover, the lock clicked, and the anarchist closed in and seized the handle.

"American," said Billy, pocketing the keys, and so the formalities were ended. A similar manœuver under the illuminated sign of the "AM EX CO" ended with the unlocking of the handcuff, and while Billy made for his train, the two messengers returned, swinging the empty box between them. The box went back into the "payer's coop," and Bronson and the anarchist returned to the mailing-table, neither one inclined to be talkative.

Bronson wiggled his cold toes in his wet, clinging socks and tightening shoes, and he thought. Thus far his work as a bank-messenger had not been disagreeable. Pleasant words, affable good-will, much choice as to what he would and would not

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do, and a comfortable feeling that he was heroically beginning at the bottom to work his way up—by sheer merit, of course—had kept him well satisfied with himself and reconciled to the less than boy's pay of the messengers. His allowance of fifty dollars a month for pin-money helped out the finances. He had noted, it is true, that the men up at the desks, those older to the business, were pleasanter and more discriminating, better able to appreciate his value, indeed, than his fellow-messengers. That was to be expected. This evening's childish performance over the express was the first hint of anything like persecution. Evidently he was singled out because of his father's position for a little "taking down." All right, he would show them the stuff he was made of. He set his teeth gamely. His father's son was not to be made to cry enough by any—

Bronson's meditations had betrayed him. The anarchist's warning, "Heigh there!" came like a pistol-shot down the table. Every man started, and then the son of his father beheld, sticking accusingly to his fingers in plain sight of all, not the green "Franklins" which should have been there, but a string of bright-red "twos," with nearly a dozen post-card "tracers" already stamped with double postage, even one "McKinley" raised to three cents! There was a snicker from the somnolent ex-devil, who had several times been the guilty wretch himself, an expansive, all-pervasive grin on the face of the rustic. Bronson picked at the stamps blindly, blushing as others, common mortals, had in the same place many a time. The thing was so obvious, so inexcusable, so nearly inexplicable! There could be no defense. Written all over it in letters big with accusation one seemed to read the word "INCOMPETENT."

"Never mind," said the anarchist, smiling, yet half sympathetic. "Let 'em go. They won't be the first."

Bronson remembered that the anarchist had not been sympathetic the last time the printer's devil had dreamed at his stamping and had done this same thing. The humiliation being still fresh, a horrible question found root in his mind: was he, after all, "working his way up just like any other messenger?" Was he?

Bronson remembered how he had upset a bundle of several hundred sorted checks in the clearing-house one morning three minutes before they were to go out, and how gently he had been dealt with. That reminded him of the twenty-thousand-dollar check he had brought in unsigned one day, and of the mild rebuke the assistant payer had given him, after the anarchist had been rushed out to obtain the signature. It had seemed very harsh at the time, but now he suspected that even then the wind had been tempered to the unshorn lamb. His heart-searchings were painful. They were interrupted by the comparatively early departure of the copy men, with open derision at the fate of the mailing force, and by the hot discussion of their methods that followed.

"It is n't that we owe the bank anything," the anarchist raved. "We earn three dollars for every one we get, every one of us; but that 's no reason why we should stick each other in the back. We 've simply got to stand together, I tell you. The man who chucks his work off on somebody else is a sneak. Why, look here, the man that 'll shirk around and loaf in the vault and holler 'murder' every time he 's asked to do anything, and keep shoving items on the rest of the crowd, and dodging mail, is n't getting back at the bank any; he 's just taking it out on the rest of us that are in the same boat with him. He 's mighty little better than the old blood-suckers that own the concern and are putting the screws to us."

"That 's so," said the farmer, thoughtfully.

Bronson's gorge rose. He felt himself and his interests more closely identified with the unearned increment than was possible for the others, and therefore appreciated more fully the value of a cheerful acceptance of the dispensations of an all-wise Providence. He forgot his self-questionings, and became the president's son again.

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"Oh, well, I don't know. This is n't

such a bad job, after all. I don't think the work is so very hard."

"No?" The anarchist looked at him sharply, a peculiar look which he did not quite understand and did n't at all like. "No, this is n't very hard work. I 've worked twice as hard myself on a job that put half the men in hospital inside of six months. The only difference was that there I was treated like a man. I was a man, got a man's wages, and had a man's chance. This cursed thing, with its shirking and its pulls and its boot-lickings and its little nagging persecutions and stingy 'economizing' on other people's necessities, would make a child of the biggest man that ever lived. I don't wonder it turns out the kind of cattle it does."

"If I felt as you do, I think I 'd quit," said Bronson, irritably. The pay-roll of the Directors National was of course well padded with the names of his relatives, and he felt that the anarchist was getting personal. The other shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't doubt you would; you could do a great many things the rest of us can't." He glanced up and smiled. Then he added: "Oh, Bronson, it is n't the first week or the first month or even the second month. It 's the sixth month that gets on a fellow's nerves. Don't you see?"

"No, I don't see," said Bronson. "I think the work grows easier as one gets used to it. And, moreover, I think a man gets along better anywhere for being good natured. Plenty of men who knew enough to hold their tongues and keep pleasant have gone up from the ranks here. They were n't always jawing about the work or their pay, though."

"No," said the anarchist thoughtfully, punching a stamp into his sponge, "they were n't; but every last one of them had a solid financial backing on the side—now, did n't they? Name one who had n't."

"Well," said the president's son, "of course—perhaps; but what of that? That does n't prove anything."

"Oh, no," said the anarchist, soothingly. "No indeed; of course it does n't prove anything at all." The anarchist struggled with a faint, far-away smile as he worked. Bronson felt uncomfortable. The other two looked at their piles of cards and letters as they moistened and pasted and tore the stamps, and meditated upon what they had just heard. The assistant cashier had told them when they came in that the educational value of the job would almost justify the bank in charging its messengers tuition, but that out of pure generosity the institution paid them instead a "nominal" salary, with bright prospects of promotion as they caught on. The novel ideas with which they now grappled made their young eyes protrude.

A step sounded around the corner of the vaults, and the assistant cashier himself approached the messenger-table. Ignoring the others, he addressed Bronson genially.

"You might about as well go on home now, Mr. Bronson. There 's really no object in your staying around here any longer." The four, as one man, stopped work and stared at him in dumb amazement. He flicked the ash from his cigarette with a jeweled finger, and deigned to explain.

"You 'll start in on a correspondence set Monday morning,—you 're promoted from the messenger force,—and it is n't really the proper thing for a correspondence man to be seen getting out mail, you know."

Bronson laid down his work, overjoyed that this grind of menial drudgery was ended. He looked up at Neuman, but Neuman and the ex-devil were looking at the anarchist, and it came to Bronson suddenly that the first opening on the correspondence force belonged by right to the anarchist, the "first messenger," and not to himself. The anarchist's sharp discipline and sharper sarcasms were always just. Those who worked under him had come to love justice and to think straight, Bronson with the rest. He knew with the others that this promotion, according to the rules of the game, was an act of flagrant injustice, and it was with a feeling of half-defiant shame that he looked toward the anarchist. The anarchist was

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even whiter than usual, tense, looking at him searchingly, questioningly. Bronson's eyes fell.

The anarchist stared, shrugged his shoulders, then barked out a short, contemptuous laugh and turned on his heel. They watched him around the corner of the vaults and out of sight, the two remaining messengers undisguisedly in sympathy with him, the assistant cashier suppressing a baleful "Impudent whelp!" Bronson all at once hot with furious resentment. He looked at the other two, saw their feeling in their faces, and arose abruptly. Who was he to be judged by such vermin? He went to his locker, struggled into his overcoat with the help of the assistant cashier, and they left without a word. On his way out he fell in with a correspondence man, Spear, who also commuted to Suburban Park, and the two went on together. Their street car was delayed, and they barely made their train in time to get seats. Spear was friendly and deferential, cordial in welcoming Bronson to the correspondence force, and inclined to admire him vastly.

"It is n't every man in your shoes who would start in at the bottom to work his way up as you 've done—and make good at it, too."

"Oh, I don't know," and Bronson, involuntarily expanded a little with satisfaction. He had thought this himself until earlier that same evening, and it restored his self-esteem to hear another say it.

"That 's right," Spear reasserted solemnly. "The worst of it 's over now, though. That messenger force is a fright, but the worst dubs get weeded out there, and it is n't so bad farther on up. A mouthy little loafer like that 'anarchist' you 've had yelping at you out there would n't last fifteen minutes on the correspondence force. We 're a pretty decent crowd."

Spear coughed complacently. Bronson winced a trifle at the word "loafer." It was not fair, and his sense of justice died hard in him. Then he thought of the contemptuous laugh, the grins of the others at his discomfiture over the wrongly stamped tracers, and he hardened his heart. He decided that the anarchist *was* a "mouthy little loafer," not fit for a "decent crowd" like the correspondence force. It followed that no injustice had been done in promoting him over the head of such a nobody.

"It has been rather rough," he confessed, "but I imagine you fellows will be nearer my kind."

"Oh, we are n't really in *your* class," protested Spear, humbly. "You 're a college man and a frat man and all that—belong to clubs, too, I 've no doubt."

A clammy suspicion that he was being "jollied" for a second chilled Bronson's satisfaction, but a stolen glance at Spear's solemnly reverent face reassured him. Bronson was hungry for this adulation, so he put away suspicion and followed the other's lead.

"Oh, yes, a few. I 'm dropping around this evening to hear John Strong give an informal little talk at the University Club. Pretty decent club, if I do belong to it. He 's the 'Grafting with Grafters' man, you know, a muckraker. Great chap, they say. Ought to be pretty good. He goes right in and gets the facts, you know, and then writes them up."

"Say,"—Spear radiated envy,—"I suppose, now, you 'll get to meet him—talk with him, maybe?"

"Oh, yes," said Bronson, airily, not at all certain that it was so, but aware that it should be. He went on to tell how John Strong, a college graduate, a member of Theta Epsilon, had turned his back upon all that, and had gone out and worked among common laborers, had even been one of the grafting gang that looted the city until they had forgotten to be suspicious of him and had let him see all that there was to see, and had placed themselves at his mercy. Bronson enjoyed the story, aware that a parallel might be drawn between this John Strong's romantic adventures and his own. He became kindly patronizing, as befitted a college man and the son of his father, bound to rise by sheer merit to positions of power

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and responsibility. Spear, at heart a profound flunky, worshiped with a grateful humbleness of spirit that was soul-satisfying.

The local express drew in at Suburban Park with whistling brakes, the two rose, and at the same time a hunched, shabby figure in the seat in front came to his feet, turned, and Bronson found himself facing the anarchist! He had known that the anarchist lived somewhere in Suburban Park, but he had never before met him either there or on the trains. It was impossible that he had not overheard most or all of their conversation. He grinned and nodded in a friendly, familiar way painfully in contrast with the decorous respect of Mr. Spear, a most ill-timed and humiliating salutation, and Bronson met it, as the impulse of the moment dictated, with a cold stare of non-recognition. The anarchist colored under it and turned abruptly away.

"I guess that 'll hold *him!*" exulted Spear, but Bronson did not hear. Suddenly he was unspeakably ashamed and sorry. It was not too late, and with a quick sprint he overtook the little messenger. He caught him by the shoulder and whirled him around.

"See here, now, I 'm sorry for that; I 've been acting like a cad and a mucker to-night, and I want to apologize. Is it right? What 's more, I won't stand for being railroaded over your head down there in the bank. I 'll call that thing off the first thing Monday. The job is yours, not mine."

"Bronson—I 'm awfully glad you 've said that. I knew you had the right stuff in you, though. Thank you." The anarchist squeezed his hand, and was lost in the crowd. Bronson went on to his evening of pleasure with sudden glad lightness of heart.

Bronson had been more than a little homesick for college that fall. His first five minutes in the club-house almost made him think that he was an undergraduate again. Members of the younger set seized upon him as he entered the door and made him welcome. A goodly crowd of college-bred men filled the rooms, the smoke of good cigars drifted in fragrant strata above their heads, a piano somewhere playfully attempted a college air, good fellowship abounded. Bronson saw men slapped familiarly on the back, heard first names bandied about, warmed to the democracy of it. It was good to be a college man, very good. He did not know how this man or that made his money or how much he was worth, and he did n't care. They were all good friends together, united by one great, common experience.

"Rather nice, is n't it?" said Turner, a classmate who had been a member for some weeks, and who was showing him about. "Almost like being back with the boys. Nice comfy house, not too big, and a nice lot of men. I 'm stuck on it, myself. There are a number of men here who are big medicine, too—somebodies, mighty well worth knowing. You want to meet the 'guest of the evening,' though, first. I think he 's over in that gang by the fireplace."

"John Strong?"

"Yes. Know him? No? Well, you 'll be surprised. Funny how one gets a notion of how a man is going to look, and gets it all wrong, now is n't it? It 's almost always so, though. 'John Strong' sounds as big as a white hope, and come to get your eye on him, he 's only a runt, after all. Live wire, though, all right—and a circus. Come on! Here 's a chance!"

A quick gust of laughter went up from the close group in front of the fireplace, and under cover of it they bored in. Bronson had a glimpse of a gentleman in evening dress who stood, with arms folded, in the middle of the group; he heard Turner introducing him: "My friend Mr. Bronson, Mr. Strong—if that 's your every-day name when you don't happen to be muckraking," and with another laugh the crowd opened, Bronson felt himself being thrust forward, the great man in a strangely familiar voice spoke his name, and he found himself looking into the level, kindly eyes and clasping the hand of —the anarchist!

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CURRENT COMMENT

Provincialism and The Century

NOW that the Panama Canal is open, North America may be spoken of roughly, as a large island. But, not to drag our well-behaved Canadian neighbors into this discussion, we of these United States have fallen into the mental habit of people living on a very small island. We are accustomed to speak of the insularity of the Englishman. As a matter of fact, the European experience of most Englishmen soon gives them a general comprehension of the affairs of the world beside which the snap opinions of the average American seem material for mirth. Their sense of humor may differ from ours,—perhaps it is subtler,—but certainly, to take a case, the general information of an English undergraduate in one of their large universities would put the average American college boy to the blush. We are a dynamic nation, we are a courageous and imaginative people; but we are far too apt to toss the rest of the world into the discard as we go about our own immediate business.

It is difficult for us, for example, to focus upon the general polity and racial characteristics and tendencies of other nations. It is difficult for us to conceive of an un-American point of view except as a joke. To make a generalization, diplomatically we are amateurs. In a certain sense it may be finer to be an amateur, to cultivate a hearty frankness, a straightforward expression of like or dislike; but there is no excuse for our displaying serene ignorance of some vital European situation where only the keenest analysis of cause and effect can be of service. Often in business we fail in the same degree, and our commerce, for instance with the Latin countries, is seriously jeopardized. Until the average American is more accurately informed as to what is going on in the great world outside his island set aloof by the large oceans, until he begins to think in terms of world civilization rather than in narrower terms, until he begins to weigh and contrast the territorial history and ethnological development of all the nations of the earth, he will never strike clear of this philosophical crudity.

This magazine aims at a world horizon. It is our intention to draw American attention to the commercial, social, territorial, religious, and esthetic development of the countries of the wide world. It is our intention constantly to discuss the relations of the United States with other countries, and to secure at all times the most authoritative and brilliant side-lights possible upon large timely public and international situations. Such writers as Edward Alsworth Ross, George Creel, James Davenport Whelpley, W. Morgan Shuster, Albert Bigelow Paine, all familiar to CENTURY readers by reason of their graphic work for us in the past, are going to help us in this plan. THE CENTURY has always been a clearing-house for large national ideas. In every issue we will bring some world problems into the ken of every American, and from month to month the changing internal situation and foreign relations of the great countries of Europe and Asia will be searched for new and significant aspects.

Upon all our spirits presses the burden of what we can only hope is the last great war in a civilized world. THE CENTURY hopes to print some valuable truth about it. A monthly magazine must leave the detail to the newspapers and the weeklies, but we feel that we can bring the larger developments in focus for readers from month to month. As well as the facts and their presentment are the psychology and philosophy of these great human impulses, and beyond that the network of international diplomacy. We shall explain these forces.

We have also a clear idea of what THE CENTURY wants in its fiction and poetry: the unusual theme, handled with clean and brilliant style, the absence of gush, melo-

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drama, and sentimentality, the presence of clear thinking and vivid characterization; in poetry, sound technic, felicity of expression, what Edward Rowland Sill once spoke of as "the clang-tint of words," and back of all this, new ideas or a new turn to old ones. THE CENTURY has an artistic ideal to serve, and will undertake this in no narrowing sense. THE CENTURY moves with the world, and wants the best of what is new, not anything at all simply *because* it is new, and will continue giving you a magazine with a brilliant personality and a full measure of intelligent writing. And surely it is eternally true that it is in the sincere magazine that you find the truest expression of modern life.

The War—What Might Happen

ONE possible outcome of the war has been overlooked; indeed, the mere mention of it seems fanciful.

What is it that Germany most needs? A seaport on the North Sea giving her direct access to the ocean and the rich mineral deposits in eastern Belgium, which are now the seat of an iron industry that offers a growing menace to the premiership of similar industries in the Rhine valley.

What is it that Russia most desires? Constantinople. Not merely because an outlet to the sea lies there, not only because fragments of the Slavic race are scattered on the way from Moscow to the Bosphorus; but also because the Greek Church possesses every motive of historical and religious zeal for giving St. Sophia back to the cross. Here is a commingling of motives, ethnic, economic, and religious, which, backed by a powerful nation just awakening into self-realization, will some day surely triumph.

Now, will German statesmanship admit this? And, having seen the inevitable, will it be hard-headed enough—let us say English enough—to forget the last few years and make a bargain to her own advantage?

A Russo-German entente could give each party its heart's desire. It would be invincible in Continental affairs. It would threaten England's supremacy on the sea as it has never yet been threatened. And historically it would not be as anomalous as the alliance between France, England, and Russia, for until recently Germany has shown many royal favors to the czar's land.

Germany, furthermore, is a manufacturing nation, has been importing food and raw material for twenty-five years, and must continue to do so. Russia, in the nature of things, cannot become industrialized, at least not for years. The greater part of her territory is a vast natural wheat-field like our Western prairies, and she is destined to remain to a large extent an agricultural nation. Her great populations, just assuming national consciousness, hold out chances for markets.

A mutual economic advantage can thus be assured to the two nations, an alliance between farmer and manufacturer.

Of course you at once think of the ethnic barrier. It has been paraded as the menace which drew Germany to arms. It is a factor, however, which no wise statesman of either country has sedulously attempted to stabilize. Poland alone is a glaring example of the methods these two races have persisted in applying to the ethnic factors. With the disappearance of Austria-Hungary, which is not a remote event, the last political barrier in the way of Russo-German alliance will vanish.

As soon as self-interest—which is the only motive, after all, that prompts international agreements that amount to anything—as soon as self-interest reveals to Slav and Teuton the futility of trying to wipe each other out, then we may look for a step in internationalism which will announce to Great Britain that the day of her Imperial Colonial Federation is near.

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IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Chef, the Cabaret, and the Dream

By ERNEST HARVIER

VATEL, the most famous of all French cooks, was roasting an ortolan in his little restaurant on the Rue Royale. From a copper saucepan he poured, with loving care, a gravy composed of herbs, citron, wine, and truffles. He reflected on the sauce, and as he did so, some of it overflowed and fell into the fire, emitting a cloud of smoke and steam. Vatel was weary of his lot, and as through a mist he saw, in dreamy anticipation, a land of plenty, the United States, where nothing was lacking to the chef.

"Alas!" he exclaimed, "in Paris we are short of beef, short of grain, and short of condiments. Skill must piece out what nature has withheld; but America, the republic of invention, progress, and material abundance—"

The revery continued, and Vatel thought he saw himself in a handsome restaurant in an American city. At one end of the room was a raised wooden platform upon which two colored men were singing a doggerel, "Oh, you Gaby Glide."

To two patrons glasses of Scotch whisky with cracked ice and seltzer were served. A portion of frozen fish with three varieties of "hot-stuff" sauce followed. Then more whisky and ice. Vatel, in unhappy dreamland, shuddered. A cold-storage chicken, some canned vegetables, and two storage eggs, sprayed with store cheese, appeared. A somber-faced man with false green whiskers sang in a dull voice what was described as a "laughing song." Then there were placed before the two diners large slices of apple pie and more whisky and cracked ice.

The revery of the chef had passed. He opened his eyes and bent watchfully over the fire. Yes, the bird was roasted to a turn. He continued to pour over it his gravy of herbs, citron, wine, and truffles.

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The Tipsy Trail

(Rudyardwise)

By KENNETH F. H. UNDERWOOD

Pictured by C. C. Tincher

THE one-step to the cabaret,
The Bronx to the sinful Clover,[1]
And the fish-hook man to the fish-hook girl
Ever the White Way over.

Ever the White Way over, lass,
Ever the step held true;
Over the girl and under the girl,
And back at the last to you.

Out of the joys of the Palais Danse,
Out of the nights of play
(Morning waits at the end of the rag),
Grandma, come away!

The snare-drum to the violin,
The coon to the colored band,
And the half and half to the half and half
Through the length of this lilting land.

[1] Club.

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Morning waits at the end of the rag,
And strange rheumatic pain,
Nipping the flanks of the senile ranks
Who strive to be young again.

Now for the trot again, again;
Every Jill and Jack
Follow the lure of the fish-hook curl
Over the town and back.

Follow the tangoing multitude
North of the subway's run,
Where youthful wives lead apartment lives,
And the Bronx and the town are one.

Follow the trail of the gay maxixe
Sheer to the twinkling lights,
Where maidens drift through the dances swift
In the zone of the noontime nights.

Follow the tangoing multitude,
To rhythmical neighborhoods,
From far Bay Ridge to the Queensborough Bridge,
In the hush of the Brooklyn woods.

The lame-duck to the craze-swept floor,
The girl to the latest hold,
And the arm of a man to the waist of a maid,
As it was in the days of old.

The arm of a man to the waist of a maid,
Drum of my soul, be fleet!
Morning waits at the end of this rag—
And the end of my frazzled feet!

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Our Literary Bureau

Novels read to order. First aid for the busy millionaire

NO BRAINS NEEDED. NO TASTE REQUIRED. NOTHING BUT MONEY. SEND IT TO US.

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

With drawings by John Leach of "Punch"

WE have lately been struck, of course not dangerously, by a new idea. A recent number of a well-known magazine contains an account of an American multimillionaire who on account of the pressure of his brain-power and the rush of his business found it impossible to read the fiction of the day for himself. He therefore caused his secretaries to look through any new and likely novel and make a rapid report on its contents, indicating for his personal perusal the specially interesting parts.

Realizing the possibilities coiled up in this plan, we have opened a special agency, or bureau, for work of this sort. Any overbusy multimillionaire or superman who becomes our client may send us novels, essays, or books of any kind, and will receive a report explaining the plot and pointing out such parts as he may with propriety read. If he can once find time to send us a post-card or a postal cablegram, night or day, we undertake to assume all the further effort of reading. Our terms for ordinary fiction are one dollar per chapter; for works of travel ten cents per mile; and for political or other essays two cents per page, or ten dollars per idea, and for theological and controversial work seven dollars and fifty cents per cubic yard extracted. Our clients are assured of prompt and immediate attention.

Through the kindness of the editor of the "In Lighter Vein," we are enabled to insert here a sample of our work. It was done to the order of a gentleman of means engaged in silver-mining in Colorado, who wrote us that he was anxious to get "a holt" on modern fiction, but that he had no time actually to read it. On our assuring him that this was now unnecessary, he caused to be sent to us the monthly parts of a serial story, on which we duly reported as follows:

January Instalment

Theodolite Gulch,

The Dip, Cañon County, Colorado.

Dear Sir:

We beg to inform you that the scene of the opening chapter of the "Fortunes of Barbara Plynlimmon" is laid in Wales. The scene is laid, however, very carelessly and hurriedly, and we suspect that it will shortly be removed. We cannot, therefore, recommend it to your perusal. As there is a very fine passage describing the Cambrian Hills by moonlight, we inclose

Miss Plynlimmon converses with her grandmother.

herewith a condensed table showing the mean altitude of the moon for the month of December in the latitude of Wales. The character of Miss Plynlimmon we find to be developed in conversation with her grandmother, which we think you had better not read. Nor are we prepared to indorse your reading the speeches of the Welsh peasantry that we find in this chap-

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ter, but we forward herewith in place of them a short glossary of Welsh synonyms which may aid you in this connection.

February Instalment

We regret to state that we find nothing in the second chapter of the "Fortunes of Barbara Plynlimmon" which need be reported to you at length. We think it well, however, to apprise you of the arrival of a young Oxford student in the neighborhood of Miss Plynlimmon's cottage who

They meet at sunrise on the slopes at Snowdon.

is apparently a young man of means and refinement. We inclose a list of the principal Oxford colleges.

We may state that from the conversation and manner of this young gentleman there is no ground for any apprehension on your part; but if need arises, we will report by cable to you instantly.

The young gentleman in question meets Miss Plynlimmon at sunrise on the slopes of Snowdon. As the description of the meeting is very fine, we send you a recent photograph of the sun.

March Instalment

Our surmise was right. The scene of the story that we are digesting for you is changed. Miss Plynlimmon has gone to London. You will be gratified to learn

She is overwhelmed by a strange feeling of isolation.

that she has fallen heir to a fortune of £100,000, which we are happy to compute for you at $486,666 and 66 cents less exchange. On Miss Plynlimmon's arrival at Charing Cross Station, she is overwhelmed with that strange feeling of isolation felt in the surging crowds of a modern city. We therefore inclose a timetable showing the arrival and departure of all trains at Charing Cross.

April Instalment

We beg to bring to your notice the fact that Miss Barbara Plynlimmon has, by an arrangement made through her trustees, become the inmate, on a pecuniary foot-

Her first appearance in evening dress was gratifying.

ing, in the household of a family of title. We are happy to inform you that her first appearance at dinner in evening-dress was most gratifying. We can safely recommend you to read in this connection lines four and five and the first half of line six on page 100 of the book, as inclosed. We regret to say that the Marquis of Slush and his eldest son Viscount Fitz-Busé (courtesy title) are both addicted to

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drink. They have been drinking throughout the chapter. We are pleased to state that apparently the second son, Lord Radnor of Slush, who is away from home, is not so addicted. We send you under separate cover a bottle of Radnor water.

They have been drinking throughout the chapter.

May Instalment

We regret to state that the affairs of Miss Barbara Plynlimmon are in a very unsatisfactory position. We inclose three pages of the novel, with the urgent request that you will read them at once. The old Marquis of Slush has made approaches toward Miss Plynlimmon of such a scandalous nature that we think it best to ask you to read them in full. You will note also that young Viscount Slush, who is tipsy through the whole of pages

The housemaid, tempted by her jewels, is planning to do away with her.

121–125, 128–133, and part of page 140, has designs upon her fortune. We are sorry to see also that the Marchioness of Busé under the guise of friendship, has insured Miss Plynlimmon's life and means to do away with her. The sister of the marchioness, the lady dowager, also wishes to do away with her. The second housemaid, who is tempted by her jewels, is also planning to do away with her. We feel that, if this goes on, she will be done away with.

June Instalment

We beg to advise you that Viscount Fitz-Busé, inflamed by the beauty and innocence of Miss Plynlimmon, has gone so far as to lay his finger on her (read page 170 lines six and seven). She resisted his approaches. At the height of the struggle, a young man, attired in the costume of a Welsh tourist, but wearing the stamp of an Oxford student, and yet carrying himself with the unmistakable hauteur

The Marquis of Slush.

(we knew it at once) of an aristocrat, burst into the room. With one blow he felled Fitz-Busé to the floor; with another he clasped the girl to his heart.

"Barbara!" he exclaimed.

"Radnor!" she murmured.

You will be pleased to learn that this is the second son of the Marquis, Viscount Radnor, just returned from a reading tour in Wales.

P.S. We do not know what he read, so we inclose a file of Welsh newspapers.

July Instalment

We regret to inform you that the Marquis of Slush has disinherited his son. We grieve to state that Viscount Radnor has

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Viscount Radnor hunts a job.

sworn that he will never ask for Miss Plynlimmon's hand till he has a fortune equal to her own. Meantime, we are sorry to say, he purposes to work.

August Instalment

The viscount is seeking employment.

September Instalment

The viscount is looking for work.

October Instalment

The viscount is hunting for a job.

November Instalment

We are most happy to inform you that Miss Plynlimmon has saved the situation. Determined to be worthy of the generous love of Viscount Radnor, she has arranged to convey her entire fortune to the old family lawyer who acts as her trustee. She will thus become as poor as the viscount, and they can marry. The scene with the old lawyer who breaks into tears on receiving the fortune, swearing to hold and cherish it as his own, is very touching. Meantime, as the viscount is hunting for a job, we inclose a list of advertisements under the heading "Help Wanted—Males."

December Instalment

You will be very gratified to learn that the fortunes of Miss Barbara Plynlimmon have come to a most pleasing termination. Her marriage with the Viscount Radnor was celebrated very quietly on page 231. (We inclose a list of the principal churches in London.) No one was present except the old family lawyer, who was moved to tears at the sight of the bright, trusting bride, and the clergyman, who wept at the sight of the check given him by the viscount. After the ceremony the old trustee took Lord and Lady Radnor to a small wedding breakfast at a hotel (we inclose a list). During the breakfast a sudden faintness (for which we had been watching for ten pages) overcame him.

During the breakfast a certain faintness overcame him.

He sank back in his chair, gasping. Lord and Lady Radnor rushed to him and sought in vain to tighten his necktie. He expired under their care, having just time to indicate in his pocket a will leaving them his entire wealth.

The viscount's brother had been killed in the hunting-field.

This had hardly happened when a messenger brought news to the viscount that his brother Lord Fitz-Busé had been killed in the hunting-field, and that he (meaning him, himself) had now succeeded to the title. Lord and Lady Fitz-Busé had hardly time to reach the town house of the family when they learned

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that owing to the sudden death of the old marquis (also, we believe, in the hunting-field), they had become the Marquis and the Marchioness of Slush.

The old Marquis of Slush meets with a sudden death.

The Marquis and the Marchioness of Slush are still living in their ancestral home in London. Their lives are an example to all their tenantry in Piccadilly, the Strand, and elsewhere.

Their lives are an example to all the tenantry.

Concluding Note

Dear Mr. Gulch:

We beg to acknowledge with many thanks your check for one thousand dollars.

We regret to learn that you have not been able to find time to read our digest of the serial story placed with us at your order. But we note with pleasure that you propose to have the "essential points" of our digest "boiled down" by one of the business experts of your office.

Awaiting your commands,

We remain,

OUR LITERARY BUREAU.

The Confession

By BERTON BRALEY

IN public, of course, I must bear myself ever
As modest in all that I am or I do;
In private I think I 'm decidedly clever,
Excelled, if at all, by a fortunate few.
In public I rave over other folk's labors,
And wish I could do things as finely as they;
But when I 'm alone, I look down on my neighbors
And think of myself as superior clay.

In public I giggle at other men's chatter,
To brilliance in banter I take off my hat;
In private I sneer: "What a cheap line of patter!
My dullest remarks are much brighter than that."
In public I say, "I 'm a mere poetaster
Who writes little rhymes for the people to see";
But really I think I 'm a regular master,
That Shakspere and Byron have nothing on me.

For public consumption it 's clearly my duty
To speak of my looks with a modesty vast;
In private I think that my fine, manly beauty
Has Mr. Adonis lashed tight to the mast.
In public I place, with immense circumspection,
My thoughts egotistical back on the shelf;
In private I think myself near to perfection.
Well, don't *you* feel that way concerning yourself?

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

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The outpost's Christmas letter

Drawn by Lester G. Hornby.

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THE CENTURY

Vol. 89 DECEMBER, 1914 No. 2

France, 1914

An Artist's Diary of the First Days of the War in Brittany, Paris, and Havre

By LESTER G. HORNBY

Illustrations by the author

PONT-CROIX, FINISTÈRE, AUGUST 1.

TWO notices issued by the War Department of the French Republic embellished the wall of my little inn at Pont-Croix. One announced the "general mobilization of all forces on land and sea," and held the eager attention of a constantly changing crowd of townspeople. The other, still wet with paste, was comparatively neglected; it concerned only two people in the whole town, of whom I was one. This notice informed foreigners that they must present themselves at the office of the mayor with papers of identification.

The mayor, with whom I have a speaking acquaintance, pored over dusty volumes,—volumes we usually believe to serve only as part of the necessary dignity to such official surroundings,—and after reading, re-reading, and searching further volumes of reference, I was granted a passport to Paris, the first paper of its kind issued in Pont-Croix for forty years.

On my way to the railroad station I followed the first company of recruits. A drummer and a color-bearer headed this little band of men, mostly peasants in patched smocks and sabots of wood, as they passed, swelling their ranks from the fields and the whitewashed cottages, where women and children stood waving farewells.

We passed through the little *place,* where the town-crier usually comes at this hour to beat his drum and announce to an apparently deserted village the date and articles of the next public auction, or that Monsieur So-and-so wishes to exchange four head of cattle, a horse, and a wheelbarrow for an iron harvesting-machine.

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To-day the town-crier marched as drummer beside the color-bearer, heading the company of parting recruits. From every window women were waving tri-colored flags and streamers as their men, knapsack in hand, left to join the ranks of the little company that Pont-Croix sends for the defense of France.

They approached the railroad station to the sound of the beating drum, the clatter of sabots, and, above all, the "Marseillaise," in which the voices of women and children join. The cries of "Vive la France!" were many, but one I shall always remember. It was the soft voice of a woman who stood, babe in arms, gazing from her window long after the little band had passed, uttering almost unconsciously in tones that died in a whisper, "Vive la France!" The parting recruits were lost to view beyond the dust-filled atmosphere of the street.

Railroad transportation was only for the army and those with military privileges. With a feeling of gratitude toward the mayor, whose papers allowed me such privileges, I found a place in the troop-train. Looking out along the line of car windows, I saw many little keepsakes change hands, and babies being held up for farewell caresses. Out on the platform an old man stood with tear-filled eyes when a young officer approached and offered a few words of cheer and assurance that the boys were to be well cared for. The old man brushed away the tears and looked up.

"It is n't because my boy is leaving that I weep," he said. "You don't think that, do you? It is because he cannot go; he now lies ill over there," indicating the dome of the hospital rising above the tree. As the train moved out, one woman put her baby back into the reluctant father's arms, telling him to leave it at the next station.

We changed at Douarnenez, and I found myself, with fifteen others, mostly brawny fishermen, in a third-class compartment intended for eight. We changed again at Quimper, and later at Nantes, where in the late evening light we saw the guards and sentries stationed all along the roads; the bridges and switch-house were particularly guarded. All vehicles standing at railroad crossings were now manned by uniformed drivers, or, in the lack of uniform, with caps of the service or with numbered arm-bands that indicated the same.

Armed sentries commanded every elevation. They were posted at cross-roads, in the fields, and in the shelter of old windmills, now appearing almost white in the moonlight. In passing small villages or isolated farm-houses, figures of peasants appeared at the dimly lighted windows, waving farewells to the troop-trains. Songs were heard all along the train, and after another of the many stops on sidings to allow the passing of trains of regulars, we arrived in Tours. It was after midnight, but the station was alive with troops.

TOURS, AUGUST 2.

IT was after one o'clock when a hastily made sign was raised to indicate the train for Paris. I had waited in this garrisoned town less than an hour, but three long trains of regulars had left, with very little disturbance and always with the greatest of secrecy. None of the soldiers and only the highest officers knew their destination.

An old cavalry officer with whom I had previously spoken as to the possibilities of my going on to Paris that night, or rather morning, called a porter, and found a place for me in his compartment with six other officers. It was a well-lighted first-class compartment, and I now saw for the first time that my acquaintance was a general, immaculately groomed. A cross of the Legion of Honor, a little line of ribbons indicating service in the Franco-Prussian War, two African campaigns, and another for long service relieved the black of his braided uniform. Most of these officers had seen service.

At four o'clock I was roused from a short nap by more recruits being crowded aboard the train, and looking out over the valley of the Loire as dawn broke, I saw

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"Out from one of the cañon-like streets opening into the *place* marched a little squad of soldiers carrying bayonet-set muskets."

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long lines of ammunition-trains moving northward. We stopped somewhere near Blois, and heard that the Germans were approaching Liège. There were other reports that the enemy was already in France, on their way to Paris, but this was quickly discredited.

At Orleans we had apparently authentic news that the Germans had violated the neutrality of Luxemburg and crossed the French frontier at three places near Belfort, deliberately breaking the pact that both countries must keep their forces at least ten kilometers from the other's territory.

War with Germany was now proclaimed. The report was again circulated that the Germans had entered France, and that fighting had begun on the Belgian frontier. To the little groups of peasants this announcement was a foreshadow of the inevitable; there were now many farewells, but almost no cheering.

As the sunlit mist of dawn rose from the valley, we saw the country-side dotted with armed sentries, some in uniform, others wearing only caps of the uniform and the numbered arm-bands. Some of the railroad engineers were in uniform. Baggage-cars and freight-trains were being overhauled by armed crews in search of spies.

The old general now awoke, and, gazing out of the window at the weeping women gathered at the little stations to bid farewells, murmured an exclamation relative to war very similar to Sherman's brief description. He spoke to a few of the women on the platform of the station, and, as the train moved out, wished them *"Bon courage,* my brave women."

We were passing through great stretches of planted fields, with potato plants just in bloom, and wheat-fields ready for the reaper, and others partly cut, with scythes lying where the reapers had left. We saw groups of reapers coming directly from the fields to the train, their women walking back to take up the scythes before the train was out of sight.

"Ah, the poor women! That 's war," said the old general, gazing back at them, and when he turned again, I saw tears glistening on his bronzed cheeks.

Nearing Paris, the railroad stations were being converted into hospitals, with red-cross flags hanging over the doors. Glimpses inside disclosed straw-covered floors, where shelter had been given to conscripts during the night.

PARIS, AUGUST 2.

SOON after noon we arrived in Paris, the twenty-two-hour journey ended, with nothing to eat and very little sleep. A state of siege had been proclaimed and Paris being an entrenched camp, the railroad stations as well as other approaches were being most carefully guarded. Most people arriving on the trains not in uniform, even French civilians, were held until identification-papers could be secured. Some with passports were being detained, and I wondered what my luck would be in passing the inspector. The station buffets were sold out hours ago in feeding hungry soldiers, and for the first time I realized the effect of my day of fasting. Almost all were carrying their own baggage, owing to a lack of porters; even women wearing the red cross bore their heavy sacks. To one little woman in particular I shall always feel very grateful. I had taken her Red-Cross sack along with my own cumbersome luggage, and not until we were safely past the inspectors at the gate did I realize how effectively this slight service impressed them. Carrying this red-cross sack conspicuously displayed, I may have been mistaken for a doctor of the service.

Secretly admiring this little lady in her becoming coif and cape of blue broadcloth, I noticed the small numbers on her Red-Cross insignia, indicating the 11th Infantry, stationed at Nancy, where, she told me, she was going to join her husband, a captain in the garrison there.

For a few moments the city's care-ladened atmosphere was lifted as she looked back from her taxi with a *"Bon courage!"* for some recruits who had been on our train, and, smiling, warned them that, needing red-cross service, in a mo-

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"Gazing from her window long after the little band had passed."

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ment of excitement they must select no other place than Nancy. From one of the recruits, a fine-looking youth, came a cheerful acknowledgment of gratitude that brought smiles to many lips. He would, indeed, hope for the good fortune that would permit him to avail himself of madame's kind invitation to Nancy; and would madame of the Red Cross remember that as an invalid he always preferred Veuve Cliquot to Pommery?

But this suggestion of the spirit of Paris as we had known her vanished beneath the cold, gray light of a rain-drenched sky. The *place* in front of the Gare d'Austerlitz was somber with walls of shuttered shops and iron-barred windows, seeming grimly reminiscent of the days of the Commune, as we of this generation know the period from old prints displayed in the book-stalls of the Palais Royal. Out from one of the cañon-like streets opening into the *place* marched a little squad of soldiers carrying bayonet-set muskets. Silently marching across the open space, they disappeared into the gloom of another dark thoroughfare.

"Drilling, are they not?" I inquired of a soldier standing beside me.

"No, Monsieur," he replied. "It is one of the vigilance patrols."

The soldier regretfully related how some of the shops kept by foreigners, mostly Germans, had been sacked during the first froth of excitement following the report that the Germans had crossed the French frontier. As an outcome of these incidents, among the recently posted edicts issued from the war office, one relates to the suppression of public demonstrations, demanding all citizens of the republic to aid the authorities in this matter, that their attention may be concentrated on the urgent needs of the state. To safeguard foreign shop-keepers, these little vigilance squads were therefore patrolling all Paris. On the grand boulevards and other important thoroughfares the patrols were mounted cuirassiers of the Republican Guards, their shining helmets covered with a war mask of khaki.

A Sabbath calmness hung over the city. Paris seemed unreal; the appalling quiet of the streets was accentuated by the hoarse shouts of newsboys announcing, *"Special de la guerre!"* They appeared hourly, the latest announcing that a state of siege was officially proclaimed in all France. Many shops were still open, but business was being conducted most quietly. In shoe shops the displays of fashionable footwear had given way to piles of heavy, hobnailed boots for soldiers; haberdashers displayed colored shirts of serviceable materials in place of silks and madras. The large department stores much patronized by Americans at this season were keeping their reduced forces occupied in packing and storing away their stock, there being no shoppers to serve. In an isolated department of one store I saw at least forty or fifty shop-girls at work making bandages, aprons, and other hospital necessities, they having volunteered their services for the Red Cross. All over Paris, indeed, great numbers of these *petites ouvrières* were volunteering their services for the Red Cross.

A delightful incident occurred in a small photographer's shop, where one of these little girls learned with great disappointment that the proofs she had been promised were delayed, and would not be finished before her François left with his regiment. Among the sympathizing onlookers was the artist Willette. Quietly taking a sketch-book from his pocket, he outlined the little girl's pretty profile, and after a few of those touches so characteristic in his sketches of her class, he presented the likeness to her. The girl's tears of disappointment vanished, and in their place tears of joy expressed her gratitude.

Fascinated by Paris and its unusual aspects, I completely overlooked the fact that it was time for dinner and almost thirty hours since I had eaten. Having inwardly cherished the thought of *pommes soufflés,* I was somewhat disappointed when the garçon regretted that there were no *pommes soufflés* that evening. I thought it somewhat of a concession, but I 'd have *pommes rissolés.* The garçon was still sorry, but they had no *pommes*

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Buying provisions for a siege in the market of the rue Mouffetard.

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rissolés, nor, in fact, potatoes of any kind, and then I was told that the demands of people provisioning for a siege had made potatoes already a scarcity in the markets of the city.

In offering a fifty-franc note I found the garçon regretting that he could not accept it. Gold one never sees now, and even the silver five-franc pieces are becoming scarce, though silver in small denominations is still obtainable; but the refusal of a fifty-franc note was somewhat of a shock.

PARIS, AUGUST 3.

THE newsboys had just rushed into the streets with their damp sheets announcing Germany's ultimatum to Belgium. On every corner their supplies of papers were being disposed of as fast as their hands could meet the eagerly extended sous. Another edition soon appeared with news of the bombardment of Lunéville by a German aëroplane, and in almost every café this was the chief topic of conversation.

The street traffic was no longer animated by the shuttle-cocking auto-busses. Hundreds of these powerful machines, with their renowned drivers in uniform, were already leaving the city by the northern and eastern gates to serve in the transporting of provisions and ammunition. For this same service the large department stores volunteered their enormous forces of auto delivery-vans, horses and wagons, and even the little tricycle *voitures.*

Provision-dealers of the little quarters were rapidly disposing of their stocks of rice, macaroni, and flour, and the sausages invariably festooned across the windows of *charcuteries* were now at a premium. The old rue Mouffetard was black with people carrying baskets and bartering with the push-cart dealers. In other streets of the quarter where shops of tradesmen, tinkers, coopers, and cobblers usually filled the air with a din of their various noises, the silence was almost uncanny, and again the iron-barred windows and shuttered shops recalled something strangely suggestive of the Commune.

PARIS, AUGUST 4.

EARLY in the morning war specials appeared on the streets with news of Great Britain's midnight alternative to Germany, demanding the respect of Belgium's neutrality. Day broke with the Germans still in Belgium and, having made no reply to Great Britain, thus automatically in a state of war with the British. All the Paris papers now contained Sir Edward Grey's remarkable speech before the English Parliament, explaining Great Britain's duty in protecting not only Belgium's neutrality, but also the coast of France.

British flags were now being placed side by side with those of France, Servia, and Russia; garçons on ladders draped the colors over cafés; housewives hung pennants from windows; others flew from automobiles; and among pedestrians many lapels now bore the colors of the four allied nations.

Letter-carriers delivering opened letters gave evidence of the censorship being enforced in the mails as well as in telegrams and cables. No codes were permitted; even the use of cable addresses was prohibited.

Traffic was occasionally blocked by ammunition- and provision-trains jogging through the streets on their way toward the German border, but just where no one knew except the few in command. Among pedestrians every one was intensely occupied; no one loitered except the people stopping to gaze skyward at the French aëroplanes, which appeared daily as guards of the air above the city. In the evening, along the Boulevard St.-Michel little groups of people might be seen looking up at the sky, and asking one another if this or that was a star. Did it twinkle? was it not moving? They discussed the probabilities of the dreaded German aircraft appearing over Paris. Here in the Quarter the crowds of students strolling along the "Boul' Miche' " were almost as numerous as before the outbreak of the war, though now with no suggestion of their former hilarity.

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Reports from the front

Drawn by Lester G. Hornby.

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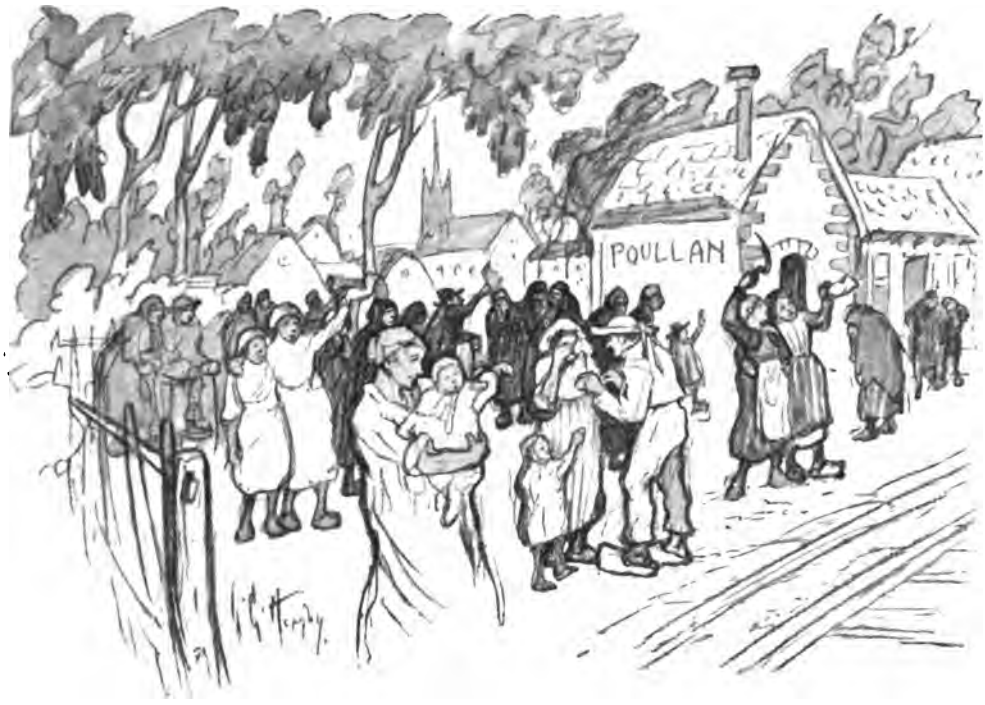

At Marolles.

PARIS, AUGUST 5.

THE great parade-ground in front of the Hôtel des Invalides was filling up with private automobiles mobilized for the army; experts were appraising each machine as it was brought in. Others, including many large limousines, were being offered by their American and English owners, frequently their chauffeurs also volunteering and receiving the numbered arm-bands of the service. From time to time famous drivers appeared in their powerful racing-cars, and were immediately detailed for the service of commanding officers. Over in the Garden of the Invalides, close by Napoleon's tomb, aged veterans sat gazing from their sun-warmed benches out over this spectacular phase of modern warfare, while coughing sirens and the impatient throbbing of high-powered engines animated the parade-ground.

Fighting near Liège was now reported, and on every side people were wondering if the defiant Germans, already in a state of war with four nations, had gone war mad, or had she secretly concealed the existence of some powerful explosive that she would soon make known to her enemies.

Chairs and tables were no longer seen on the terraces fronting the large cafés of the grand boulevards and the rue Royal. Mountebanks and toy-sellers had made way for venders of war-maps and flags—flags of France, England, Russia, Servia, and Belgium. After nine at night the streets were as dark as at midnight, and all cafés were closed. This afternoon in the garden of the Palais Royal, where children usually play, recruits were being drilled, among them a company of Americans who had volunteered their services for France.

At the embassy Americans applying for certificates of their citizenship stood in line for hours, and in the evening were taking places before the office of the *commissaire* of their quarter, applying, with others already in line, for their necessary *permis de séjour* or *laissez-passer*. After nine o'clock women of the quarter appeared with sandwiches and wine for the waiting foreigners, some of whom had guarded their places since early morning.

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PARIS, AUGUST 6.

IN the Champs-Elysées prancing thoroughbreds from private stables of the quarter were being led to the rain-shelters and numbered for mobilization, just as truck-horses had been for three days, large numbers being painted near their shoulders. Other thoroughbreds en route for Deauville, Ostend, and other fashionable courses were being mobilized in a similar manner, for there will be no *saison d'été*.

In applying at the office of the Secretary of War for papers as a correspondent, I learned that none were to be issued, and furthermore that all war news would be subject to strict military censorship, and the movements of the army kept absolutely secret.

Arriving at the Gare St. Lazare to make inquiries regarding afternoon trains for Havre, where my boat was scheduled to sail on the eighth, I found nearly two thousand people standing in line. Until then I had considered myself fortunate in possessing a ticket for a second-class berth, since large sums were being offered for steerage places. As I looked at the snail-like progress of this long line, and considered the hundreds already with tickets, and that only three, or at the most four, trains a day were leaving for Havre, taking from eight to fourteen hours, with their numerous stops for the passing of troop-trains, my hopes of using the cherished steamer-ticket dwindled. Then there occurred to me the possibility of encountering some one at one of the steamship offices whose plans had been altered by present circumstances, forcing him to forfeit his railroad accommodations on one of the boat-trains. Standing near the door of the office, I would choose my subjects as they entered. I had asked no more than six people when the hoped-for thing happened, and I was fortunate enough to secure a ticket for a train that left in less than an hour.

The journey to Havre took us through Normandy, where great stretches of grain-fields, heavy with ripened grain, swayed in the evening breeze. Through the veil of river mist the valley seemed almost deserted. A lone harvester was sometimes seen coming along a field road, where in other times little bands of returning reapers strolled arm in arm, filling the air with their harvest-songs.

Just before reaching Rouen, we crossed the railroad bridge spanning the Seine, and beyond, almost lost in the night, stretched the light-specked city of ancient roofs and Gothic spires. And here almost directly below us, where the bridge arches the left bank of the river, I always feel a childish delight in looking down between the great avenue of trees to a sylvan spot —the Jeu de Paume—that still retains, with its name, a suggestion of the days when royalty played there at bowls and a sort of tennis. To-night this quaint park was alive with troops of the republic drilling. Just beyond and to the right of the cathedral's lace-like spire we may still define the grim form of a small medieval tower marking the dungeon where a peasant girl from Orleans was once imprisoned.

ROUEN, AUGUST 6.

AT the station companies of infantry from the garrison were marching in to take their places in the troop-trains, which I learned would delay our train at least an hour. Grateful that the delay was here rather than on a country siding, I picked my way between the bivouacked soldiers, strolling out into the city. Lighted windows were being darkened as shopkeepers put up their shutters. After leaving the neighborhood of the station, the silence of my nocturnal ramble was broken only occasionally by passing soldiers. Noticing that they seemed to be moving in the direction of the cathedral, I followed, and there saw them emerge from the darkened streets singly and in little groups, moving across the *place* and disappearing beneath the massive portals of this battle-scarred cathedral. Fascinated by the faint shaft of light that played over the worn flags as the door opened, I, too, passed beneath the carved arches and peered into what seemed a colossal forest of stone hung with tapes-

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"Where women and children stood waving farewells."

try, arching its branches in three tiers, and disappearing into depths of darkness above and on every side, except at the very end of the central aisle, where a diffused golden light cast mysterious shadows from pennants of blue and white. And in these shadows, as my vision became accustomed to the darkness, I saw hundreds of soldiers bowed in prayer. The darkened vaults overhead echoed the utterance of a benediction, then from somewhere near the source of the golden light came the chant of a midnight mass. Remembering that the image of the patron saint was in the neighborhood of the illumination, I found my way through the crowd and there, paying their last respects before leaving for battle, I saw these Norman soldiers bowed before their warrior saint, the Maid of Orleans, reflecting in her armor the flickering flames of hundreds of candles.

HAVRE, AUGUST 7.

AFTER a twelve-hour journey we arrived in Havre, in a drizzling rain characteristic of early morning in these French seaports. The cafés began to open, and after *petit déjeuner* and the clearing of the clouds, we made our way to the waterfront. A scattering of people, mostly sailors, were lounging along the jetty, for it was rumored that British troops were to arrive that day.

The bulletin-patched windows of the local newspaper office was the center of interest in the city, and although the people had nothing but words of praise for the plucky stand of the Belgians, these *Thermophyles liègeoises,* there were no demonstrations as the crowd read the latest reports from Liège of the small Belgian forces still holding the Germans at bay.

The news bulletins later reported that the French had entered Alsace, and old heads nodded suggestively. Their hopes of forty-four years ago might now be realized.

Our sailing was postponed, though notices were posted, warning passengers going ashore that the boat might leave on the next flood tide. We saw the *Provence* and later the *Savoie* being fitted with guns and ammunition. On the quays were piles of furniture; carved writing-desks, chairs, mirrors, and rolls of heavy carpet lay about in disorder, discarded to make room for the loads of beef, hard tack, and ammunition being carried aboard. The day passed, and still the British came not. Many of the expectant watchers were now

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beginning to wonder if this rumor was a blind intended primarily for German spies, who must still be moving among us in unsuspected disguises.

To-day my tram fare was paid to a woman wearing the coat and cap of her enlisted husband, despatching her new duties with the ease of one long accustomed to the work; and so it has followed in other lines, where these remarkable women of France have taken up their husbands' work in shops and fields, all going on quietly in a country where the suffrage question is little agitated.

The British arrived during the night, and might be seen to-day in their khaki uniforms walking about the city with their French escorts, and sitting with them at the café tables. Most of these Britishers wore ribbons indicating service in South Africa.

To-day two German spies, disguised as fishermen, were caught, and at sunset paid the penalty. And I myself having been the object of one clue in the running down of a suspicious character, could bear evidence that search for other spies was still in progress. To-night, upon entering my room, attracted by the play of moonlight on a jumble of old roofs and the quaint little court below my window, I stood gazing over the moonlit tiles and chimney-pots. Believing myself to be alone in this silent observation, I bent over the balcony to follow the outline of a shadow in the court.

"Halt!" commanded a firm voice from somewhere below, and just under my window the formidable glisten of a sentry's bayonet revealed the speaker. I was commanded to retire, and I obeyed. With morning came effusive apologies from the hotel proprietor as he introduced a more laconic person, who demanded my papers of identification. Then, to my surprise, a sketch that I had made the day before was demanded—"a sketch made between four and five o'clock as English troops were passing the fortifications." The description was most accurate, and showing in my sketch-book that the sketch to which he referred was of a British provision-train rather than a plan of the fortifications, I dispelled his justified suspicions.

Nearly a week passed before the seas were declared safe and our sailing announced. For the last few days there had been hardly a change in the daily events of Havre; fewer uniforms of the French were seen, but the streets were now alive with khakied "Tommies," thousands being landed every night. In early morning British trumpets were heard as companies marched along the quays and off to the north. During the day eager, but undemonstrative, crowds stood reading reports of the newspaper bulletins and official notices published from the hôtel de ville. Evidence of the military censoring was now apparent as we read only slightly varied reports of the siege of Liège and the occupation of Alsatian towns by the French. In the local papers no mention was made of the thousands of troops being landed nightly by the British transports; yet Normandy for the first time in history welcomed the British to take up arms as allies here on the ancient battle-fields of William the Conqueror.

To-day their marching step was not of the soldier on dress-parade, but the steady stride of men going to offer the best that a soldier can, and singing as they went:

"It 's Tommy this an' Tommy that, an'
Tommy stay aw'y;
But it 's Tommy, 'Ah! God Bless You'
when the shot begin to fly."

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The Disengaged

By CAROLINE DUER

Author of "What a Woman Wants," etc.

Illustrations by Paul Meylan

'IN point of fact," I concluded, "your very faults are perfect."

"But that 's nonsense," calmly replied Amelia.

And so, in a way, it was. Still, if a man may n't employ this kind of conversation when he is trying to please a good-looking young woman on a fine summer day, when may he? Especially if he happens to be, as I pointed out to Amelia, using an expression I knew she detested, "betrothed" to her.

We were out in a boat on the lake at the time, ostensibly fishing. At least I held my rod under my knee as I lay at full-length in the stern, with my head on my arms and my pipe in my mouth; and Amelia, who sat bolt upright in the bow, was letting hers float beside her, near the hand she dabbled in the water.

"We are *not* betrothed," she returned at once, with some emphasis. "We are just—contemplating matrimony."

"Oh, that 's it, is it?" said I. "All right. At any rate, you 've got a bite."

Before she was aware, her rod had streaked away in the wake of an active fish,—the only one, I could swear, active or otherwise, in the length and breadth of the lake,—and the ineffectual clutch she made after it only served to rock the boat and wet her sleeve to the elbow.

The moment was propitious for jeering, so I jeered.

"To own a rod, and bait a hook, and then let a fish get away with the whole thing, how futile!" I remarked sententiously.

"It was n't *my* rod," said Amelia, with an affectation of coolness. This seemed as good an answer as any she could make; but she paused a second and then added reflectively, "Besides, I did n't want to go fishing."

"Well, you have n't exactly rivaled Izaak Walton, if it comes to that," said I. "You 've just sat still and idled till something ran off with your rod. But that 's what life very often is, my dear—sitting still idly, and seeing one thing vanish with another. The fish is, doubtless, a symbol of the young person who may possibly run away with me if you don't take the trouble to secure me."

Amelia did not appear to be listening.

"The hook will hurt him like anything; that 's one comfort," was all she said.

"What a savage nature you have!" observed I.

"A moment ago you said I was perfect, even to my faults," returned she, gazing across the lake.

"I think it perfect to have a savage nature," said I.

Amelia raised her eyebrows.

"Mine is gentle to weakness," I went on, "and the fierceness of yours supports it and gives me confidence."

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"Confidence in what?"

"In taking the next step. Confidence in the mutual benefit our characters will derive from constant association. I shall harden. You will soften. I had n't thought it all out so clearly when you accepted me,—I mean, of course, when you accepted the idea of contemplating matrimony with me,—but I see it now plainly."

"I really don't know why I did accept," said Amelia, laughing.

"If you had n't, some one else would have," I rejoined, nodding at her solemnly. "There 's so much about me that women want to reform."

"I quite see that," agreed Amelia; "but I 've no intention of trying."

"You 're so sensible!" I sighed contentedly.

Very properly regarding this as an insult, Amelia sniffed, and drew herself a little more upright.

"So you don't like being reformed," said she in a conversational tone.

"Oh, yes, I do," said I; "only not by the women I 'm engaged to."

Amelia opened her mouth hastily, as if to say any one of several obvious things, and then shut it again and looked thoughtful.

"And I suppose you 'd like it still less —using your own rather Mormonish form of expression—from the women you 're married to," she suggested at last rather coldly.

"Still less," I assented. "The lovely outsider softly intimating that you don't make the most of your noble qualities, and the long-suffering wife protesting that she can't stand a further exhibition of your evil ones—can you ask which any mortal man would choose?"

Amelia smiled, but she still looked thoughtful.

"No people who have the *right* to reform each other should ever try," I continued. "And considering that they have generally been drawn together by the engaging nature of their imperfections, it does seem ridiculous—does n't it?—for them to go charging about afterward, wanting to correct this and change that, just because they happen to live together in the wholly unreasonable estate of matrimony."

"I agree with you up to a certain point," said Amelia; "but—"

"I dare say that 's far enough," I put in.

"But you were giving thanks just now because your character and mine would derive so much mutual benefit from an interchange of qualities!"

"And so they will, I humbly hope, but by imperceptible degrees. Insensibly; and, above all, silently; by example, not precept. Our motto shall be: 'Never speak for your character. Let your character speak for you.' We 'll have it painted over the mantelpiece."

I formed the letters in the air with my pipe to give her an idea of how the thing would shape out, but she was still turning something over in her mind, and refused to be more than half diverted.

"I 'm quite of your opinion that faultfinding is abominable, and never does any good; but do you seriously mean that if either of us saw the other making mistakes, nothing ought to be said? Even if they were persistent mistakes, likely to kill the feeling we started out with—"

"What feeling is that?" I inquired; for I prefer explicitness, and I am not above laying traps for Amelia.

"Regard," said she.

"I 'm very likely to kill that at any moment," said I, throwing my weight against the side of the boat in a manner that should have intimidated any properly constituted female.

Amelia threw her weight against the other side.

"Don't be a donkey!" she exclaimed. "You can't drown me, you know."

"I 'll have a try at it, anyhow, if you don't say what you mean," I declared.

Amelia said it.

"Very good," I conceded, appeased. "We 'll go on from there, then. The feeling we start out with is *love*. None of your old regards! Now, if we either of us take to behaving in a way that is likely to injure that love, is the other one

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to refrain entirely from remonstrating with the transgressor? That is what you were asking, I think."

"If that is what you meant, yes."

"Yes again to you, then. That 's about what I meant."

"And you would n't want to be warned —once?"

"I rather think I 'd know in my bones if I were doing anything you disapproved of," said I, grinning.

"But you might n't think *I* knew you were," said Amelia.

I stopped grinning, and reflected upon this. No man likes to think a woman always knows what he 's up to, especially the woman who has the best reason to be disturbed by it.

"You are sure you *would* know?" I hazarded.

Amelia nodded. It was an awful nod.

"Certain. And of course *I 'd* rather you came right out with it, so that we could discuss it in all its bearings. But if you would n't, then I 'd rather warn you that I knew, and did n't like the thing."

"What sort of thing, for instance? Give it a name," said I.

She hesitated.

"Well, suppose—after we were married, if we do marry—"

"Of course," said I, "if we do."

"You took to gambling—"

"Try another," I interrupted. "Gambling bores me."

"Then suppose you—fell in love—mildly—with some one else."

Here was what I 'd been expecting and I grinned again, this time to myself.

"I don't fall in love *'mildly,'*" I protested. "I can't. But I might take a violent fancy, if that would please you."

"That 's just it," said Amelia. "It would n't please me. But I might n't be able to stop it. No more might you."

"Then where on earth would be the use of talking? What good would it do?"

"It would clear the air," she declared with decision.

"It would destroy all the romance," I objected stoutly.

"Whose romance?" asked Amelia.

"Mine, of course," I returned.

There was silence for a minute. One of the most annoying things about a woman is that she does n't always have to speak to say what you don't want to hear.

"You see, my dear girl," I began again, "if I were being sweetly understood and cared for by the lovely outsider, it would brush all the bloom from the situation to tell you about it—certainly while it was going on. Afterward, of course—"

"When you were ready to come back?" she suggested.

"Yes. That would be different," I admitted brazenly enough.

Amelia looked all around the lake and back again, as though invoking the spirits of nature to hear me.

"And what about *my* romance," she inquired, "while you were moling about with yours?"

"I object to the word 'moling,'" said I, severely. "It conveys a wrong impression. If you 'd read your mythology properly, you 'd remember that Jove himself, when he was sporting with the nymphs, always plunged into a cloud for the protection of everybody's feelings."

"Coward!" said Amelia.

"Not at all," said I. "It showed his dignity and sensitiveness."

"Oh, I 've no objection to the cloud, if it 's well understood between us that *I 'm* not deceived by it," said Amelia, brightening, "and that you don't particularly want me to be. But I 'd prefer a bold simplicity. If you 'd say: 'Now, my dear, I 'm going to have a tremendous affair with our beautiful red-haired neighbor. I feel it coming on. No doubt your yellow curls will lure me back by and by, but for the present *don't* try to hold me!' I would n't. No," she protested, warming to her subject; "indeed, I would n't try to stop you. *My* romance would last through lots of yours if you 'd stamp off like that, with your head in the air, instead of stealing about surreptitiously. I want a *man* for a husband, not a—"

She paused because I held up my hand.

"Don't say mole again," I warned her. "I won't stand it."

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"'And what about *my* romance,' she inquired,

"I was n't going to."

"Well, you can use the names of a whole menagerie of animals, if you like, but not the mole's. It 's particularly offensive."

"Very well," said Amelia; "then never be one. I prefer a husband, as I 've told you, with all the *manly* faults. I can put up with them."

"I don't believe you," said I. "No woman—no charming woman, that is—could be so reasonable."

"You just try and you 'll see," said Amelia.

"I take it, then, that we are—at last—betrothed," said I.

As we paddled back at sunset we came across Amelia's lost rod, and retrieved it. The fish was not as big as we thought he should have been, but still he was a fish, and we took him home. I presented him with some ceremony to my hostess, who was also my cousin and one of the prettiest women of my acquaintance. Gossip had frequently connected our names. Indeed, I had endeavored to do so for myself before she elected to marry my friend Peter Maldon. But that was ancient history.

"We beg your acceptance of this magnificent specimen of our piscatory skill," I said. "Amelia caught him after a terrific struggle."

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'while you were moling about with yours?'"

"And what did you catch, you lazy old beggar?" asked Peter Maldon, sauntering up.

"Amelia, I hope," said I.

We were overwhelmed at once by the congratulations of the whole party, which was a fairly large one, and they drank our healths in anything that happened to be handy, and patted me on the back, and kissed Amelia, in a perfect uproar of excitement till the dressing-gong sounded. I did n't get another word with her, but we exchanged glances, sharing our amusement and content behind the backs of the others, as we separated at the head of the stairs.

I dressed quickly and strolled down again, hoping to find that she had done the same; but it was my cousin's figure that half rose from among the cushions of the piazza divan when she heard my step.

"I rather hoped you 'd come down early to talk things over a little with me," she said affectionately.

"Well, here I am," said I.

It had to be a non-committal answer, seeing that *my* hopes had been of quite a different nature, but I accompanied it with a cousinly look, appreciative both of her amiability and her appearance. She wore the shade of pale, goldy-yellow that

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is most breath-taking with red hair, and I have always admired red hair extravagantly, a fact which caused me to reflect that Amelia's description of the woman I was to fall mildly in love with after marriage cast great credit upon her shrewdness. Probably some rumor of my former attentions to Mrs. Maldon had reached her and colored her ideas of possible rivals.

I sank into a chair beside my cousin and waited for her to say the next thing. And presently, after a little sigh and a little smile, she looked up and said it.

"So, you 're really in love, really engaged at last? It seems impossible, somehow. And yet, such a good thing for you—"

"Why should good things for me seem impossible?" I asked naturally enough. "*One* good thing was denied me, it is true, but—"

"Need we go into that now?"

I did n't think we need, on the whole, and, indeed, had only mentioned it by way of doing rather malicious justice to the situation. But as long as any such reference had been made, I was n't going to let it be crushed under the reproving sweetness of Fenella Maldon's tone. If she had a fault, it was that she sometimes felt a little more serious on occasions than the occasions warranted. I proceeded to introduce a note of light-hearted trifling.

"My own dear Nella," said I, taking her hand and kissing it, "we can go into anything we like—now! There 's no such time as this for perfect safety, you being happily married, and I happily in love with another woman. The past is yours, —at least a good deal of it is,—and I rather like referring to it. The future is another story."

"Don't!" said Fenella, trying to withdraw her hand.

"I won't, then," said I, dropping it.

"I mean, don't be mocking; don't make a joke of—of—anything you once felt. I thought you really did—"

"I did really. Of course. I should say so!"

"And I was sorry then, most truly and sincerely sorry. And I 'm glad now, most truly and sincerely glad, to think that at last you really have—"

"Oh, I have really. I should just think I had!"

"Very much?" inquired Fenella.

"Quite extraordinarily much."

"Dear old Dick! Tell me all about it."

"What do you mean by 'all' about it?" I inquired somewhat testily. "When it began? How long it 's going to last? When we are to be married? Where we 're going to live? Upon my word, I can't tell, you know. I 'm keeping all that to discuss with Amelia."

"It seems so strange—" said my cousin, and stopped.

"That I should have an Amelia?" I suggested.

"That the announcement of the fact should seem to set you suddenly so far away from me," said my cousin.

"I remember I experienced much the same feeling when you annexed our good Peter," observed I.

She looked up at me curiously.

"No," said I, answering her thought before she had had time to think it, "I 'm not trying to turn the tables on you. I 'm not such a conceited ass as to suppose I could, in the first place; and in the second, I should n't want to. You and I need never change in our real regard for each other."

I noticed, with an inward chuckle, that I 'd used the very word I 'd been doing battle with Amelia for employing about us that afternoon. But *this* was the kind of feeling it adequately described—the comfortable adjustment of affection to its limitations. Regard—and not so very much of it at the moment—was what I could confess to feeling for Fenella, while ardently wishing that Amelia was in her place.

At this moment I perceived Amelia approaching, azure-clad and rosy as Aurora. I rather imagined she *had* made what haste she could, with the idea of joining me, for her face was full of mischief and excitement, and her steps were swift and furtive. She saw me, and the white of

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her even teeth flashed in a smile; then she saw Fenella, and I thought her face stiffened and the corners of her mouth drew down. She stopped short. I affected to observe nothing, neither her advance nor her sudden halt. My head was down, and I was apparently engaged in examining the long tassels on the end of my cousin's girdle, while I murmured I don't know what nonsense to hold her attention; but I was watching my future wife from under my eyebrows.

It was one of those odd little moments in life when character hangs suspended upon some very trifling action. Amelia had represented herself in the bright light of perfect reason as regarded my affairs with other women. She now surprised me, whom she had supposed, and rightly, to be eagerly awaiting herself—surprised me *in* close confidential intercourse with my cousin, of whose former influence over me she was doubtless aware. She had come to look for me gaily. She had stopped dis*dain*fully, one might almost say, upon finding me with Fenella. So far all was conventional and entirely feminine. She ought not to be expected quite to like it, and she had not liked it, and I thoroughly enjoyed her not liking it. I was even assailed by the temptation to take Fenella in my arms and kiss her horrified cheek in dramatic farewell for the mere pleasure of testing how far Amelia's not liking it would go. I made a half-motion in that direction, which my cousin, who had just seen Amelia, unconsciously avoided by rising to meet her. The effect must have been admirable—quite as if an interrupted scene had been naturally and gracefully abandoned, and ignored, with the perfect good manners of worldly wisdom. I was completely satisfied with the appearance of the situation I had so suddenly devised. Now the question was, how would my particular princess take it?

The two charming women met, held hands, enlaced each other's lovely figures, arm round waist and hand on shoulder, and moved slowly away, talking and laughing.

I was left to follow or not as I saw fit. I imagined an impression of emotion on my part could best be conveyed by strolling to the edge of the piazza with my hands in my pockets and gazing for a moment at the new moon framed in a wreath of hanging vines. This I did, and then loitered after my fiancée and my cousin with an easy affectation of unconcern. I caught up with them in the drawing-room, where the rest of the party were assembling, and handed Amelia to her seat next me at the dinner-table with a mixture of triumph and trepidation. Of course the whole incident had been trivial in the extreme, but it had at least the air of illustrating a case in point after our discussion, and I wondered in what terms she would refer to it. I found, however, that she was not going to refer to it at all. This was carrying reticence to an extent to which no attractive woman should carry it, particularly at a period when a little curiosity, a little jealousy,—to be soothed and smoothed away by masculine indulgence,—would be decidedly in order.

"Amelia," said I, with the salad, "you say you like frankness. Did you see—that is, did you mind—my having that—er—conversation with Fenella before dinner?"

"Not at all," returned Amelia, cheerfully. "I knew you could n't help that part of it."

"That part of it? What on earth do you mean?" asked I, rather taken aback.

"Well, the interview, the cousinly confidence, the semi-leave-taking, whatever you choose to call it. I forgot all about Fenella when I hurried down to meet you."

"Forgot about her!" I echoed stupidly as she paused.

"Why, you don't suppose I did n't *know* about her, do you?" said Amelia. "There is n't a living cat that has n't tormented me about your infatuation for Fenella ever since you first showed the least liking for me."

"I don't know about living cats," I answered angrily, "but certainly no two stuffed canaries could have had a more innocuous encounter."

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"Oh, I know that, too," returned Amelia, calmly. "All the same, I think you were n't sorry to see me."

"Of course not," said I, heartily and truthfully, though I confess that I was exceedingly put out with her for being so cock-sure of it.

"When I first saw you," she went on, "I did think for just an instant that perhaps it *was n't* to find me you 'd come down early, though instinct had told me that you would. But I did n't have to look twice to know exactly what had happened. Naturally Fenella did not care about having your engagement sprung upon her like that, as if she were a stranger instead of the person you 'd professed openly, for years, to admire beyond others. Naturally she 'd want a word or two with you for the sake of old times. Naturally, as soon as you had got over the irritation of having to face being 'off with the old love before you were on with the new,' you 'd enter into the spirit of it and play up to the situation. The only thing I suspect you of concealing is an experimental attitude. I 'm not sure you were n't glad to have a situation to play up to when I appeared."

"Indeed," said I, tartly, "and why, may I ask?"

"To see how I 'd behave—after what I said to-day."

"My dear," said I, inexpressibly exasperated, "if plain speaking is really what you desire, permit me to tell you that I was within an ace of—of—playing beyond that situation, as you put it: I 'd so far lost my head at the moment of saying good-by to my cousin—for it was a sort of good-by, in a sense—that I had nearly taken her in my arms! There, what will you say to me?"

"That it would have made her uncommonly angry if you had, I should think; for she 'd have known as well as I did that you did n't mean it," replied that abnormal woman.

"Amelia," I cried furiously, "consider yourself disengaged! I positively refuse to marry you. Your common sense is revolting."

"Very well," said Amelia, laughing; "then there 's no more to say."

Of course I meant to say a great deal more, but we were leaving the table at the moment, and later, somehow, I experienced a distinct sense of injury. She had beaten me all along the line, and I wanted to sulk until I had found a way of paying her back. She made no effort to conciliate me. So for the rest of the evening we took pains to allow ourselves to be absorbed into the general hilarity. Not once did I endeavor to draw my repudiated goddess out into the silver starlight; not once did I contrive a whispered word with her; and, vexatiously enough, not once did she seem to expect it. When the party broke up for the night, we had not exchanged even a glance which mutual affection should have induced between those whose lives were mutually entangled.

When she went up-stairs, I went out into the garden. It was very beautiful, and, as I 'd managed to escape from the other men, very peaceful. I walked up and down, smoking and reflecting. Like Amelia's fish, I had bolted, but while I floated in apparent freedom, I still felt the hook. She was infernally cool and irritating, the devil take her! But she was also infernally good-looking. I betook myself to bed after a time, but slept less well than usual.

The sun was red on the lawn when I woke; the little ripples of the lake were sparkling, and the sound of the water lapping among the rocks and pebbles of the shore was like the gobbling of an awkward child whose thirst had overcome its manners. My watch told me that it was much too early to get up, but being unable to close my eyes again, I finally put on a few garments, lighted a cigarette, and bundled myself out of the window, which happened to be on the ground floor. I had some faint idea of a cold dip and a brisk paddle, but the sight of Amelia, fully dressed and stepping swiftly across the wet grass toward the boat-landing, turned my thoughts in an entirely different direction.

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"Amelia and I renewed our vows."

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"May I ask where you are going," I inquired casually as I joined her.

She was so startled that she made a misstep, and might have twisted her ankle if I had n't caught and held her up.

"I was just going out—for a little while—on the lake," she stammered as she recovered herself. "The morning is so lovely."

"So it is. So was I. We 'll go together," I returned agreeably. "And I have a communication to make to you, Amelia," I continued as we seated ourselves in the canoe. "I fear I was hasty in releasing you from the contemplation of marriage last night. In spite of your abominable and unattractive clear-sightedness, you have a certain fascination for me. Therefore we are still—with your consent—betrothed. I wish you could oblige me with an exhibition of some of the attributes of the ninety-nine per cent. female; I wish you could be charmingly illogical, jealous, passionate, tender, and tempestuous by turns, and shelter wayward and winning inconsistencies under the ægis of my masculine superiority; but since you can't, since I, and I alone, may be wayward, why, then, thanking Heaven for an understanding wife, I propose to rely upon her intelligence from now on, and to lead the life of the freebooter in peace, for I am convinced that her equanimity will be undisturbed by any of my acknowledged vagaries."

"I did n't say it would be undisturbed," declared Amelia, tranquilly. "I said I should not mind disturbance *so much* if you were frank about it."

"It is agreed," said I. "I will be frank, if I must."

"All the same," observed Amelia, thoughtfully, "it is a great risk."

"Not with your modern methods," I protested.

"But you don't care about them."

"I care about you."

"But you 'd like me better if I were different," she insisted.

"Put it at a little less *in*different," suggested I.

"If you want to know the truth," said Amelia, "I was not a *bit* pleased when I found you with Fenella last evening. I was quite jealous. I 've always been jealous of Fenella, and I was furious at not having you to myself for those few minutes before dinner. And afterward—well, I did n't sleep a wink all night, if that 's any comfort to you."

"The greatest possible comfort," cried I, and dropping the paddle I made a dive forward for Amelia's hand.

"We 're still disengaged," she exclaimed, putting both hands behind her back. "I have n't given my consent again."

"Rubbish!" exclaimed I. "Do you want me to be violent?"

And at that minute the boat upset.

I don't know whose fault it was. Amelia says mine, because she never would have recoiled if I had not made such a threatening gesture. But whichever one of us was to blame, we both found ourselves in the water, and exceedingly cold it was.

We were not far from shore, and as we swam side by side—Amelia swims better than most men—I shouted at her:

"There 's no use in your trying to land, you know, unless you 're prepared to land me, too. Mark that."

"Oh, you 're landed," said Amelia, laughing, as she felt for a foothold among the rocks. "And a good thing it is, for if you had n't been, I 'd as lief be drowned, and so I tell you."

Which, coming from a person of her unreasonable amount of sense, seemed to be reasonably sentimental. And so Amelia and I renewed our vows. But I cannot help hoping that I shall never be confronted with the necessity for confessions—of the sort Amelia demands.

For, if she did n't mind them, I should n't like it;

And if she did mind and said so, I should n't like it;

And if she did mind and *did n't* say so, I should n't like it.

And, at any rate, I protest that *physical* courage is all that ought to be expected of any man.

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Russia a Nation United by War

THIS striking picture of the remarkable change wrought in the internal affairs of Russia is written by a well-known English author who was with a Russian officer during the recent mobilization of the vast armies which have made the Czar the most important military factor in the present war. For personal reasons the author's name cannot be disclosed.—THE EDITOR.

I DO not think it is yet realized outside Russia how good a turn Germany served the Russian Government, and ultimately the Russian people, when she dictated Austria's note to Servia and compelled Russia to make preparations for war.

During the days that preceded this, not only St. Petersburg, but every big manufacturing district of Russia, was shaking with revolt of a peculiar kind, and a civil war of the most horrible was on the point of being declared. There was much more serious evidence of this than ever got into the papers, although no doubt it was all reported in Germany, and strengthened the case of the Kaiser's councilors who were convinced that this was a propitious moment for the war for which during forty years military Germany has been steadily making ready.

Only a few days before the war I had gone up to St. Petersburg from Finland to get my rooms ready, as I wished to see as much as possible of the attempt at revolution that then seemed inevitable. There were barricades up in the streets of the workmen's quarters. One hundred and twenty thousand workmen were on strike, and, this is the point, they were not on strike for higher wages. In no single case did the men make a demand from their masters. In no single case had a man gone on strike because of a visible grievance which his master could put right. No concession by the masters could have brought the men back to work. The only answer they returned, when asked why

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there was a strike, was that they were dissatisfied with their lives, with the present conditions of the working-man, and that they intended to disorganize the state until these conditions were altered.

They began, as I suppose is known, by smashing up the tram-cars and by desultory attacks on the police. Many of the factories were garrisoned in expectation of attack. I may perhaps give an idea of the state of affairs if I describe an incident that took place in a St. Petersburg factory. A manager had sacked a small number of men some little time before, and one of these thought to take advantage of the rebellion (for it was that rather than a strike) and to revenge himself on this manager. The factory was guarded by Cossacks, and the manager's private room had been turned into a bedroom for the Cossack officer. A cartload of provisions were being taken into the yard, and the workman slipped in with it, dashed across to the door, knifed the sentry there, and, knowing his way, rushed, knife in hand, through the corridors to the manager's room. He burst open the door, and was confronted not by his enemy, but by the Cossack officer, who promptly shot and wounded him. A number of soldiers in close pursuit then arrived, and very nearly killed him with the butts of their rifles. This is only one incident of the many that never got into the papers.

THE THREATENED REVOLUTION THAT WAR STOPPED

ST. PETERSBURG was in momentary fear of another and a far more serious revolution than that of 1905. The police captured the people supposed to be the leaders, but it soon appeared that there were no leaders, for these arrests had no influence whatever on the enormous body of men who had left their tools with no clearer aim than to disorganize the state in the hope of something better. Things seemed to the Russian Government about as bad as they very well could be, and orders were actually given for the severest possible repressive measures, which would perhaps have involved a large-scale battle, probably a massacre, certainly a state of war in the capital. It has been suggested that the stirring up of this unrest was done by German influence, and it is an undoubted fact that the first men to strike were the employees of a German firm.

GERMANY'S FAITH IN THIS DISAFFECTION

WHETHER or not German influence had had a share in creating this state of things, Germany was certainly fully informed of it, as well as of the English trouble in Ireland. This may be known by the announcements, a little premature, in the German press that Ireland had revolted and that there actually was a revolution throughout Russia. In both cases the Germans had underestimated the incalculable factor of loyalty. The moment it became clear in St. Petersburg that Germany was determined on war, the repressive measures were countermanded two days before they were to have taken effect, and the workmen went instantly and quietly back to work. Many of those who were not called to the colors by the mobilization orders themselves volunteered for the front.

During the first few days, however, the Government showed its sense of insecurity by actually organizing demonstrations to excite the patriotic feeling of the masses. These were not spontaneous demonstrations of enthusiasm. Small groups of the worst hooligans were given flags and a portrait of the Czar and sent off to patrol the town, singing hymns, and knocking off the hats of people who did not themselves remove them. There was, however, no need for any such meretricious aids to patriotism, and after a little harm had been done, the hooligans lost their state employment and, though no one else wanted that kind of demonstration, the police, no doubt with their tongues in their cheeks, pasted up notices prohibiting it. However, during the time of the demonstration enthusiastically reported in the official and foreign press, I had ample opportunity to observe that the crowds of respectable people who, with real enthusiasm, attached themselves to these processions, were of an entirely different charac-

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ter from that of their disreputable paid leaders. And there could be no doubt of the sudden and genuine unity of feeling among the people. Even the police, usually hated, were no longer regarded as enemies. I myself saw a detachment of mounted police heartily cheered in the Nevski Prospekt by the crowd waiting to read the news pasted up in the windows of a newspaper. They had probably never been cheered before in their lives, and were so surprised by this change of feeling that they saluted the populace and laughed shamefacedly, like flattered children.

As the mobilization proceeded, the streets were filled with companies of reservists marching to the depots, where they were examined by the doctors and given their uniforms. The men for the most part were admirably built, and even out of uniform looked good soldiers. They marched through the streets with a sturdy, swinging gait, carrying their bundles and their tin kettles in extreme seriousness. There was a complete absence of jingoism. These men did not love fighting. They realized that fighting was necessary, and that it was for the moment their business. They went off, like Cromwell's soldiers, singing hymns. In many cases their wives and children marched with them, to see the last of their men before they finally took train for the front. Barracks were improvised for them out of private houses, riding-schools, and workhouses. Every man was allowed seven rubles for a pair of top-boots, and they marched along with these comfortable Russian boots, loose below the knee. Each man had a large wooden spoon tucked, handle downward, into one of his boots, and when they fed, ten or a dozen together round great tubs and bowls of food, they used these spoons, now and then giving spoonfuls to the women, and afterward replacing the spoons in their boots. Whole streets were turned into something like horse-fairs, where the horses commandeered were examined and allotted to the men. The Champ-de-Mars, a huge grassless field once used for reviews, was for days covered with horses. Then the horses disappeared, and their place was taken by hundreds upon hundreds of motor-cars, they, too, requisitioned for the front.

The sight of the men actually going to war, the whole face of the city changed by these gigantic preparations, made it impossible for the population not to realize that the war was an actual, imminent thing. They realized it with extreme seriousness. From every house some one had gone, and, besides their tenants, many houses had lost all their porters, as well as the guards whose business it is to watch outside the doors at night and to share the duties of the police.

THE WELDING OF A PEOPLE

ALL this prepared the way for the great meeting in the Palace Square, when the Czar and the Czarina appeared on the balcony before their people. In England, in France, in America, such a meeting would not have had the same significance. King and Presidents have long been accustomed to show themselves freely to their people, and to appear in public without a hedge of soldiery. It is not so in Russia. Throughout the reign of the present Czar such a meeting has been thought impossible.

I was fortunate enough to be present. All the streets leading to the square were choked with cabs and hurrying pedestrians. The square is an enormous cobbled space, with the gigantic Alexander column rising in the middle of it. On the southern side, between the square and the Neva River, is the long building of the Winter Palace, blood-red. Far away on the other side, also red, are the buildings of the general staff and a great archway, with a bronze group above it. Beside the column in the middle were a crowd of cabs, with men and women standing on the seats. The whole square was a sea of hatless people. There were twenty or thirty policemen, no more. On our left, within sight, was the place where, only a few years before, a vastly smaller crowd had been shot down on Bloody Sunday by soldiery standing where we were standing. Nothing could have better illustrated the new unity between Government and peo-

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ple than this unmarshaled meeting on this historic place.

The Russian hostility to Germany is partly founded on fear, but has deeper roots in a psychological antipathy. The Russian has never been able to sink his personality in that of the business man. He brings to the towns the comfortable, slow method of the country. He dislikes nothing more than hurry. For him business is like corn that, once sown, grows by itself. He is consequently hopelessly outdone by the town-bred German, with his attention to detail, his attention to copecks, his ceaseless efforts to cheapen this or to improve the efficiency of that. In St. Petersburg alone a very large proportion of the trade is in German hands. The Russian sees the wealth of his country slipping visibly into German pockets. Thus it is in the towns.

GERMAN TACTLESSNESS IN RUSSIA

THESE considerations do not count for the peasants. For them the Germans are atheists, and for that reason alone the natural enemies of the most religious people in the world. The English Church is said to be very like the Greek orthodox. It is not so, in fact, but in Russia it is believed to be so by all classes of the population. That is, indeed, the one thing about England which they all know. I have known more than one peasant ask me, "Is England far beyond Germany? Or beyond Siberia?" and then add, "But your religion is like ours." The origin of this belief is to be found in the fact that we are not Lutherans, and we do not acknowledge the pope.

Very well, then. We have the greedy German for the rich, the atheist German for the poor, the successful German everywhere tactlessly, in the German way, accentuating his success and allowing himself an amount of self-assertion which, bad taste at home, is incredibly exasperating when exhibited in a foreign and hospitable country. An illustration of the German spirit in Russia is provided by the German embassy itself.

This is a huge granite building in the great square behind the Cathedral of St. Isaac's. It spoils that square artistically, being even larger than the Russian state offices. An enormous building, in itself sufficiently pretentious, a strange contrast to the old-fashioned house that holds the English embassy, it had on the top of it a monstrous group in bronze, two gigantic horses, led up from the west by two naked giants. It was a threat, taken as such by the people of St. Petersburg, a clear allegory of Germany proudly advancing, and here in the capital of Russia had an air of really astonishing insolence. I had often wondered that the Germans could have been so blunt in flaunting their ambition on their embassy, and that the Russians had allowed such a symbol of all-conquering foreign progress. Much though the educated classes deplored the sacking of the place and its probable effect on public opinion abroad, they understood the motives of the Government in permitting it. This event has not yet been accurately described. A band of hooligans (one of the organized demonstrations I have already described) was allowed, or ordered, to march down the Nevski Prospekt, to tear down the sign-boards of a German newspaper, to break the windows of one or two big German shops, and to proceed to the embassy. The police, despite warnings, did not make any attempt to interfere, and the hooligans broke into the building and completely sacked it, throwing papers and furniture into the street. They got on the roof, and with hammers and chisels cut down the two giants, who fell into the square, and were dragged to the Moika Canal. An unexpected and unfortunate incident was the murder of a German, called Kettner, whom the hooligans found in the building. The newspapers covered this by talking of the supposed finding of the body of a Russian youth in a garret of the embassy, with three bullet-wounds and a knife in his neck. These excesses were regretted, but next day the square was crowded with people who came to see the huge building, with all its windows broken, and those two great horses on the roof, now leader-

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less and ridiculous. During the next night the police boarded up the windows and removed the horses, lest unauthorized persons should be tempted to emulate the hooligans. As the insolence of that building typified to the inhabitants of St. Petersburg the German insolence, so perhaps the Government intended its ruin to be a promise to them of the German fall. One of the characteristics of the Russian Government is that it treats the people like children.

THE RUSSIAN FEAR OF GERMANY

An important source of the Russian fear of Germany has been the Baltic provinces. These provinces, taken by Peter the Great from Sweden, are only sparsely populated by Russians. The bulk of the population is neither Russian nor German. In Livland, for example, the language of the country is Esthonian, and a Russian may find himself quite unable to talk even to an innkeeper. Many of the landowners are Germans, whose families were settled in the country long ago. Many of the landowners are extremely loyal and more Russian than the Russians. A large proportion of the officers in the Russian army bear German names and come from these provinces. There is, however, another side to it. German pupils at the University of Dorpat in Livland have amused themselves by forgetting the Russian language as soon as they were outside the doors. And year by year there has been a steady influx of German middlemen, neither landowners nor peasants, so that in the towns of these provinces German has been in a fair way of becoming the official language of the shops. Russians have been made to feel that Germany was not only knocking at the door, but had already placed a foot across the threshold.

AN EXPLANATION OF THE SPEEDY MOBILIZATION BY RUSSIA

The Russians, however, had not contemplated an immediate German attack, though she dreaded German proximity and the too clearly manifested desires of Germany's rulers. Nor did she in any way provoke the war. She has no need of further provinces on the German frontiers and no ambitions. Her statesmen already saw that territorial expansion would make her topheavy and involve some kind of dismemberment. I have heard it said that Russia wished for war, and made it inevitable, and that a proof of this may be found in the surprising speed with which she was able to mobilize. She did, indeed, mobilize with surprising speed, but that is, as it happens, a proof that her intentions had not been warlike. No one was more surprised at this speed than the officials whose business it was to manage the mobilizations. The plans for mobilizing on the German and Austrian frontiers were so old that the officials found that things were being done twice as quickly as they had expected, because, forsooth, they had omitted to consider the fact that the speed of trains had been nearly doubled since the plans were made, and that there were now double lines where before there had been only a single track.

Such miscalculations as these, and others not so fortunate, have had a most astonishing effect in St. Petersburg, and probably on the whole future of Russian history. I have not mentioned the sudden unity of opposing parties in the Duma. That has been sufficiently chronicled in the newspapers. But this unity is now much more thorough than mere speech-making in harmony. Various accidents have brought into official and semi-official positions many of the old-time bitterest enemies of the Russian Government. For example, the officials superintending the commissariat department found their arrangements disastrously inadequate, and were pulled out of their difficulty by a very able revolutionary who is now one of the Government's most valued advisers. Much of the Red Cross organization is in the hands of revolutionaries, and revolutionaries (only lately under the supervision of the police, who made a habit of searching their houses) now sit on the committees, in some cases controlling them, which deal with the housing and feeding of the women and children whose husbands and

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fathers have gone to the war. It is so throughout. It is impossible for those who do not know the conditions to realize the extraordinary nature of these events. But it is open to all to foresee their inevitable result.

THE WAR WILL BRING A CHANGED RUSSIA

THAT result will certainly be a changed Russia. There have been writers, both English and American, who have said that in this war England and France, the two free countries, were the allies of the Czar and not of the Russian people. I think they should consider the opinion of the revolutionaries, who are better able to judge of that than we. For the first time in their history they are the allies of the Czar. They do not think to lose by it. Nor do they think they are acting against the interests of the people, whose cause they have at heart, and for whose sake they have sacrificed much. No, they well know that it will be impossible to relegate to their old position of supposed enemies of the state men and women who have served the state well in her hour of most serious need. The revolutionists will have helped in the salvation of their country. They will not, when that salvation is accomplished, be once more under the supervision of the police. They are now actually sharing committee-work with their declared opponents. When the war is over, they will be left with an influence in the government of Russia not derived from fear. The Czar will find himself at the head of a state much more like that of England in its constitution than could have been foreseen in recent years. The throne will be strengthened by widening its base, not by increasing its height. There will be no need for the violent internal revolution, which, if it had happened, would only have been succeeded by a counter-revolution no less violent. We French and English may turn from our battle-fields and look beyond the armies of Russia to the nation, and realize that actually during the struggle changes are taking place of the kind with which long tradition leads us to sympathize, and in a manner which is a lesson to the world.

And as to that other fear that Russia, if she wins, will become a swashbuckler among the nations, nursing such ambitions as those which since 1870 have made Germany a menace to the peace of Europe, I do not think that danger is one to be considered very seriously. It is lessened enormously by the facts discussed in my last paragraph. And there is something to be considered in conjunction with those facts which, in my opinion and in that of many educated Russians with whom I have talked, makes that danger almost negligible. That something is the Russian peasant. His is the greatest figure in Russia, though hitherto he has counted least in the actions of the country as a whole. With the more representative government that is promised Russia by the events of the last two months, his word in the councils of the state will have a weight it has never had before. And that weight will not be flung in the scales on the side of war. The Russian peasant is not a warrior by instinct. "I am fighting now so that, God grant, my son may not have to be a soldier," said a peasant to me just before leaving for the front. That is the peasant's attitude, and that attitude will impose itself on the Government. Russia will not be a threat to Europe, but Europe's best, indeed her only, barrier against the Chinese peril which too soon will be menacing us all.

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If Germany Loses

By AN ENGLISH PRIVY COUNCILOR

[THIS partizan article, forecasting what will happen in the event of Germany's final defeat in the great war, was written by one of the greatest military authorities in England, whose name, for obvious reasons, cannot be given. He has occupied exalted positions, many of them in close contact with the English throne itself, and has been intimately associated with the solution of some of the most pressing military problems that have concerned the empire. His assumptions are based on the belief that the invasion of France by Germany must ultimately fail, and that the French and Russian arms will in the end be victorious in a campaign threatening Berlin itself. Starting from these premises, he prophesies the dismemberment of the German and Austro-Hungarian empires, the total loss of Germany's colonies, and the reduction of her fleet to informidable proportions.—THE EDITOR.]

ASSUMING that the German attack on France absolutely fails in the end, as we in England are determined that it shall, and that a similar fate attends the actions of the German fleet against ours, one must presuppose a tremendous wave of enthusiasm sweeping over the armies ultimately invading Germany which must carry them over the different frontiers well on the road to Berlin. Step by step the German armies must be imagined as recoiling, on the one hand from the French forces, swelled by the British Expeditionary Army, and on the other hand from the enormous Russian masses moving with irresistible momentum toward Berlin.

The German fortresses are enormously strong, but nothing can withstand the onslaught of a well-directed army with such magnificent artillery as the French army admittedly possesses. The forts of Cologne, Strasburg, and Ehrenbreitstein, much larger and mounting heavier guns than those at Liège and Namur, must fall to the attack of determined forces in sufficient strength, and able to bring to bear guns of the right caliber; and once the plan of the German invasion of France has been foiled, we must suppose the French army sweeping everything before it.

With both France and Russia threatening the German capital, and her sea commerce totally paralyzed by the operations of our fleet, the German armies must continue to give battle under the most disheartening conditions, which preclude the idea of any victory of sufficient importance to retrieve the campaign. Panic will begin to spread through the fatherland, and with panic will come disillusionment and a terrific revulsion of feeling.

The German people, who for years have been taught that German arms were invincible, will feel that they have been made the cat's-paw of a set of gamblers.

The imperial family will be looked upon by Germans as was Napoleon III by the French during the sorrowful days of the disasters in the war of 1870—with feelings of the bitterest hatred. If history teaches us any lesson at all, it is that if a victorious emperor can ask nothing too much of his subjects, a defeated emperor must expect no mercy. When Napoleon was losing there were few to say a good word for him.

Thus it is safe to argue that the Kaiser, being regarded as personally responsible for the awful plight of the country, will precipitate a movement against his dynasty that may become too violent to check.

If the emperor survives all vicissitudes, one might, having regard for all the possibilities, foresee him and his family exiled

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to some quiet spot where his power for mischief would be forever gone.

Such an anti-dynastic movement would probably be initiated by the commercial interests in Germany. The anti-dynastic movement may take two forms. There may be a strong socialistic movement toward the establishment of a republic to replace the present autocratic form of government, or there may be an overwhelming feeling in the direction of breaking up the confederacy, and resolving the empire into a series of strong, independent states again.

Whether Germany will sue for peace before the invading armies actually reach Berlin is of little importance. What is important is that before the German armies are entirely routed, internal political conditions will compel them to demand an ignominious peace. And what will be the price of this peace?

When Germany brought France to her knees in 1870 they secured as the price of peace a war indemnity of £200,000,000 and the secession of the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine.

In their turn the victorious armies will demand a war indemnity not so large as they might wish, because of the necessity for preserving Germany from going into bankruptcy, but still heavy enough to cripple the fatherland for years, and, more important still, will insist on huge territorial adjustments, everything being done to remove artificial frontiers between kindred races.

It is a foregone conclusion that Alsace-Lorraine, which has always been a thorn in the side of Germany and a source of weakness to her, will be restored to France.

The whole of the budding colonial empire of Germany will disappear. I hope we shall not take any of her colonies, for we have enough and to spare already, and in any case Germany's oversea possessions are not of much account. Possibly we may consent to them being parceled out equally between Russia and France, contenting ourselves with Togoland, and passing Kiao-chau over to Japan.

France certainly will insist on having restored to her the slice taken from the French Congo. Denmark, in recognition of her good behavior during the war, may demand, and with every hope of success, the restoration of Schleswig-Holstein. What Belgium's reward may be is impossible to say. Possibly a monetary one. There is nothing territorially that can be offered this tight little kingdom, for in all these frontier adjustments one has to have regard for the sentiment and race origin of the people whose land it is proposed to divert. Belgium would never ask to be loaded with such a thankless gift as a German province that might be a canker to her as Alsace-Lorraine has been to Germany. Servia, who should have taken Bosnia-Herzegovina from Austria, will be given authority to retain what is hers by right unchallenged.

I am prophesying that Italy will be strong enough to withstand the bullying of the other two members of the Triple Alliance. If she does so, her reward will be the restoration of the Italia Irredenta, that little triangle, with Triest at the extreme left-hand corner and Fiume at the extreme right-hand corner, which formed part of the old Venetian republic, and was filched from her by the Hapsburgs.

For other Balkan States whose conduct has been beyond reproach there will also be territorial rewards. Turkey stands to lose most. If she controls her ambitions, all will be well with her. If she elects to make trouble during the war, the powers of the Triple Entente may decide, for the sake of the future peace of Europe, to expel her entirely from Europe. With some reason Russia then might ask for the reward she has always coveted, Constantinople. Probably the arrangement that would be made would be to join the remainder of the Turkish European empire to some Slav state in sympathy with Russia, so that, even if Russia did not actually get Constantinople, she would be the commanding influence there. The absorption of all Poland into the Muscovite empire is certain.

Rumania would be territorially enriched

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at the expense of Austria, in accordance with the line of race, and the powers might decide to end the comic-opera business of the Albanian monarchy by passing her on to one of the Balkan States.

Generally, the effect of the crushing defeat of Germany and Austria-Hungary will be to reduce considerably the boundaries of the two empires. How far Germany will suffer will depend largely on internal conditions and her ability to bargain. Whatever else happens, however, the loss of her colonies and Alsace-Lorraine are certain. Equally certain is the loss to Austria of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and almost as certain the loss of the Italia Irredenta.

More important even than the territorial changes will be the influence on armaments. Europe will find itself left in such a terrible economic position that the powers will be compelled to meet and settle upon a plan for the reduction of armaments.

They will insist on Germany reducing her army to informidable proportions, and her fleet, if any ships be left to her at the conclusion of the war, to such a number as will no longer threaten our supremacy. Austria will be forced to reduce her forces to a level that will just allow her comfortably to protect herself from Slav aggression. Russia, France, and England will similarly come to a common agreement to reduce their expenditure on armaments.

If Germany survives either as a republic or as a kingdom, she will be shorn of much of her strength, and to insure that the proper equilibrium of power is maintained on the Continent, treaties safeguarding her from attack may be entered into.

Italy, whose race has no affinity whatever with the Teutonic people, is inevitably bound to come into another orbit of friendship, but the rearrangement of alliances that is likely to take place will be purely of a defensive, rather than an offensive, character. The object of the victorious powers will be to break up the alliance between Germany and Austria, which has long menaced the peace of Europe.

To those people who believe in the aggrandizement of Russia at the expense of a weakened Germany a possible attack on our Indian empire, I would say that Russia has long since ceased to entertain designs of that nature.

Quite apart from the fact that we shall have united France to us by bonds that can never be broken,—which means that France could never be a party to an attack on us by her ally,—the military problem is too great for Russia to contemplate.

So long as Afghanistan is true to us, and I have never questioned her fidelity, the invasion of India will not be attempted within twenty-five years; and furthermore, Russia will have so much need of our financial assistance in recovering from the effects of the war, and in consolidating the economic position of her vast hordes, that she will have little taste or opportunity for looking again toward Herat.

Always assuming that the prophecy as to the German debacle is justified, the general result of the war will be to leave us undisputed mistress of the seas, with no fears, as in recent years, of our shores being invaded, and vastly to increase our prestige all over the world.

The restoration of Alsace-Lorraine will pave the way to better relations between the French and German peoples, whom the two provinces have always kept apart; the loss of Germany's colonies will cause her to concentrate on the development of her wonderful home resources, and build up her commerce afresh, the proper safeguarding of which no one will wish to prevent. Austria-Hungary will be all the stronger for the loss of provinces that kept her at war with the Slav races, and the way will be opened to a real understanding between Italy, which will no longer have cause to mistrust her intentions; while the bestowal of Kiao-chau on Japan will preserve the balance of power in the far East.

Finally, the great nations, instead of wasting their money on armaments, will apply a huge slice of what now goes in the building of warships and the provisioning of armies to social reform.

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Our "Visionary" President

An Interpretation of Woodrow Wilson

By GEORGE CREEL

MANY will not agree with Mr. Creel in some of his assumptions in the following article. To call the American people a nation of dreamers at once provokes dissent. Visionaries we certainly are not; yet we would all reject the word "materialists" as descriptive of our people. Something between dreamers and materialists we are; just what no one can hope to say until more of our history as a nation shall be written. As for this portrait of our Chief Executive, few, we believe, will quarrel with the assertion that as a moral force Mr. Wilson has acquired an eminence and a support that has been accorded to few statesmen and fewer Presidents.—THE EDITOR.

AMERICA is a nation of incurable dreamers. The heart of the people is not found in ledgers, their aspirations are not expressed in profits, and never at any time have schemes of purely material advancement possessed the largest appeal.

This is the explanation of Woodrow Wilson. To attempt an interpretation of his hold upon the popular imagination in terms of strict mentality is to commit one's self to the patent absurdity that he is the first President with brains. Others have matched him in intellectual grasp, and what sets him apart, even as it set Lincoln apart, is nothing else than an exact comprehension of passionate idealism as the animating impulse of America.

Vision, spirit, ideals, without the clue afforded by these dream words Woodrow Wilson is a blank, the United States stammering and unintelligible. Democracy never has been, and never can be, other than a theory of spiritual progress, and those who view it as a mere program of prosperity place their feet in a blind path.

It may not be denied that almost from the first these truths have been challenged with persistency and skill. A base and destructive sordidness, masquerading as practicality, has been offered as a substitute for the sublime abstractions that Jefferson molded into form, and derision has been trained constantly upon everything that could not be handled by adding-machines. It is true, indeed, that the world has come to regard us as a race of money-grubbers, nose caught in tills and horizon measured by inches.

This is only the work of a few, however. A commercial aristocracy, by sinister control of government, press, and pulpit, has been able to cast the surface of things in shapes of its own desire, and it is only in spasms of revolt that the real thought and purpose of the great mass of people have gained expression.

The soul of the many is found in the far-flung idealism of the Declaration of Independence, not in the cautious phrases of the Constitution. False prophets and

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strange gods have won no more than lip-service, for deep in the heart of the nation an abiding faith in the ultimate triumph of love, justice, and brotherhood remains untouched. Financial genius may be given its sorry day of homage, yet its right to control the destinies of America has never failed to be resisted, and the great money-makers do not live in memory beyond the reading of their wills.

What larger confirmation is needed than the present impregnable position of Woodrow Wilson? He lacks color, exhibits no mastery of spectacular values, makes no dramatic tours, contributes little to the thing called "human interest," that queer newspaper compound of anecdote and unconventional incident; yet no man since Lincoln has niched himself so ineradicably in the confidence of the people.

THE PRESIDENT'S HOLD ON HIS PARTY

THE Democratic representation in Congress contains many men who are not only incapable of understanding the deeper meanings of the President, but who are constrained to invincible antagonism by years of secret service to secret masters. In numbers sufficient to block every proposal, there are Democratic senators and representatives who hate Woodrow Wilson and his policies, and are eager for rebellion and attack. They stand assured of the ardent support of at least part of what is called big business and the powerful aid of a certain portion of the daily press.

How may the obedience of these men be explained except by their fear of popular wrath? That behind the President, believing in him, commanding through him, they see the awakened people of America, free at last from the cords of Lilliput? A confirmed idealist expressing a nation of long-repressed idealists—in nothing else is there any possible explanation of Woodrow Wilson's record of amazing achievement.

He has had the vision to see beneath the stagnancies of materialism down to the well-springs of an intense spirituality. He does not mistake back-waters for the living stream. The insistence that he is the last word in well-ordered intellect, a personality as cold and remote as though Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" were galvanized into action, is the stupidity of muddlers who have lost all touch with the elemental simplicities. As one follows the man from his entrance into public life, the "thing-machine" theory becomes increasingly absurd, for at every point there is plain indication of white-heat passion, and indubitable evidence of an instinctive devotion to democratic ideals far more dominating than the mere convictions that proceed from conscious thought.

These have been his contributions to the successful revolution against the sham practicality that was slowly destroying the creative genius of the American people. They are his strength. What has happened is the release of the national mind from its slavery to unrelieved materialism, and the recovery of ancient faith in the projectile force of spiritual truths. Under his leadership, idealism has been restored to its imperative place in American life, and indispensable standards are lifted anew.

It may well be that historians of the future will write this day down as one of most tremendous significance to the United States. The slightest study of human progress makes plain that the things which count in the evolution of civilization to higher levels are ever and always those flames of the spirit that blaze without regard to intellectual formulas or certainties of profit.

When has this so-called practicality ever entertained the visions that turned arid wastes into smiling orchards, spun steel gossamer across dizzy chasms, sent airships aloft, or gave new lands to the foot of civilization? When did the multiplication-table mind ever free a captive, crush an evil, liberate justice, or bless the world with music, art, and beauty? All that is fundamentally big and fine has been the work of visionaries who ran gantlets of ridicule and opposition. In the outset every great movement, every wonderful idea, is a *dream,* and democracy was evolved to make these dreams come true.

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It is to this pushed-aside, covered-over verity that Woodrow Wilson is leading us back, and it is almost as though some strange combination of unseen forces had come to his aid. For purposes of striking illustration, the European conflict could not have been precipitated at a more dramatic time. What the Mexican problem was to the United States, the Balkan problem was to Europe, and at the moment when frank idealism has safeguarded against the horrors of needless war, European materialism has dragged Old World civilization back to the jungle stage.

Across the sea the youth and flower of great races are being rushed to death. Millions of precious lives, rich in possibilities of creation and production, are being blown away on the winds of a vast destruction, and the march of human progress ends in bloody trenches. In the red light that streams from this death-grapple it has become possible for the people of America to see clearly old paths and new roads, to mark the abysses that have been edged and the heights that may be gained.

THE MEXICAN PROBLEM

THERE can be small doubt that a practical President would have recognized Huerta, for it was obviously the course dictated by self-interest as well as by the surface ferment of public opinion. Backed by the approval of the United States, the dictator could have strengthened himself in such manner as to restore a semblance of peace and to protect American concessions, requisites that would have permitted President Wilson to wash his hands in approved Pilate style.

Nothing could have been more skilful than the fashion in which these *concessionnaires,* working through a venal press and equally venal public men, identified their threatened profits with "the nation's honor." Jingoes were aroused, likewise those whose only estimate of national greatness lies in military achievement, also the youth of the country, with youth's usual reckless passion for the hazards of adventure.

There is every certainty that in the beginning intervention would have been supported unstintedly by the people. Even as we have seen the socialists of Europe, pledged to peace, swept away by high tides of racial feeling, so would every pacificist protest in the United States been drowned out by the boom of the first American gun. War is always glorious until the lists of dead and wounded begin to come, and it must be remembered also that for years it had been the custom for public men to soothe the people with the ladanum of brag and bluster.

Judged by every fact in the case, Woodrow Wilson's repudiation of Huerta was in no sense the result of a carefully reasoned determination, but unmistakably the instinctive recoil of the democratic spirit. Mental processes are never free from the impingements of self-interest. It is only in the unthinking passions of idealism that there is found the courage to do the right thing rather than that which is expedient and opportunistic.

While recognition of Huerta was the *wise* course, as practicality defines wisdom, it was not the *right* course. The acknowledgment that he asked involved a sanction of assassination and acquiescence in the legitimacy of murder as a substitute for constitutional procedure. His official existence premised a restoration of the tyrannies of Diaz and a continuance of the virtual slavery of the great mass of the Mexican people. President Wilson's address at Mobile is more than any mere explanation of his course; it is the most illuminating exposition of the spirit of democracy since Lincoln bared his soul at Gettysburg. He said:

> Human rights, national integrity, and opportunity as against material interests—that is the issue we have to face. . . . This is not America because it is rich. This is not America because it has set up for a great population great opportunities for material prosperity. America is a name which sounds in the ears of men everywhere as a synonym with individual opportunity because a synonym of individual liberty. I would rather belong to a poor nation that

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was free than to a rich nation that had ceased to be in love with liberty. . . . Do not think that the questions of the day are mere questions of policy and diplomacy. They are shot through with the principles of life. We dare not turn from the principle that morality and not expediency is the thing that must guide us, and that we will never condone iniquity because it is most convenient to do so.

If further proof were needed of Woodrow Wilson's reliance on idealism rather than on logic, it is furnished by his attitude in those trying days when "watchful waiting" provided laughter for cynics and an open avenue of attack for jingoes and *concessionnaires*. With almost incredible hypocrisy, intervention was urged "in the interests of civilization" by the very class most responsible for industrial strife in Colorado, West Virginia, and Michigan, for the child-labor horror, for housing evils, and the existence of slums. No effort of unscrupulous activity was spared, and at the moment of extreme tension the blunder of an over-zealous admiral seemed to throw a lighted match full into the powder-barrel.

THE PRESIDENT'S GRASP OF THE SITUATION

Woodrow Wilson knew his Declaration of Independence, however, and he knew his people better than they knew themselves. In the face of sneering and laughter, he continued his steady, confident appeals to the ideals of a democracy, and at last came the day when the derided "moral pressure" was the voice of the nation.

The laughed-at "pedagogue" is now an admired exemplar. Who so bold as to deny that the policies which "shamed" the United States are recognized as fundamental truths to which there will be universal repair in the time when war-wrecked nations gather to remold their shattered destinies? The racial mixture that is America may quiver with sympathy for those blood-brothers who go to death on European battle-fields, yet the dominant thrill is one of national pride in the demonstrated supremacy of American institutions and ideals.

It stands proved that wholesale bloodletting is not the only solution of international disputes, or the single effective manner of consummating desires deeply rooted in justice. Purity of purpose is seen to possess compulsion as well as battalions, and fraternity has been recognized as a force no less than siege-guns.

The fallacy that countries and flags must compel respect is displaced by the better conception that respect is a thing to be earned, and there is final understanding that hurt to a nation's honor comes always from within, never from without.

The inherited and cherished fetish that international relations are inescapably hostile, because the success of one country inevitably entails the injury of the other, has gone the way of witchcraft, and a new national pride is beginning to put emphasis upon leadership in justice rather than in bullying exhibitions of brute strength.

In saving, Woodrow Wilson has restored and strengthened. America is once more the city on the hill, the hope of mankind. As a people, we have started afresh. Money worship, with its bogus practicality and blind alleys, will rise again, of course, but it has been unmasked too thoroughly to have real menace. Patriotism may suffer jingoistic relapses, but it can never drop back to its former low estate of mere flag-worship and mean division of humanity into racial segments.

The quarrels of rival generals in Mexico, the revival and continuance of internecine strife, can bring no change of attitude or lead to the renewal of vicious agitation. The new international policy of the United States has come to stay. With the return of idealism, much that was ugly, dishonest, and truculent has disappeared, and in the light of new truths old lies have lost all potence. Our future course in regard to Mexico, no matter what form events may compel it to take, is bedrocked in justice, friendship, and deep regard for the ultimates of freedom.

Huerta's abdication, while a dramatic finale, was in no sense the victory itself.

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The issue of the Panama Canal tolls controversy had already given plain indication that the people of the United States were responding to Woodrow Wilson's appeal to submerged ideals.

It is true enough that there were no ifs in that clause in the Hay-Pauncefote treaty which said that "the canal shall be free and open to vessels of commerce and of war of all nations observing these rules on terms of absolute equality." Language could not be more explicit.

The forces of privilege, however, had the same vital interest in compelling the violation of this treaty as in securing the recognition of Huerta, for in toll exemptions the coastwise shipping monopoly saw chance to obtain the subsidies denied by a fixed public policy.

The charge was made openly that President Wilson had entered into some secret and humiliating bargain with Great Britain; he was pictured in innumerable cartoons as a flunky to George V, and racial bigotries were played upon unceasingly in order that the waters of calm discussion might be muddied by hatred and prejudice.

Had Woodrow Wilson been practical, he would have kept silent, permitting the Taft legislation to stand, or, seeing the storm of seemingly adverse sentiment, backed out of his dilemma with a graceful and explanatory wave of the hand in the direction of the "rugged democracy of America."

Of a certainty there was justification for such a course in precedent. Only a few years before, President Roosevelt, to use his own words, "took the canal zone and let Congress debate." The desires of the chattel slavery interests played large part in the Mexican war of 1846, our Indian treaties have been violated on the score of material interest, expediency has dominated our attitude to the Filipinos, and America's promise to Cuba was evaded by the addition of the Platt amendment to the Cuban constitution.

Woodrow Wilson, however, went back to the Declaration of Independence for his precedent, spanning the years of materialistic trick and compromise, and when he spoke these words to Congress, it was as though Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson lived again:

> We consented to the treaty; its language we accepted if we did not originate it; and we are too big, too powerful, too self-respecting a nation to interpret with a too strained or refined reading the words of our own promises just because we have power enough to give us leave to read them as we please. The large thing to do is the only thing we can afford to do, a voluntary withdrawal from a position everywhere questioned and misunderstood. We ought to reverse our action without raising the question whether we were right or wrong, and so deserve once more our reputation for generosity, and for the redemption of every obligation without quibble or hesitation.

It was the first test of strength between an awakened idealism and an intrenched materialism. Who can have forgotten how, in the opening days of the debate, servants of privilege leaped at what seemed fair opportunity to work the President's defeat and humiliation? Does any one imagine that these practical politicians were moved to ultimate support by any softening process of idealism? It is unthinkable. Opposition was relaxed because they felt the menace of a people's anger.

THE ROUT OF PRIVILEGED INTERESTS

Too much significance cannot be attached to this victory. The issue was clean-cut between money and justice, between practicality and principles, between the arrogant privileged interests and the unorganized mass. In the utter rout of the profit-mongers, it may be seen how little they expressed or represented the deep, underlying passions of America.

The tariff furnishes still another case in point. Even though the Democratic promise of revision downward had been explicit, the fact that many Democratic States relied heavily upon protected industries soon evolved a spirit of compromise and evasion. Had Woodrow Wilson been a thinker along practical lines, as laid

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down by years of custom, he would have conciliated the protectionists in his party by consenting to less than absolute redemption of the tariff pledge.

The larger good of the Wilson policies, to be sure, are found in a people's recovery of faith, ideals, and self-respect, but there are tremendous returns, nevertheless, that can be measured in dollars and cents. In summing up these tangible benefits, there is an almost indecent exposure of materialism and the sham practicality that it has been preaching.

The proposed war of conquest—for that was the real meaning of intervention at the outset—would have doubled the national debt and saddled every back with a crushing load of taxation. Nor can there be any possible approximation of the sad army of widows and orphans, the thousands crippled in body and in mind, and the hurt to the nation in lost strength, perished ideals, and crushed aspiration. The greed and inhumanity that are inseparable from armed conflict would have taken charge of American life, and the whole wonderful movement for social justice would have been set back immeasurably, if not crushed absolutely.

Tariff legislation more than any other one thing has been the source of the corruption that has rotted public service, and in the growth of the sinister privileges fostered by the system there is almost sole responsibility for the perversion of American ideals. This cancer has been cut out, and we are freed from a creeping death. States that were rendered parasitic by public largess are already struggling back to intelligent industry. Everywhere from coast to coast endeavor is taking a wider, more virile sweep since being stood upon its own feet and forced to rely on its own resources.

Practicality, by putting an indirect subsidy to the coastwise shipping monopoly above treaty obligations, would have made the pledged word of the United States a sneer in every land, and put us among the outlaw nations of the world.

To-day, when the European war has put great trade possibilities within our grasp, practicality would have had us impoverished and disorganized, at war with Mexico, and facing the hatred of the republics of South and Central America, and the suspicion of all other countries forced to seek new commercial relations.

Mark how idealism has saved the national purse, conserved the national energies, destroyed national evils, and given us confidence in ourselves, besides inspiring and deserving the confidence of others. A people manumitted and facing the heights, a nation admired of the world and respected, its material interests bedrocked in international friendships—against these tangible, demonstrable benefits, how unutterably shabby stand the returns that were promised by the sordid, destructive program of the so-called practicality that has been imposing its vicious doctrines upon the United States for so long a time.

A LEADER OF REAL DEMOCRACY

WOODROW WILSON is in no sense a herald. The revolution of betrayed idealism has been in progress for more than a century, and in the last decade particularly there has been steady assault upon evil and outworn institutions. These passionate gropings of the spirit in the direction of ideals professed and not practised have merely lacked great leadership and authoritative expression. This is what Woodrow Wilson gives. He comes as a leader, as a nucleating force, as a clear, rallying cry to the almost mystic passions that are peculiarly the dominant note of the day. He fits the need of the bloodless revolution as skin fits the hand, bringing purpose and courage to the struggle for nobler fulfilment of the hopes and aspirations that thrilled those who first sought refuge in the New World from the oppressions of the Old—the struggle for *real* democracy.

"It has been common," said the late Justice Miller, "to designate our form of government as a democracy, but in the true sense in which that word is properly used it is about as far from it as any other of which we are aware."

The answer to the dreams of freedom

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of the original colonists was found in the London Company, three times chartered to take over the lands and resources of Virginia, in the Dutch West Indies Company, which foisted the patroon system on the New Netherlands, and in the Plymouth Company of New England, all breeding a landholding aristocracy that repeated and exaggerated the feudalism of Europe.

The Declaration of Independence, sublime preface to a victorious rebellion, brought a new joy and certainty to the land; and yet when democracy seemed an assured fact, old chains were riveted anew. With the return of peace, Tories and Loyalists came running from their hiding-places, and aided by reaction, the wealthy classes soon regained their former power.

The men chosen as delegates to the Constitutional Convention were drawn entirely from the aristocratic, landholding class, and though scarcely eleven years had passed since the Declaration, only six of the fifty-six men who signed it were members of the Convention.

THE POWER OF ARISTOCRACY IN THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

JAMES MADISON felt that "the minority of the opulent must be protected against the majority. The Constitution ought to secure the permanent interests of the country against innovation."

Said Gouverneur Morris: "The first branch, originating from the people, will ever be subject to precipitancy, changeability and excess. This can only be changed by ability and virtue in the second branch, which ought to be composed of men of great and established property—aristocracy; men who, from pride, will support consistency and permanency, and to make them completely independent, they must be chosen for life, or they will be a useless body."

Property qualifications robbed the great majority of the right to vote and to hold office. In Massachusetts no man could be governor unless possessed of $5000; North Carolina required $5000 in freehold real estate; and Georgia went further with a requisite of $20,000 and five hundred acres.

The iron test of the democratic spirit of America is amazingly exhibited in the successful struggle against these odds. Armed only with the dynamic power of a belief, the people marched doggedly to their goal, although it was not until 1846 that the Constitutional Convention of New York crowned full manhood suffrage by specific inhibition of feudal tenures.

The abolition of chattel slavery, carrying with it a final perfection of union, again gave ground for the old pride and certainty; but out of vast changes—the growth of cities, the sweep of railroads, the dawn of industrialism—there stole another, and in many respects, a greater menace. Ideals were swallowed up in a very madness of money-making: practicality, in the sense of profit earning, became a fetish, business a god; quickly, almost without opposition, the control of government was turned over to the financial interests of the country.

It is contended that the Roosevelt administration ushered in a new order, and in a certain sense this is true. He denied the established assumption that great magnates could do no wrong, and with his cry of "personal guilt" aroused the conscience of the people to fever-heat. There is no intent to take away from the value of his services, and yet his activities, although honest, were essentially oligarchic and miles removed from an understanding of democracy.

Mr. Roosevelt differed from his predecessors only in that he demanded punishment for the evil-doers of special privilege. It was not the system with which he quarreled, but with individual malefactors. Under analysis he is seen to believe in control, not freedom, and in protection rather than in the abolition of the evils that necessitate protection.

His intent was to do good *for* the people, according to his own ideas of good, rather than to let people do good for themselves according to their ideas. It cannot be found that he dissented fundamentally from the bland theory that all intelligence is vested

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in a choice few or that prosperity is a class product, and even to-day he betrays a feeling that the radical movement is the pet property of high-minded lords of the manor with leisure on their hands.

As a matter of fact, there is every ground for the assertion that Mr. Roosevelt's contributions to the cause of democracy were far less important than those of Mr. Taft. Where the former worked in kaleidoscopic colors, the latter's effects were in unrelieved black and white. Mr. Taft's belief in the necessity and virtue of a ruling class was religious in its fervor, and in no wise did he attempt to hide it or confuse it. As a consequence, he provoked conflicts, challenged comparisons, gloried in solemn asseverations of his faith, all to the end that the battle-lines were clearly drawn. Mr. Roosevelt colored and obscured the aristocratic features of American life; Mr. Taft isolated them so perfectly that the hour of revolt was hastened immeasurably. Both of them, in their different ways, paved the way for Woodrow Wilson.

THE EXPONENT OF AMERICAN IDEALISM

LET it be said again that not since Lincoln, not since Jefferson, has any man so felt and expressed the passionate idealism that is the soul of America. To a revolt that was vague and sporadic, he brought no beggarly contributions of expediency and opportunism, but the clear, inspiring certainties of a lifetime.

As far back as 1879 we find him protesting in signed articles against secrecy in connection with governmental affairs, crying out with all a young man's fervor against the secret committees of congress, which invited evil and corruption. During his student days in Princeton he is seen relinquishing a desired prize well within his grasp because he would not, even in scholastic debate, advance arguments in support of what he deemed an oligarchic theory.

Nor can too much be made of his fight for the democratization of the university during the days when he held the presidency; for although the field was small, the issues involved were those fundamentals that bedrock the nation. For those who may have been led into the belief that the Wilson brand of democracy is a recent product, born of political expediency, a reading is recommended of those speeches in which he fought the tendency to glorify money, scourged the drift to plutocracy, and earned the hatred of a class that attacked him as a "socialist," a "leveler," and a "confiscator."

In his books and speeches liberty and progress are favorite words, and every utterance, written or spoken, breathes a mighty faith in the oneness of the American people when an end is put to the falsities and inequalities that compel oppression and breed hate.

It is indeed unfortunate that the politics of the past have not been of a kind to make for more general and accurate understanding of the true Wilson personality. Out of the hackneyed descriptive—"the common people"—there has grown a tradition that *commonness* is the one proper method of popular appeal. It is an actual habit of many so-called statesmen to prepare for campaigns as though they were mummers about to play some rustic part calling for uncouth dress and speech. This species of vulgar charlatanism has confused democracy with mere physical boisterousness, and in many minds there is insistence upon hand-shaking, shoulder-clapping and ability to remember first names as the real democratic tests.

Woodrow Wilson is an embodied dissent to this wretched superstition. Even did his temperament not preclude the tricks and obvious insincerities of the politician type, he has too exalted an appreciation of public service to betray it by time-squandering activities designed only to advance his own popularity. Instead of wasting effort on the accepted formulas of campaign democracy, he is giving his days, his thought and his strength to real democracy. Few Presidents have had such full comprehension of the solemn responsibilities imposed by the highest office in the gift of the people, and few indeed have made such complete surrender of pri-

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vate life—its habits and pleasures—to the imperative demands of public duty.

It is a matter of frequent comment that he has few friends. What is this but recognition of the bitter truth that friendship is the great American conspiracy in restraint of public duty? Who can have forgotten the malignant attacks upon Joseph W. Folk because he dared to prosecute the criminals who had aided in securing his nomination? Who doubts that where one strong man is true to his oath, scores have permitted the specious obligations of carelessly formed friendships to tie their hands and bridle their tongues? Affection is a guide that has led many honest, sincere men into byways of broken faith and virtual dishonor.

There is no warrant in fact for the insinuation that Woodrow Wilson is "cold." His student days, his professorial years, the whole record of his life up to his entrance into political life, all proclaim a man of warm feeling, much emotionalism, and most winning geniality. Nobody ever sang a better song, told a better story, or placed higher value upon the joys of social intercourse. It is not only to conserve his time and his energies that he has walled himself in, but more particularly to guard himself against his warmths and his impulses. The man himself is not changed; it is his position that has changed.

THE ISOLATION OF HIS POSITION

WHAT has come to be known as the "Harvey incident" is splendidly illustrative. He did not shatter his relations with an old and valued friend because that relationship was any the less dear, but because its continuation involved certain inferences that clouded the truth and menaced the principles for which he stood. To-day, when the danger of misunderstanding is past, he has reached out his hand to Colonel Harvey as proof that the causes of rupture were impersonal and detached.

This isolation, of which there has been complaint, is the iron determination of Woodrow Wilson, not his temperamental expression. His loneliness has its private deprivations, but these are balanced by public compensations. In his administration no conditions can arise where policies, striking against intimacies, will be turned aside.

Such a President must necessarily be somewhat contradictory to those whose conception of democracy has been gained from professional office-seekers, and such as had been led to expect a "feet-on-the-desk" administration by Woodrow Wilson's campaign insistence on "open doors." A more exact comprehension of the *man* himself is dawning, however, and out of final appreciation the country may gain a new political type as rich in dignity, self-respect, and loyalty as the old type was fawning, standardless, and time-wasting.

A NEW day has dawned in American life, and anything may be asked of its noon. The people are no longer to be fooled or denied. They know now what democracy is, and they mean to get it "in every virtue and all perfection." The conception of government as a sovereign power, aloof, remote, magisterial, is being rapidly replaced by a demand that government shall take its place in the world of work, sustaining and supplementing the generous energies that are putting equal justice into law, abolishing slums, substituting opportunity for almsgiving, watering deserts, and harnessing streams, safeguarding the weak, devising plans for a fairer distribution of the products of labor, and taking some of the hate and cruelty out of life. It is the new practicality.

At the close of the Taft administration, it was said truly that America witnessed a race between reformation and revolution. Woodrow Wilson has won the victory for reformation, and stands to-day as a firmer champion of law and order than any of those who oppose and attack him in defense of indefensible privileges. He has made it possible to achieve inevitable readjustments in true sanity and safety, for in leading people back to ancient ideals he has led them away from the violences that, bred by materialism, would have been employed in the destruction of materialism.

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President Woodrow Wilson

Photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

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MRS. GWYN.
Lady with bonnet.
"The Jessamy Bride"
of
Oliver Goldsmith.
By Daniel Gardner.

Historic Miniatures

The Francis Wellesley Collection

By WEYMER MILLS

PORTRAITS in little by the masters, fragile and easily destroyed by sun or damp, have a quality that the work of nobler brushes never inspires. With the appeal to one's sense of beauty, there is the call to the inward vision to open the ways to the heart. When you take an old one of worth in your hands and study it, you see and feel a spirit.

The Wellesley collection of miniatures, which has never before been written of or photographed, is one of the most remarkable in the world. It is owned by Mr. Francis Wellesley of Westfield Common, near Woking, England. It is almost entirely of the eighteenth century, the golden period of the miniature. Although the great Oliver and Cooper were no more, and Holbein only a dim memory, the second Bernard Lens's new fashion of painting on ivory had been made good use of until it reached perfection under the magic touch of such men as Cosway, Engleheart, and Hall.

Bernard Lens usually painted on bone or vellum, but in the Wellesley collection there is by him a large and important portrait of Handel. Some judges of the work of Lens, who was drawing-master at Christ's Hospital and private instructor to young Horace Walpole, have called this, the first-known portrait of the musician, his masterpiece. It was probably painted about 1710; in it Handel looks the favorite of fashion. In the same cabinet with the Handel likeness is one of Lens's chalky ladies, dressed in that peculiarly vivid blue that Lely often used. Lens

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Miss Mary Hume.

Niece of David Hume, historian.

By George Simpson.

Miss Seton.

"The Lady with the Coral Necklace."

By Engleheart, 1798.

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CAPTAIN, AFTERWARD ADMIRAL, ROBERT WILLIAMS.
Present in action off the Chesapeake, 1781.
By John Smart, Jr., 1801.

gave his men—the poets, painters, and musicians he limned—the charm of their calling, but all his women resembled those stilted shepherdesses who only gazed on painted sheep.

Near the Lens examples lie the Fabers, done by John Faber the elder, who died in 1721. Speculative dealers assert that Faber and other masters in plumbago are to be the next rage in England, where art prices rise and fall according to the moods of a few great purses. Some years ago, when large drawings by John Downman had a market value of twenty pounds, a Faber could have been acquired for five. Search for him to-day in Bond Street or the byways where the wary go, and see what price he commands. Perhaps the fad for white-walled rooms is bringing about this revival of interest in plumbagos. A Jacobean cabinet or chimneypiece embellished with miniatures in black and white gives a note of distinction to a room that is hard to excel.

The Wellesley collection is so rich in varied examples of such men as George Engleheart, Richard Cosway, Sir Thomas Lawrence, John Downman, John Smart, Andrew Plimer, Daniel Gardner, and others, it is difficult to know where to begin and when to leave off in a limited space. "The Lady with the Coral Necklace," is in Engleheart's most brilliant manner. The blue eyes of the muslin-gowned woman are trying to speak. Connoisseurs like Dr. Williamson, who has rendered much service to English art, have declared it to be one of the finest of miniatures.

Beside it lies Cosway's gem of youth

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HANDEL.

Earliest-known portrait and unpublished.

By Bernard Lens.

JOHN AND PHILIP CHURCH

Nephews of Alexander Hamilton.

By Richard Cosway, 1790.

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CHARLES I
Of England.
By J. Faber, Sr.

—Philip and John Church, the children of John Barker Church. The two children of William, fifth Duke of Devonshire, done in the same attitude, and the famous DeMauley miniatures, one of John William, fourth Earl of Bessborough, with his sister Lady Caroline Lamb, and the other of Major-General, the Hon. Sir Frederick Cavendish, K. C. B., with William, first Lord De Mauley, both in the same attitude, cannot compare with the exquisite Church children.

Cosway is said to have been enchanted with his sitters, and he gave their pictures some of his own joyous, bird-like quality. The wind has caught their blue sashes, and is touching their bright cheeks and eyes.

What tales lie in that faint sky behind these two small nephews of Mrs. Alexander Hamilton—daring love, flashing swords, high adventure! Cosway, whose dramatic sense was highly developed, found them fitting subjects for his brush, and now long after their story has been forgotten we see them as he saw them one happy morning.

Near the Church children there is a portrait of an Austrian princess by Friedrich Fuger, known as "The Cosway of Vienna." Like many of his miniatures, it is set in a diamond frame of intricate design. Jeweled frames were much in vogue in Europe in the eighteenth century, and English miniatures that went abroad were generally mounted that way. The work of Cosway always looks well surrounded by brilliants, but the work of Engleheart and Smart loses something of its serenity.

By the proud-faced Austrian, is a queen, the ill-fated Caroline. Lawrence did this picture as a sketch for a larger portrait. Poor Caroline does not look very seductive. For all her high feathers, you feel she is only a plain woman who would much rather indulge in a romp than dance any serious court quadrille.

Sir Joshua's spectacles lie in the same room with the Wellesley miniatures, and it is a strange coincidence that many of the miniatures were done by his pupils, as members of the world which looked with more awe upon his studio than upon the throne-room. Take, for example, the very rare Daniel Gardner done in that very stu-

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COLONEL SIR I. MAY, K. C. B.
Officer in red coat.
By Andrew Plimer.

dio. It is a Reynolds compressed into a small space. Then there is the interesting little miniature of John Flaxman done by "the neat Mr. Bone," who afterward became the great enameler and copied many of Sir Joshua's masterpieces. It was executed when both the painter and his sitter were struggling artists, jaunting arm in arm to quaint William Blake's, or those staider *playtimes* of "The Blue Stockings." In it the youth Wedgwood, called "the genius *of sculpture*," does not look so unattractive as his contemporaries would have us *believe*; at least his plain face is lighted by the divine fire. Samuel Shelley was another of this group, and through much weariness in copying his miniatures, acquired a little of Sir Joshua's charm, although his portraits with light backgrounds have often been credited to Cosway. Many miniatures are fostered upon poor Cosway, and yet no one in his own time ever succeeded in catching his radiance, his quality of light.

One of the collection's greatest treasures is the portrait of Mrs. Piozzi by a Bath artist, Sampson Roch. In it the great Doctor Johnson's Mrs. Thrale is a sedate woman, but we know she still fed her masculine friends with peaches, and had all her pleasing feminine vanities. A decade or two after it was finished she was yet to receive her severest dart from Cupid. Another with a story is the lovely "Girl with a Favorite Turkey," by the shy Pays, who died in abject poverty. This miniature was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1789 and was much admired. The William Singleton of a boy in blue velvet holding a book is also the inspiration of genius by a man little known to collectors of miniatures. The portrait of Mary Hume, a niece of David Hume, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1799, is also a thing of beauty. This was done by George Simpson, of whom little is known. The collection also numbers examples by Robertson, Hall, Zincke, Shelley, Gauchi, Graglia, Scouler, Samuel Cotes, that charming beau Comte d'Orsay, and many others. As a discriminating royalty recently said upon viewing the miniatures in their green cases, "There are no ugly women or plain men." The Fates and Father Time seem to have conspired to bring together the ghosts of beauty.

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"I went back to where we parted."

Drawn by
John Wolcott Adams.

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The Sword of Youth

A Romance of Love and War

By JAMES LANE ALLEN

Author of "The Choir Invisible," "A Cathedral Singer," etc.

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

Part Two

IT was a fresh, cool morning in the wild, rough, shaggy country of northern Virginia toward the last of March, 1865, nearly two years later, and at a strategically chosen spot along the edge of a thick wood was encamped a detachment of the Army of Northern Virginia, the worn-down, driven, harassed, unconquered Army of Northern Virginia. That land once gave its name to that army, but for all time henceforth the army has given its name to the land. Its last lost battles live in the red flash of the storm, in the crash and boom of nature's thunder, in its slow, sobbing valley rains, and on the white escutcheon of its snows.

About ten o'clock, strolling along an edge of the camp, passed two young soldiers, Joseph Sumner and his tent-mate, battle-mate, death-mate; his close human brother at night, with one oil-cloth to sleep on or no oil-cloth; with two blankets to cover with or one blanket or no blanket. This comrade was a heavy, stalwart young South Carolina-Virginian, a few years older than himself whom, as they affectionately sauntered, the Kentucky youth called "Fairfax."

Nearly two years of military service, of marching, camping, entrenching, foraging, defending, attacking, retreating, starving, thirsting, freezing, but always fighting, had set their mark on the Kentucky farm-boy. He had broadened and he had grown. He had shot up late toward his full stature, and was growing still; undersized no longer, but now, in his nineteenth year, compact and erect, shapely, seasoned, and soldierly-looking. He had won his share in the heroism of the campaigns of the Wilderness, since written lastingly down into the world's history of good

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fighting—the fighting of the pure old American stock in a pure old American quarrel and war. He was already a veteran battle unit, a young fighting-man of the South in one of its beaten armies of unconquered men. All his earlier work on the farm had been but so much preparation for his development into the tried and hardy soldier. Hardships there had showered upon him here their increase, their reward. For when hardships come to a youth who knows how to mint their rough ore into coin, the yield for him is gold indeed. Further behind his own life lay his great American inheritance of old dogged, indomitable Anglo-Saxon pioneer traits.

The two comrades strolled gaily, carelessly, as though not aware that a few miles distant a hostile army was hunting them down, closing in upon them, crushing them with equipments, supplies, numbers. Almost in reach of the ear was the music of military bands, of ruddy-faced musicians with new instruments; almost within hearing was the pathos of melodies of love and home, played to conquering troops near the end of the war, and already welcoming them back to soft delights.

At nearly every step the two friends were hailed or halted by comrades as lighthearted as themselves—the ragged and doomed gay. For what all of them lived on was not the vicissitudes of war, but their proved traits as men and soldiers. They knew that they had within themselves what could not be captured or conquered: their bravery, their endurance, their loyalty, their soldierly honor. Out of these elements of character they drew their laughter and their light hearts. The war might end, their cause might be overwhelmed, but their characters could not be crushed.

This morning there was a common ripple of excitement: it had become known that they were on the eve of a great battle, perhaps to be the last of the battles. Whatever the issue should be between an overpowering and an overpowered army, it meant for each of them one more victory of personal endurance and survival or at least a soldier's grave, a soldier's glory. A group had formed not far from headquarters, and the talk was of this struggle near at hand. The two friends joined this group. By and by some individual of the group drew the attention of the rest to the other great event of camp life next to battles: the mail had arrived. As it happened now, a special mail was reaching headquarters; a courier had just been seen to dismount. A little later an orderly came out and approached the group, bringing in his hand several letters.

"A letter for Joseph Sumner." He delivered it and passed on.

The letter had the thickness of a little book. It was heavily sealed, and significantly stamped as from Federal headquarters. As Joseph Sumner received the letter and saw the handwriting, his comrades observed a death-like pallor spread over his face.

"I will leave you here, Fairfax," he muttered, overcome, and turned away. He went, straggling weakly, toward the extreme edge of the camp. The wood was thickest out there, and he sat down behind a big tree, on the side screened from observation.

Letters from home! The rain of those letters upon fathers and sons and husbands and brothers and lovers was more dreaded than the rain of bullets. They sometimes tore wounds worse than those of steel and shell. Soldiers saw comrades, after reading letters from home, begin to wander around half-crazed. They often saw them go off by themselves in some quiet spot, if there was one, into their tents, if there were none, and lie down flat on their stomachs and hold their heads as though these were bursting with pain, with problems worse than pain. Often during those last years there came upon the exhausted soldier of the South a strange, sudden day-blindness, so that he would have to be led around by a comrade. A letter, arriving for him during his affliction, would have to be read to him: the comrade who undertook to read such a letter sometimes broke down, could not get on with it at all. A day or two before this Joseph Sumner,

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while talking with two young creoles of a New Orleans company, had seen a letter delivered to one of the brothers, who had glanced at it, and with a cry, "Tout perdu!" had dropped senseless.

Some of his own messmates had been detailed to shoot men, model soldiers, after they had received letters from their homes. They had overtaken these frantic men and dragged them back into camp, had led them out and shot them at sunrise. Often officers, forced by discipline to order these military executions, would gladly have thrown the arms of their humanity around those whom they condemned to be shot. *That* was the soldier's terror as the war drew out longer and longer and the rain of the letters became thicker and thicker: *that* was his terror, the shallow ditch in which one of those shot men was buried quickly, with averted faces. That black hole was not in any cemetery; it was not within any military inclosure, on no field of honor, in no country, not in any potter's field: it was on the rejected waste of nature where the human rat had been stamped out of existence and thrust into oblivion—the scampering rat of the army, the deserter.

The will of the Southern soldier was set more and more against such a fate for himself as the war drew to a close; more and more it became his supreme ideal to stand fast, to be on the field at the death of his cause—or to be in his grave with his comrades' devotion.

Joseph Sumner sat at the root of the tree, on its hidden side, with his letter in his hand. It was the first news to reach him since he left home. Of what had taken place there meantime he possessed no knowledge. He himself had never written, through lack of opportunity; and therefore his heart had never sent back its messages, and was this moment filled with the things he had long wished to pour out to each of two loved women. He could not shake off the feeling that these first urgent tidings were grave tidings; he noticed Lucy Morehead's handwriting and he noticed the seal of Federal headquarters, a sign of the influence of his uncle.

He could not open his letter. With each moment of postponement his dread became more horrible. He began to say to himself that in some way this letter was going to be the end of him; it was going to shatter him, break him in pieces; it would end one or it would end both of the dreams of his life. Those dreams were that at the close of the war he would one day quietly open the yard gate and walk up the pavement to his mother, sitting on the porch; he would stand before her so grown and changed as to be hardly recognized; then he would hear her cry to him and feel her arms about him and have his face covered with her kisses of memory and her proud tears. He, tearing himself loose from her, would hurry across the fields to Lucy Morehead, and find her, wherever she was, and infold her at last as his—his for long bright years on the farm, the years of peace, with her children about her.

He said that this letter was going to destroy those hopes. If it was to be so, then he wanted a few minutes more of happiness. He asked for a respite in which to say good-by to things long looked forward to.

He laid the letter down beside him, leaned back against the trunk of the tree, and closed his eyes. He gave himself up to the forest, to the perfect day, to beautiful things, to his dreams.

The season was forward, and Spring was on the long joyous march. Miles southward on this side of the camp peach-orchards had burst into bloom around farm-houses, they became far-seen masses of rose color, like garlands strewn on the bare ground for the feet of the young bridal spirit. In the depths of nearer forests dogwood-trees hung out by the way their samite stars; oak-trees swung in unison their military tassels. Water-courses ran swift and clear, verdure had sprouted along their banks, brook willows turned greenish gold. Within gunshot of the camp the wild turkey, with red wattles and burnished wings, strutted in frenzies of gallantry, and gobbled and tramped his conqueror passion. On a rotted log

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"He was already a veteran battle unit."

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the cock grouse, loud drummer of nature's army, drummed to his soft, meek mate. Up and down the gray trunks of ash-trees the delicate little gray-and-red woodpecker was keen to tap the fountains of the sap rising within; on jutted roots the lean chipmunk paused a moment with hungry indecision; and at high-swung summits the gray squirrel, with a single leap, built across the perilous air his bold, aërial bridge. Nature budded and burst forth and sang and leaped and planned for love, planned for life, around the camp isolated from love and threatened with annihilation. Above the fields of carnage stretched the ancient, unbroken peace of the heavens, with only some little white clouds drifting far away, puffs of smoke from unseen cannon, as memories of wars long ago fought out and ended.

Joseph Sumner drank in the whole scene, then he sat up, and tore open the envelop. Within were two letters, the longer of which was as follows:

Dear Joe:

Nearly two years have passed since we told one another good-by. It seems more than two years to me, because the whole of my life has passed since then. I have been one person living two lives, one life with Tom and you in the armies, and the other here at home, out in the country, with your mother and myself. Now, after waiting so long for a chance, I am writing as fast as I can. My letter ought to reach you quickly, as it is to go from Union headquarters through the influence of your uncle. He has consented because your mother requested him. That will sound strange to you, but the explanation will come later. In the envelop you should find two letters: the short one she asked me to write and this long one, of which she knows nothing. You remember asking me to tell you the truth about your mother. I keep my promise. But I must go back to the beginning and try to remember.

The morning after you left, as soon as breakfast was over and I could get away from the children, I went back to where we parted. No dew had fallen that night to lift the grass. The prints of our figures side by side were still there. I sat down near.

By and by I heard in the distance a long, clear sound, growing louder and louder as it came toward me, and then fainter and fainter as it was carried in other directions, a sound soft and beautiful. It came from the big sea-shell in your home, which, when I was a little girl, I used many times to listen for. Then it was meant to reach your father wherever he might be on the farm and to tell him that he was wanted at the house at once, either because some visitor had come or because something serious had happened. There the sound was now, long and loud and clear, searching the farm for you; telling you to come at once, you were wanted.

At last the echoes died away. They made me realize how truly you were gone.

By and by I saw your mother coming along the upward path through the fields, walking faster than I had ever known her.

My tears dried themselves, and I got up and withdrew a little away from the path to let her pass; for I thought she must be on her way to my mother. But she came over to within a few paces of me and stopped, and then I turned around, exposing to her my red and swollen eyes. They may have told the story she was looking for.

She did not bid me good morning, but asked a question, as though I were in the wrong and it were her right to command me:

"Is Joe over here?"

With resentment at being so spoken to, I replied rudely that you were not.

"Do you know where he is?" she demanded.

With triumph for being closer to you, I said that you had gone South to join the army.

The intelligence staggered her. From that moment, even when she listened to me, she forgot me. I was nothing; you were everything. A moment afterward she started back, but a few paces off

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"He wished to be loyal, he must be disloyal."

paused and stood sidewise, with her eyes fixed piteously on the distant southern horizon. Again she questioned me sternly:

"When did he first tell you he was going?"

I replied sharply that you told me after supper the evening before.

This somehow caused her secret, especial pain. Different emotions began to tear her. She wished to question me further; pride forbade. Then even pride gave way.

"And he said nothing else about his going away?"

As coldly as I could repeat any words of yours, I told her that you had made me promise to take care of her. That was a blow of another kind; she looked broken

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down; then harshly again she pressed me to answer:

"He left no message?"

I said you had left no message.

"No—good-by—for any one?"

I said you had told me good-by; you had left no good-by for any one else.

She turned and walked away slowly. She had come bareheaded, and the bright sun shone on her smooth, glossy blonde hair. She had on the little gray cape which goes with her gray silk dress, and this made her look all the more like an officer. Straight and without faltering she walked away across the autumn field. I don't know why, but as I watched her, I noticed the loneliness of the blue sky and how frail the butterflies were that started up before her out of the clover and from the field daisies around her feet. One little yellow butterfly caught up with her and rode gaily away on her shoulder.

I am sure, Joe, that we often do a thing, and then at the sight of what we have done we are ready to deny we did it. We are thought to be insincere; but perhaps, after all, it is not we ourselves who do such things, but only some little fault in us. As I watched her, I was ready to deny my unkindness to her, and to say it was not I, but my fault, that made me unkind.

That was the longest day of my life. Early next morning, from where I sat I could see that the window-shutters of your room were thrown open. The negro woman washed the windows. They stayed open all day, and I knew that your room was being cleaned and closed. Early the day following the servant caught the horse and rode to town with the basket of peaches, and I knew that your mother was alone, and I thought it time to begin to keep my promise to you. I had lain awake nearly all night trying to resolve to go.

She was sitting on the side porch, rocking and not doing anything. When she saw me she smiled and rose and welcomed me without a trace of the resentment I deserved; and with her old affection for me, as though it were coming back. She looked younger, prouder, aroused to a new happiness in her life.

Soon she asked me whether I should like to see your room. We went up-stairs; it had been put in order. She pushed one window-shutter open. The light of that one open shutter was so dreadful; it was such a reminder that it was of no use to open the others. On your bureau was a little vase of morning-glories which she had gathered at dawn. In the cool mid-day shadow of the room they bloomed on as though it were night and the stars shone.

She could not say much, nor I. "Shall we go down?" she asked at length, and went across and shut the one lonesome shutter. The room was darkened, and we were standing near each other; and then I don't know what happened except that I think I screamed, and we were in each other's arms, clinging to each other and sobbing, and blinded by our tears, friends again through the same love and the same grief and the same loneliness.

I remember you asked me, if I ever wrote, to let you know what took place the day after you left and the day after that. I have tried to do this, and now I must hasten, though I will stop to tell you one more thing. The following day your mother, almost as soon as she met me, said with tenderest pride, "I must show you what I have found in one of the closets." She took me to your father's bureau, where the family papers are kept, and brought out your scrap-book. "Look," she said, smiling; "here are all the big battles of the war. He had cut the account of each one out of the newspapers. And look! He pasted the Southern victories at the front of it and the Union victories at the back! Here in this place he brought together the battles in which his father and his brothers were killed, or were wounded and afterward died of their wounds. He lived through the war in this way, off to himself."

For more than a year we did not know where you were, but then Tom was wounded and taken prisoner, and I went to see him and to carry some things to him, a box of things. And from him we learned in what part of the army you were. He had gathered it from the South-

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ern newspapers which gave lists of the wounded that never found their way North. He told us how you had been wounded and had gotten well and had gone back to the front. You had never written, we knew you had never had a chance.

I wish my letter ended here, but it must be otherwise.

Your mother's health has not been good. It was long before she would consent to see the doctor, but when at last he came, he must have advised her, though she told me nothing. But she grew so serious, so quiet after that, with you only on her mind. "If I could only write to him!" she said. "But I cannot ask his uncle to show us any kindness."

A few days ago, as she was lying down and I sat beside her reading the newspaper, she interrupted me as with a great resolve. "Lucy," she said, "you will have to write a letter for me to my husband's brother. Joe wishes it, and Joe was right. And perhaps the wrong was not all on one side. No, the wrong was not all on one side. Write the letter that I thought would never be written."

Your uncle came at once—came so quickly and generously that I think it must have been true that he was partly in the right. When he left, I was walking in the garden and saw him; he was under the influence of deep and violent emotion. He sent some of his best servants—your mother's old trained servants—to take care of her, and he has driven out many times since. She lacks nothing, she has every comfort. But the comforts mean nothing to her; she wants only you. It is beyond anything I could ever have believed possible to a woman's heart were I not now old enough to look into my own.

Many times since then she has said to me: "I can not send for him! He *can not* come!" And yet to-day she looked at me suddenly and said out of the deeps of her life: "You must write! He must come to me!"

So this is my letter, which you now understand. It is written and I am at the end of it. LUCY MOREHEAD.

P.S. I have not said anything of myself; my letter has not been mine. But can you understand all that I have gone through since you left? Do you know what I feel toward you? Do you realize what the absence has meant and what you have become to me? If all this be not in your heart, I must keep it in my heart.

LUCY.

The shorter letter Joseph Sumner had read first; it ran as follows:

My dear Son:

My hand is not firm as it was once firm. Lucy Morehead writes this letter for me. She has been like a kind good daughter to me since you went away, though she has had cares enough of her own. She has given me of her very life. You will be happy with her through many years, I trust, and however many they may be, you will never know the depths of her tenderness and goodness. I am not very well, my dear, dear Joseph, and the greatest desire of my life is to see you. Were I stronger, I could wait, for there is now no doubt that the end of the war must be near. But my health is such that I may not risk delay; what I am to do must be quickly done. So will you come to me quickly? I understand only too well what it is I ask and all that it will cost you, but you must come. The cause you fight for will have to spare you a few days to her who gives you to it for all the rest of them. My son, I, too, am soon to fight a battle, but against a power that conquers all nations, and that is never defeated. On the eve of that battle I have a trouble, and I wish for life's peace. The war by comparison is nothing to me, the nation is nothing to me. And all that you are as a soldier must be nothing to you. You are but the son of a mother whose need and whose cry is to speak to you. A great weight is taken off me now that my letter is written. I am happy. You will not fail to receive it and you will not fail to hasten. I shall fight off my conqueror till you reach me.

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"'Is Joe over here?'"

It was dead of night in camp. The sky was clear, the moon was high, and its radiance fell on the forms of the soldiers scattered about asleep on the ground under the bare trees of the forest. Some of the boughs, tossed to and fro by the high March winds, wrought out over the sleepers a ghostly phantasmagoria of battle-scenes. One, as it was pushed violently backward and forward, became a shadowy arm that ever slashed and hacked with a shadowy sword. Another became an uplifted saber, which smote downward, and ever drew back and smote again. Near the ground on one tree a shadowy bayonet perpetually thrust and thrust and thrust with no weariness of the fight. Higher in the air an upright bough threw down the shadow

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of a lonely flagstaff from which the colors had been torn. The forest wrought out over the dreams of the sleepers the imagery of their familiar carnage. At intervals on the stillness, away off toward the horizon, a cannon loosed its tongue, like a pursuing hound of death. From a near quarter of the sky a shell started to describe its arch, and burst at the highest point; from an opposite quarter an answering shell completed its arch, and scattered death where it came down. Almost under these arches the camp slept: life's fire fused into one flame, to fight and keep on fighting; nature exhausted to one need, slumber.

Scattered around, the sleeping men lay wrapped in their blankets or overcoats, according as they had one or the other. Some had made pillows for their heads by wrapping their boots in their jackets.

On a single oil-cloth two comrades lay side by side, each wrapped in his ragged overcoat. One was dead-asleep, one was wide-awake. He, the wide-awake one, all night had been tossing from side to side, wounded with a wound older than the nation, one of the oldest wounds in the world: tossing there, and sometimes opening his distracted eyes and seeing not far away, fluttering in the wind under the moonlight, the battle-flag.

At intervals he had turned toward the soldier beside him as though tempted to wake him, but as often he had turned away. At last he thrust his arm from under his overcoat and touched the shoulder of the sleeper and shook him cautiously. The sleeper stirred heavily, but quickly, as exhausted men do who are used to being aroused at any moment, and he asked instantly:

"Did you wake me, Joe?"

"Don't speak so loud, Fairfax."

"What is the matter? Have n't you been asleep? Are you sick? Were n't you sick all day?"

"I am not sick." The voice was heavy with sickness of soul. "There is something I must tell you. Come over this way closer."

Fairfax rolled heavily over and stretched himself alongside his tent-mate, groundmate, battle-mate. His loyal ear was ready.

"You know the letter I got this morning?"

Fairfax did not like that subject. The manner in which it was brought up put dread into him. He made no reply.

"It came through the lines. You may remember my telling you that I have an uncle who is a Union man. He arranged to have the letter sent through the lines."

The voice broke off as though unable to go on.

"The news in the letter is that my mother is ill."

A long silence followed. Fairfax had never known that Joseph Sumner had a mother. He had heard endless stories about the Kentucky farm and the farmhouse, about father and brothers once there, but never to be there any more. He had heard a volume of stories about Lucy Morehead. Though he believed in Joseph Sumner as he believed in God, he made allowance for this volume of stories; he believed half of them, but he understood the half that he did not believe, and liked that half best. Now at the first mention of Joseph Sumner's mother he began to understand the reason of the omission of her name and of stories about her; he seemed to understand something tragic in a general way. He made no reply.

"She has sent for me."

Fairfax muffled his face in the cape of his overcoat. He asked one stern question:

"Who wrote the letter?"

"Lucy."

There was an awkward, disagreeable tension.

"Did *she* urge you to come?"

"My mother, Fairfax; I said my mother."

The whispers passed slowly back and forth; every word became like a judgment on character. And every turn forced the conversation nearer a human bog, toward a morass of the horrible.

On every road of life that human beings travel there hangs out a sign with some one word on it—just one word. When each of us enters upon his road, far ahead

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"From him we learned in what part of the army you were."

of him he sees that sign hanging out across it, and the solitary word on the sign becomes the terror of his life, that one word of final unutterable awfulness. The captain of the vessel at sea has his word; the surgeon forever sees his; the husband has one for himself; the wife has hers; the actor, the singer, the digger, sewer, have each their word. Whatever for every one it may be, it is the last outpost of safety, of usefulness, of happiness; beyond, life's story virtually ends.

The minds of the two comrades had met at the soldier's word.

"She has sent for me. I have to go."

The voice did not seem to come from the men scattered about asleep, not to come from the war, from the nation, but to have traveled down from the beginning of the world, the foundation of human life.

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High overhead in the March wind the shadowy sword hacked its victim, the bayonet thrust at its, the flagstaff stood with its colors gone.

"Are you going to apply for leave of absence? Do you expect to get leave of absence?"

"I do not. And I am not going to apply. I could not get leave of absence if I did apply."

Fairfax groaned.

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to walk out of camp."

Fairfax stretched himself out like a man stiffening in death.

The hours wore themselves out; time was a wounded snail.

"If it is my duty to go, it is my right to go. No one can give me permission to do what is right. I can not ask any man to let me do my duty."

"How will you get past the picket?"

"Of course I have thought of that. Tomorrow night *you* will be on picket-duty."

"What do you expect *me* to do?"

"I don't know what you will do. I do not ask you to do anything. You will have to decide for yourself. I am going to walk past you, and if you think it is right for me to go, you will let me pass. If you do not, you will shoot me. All I ask is, do not stop me and bring me back. I do not wish to be arrested and brought back—for *that*. And if you shoot, do not wing me, do not cripple me; shoot to kill. I do not want to be brought back wounded, and to have all of you walking round me and looking at me—not after *that*."

"You can dismiss that trouble. If I shoot you, I will kill you."

The night wore slowly toward its end; dawn was not far away.

"Why did you tell *me?*" asked Fairfax, seeing that a whole problem had been transferred to his shoulders.

"I *had* to tell you; somebody in the army had to believe in me. I could not have gone at all if I had not left some one of you to believe in me."

"Believing in you might make it harder for me."

"I know; but I can't think it all out. It 's trouble all round."

After a while the troubled voice under the cape of one overcoat pushed methodically on:

"I am going out at night. If I tried during the day, I should be stopped and I must not be stopped. If I start, I must get there. I 'll have to leave at night. One thing I will not do: I won't dodge or sneak or hide or crawl. I will stand up and walk out, and I can't do that except in the dark."

"Even if you succeed in getting through the lines, how can you go anywhere without any money?"

"I have all my Confederate money, half a haversack full. You remember when Hardee died he divided his, and gave you half and gave me half. Of course I 'll have to buy some clothes in Richmond. For two or three thousand dollars I suppose I could buy me some kind of suit of clothes."

"Do you expect to travel on your clothes?"

"That is as far as I have thought. I have n't been able to think any further. I have n't had time; I don't know what I 'll do. I don't know how I 'll travel, and I may not know until I get there and see how much my money is worth in the other money."

The moon was going down. The stars were fading. There was the breath of morn. Here and there vague bulks began to be outlined as human bodies.

Those friendships of brothers-in-arms, they were the bright spot of the armies, after courage. Those sacrifices and loyalties run back through all wars to the plains of Troy, to the tent of Achilles and Patroclus.

"When you get back, you may have to find another tent-mate."

"You may have another long before."

"But suppose something happens to you? Suppose you start, and never get there, and are never heard of by anybody that ever knew you?"

"I don't know; I have n't had time to think. If another letter should come for

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me, read it, and try to send some word back to them that I started."

"When I was coming away," said Fairfax, "my mother gave me a roll of money, and told me I would need it often and need it badly, but not to touch it till the time came when I knew that I needed it most. Take that. It ought to carry you there, and it will bring you back."

The gray of dawn, like a soft wing, moved over the camp, fanning with light the faces of the soldiers.

Joseph Sumner sat up ghastly and looked around him. Fairfax had muffled his face and head impenetrably in his overcoat. All were asleep. The sun was rising, and above it were glorious, gorgeous clouds.

He thought of the sunlight as falling that day most searchingly on little spots scattered far and wide over the States—little places where soldiers, forgetting that they were soldiers and remembering that they were human, lay in the dirt forgotten—riddled by their comrades' bullets.

THAT night a trusted picket, stationed on the side of the camp nearest Richmond, prize of all the battles of the war—that night a watchful picket, hidden in the shadows of thick trees alongside the road that led to Richmond, saw coming toward him down the road from the direction of the camp the figure of a man. As the figure drew nearer, he was able to make out that it wore the uniform of the Southern soldier, but that it bore no arms. In full view, in the middle of the road, it came on, uniformed, but self-stripped of its soldierly honors, soldierly hopes, having left behind it all that it had won from the day of entering the army—down the middle of the road, on its way out.

The picket stepped out of the shadow to the side of the road, and stood at attention, standing sidewise, and looking straight across the road. The figure advanced, looking straight ahead. It passed at arm's-length, passed so close that the breaths of the two mingled, mingled for the last time, and passed on.

(To be concluded)

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The Gray Guest

By LAURENCE CLARKE

Illustration by Charles Falls

FOR once Décourt drove alone in the tonneau. A yellow moon waned in the east; in the silent mystery of tall trees on the right and the left lay darkness unutterable. The gray road spun beneath him a gliding, frantic thing seeking escape from his wheels.

General Décourt, hunched in his car, with kepi drawn tightly over his brows, heeded nothing of pace. Behind him, miles away, four members of his staff plunged in belated attendance. Décourt, who had grown used to the quiet of the road, was startled for a moment when three black, alert figures leaped from the obscurity of the trees, and barred his progress with rifles leveled.

An imprecation rose into the general's throat as he checked his pace.

"Countersign!" demanded a voice.

"Jena," barked Décourt through his teeth.

A black-silhouetted corporal on the gray road crooked his arm in salute. The steady rifles vanished into the darkness of the trees, and Décourt's car leaped once more into the solitude of the night.

"I am late," ran his thoughts. "To-day, and yesterday, and yesterday's yesterday, and the day before that, I was late. Late, and France waiting!"

And then to the drone of the car in the lucent darkness of the night he saw France—he saw deep into the waiting heart of France.

The cry of a nation smote upon his ears: "Décourt! Décourt! Décourt!"

They were calling him. Up to the heavens, over the broad, fair land, went the echo of his name, Décourt.

He saw a million hands upraised—hands of wives, of mothers, the shaking hands of old men, with memories of '70, and the little live hands of the men to be—the men and women of the generation to come, who must bear the burden if he failed.

France was waiting; her heart, her life, her tricolor lay in his keeping. Would he rear the tricolor in the bright light of all the world, or would the great, mailed Northern hordes strike it down—strike it down a second time? Décourt straightened himself in his seat; the vast isolation of his position bore in upon him, depressing his spirits. The campaign had been long. France trusted him, had placed her hopes in him, had raised him upon a pinnacle above other men; now everything hung in the balance.

Décourt's thoughts went to the eastern army that was his command.

Upon the living map of his mind was pictured every item of his vast battle-line. He knew himself strong here, weak there. His men in the center were magnificently disposed; all was well save at Tirlemont. They had done great things, those kepied brothers of his; infantry, artillery, light and heavy cavalry, one and every one, had stood shoulder to shoulder with him. But he had been too late to develop his movement; railways had failed him, and unlooked-for, sinister things had happened from the North.

The master of war laid it down at Austerlitz that in action minutes are hours, and Décourt was hours late at Tirlemont. He had not wished to-night to abandon his personal direction of the center, but it had been necessary to fly to the aid of Tirlemont—Tirlemont the exposed heart of his army. Therefore he had slipped secretly away from the center, leaving the prestige of his presence on the field.

Tirlemont needed him. Things were happening there that only he could right. But could he right them? A delicate movement was half completed, and the timing had failed.

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44 'The little Corporal!' he murmured brokenly 'And France—France needed him!'

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The long, ghost-like road to Tirlemont lay before him. How far it seemed! And the darkness that shadowed the night was as the darkness that now began to creep about his heart. Tirlemont became an acute agony in his mind. With the keenness of insight that had been one of his finest qualities he saw the perilousness of the situation. He knew what the driving in of his outposts on the right flank meant. The word "outmanœuvered" fluttered awhile formlessly in his brain, and then crystallized. His strong, lined face, with the thick, gray mustache and the gray brows, was not the face of Décourt of that morning. His features were tense; there was a blaze in the puckered eyes. His powerful will beat upon the situation, seeking a loophole of escape; his courageous mind snatched at straws of hope. If any sacrifice of his, if every drop of the French blood that ran in his veins, could save France, he would save her. If he could give his life—

His thoughts took a turn. The weight of his burden oppressed him. A thousand deaths could avail him nothing. For him there was no such easy victory. Sacrifice and death, these were things for men happier, less conspicuous than he. There is no absolution for a dead general who has failed. The simplest captain may pay the price of failure with valor and death; but he, Décourt, that night bore the weight of France upon his shoulders. He could not die; to France he could offer nothing but success.

He suddenly put up his hand and touched his damp, chilled brow. In that moment his defenses fell; in the dark solitude of the long, gray road he knew that he had failed. His brain knew it, acknowledged it, admitted it, and reeled before the knowledge.

But his brave heart still contended. His thoughts raced. So long as a rifle remained there was hope. Facts of the situation—what are facts? Facts in war! His proud heart rose again at the insuperable obstacle. And again in the depths of his mind he saw the up-reaching myriad hands, he heard the voices calling: "Décourt! Décourt! Décourt!" The voice of France called him, Décourt who had failed!

He began to wish he had not come alone; talk with one of his staff might have eased the tension. He was alone, and Tirlemont was an agony. The solitude closed upon him as an enveloping, dark cloud, shutting him off from all the world. There was something awful in the burden Fate had put upon him. He was plunging toward defeat, but upon the vivid map of his mind he still manœuvered his doomed battalions. His voice, speaking aloud with resolution, suddenly rapped upon the air: "The Fifteenth Division shall attack from the west; Grandé must fall back to the mill; I 'll hold back Vallois, and strike when Grandé has fallen back."

He grew silent again. He moistened his lips with his tongue, and shut his mouth in a hard line. The road dipped into a valley; the plumed poplars towering to the dark heavens marched to right and left.

"The Fifteenth Division shall attack from the west," repeated Décourt between his teeth.

"You will hold the Fifteenth Division, and attack with Grandé!"

Décourt's body stiffened. Something moved over his scalp, touched his spine with ice. He sat up straight, fully alive. A voice had answered him. Hallucination! Preposterous words flung to him on the wings of the night! He was aware of the tree-sentineled road, the drone of his engine, the naked glare of his headlights, actualities smiting his alert consciousness. Then in a flash the soldier in him voiced swift, unconscious words. He flung a demand into the empty air.

"The countersign?"

"Jena."

Again the voice, the same even, smooth voice that had come to him on the wings of the night.

Then Décourt knew in cold actuality that some one was beside him in the car. A strange presence miraculously beside him was countering his own opinion! And that voice, what of it? What was there strange in it? Whence came that clarion

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ring that thrilled every fiber of his being? A friend who knew the countersign, how came he there? Was the darkness of despair that had settled upon Décourt's mind playing tricks with his imagination?

The road had grown tortuous, the trees had fallen away; the one slender chance of an army hung on the safe guidance of the car. But Décourt's puckered eyes were drawn aside for an instant from the business in hand. Then again something moved upon his scalp, for beside him, knee to knee with him in the car, he saw the folds of a long coat, and, below, the dark outline of a high military boot.

Tirlemont was calling; there was no time for pause.

"Grandé will attack!"

Again the preposterous, fool advice that had a minute before startled him, Décourt, stung into sudden comprehension of the moment, bristled savagely.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

No answer came to him, and he turned fully upon the stranger.

Then in the feeble light he saw a brooding face looking into his, so close that every lineament was visible—a smooth, immemorial, pale face, with the chin sunk in high-epauletted shoulders.

For a moment the blood danced in Décourt's pulses, then slowly his hand lifted to his down-drawn kepi.

"You will attack with Grandé!" came the smooth, clarion tones of command.

"Grandé, Sire," answered Décourt, his hand raised in salute.

MARVELS had occurred, and he was accepting them without demur; automatically, without demur, he accepted the command. It had seemed to him madness that Grandé should attack, but then he had not seen. His eyes had not then looked upon the still, brooding face with the mouth of iron, the chin sunk in high-epauletted shoulders. It had seemed madness that Grandé should attack, but now his mind began dimly to envisage the significance of that move. In flashes of insight he saw the superb simplicity of it all. Grandé, and then Bertrand and Bossignac to support. There was genius in that.

France was calling; Tirlemont was calling; he had been late, late. Every fiber of his soul had pleaded for fortune; the passion of his desire had been so great, and the chance the slenderest in the world. There had been no chance.

And suddenly, when his mind had touched the nethermost depths, there had come to him out of the shadows of the past a new ally for France. Décourt's drumming pulses steadied; he sat up, holding his head high. The fate of France had been lifted from his shoulders.

Suddenly, miles away, stupendous arms of light groped the sky, swaying, interlacing, searching restlessly, his own searchlights at Tirlemont. The car swept through a ghost-like village; black figures demanded and received the countersign.

"I am not driving alone," thought Décourt; "it is no longer I alone who bears the burden of France."

Half an hour later the outposts of Tirlemont were reached. Décourt had not turned; there was no desire in him to look again into those eyes of mystery. He knew that the figure was still beside him, traveling with him to that field of acute destiny. He wondered vaguely that there was no doubt in him. Curiosity stirred. There were a thousand things he would like to ask, but an unseen power sealed his lips. At length, beneath an avenue of trees ahead, Décourt saw the staff lights—two red lamps one above another. He slowed down the car; the lamps indicated the road branching to the headquarters. He wondered what would happen when the car came to a halt. Vaguely, through trees a hundred yards to the right, Décourt could see a low hilltop—the hill that would be occupied by his staff in the coming fight.

The car was at a standstill now.

Décourt alighted, his hand lifted in salute. The one out of the past was on the road before him.

"Sire," he said, "do you desire me further?" He felt no strangeness in his words, nor in the smooth answer.

"Later we shall meet." As he spoke,

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he turned. For a moment Décourt watched him moving among the sparse trees. He was moving toward the crest of the hill beyond the wood.

A question came into Décourt's mind. For an instant he covered his tired eyes with his hand, then looked again. The brooding figure that had once thrilled the world was still there, dwindling in the darkness among the trees.

There was perspiration on Décourt's brow, his limbs were weak beneath him, but in the depths of his mind he was repeating:

"I am not alone! I am not alone! I am not alone!"

Suddenly he drew in a deep breath, wheeled, and strode along the narrow path toward the farm of Avaril.

"You will attack with Grandé," he said aloud between his teeth.

The headquarters of the army at Tirlemont was a white farm-building which showed ghost-like on rising ground before him. Blinds were drawn over the windows, but yellow lights burned within. Far flung to east and west rose the tumultuous murmur of line upon line of armed men, the doomed army of Tirlemont. The moon, in the east, was hidden behind the eminence of a little hilltop to the right of the farm.

As Décourt reached the door of the building, a lieutenant, issuing hurriedly, looked at him with suddenly widened eyes, then came to the salute. Décourt stepped into the bare outer room of the farm; a dozen officers were there, mostly young: captains, aides-de-camp, airmen, a wireless operator with a locked code-book under his arm.

Without a glance to right or left Décourt strode heavily through the room, and, flinging open the door of the inner apartment, closed it behind him.

Four intent men leaped to their feet at the moment of his entrance, and as he stood with back to the door, unbuttoning his long overcoat, eyes of astonishment were fixed upon him—eyes of astonishment and relief.

The living-room of the farm had been denuded of furniture; a trestle table occupied the middle of the floor, a lamp with a circular white shade burned on the table, and heavily flagged maps occupied its entire surface. A telephone and a switchboard, with wires passing along the floor and thence up and through the partly open window, stood in the far end of the room. A single telephone-receiver was upon the corner of the map-covered table, round which the four generals had been grouped.

Décourt looked toward General Vallois, white-haired, white mustached, with keen black eyes that glittered upon his own above the white shade of the lamp. At Vallois's side stood Bertrand, with tunic unbuttoned, a sallow man with a drooping black mustache. At the end of the table was Grandé, tall, lithely built, with fine blue eyes and a small mustache. Décourt cast a quick glance at Grandé.

Then Bossignac, born of Normandy, big-bodied, big-brained, fiercely scarlet of face, with bristling eyebrows, and a savage mustache, burst into exclamation.

"We are glad of you, General." He thrust a big black cigar between his lips again, and added to the overpowering reek of tobacco smoke that weighted the air.

No one commented upon the unexpectedness of Décourt's presence there. Décourt came when there was need of him, and there was more than need to-night. In silence his four generals saw him sling his long motor-coat over the back of a chair. He strode to the table and leaned over the heavily flagged maps. Vallois's slender white hand glided toward a "position," his index-finger pointed, his vivid eyes lifted toward Décourt's face, and Décourt nodded almost imperceptibly.

Vallois, eying his superior over the shade of the lamp, wondered if Décourt knew how entirely the fortunes of the eastern force hung upon a hair. And Décourt, looking into Vallois's eyes, knew that Vallois knew.

"What is the position?" demanded Décourt. He drew a chair to the table.

Bossignac leaned over the map, and with big fingers indicated the forces lying immediately to east and west, the forces

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of the enemy as reported to within half an hour ago.

"And your decision?" demanded Décourt, glancing about him.

Bossignac acted as spokesman.

"My division must attack from the west; Grandé must fall back to the mill; Vallois will remain in position, and strike when Grandé has fallen back.

Décourt looked up from the map. From face to face he looked. Their opinion coincided exactly with his own of an hour ago; and they knew, as he knew, that disaster awaited them.

"You know this movement will fail," thought Décourt, looking into Vallois's keen eyes. He turned toward Bossignac.

Bossignac, who was to lead the attack, strode restlessly back and forth near the window, drawing heavily at his cigar; his fierce brows were puckered in thought.

"You think this movement will succeed, Bossignac?"

Bossignac threw up his truculent head.

"But it must succeed, General!"

There was silence for a minute, broken by Décourt. Again he looked from face to face.

"Gentlemen," he said quietly, "I have decided upon an entirely new movement. There will be no attack by the fifteenth Division!" He turned his eyes toward Grandé's tall figure. "Grandé will attack," he said.

In a moment Bossignac was between him and the handsome Grandé.

"A new plan," he shouted in bitter irony—"a new plan at this hour! *Sacré bleu!* what a madness!" He flung up his head, staring straight into Décourt's face. "And we are late already—"

"Bossignac!" exclaimed Décourt, and his voice rang through the room. But Bossignac had set his heart upon the attack of his division; he was not to be quelled; he stood undismayed before Décourt's sudden rising anger.

"We are late," he growled between his teeth, "always late. To change the plan now is madness."

"In all respect, I say the same," broke in Bertrand.

"I say that Grandé will attack." Décourt rose, and stood erect again; his voice dominated the room. "My orders are that Grandé shall attack."

"In that case," shouted Bossignac, "it is my determination to resign."

"There is something in the idea that Grandé should attack," interposed Vallois, quietly turning his vivid eyes upon Décourt.

"There is madness in it!" roared Bossignac. "I 'll have no part in it. To change a plan at this hour—" He strode to the corner of the room, snatching up his sword to buckle it about his big figure.

Décourt rose from the table and stood before him.

"General Bossignac," he said, "you will obey my order!"

Bossignac's purple fury was unchecked; he paused, glaring upon his superior like a tiger. It was in his mind to dash toward the door, to resign; a thousand things were in his fierce mind, but there were things in Décourt's mind. The memory of the white road, the plunging car, of a voice flying in the night: "You will attack with Grandé." Then a greater memory—a memory of strange amazement, when a white, immemorial face had turned to him, when a clarion voice had repeated, "You will attack with Grandé," when his own hand had risen in salute, and he had uttered the words, "With Grandé, sire." These things dwelt in Décourt's mind as he looked into the fierce, empurpled face of Bossignac.

"I say again, and shall say always, that this is a madness," exclaimed Bossignac, wildly. "We have one chance in a thousand; this new order takes it from us."

"The new plan will succeed," responded Décourt, quietly.

"Succeed!" Bossignac's eyes glared wide. "How do you know it will succeed?"

Décourt's seniority and prestige had weighed with the others. Vallois, indeed, of the keen vision, had already seen a possibility of success in the new plan. The honored and much-beloved Bossignac alone withheld himself. He was aghast

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at being frustrated in his hope of attack, and he stood before his superior, scarlet-faced, aflame with indignation and chagrin.

"How do you know this plan will succeed?" he demanded.

Décourt looked at him. What if his own senses had been deceived? He did not doubt, and yet impulse told him there was only one way to convince Bossignac—Bossignac, the angry and truculent, the fiery and ravenous soldier.

"Bossignac," he said, and laid a hand on the general's arm. He led him toward the door of the room, drew it open, and without a word to the group at the table led Bossignac into the outer room, crowded with a mixed body of captains, *aides-de-camp,* airmen, and engineers. Between young officers standing at salute, they crossed the room together and stepped into the quiet of the summer night.

Bossignac bristled like a porcupine. For a minute the two paced side by side in the open field; they were moving eastward. The moon had vanished, but a faint, weakening light struggled against the murk of the night; the murmur of armies dwelt in Décourt's ears.

Bossignac fought to command himself.

"With respect, General," he said, "the plan is a madness."

There followed a long silence; then Décourt's smooth voice came to him:

"It is not my plan, Bossignac—and it will succeed."

"Ah—you know that—how?"

Bossignac's harsh voice smote the night.

Décourt's fingers were upon his general's sleeve. They were advancing, they were at the foot of the swelling hill the rim of which rose dark against the skyline. Suddenly a figure moved from the background of trees, and walking slowly forward to the top of the eminence, stood gazing quietly over the field of armies.

Décourt's fingers upon Bossignac's sleeve tightened.

"How do you know that?" growled Bossignac, still unaware.

And now Décourt raised his right hand slowly and pointed to the hill. Bossignac flung up his head and stared; for a moment he remained motionless; then with a growl he strode four paces forward.

Suddenly his figure stiffened, he drew himself erect, paused a tremulous moment, then threw up his arm in salute.

A minute later he and Décourt had turned and were walking together toward the farm. Tears filled old Bossignac's eyes; there was a drum-beat in his heart, a lump in his throat.

"The little Corporal!" he murmured brokenly. "And France—France needed him!"

They passed together through the outer room of young officers and into the inner apartment with the heavily flagged maps, the white shaded lamp, the disorder of swords in the corner of the room, and the wire from the telephone on the corner of the table.

With intent faces Bertrand, Grandé, and Vallois were awaiting them.

"Gentlemen," announced Décourt when he had closed the door upon himself and Bossignac, "General Bossignac is of my opinion."

"Grandé will attack," declaimed Bossignac.

Vallois's eyes were upon him as he spoke; he was aware of a strange change in the man.

"It is a singular and unusual movement to make," he said, looking with intense eyes from Décourt to Bossignac.

Bossignac flared up.

"*Sacré bleu!*" he roared, glaring at Vallois's face, "with an ounce of judgment any soldier would know that it is the only movement that can save France."

VICTORY came at dawn, a dawn of glory and bereavement, for in the early hours of the morning Décourt had laid down his life, and his shrapnel-riven body lay in state in the little room of the farm of Avaril. Vallois had replaced him in command, and Bossignac, who was alone with him, sat at the window with his face buried in his hands.

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The Snow-Gardens

By ZOË AKINS

LIKE an empty stage,
The gardens are empty and cold;
The marble terraces rise
Like vases that hold no flowers;
The lake is frozen; the fountain still;
The marble walls and the seats
Are useless and beautiful.
Ah, here,
Where the wind and the dusk and the snow are
All is silent and white and sad.
Why do I think of you?
Why does your name remorselessly
Strike through my heart?
Why does my soul awaken and shudder?
Why do I seem to hear
Cries as lovely as music?
Surely you never came
Into these pale snow-gardens,
Surely you never stood
Here in the twilight with me;
Yet here have I lingered and dreamed
Of a face as subtle as music,
Of lips that smile oddly, and eyes
Like a child's.
I have felt on my brow
Your finger-tips, plaintive as music.
Oh, wonder of all wonders! Oh, love
Wrought of sweet sounds and of dreaming,
Why do you not emerge
From the lilac-pale petals of dusk
And come to me here in the gardens
Where the wind and the snow are?
Beauty and peace are here,
And unceasing music,
And a loneliness chill and wistful
With the feeling of death.

Like a crystal lily, a star
Leans from its leaves of silver
And gleams in the sky,
And golden and faint in the shadows
You wait indistinctly,
Like a phantom lamp that appears
In the mirror of distance that hovers
By the window at twilight.
You have come, and we stand together
With questioning eyes,
Dreaming and cold and ghostly
In an empty garden that seems
Like an empty stage.

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From Cæsar to Kaiser

By EDWIN DAVIES SCHOONMAKER

Author of "The Saxons," "The Americans," etc.

NOTHING is more striking to the student of history, especially to one interested in the growth of institutions, than to watch through the centuries the specter of Cæsar moving northward over Europe. The shadow of a dark cloud passing over a field on a clear day in summer is not more visible to the physical eye than is this other shadow that gathered head over Rome two thousand years ago, spread out for a time east and west and south, but finally all but withdrew itself from these quarters, and made northward like a thing that had at last found its way. It is not by mere chance that the German Emperor wears to-day the title of Kaiser, a modification of Cæsar, or that his royal cousin to the north wears the title of Czar, another modification of the same name. Nor is it strange that this old title should have entirely disappeared from the South, where it originated.

Taking the world as a whole, the movement of civilization, with all its paraphernalia, good and evil, is westward; but taking Europe by itself, the movement is northward. Italy, France, Germany, Russia—these are the successive steps of civilization on the continent of Europe. And over these in this order the shadow and the sunlight have passed and are passing. England, separated from the Continent geographically, is also something of a law to itself in the matter of its development, and for this reason chiefly it has escaped the full blight of Cæsarism, and has thus been enabled in times of crisis to come forth as the deliverer of her sister-nations. England is like a rocky shore where the strength of the wave is broken and scattered, whereas on the Continent the surge has had, as it were, an open sea over which it could travel freely to the farthest lands that men have conquered in the North. And looking out over the expanse of history, we can follow this surge of Cæsarism, with its dark shadow of militarism, from its ominous rise in Italy twenty centuries ago; over France, where it was shattered; over Germany, where it towers to-day; and on up into Russia, where it is piling high for the future.

Let us see what this Cæsarism is that is just now setting Europe in tumult, and under the leadership of the German Kaiser is hurling its might in every direction, as in those old days when Rome flung her legions to every point of the compass.

The first Cæsar, whose name in a modified form is to-day in the mouths of more than one half of the population of Europe, was the first great Roman to turn the face of his martial nation toward the north. Julius Cæsar was not a man to plow over old fields. Asia and Africa had no attraction for him; and so when it came to choosing a province for his activities, he turned toward the Alps, and led his legions across into Gaul, which is now France. If Julius Cæsar had been simply

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a man, his name would long ago have been forgotten. But he was more than a man. He was an idea and an ideal, the embodiment of imperial Rome itself, with all that that means—law and unquestioning obedience to law. And with this ideal he came among peoples that had always been a law to themselves, that even in the case of murder had never brooked the interference of their own governments in their private affairs. And it was upon these peoples—the people that just now on the west bank of the Rhine are in arms against the imperial power of the Kaiser, that imperial Cæsar, two thousand years ago, began welding the Roman yoke. And well he succeeded. Gaul became a Roman province. Roman forts sprang up everywhere, and Roman legions moved quickly to and fro over the marvelous Roman roads.

Cæsarism and militarism—for of course among a freedom-loving people the one cannot exist without the other—had taken their first step northward over Europe. People who up to this time had been accustomed to govern themselves now became accustomed to being governed by others, began to tolerate a law enforced by the sword. And finally they themselves, as soldiers of the Roman Empire, began to assail the freedom of their brothers farther north. But beyond the Rhine they could make no headway against the fierce spirit of liberty of those kindred tribes, and this river soon became recognized as the northern boundary of the empire. But for several centuries more, over what is now France, the system of the Cæsars, which to-day we call militarism, held sway, slowly consuming the life-blood of the people and itself rotting upon the wealth it absorbed. Then quietly the scepter of the empire in the South passed into the hands of the popes, and the objective of militarism underwent a change. Where of old it had enforced the Roman law, it began now to enforce the Christian faith, by which it was seen that a new hold could be gotten upon peoples that would otherwise slip away.

There is no more interesting chapter of history than that which records this subtle transformation and shows us the native kings of these Northern peoples, although politically they had thrown off the yoke of Rome, continuing to be none the less faithful agents of Rome in the establishment of its new hold upon the North. Cæsarism was still alive, and militarism was still its tool. For several centuries political and religious absolutism went forth from its ancient seat upon the Tiber, until the spirit of the people was broken, especially on the side of the Rhine where the burden had lain long. But in Italy, where it had lain longest, a new day began presently to dawn. The old German spirit, which had infused itself into the race with the coming of the Lombards, broke out into flame. In vain the German emperors, the representatives of Cæsarism in the North, came down upon them with their armies. The Italian peoples valiantly defended themselves, and liberty was again established in the South. The shadow had passed off.

But over France it still lay dark, and with the passing of the centuries grew darker and darker. "I am the State," proclaimed Louis XIV with an arrogance befitting the most tyrannical of the Cæsars. And his successors, gathering their minions about them in the court at Versailles, fiddled while France was burning—burning underground. For several centuries the political agents of the Cæsars had nominally sat first upon the Swabian and later upon the Austrian throne; but in France, where the people had suffered perhaps more than elsewhere, there was a rumbling and a gathering of mighty forces that were to eject into the arena of European politics a successor of the Cæsars worthy of the name. As in Italy it was a group of free cities that first sprang into new life and kindled the new age, in France it was a group of free men—men with their ears to the ground and with their pens uttering the agony and the smoldering desperation of France. It is impossible to understand the real character of the encyclopedists and those later fiery leaders of the Revolution without

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some acquaintance with those old Gauls like Orgetorix and Vercingetorix who, almost eighteen hundred years before, had grappled with the forces of Cæsarism when they first made head beyond the Alps. For these sons of the Revolution were full brothers of those older Gauls, and the foe in both cases was the same. The French Revolution was the long-delayed answer of the conquered Gauls to their conquerors, the Cæsars, now intrenched not in Rome, but in Paris. "Liberty, equality, and fraternity," the battle-cry of the rising people of France, was a refined, philosophic expression of what those dumb Gauls had tried to say with their swords to the advancing legions of Cæsar.

And now arises one of those strange paradoxes of history—a real Cæsar emerging out of the swirl of the Revolution, and gathering its mighty forces into his own person, and in a way turning them from their own great ends, and yet in a deeper way seized by those forces and used to spread their tremendous message from one end of Europe to the other. Napoleon Bonaparte was beyond question a real Cæsar in his understanding of the power of militarism for the accomplishment of a given end. And the end, too, possibly as far as Napoleon himself could see it, and certainly as far as it touched his own fortunes, was very Cæsaresque. For the armies which he hurled across the Rhine and the Danube and finally on into the heart of the Muscovite empire, bore on their banners the name of Napoleon, as the legions of Cæsar had borne the name of Cæsar, and the power which he saw growing up about him was lifting him to the throne of a new empire, a French empire, just as similar forces, directed in a similar way, had lifted the first Cæsar to the mastery of the Roman empire.

But the paradox is only a seeming one. In the larger social use to which he was put, Napoleon Bonaparte was a true Gaul, a creature of the rising forces of anti-Cæsarism, as the crowned heads of Europe knew very well. He was a tyrant hitched by the Fates to the plow of liberalism, and if his approach produced a shuddering in the bosoms of the rulers of Austria and Prussia, and even in that of the czar, it was chiefly because of this very fact that they saw behind him the great plowshare of republicanism that threatened to uproot not simply thrones, but, worse still, that reverence of the people upon which their thrones were established. And so it was not against the man Napoleon so much as against the idea behind him that their cannon were loosened. If there was ever any doubt of this during the twenty years in which Napoleon went up and down Europe, scattering everywhere, with the very songs of his soldiers, those firebrands of the French Revolution, liberty, equality, and fraternity, that doubt was dissipated at the Congress of Vienna, which met after Napoleon had been permanently eliminated from the situation. For to this congress from the corners of Europe came the refugee defenders of the old order, to piece together as best they might the shattered fragments of absolutism.

It was quite in keeping with her ancient character that Austria should assume the leadership in this reactionary enterprise, for not Napoleon, as we have seen, but the Emperor of Austria was the real representative of those imperial ideas which Rome had introduced beyond the Alps. Every one knows how, during the Protestant Reformation, that uprising of the German people for liberty, it was the House of Hapsburg, the ancestors of the present Francis Joseph, that led in the work of suppression. For more than half a century after the overthrow of Napoleon the history of Europe is virtually the history of the mind of Metternich, the evil genius of Austria, in its efforts to smother the volcano which France had lighted, and whose lava had set all Europe on fire, whose sparks, indeed, had blown clear across the Atlantic, and kindled republicanism in South America.

It is particularly interesting just now, when the seed sown in those old days by Austria are yielding their terrible harvest,

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to watch the efforts of those frightened Cæsars, banded in Vienna, to gather up and thrust back underground the embers of freedom in Europe. Indeed, one cannot understand the full meaning of the tremendous Armageddon that is on to-day without some knowledge of how the stage was prepared in that first half of the nineteenth century under the malign influence of that same Austria whose hand has just rung up the curtain for the momentous drama just begun.

First and most important of those efforts to restore what they called the "peace" of Europe, then, was to stop the mouth of the still active volcano; and so the Bourbons were replaced upon the throne of France. Second, Italy, whose whole northern half had caught fire, must be taken under the fatherly care of Austria. Third, in those scattered German principalities, some of which Napoleon had captured from Austria and which he had built into a sort of buffer-wall beyond the Rhine, the constitutions which the people had won from their rulers were now taken away from the people, and even the student organizations, which with a fervor worthy of the French Jacobins were working for the freedom of the German people, were broken up.

Quickly now the reactionary movement, which up to this time had been dominated by Austria, began to come to a head, but not, as the Hapsburgs had hoped and expected, in Austria. Quietly and almost in a night the spirit of Cæsar crossed the borders of Austria and passed on to the north to a small state where the soil lay virgin, and where for years the scattered forces of Europe had been gathering for the building up of a militarism the like of which the world had never seen.

During all the centuries that she had held the scepter of the Holy Roman Empire, Austria had shown a conspicuous incapacity to reproduce the empire beyond the Alps, and this not at all because her ideas were at variance with the ideals of the Cæsars. The great flaw in her make-up, so far as it affected the Romanization of the Continent, was her lack of that constructive vision and that dominating energy which were marked in the first Cæsar. To bring into subjection and to control people—especially people with ancient traditions of freedom that have always lived in the hearts of Europeans even under long-continued tyranny—requires a youthful power and a capacity for organization such as Austria has never possessed. Therefore it is that we see her to-day playing the part she has always played, the enemy of freedom, without the ability to fill the rôle of the supreme tyrant, trouble-maker still, setting all Europe on fire, and yet lacking the eye to see that it is her own house she is reducing to ashes. A mind of this sort is no place for the spirit of the first Cæsar. But Austria, blind then as now, did not know that the spirit had taken its departure, and so held on to the empty scepter until the forces of the North came down upon her, and Prussia sprang full armed into the arena of European politics.

It is significant to note, in studying the northward movement of militarism in Europe, that at this time when the surge was lifting its great head in northern Germany, a wide stir for liberty was abroad in Italy. That people, which centuries before, at the point of the sword, had forced its iron law upon the free peoples of the North, was now battling with a Northern tyrant for its own liberty. The war which Prussia fought with Austria was fought with a view to gaining power, whereas Italy's struggle with the same despot was for the purpose of achieving freedom. The victory over the Hapsburgs won by these two peoples, the one in the North and the other in the South, are usually compared, with a view to pointing out resemblances. Cavour, it is explained, is Italy's Bismarck; Garibaldi is a lesser Moltke; while Victor Emmanuel is the southern William I. Both movements, we are told, were movements toward unification. And this is true; but no one can read even casually the history of those times and not perceive at once that the movement in Italy was set afoot with a view to escaping from a despotic

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militarism, while the movement in Prussia was launched for the purpose of constructing one.

And to find an adequate counterpart for the one which there arose, we cannot stop at the régime of Napoleon, which was the result of abnormal conditions and contrary to the aspirations of the people whom it burdened, but we must go back at least to the days when Rome was at the height of her military career. Indeed, it is extremely doubtful if we shall find it even there; for by militarism we mean not the bluster and movement of conquest, but the complete and permanent organization of a people for military purposes. If a nation's energies are absorbed in the practice of arms, especially if this practice is the result of a deliberate plan for a later aggressive movement, that nation is in the grasp of militarism even in times of protracted peace, though the chances are, if the practice continues, that the peace will not be long protracted.

So, without going into the causes of the conflict, within five years after her seven-weeks' triumph over Austria we find Prussia at the throat of France. Now, France, as we know, is south of Prussia, and so if we knew nothing of the history of Europe except that militarism is constantly moving northward, and if we knew nothing of the history of France during the half-century succeeding the downfall of Napoleon, we should be quite safe in assuming that the spirit of liberty was there leavening the people; in other words, that the light which we have seen breaking over Italy, and which always follows the dark shadow of militarism, was shining more or less brightly over her Northern neighbor. And such was the case. With all their restoration of Bourbonism, the powerful coalition of reactionaries had not been able to stamp out in France the love of liberty and the movement toward a freer government.

Such was the condition of things in the country west of the Rhine when the Prussian thunderbolt fell upon her. From this shock France rebounded further toward republicanism, and Prussia even further toward that system of imperial authority against which her socialists have ever since battled in vain. The German empire, homogeneous, or almost so in a racial way, in those deeper elements that go to make up her character is as much of a dual empire as Austria-Hungary, only in the former case the two empires, instead of lying side by side, as in the latter, are superimposed the one upon the other. And it was probably as much for the purpose of holding and welding these two antagonistic, turbulent empires together as it was to establish and protect pan-Germanism in Europe that the stupendous machine that is now in motion was wrought out. Socialism in Germany, the lower layer in the dual empire of which the upper layer is the war party, or the Government, is the industrial projection of that political Revolution which more than a hundred years ago shook France, and indeed all Europe, to its foundations.

To perceive the truth of this statement, we need only lay side by side those pages of history dealing with the rise of the third estate in France with those later pages which describe the revolt of the working-classes in Germany. It is the same struggle transferred to the cities. Karl Marx is clearly the Rousseau of the Revolution beyond the Rhine. And those able men, his contemporaries and successors, who have wrought out into an exact science and fearlessly disseminated throughout the empire the new economics, bear a resemblance to the French encyclopedists too striking to be mistaken. In the later case, it is the same fierce light turned not upon the state, but upon the strongholds of capital.

But we are living in an age of speed, when revolutions accomplish in decades what formerly required centuries. Kaiser Wilhelm is evidently the Grand Monarch overtaken by the deluge. The expression, "I am the state," fits quite as well in the mouth of William II as in that of Louis XIV.

But the parallel does not stop here. The Bourbon, who seems to have been born with the idea that he was France, soon got

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it into his head that he was Europe. And this idea remained there and grew until the disillusionment came at the sword-points of the surrounding nations, with the help of England. And just as for a time the Bourbons were able to deceive the people into identifying their interests with that of their rulers, so it would seem that the deadly parallel is projecting itself into the future.

But there came a time in France when the people awoke to the true meaning of what was going on. Then all those forces which had fought the imaginary enemy on the borders turned terribly toward their real enemy in Paris. We all know the result, how the whole upper crust of France, with its gilded and shivering aristocracy, was shattered and blown into fragments.

It is of course not to be expected, in following out a parallel of this sort, that the comparison will hold good in minor details. We do not expect, for instance, to find the Kaiser toying with a Montespan or a Pompadour, or to see at Potsdam the idle courtiers that thronged the court at Versailles. Times have changed. The deluge of democracy has wrought wonders. The spirit of work, long confined to the masses, is electrifying even the upper classes. And so far as their social duties will permit, even monarchs are becoming workmen. Of no nation is this so true as it is of Germany. Potsdam is not only the royal residence, but it is also the commercial office of the empire. But we must not be misled by these facts. We must not imagine, because the German Emperor and his courtiers have gone to work, that what is happening in Europe to-day never happened before.

It would be strange indeed if the Kaiser, shrewd man that he is, and familiar as he is with the disasters that overtook the royal autocrats on the other side of the Rhine, should repeat the blunders that brought down those disasters. The later Bourbons saw the approach of the deluge, but lifted no hand to stay its coming. Enough for them if only they could burn the fragrant candle and get away before the storm should break. Even the Grand Monarch was something of a decadent. But the Hohenzollerns are not the Bourbons. William II is a man of business, and business imparts alertness, develops the faculty of organization and decision. And the decision to which the Kaiser has come, to which he probably came years ago, is that something must be done to save his régime from the rising waters of German socialism.

To accomplish this he must begin where all monarchs begin. The people must be deceived into identifying their interest with that of the reigning house. Second, they must be educated, for years if necessary, to see that the Kaiser is arming the empire not to maintain his own medieval régime, but to save the workshops of the fatherland, and this in the face of the fact that hand in hand with peace German trade has been conquering the world! And third, if the plan is to succeed, the machine must be set in motion from the outside, else the mask falls off and the whole ghastly thing is laid bare.

Compared with this subtle and far-reaching conspiracy against the rising spirit of the German people and the peace and freedom of Europe, compared especially with the thoroughness of the preparation, how shallow and loose the statesmanship of the Bourbons! Indeed, the coup that has just been sprung by the hand of Austria is Napoleonic, with the hue possibly of that madness which characterized the Corsican in his last days. For while it is perhaps too early to forecast with any degree of certainty the outcome of the gigantic game, signs are not wanting that the German emperor, like the French emperor before him, is being used despite himself by those very forces which he imagines he is thwarting, and is struggling blindfolded for the emancipation of Europe.

It is right in keeping with this theory of the northward movement of militarism in Europe, and is another proof of the correctness of this theory, that in this critical moment when militarism is threatening the whole Continent, Italy should

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have dropped away from the Triple Alliance and arrayed herself in heart at least with France. And that she should have been able even thus far to hold herself aloof from the conflict is further proof that a better day is dawning for the South. And it is obvious that the present war in which France is engaged is in all essentials a replica of that war which, almost half a century ago, Italy waged with Austria. Aside from the fact that it is a Latin people against a German people, it is also true that the underlying motive is the same. If Italy's was a struggle for freedom, so also is the present struggle of France, not of course for freedom from oppressive institutions, but, what amounts almost to the same thing, from a permanent and well-grounded fear of such oppression. And unless signs are misleading, that aggressive militarism which through the centuries we have seen come up from the south and move with periodic pauses and conflicts to the north, is preparing for another migration northward. Indeed, it is not at all improbable that this desperate and apparently aggressive movement of Cæsarism in Europe is the taking up of baggage for a retreat.

And there is only one country left on the Continent with anything like the character of people and the width of dimensions demanded where this monstrous institution can find refuge. And that is Russia. No one of any intelligence is misled as to the real attitude of the Russian government toward Cæsarism by its alinement in the present contest. If the Czar is striking at the Kaiser, it is not of course because he is opposed to what the Kaiser stands for. Czar and Kaiser, as we have seen, mean Cæsar, and the two emperors, cousins by blood, are full brothers in politics. It has been pointed out time and again that their rivalry is racial, the Slav against the Teuton. There is doubtless some truth in this; but the rivalry is also personal. There has never been, and there is not now, room enough in Europe for two Cæsars. One must give way. Just as fifty years ago in the contest for the same imperial primacy within the German race one of the claimants was obliged to give way. In that case, true to the movement we are tracing, the Northern champion proved the stronger. Indeed, the position of Germany to-day bears a striking resemblance to the position then occupied by Austria. Then, as we have seen, Italy, to the south, was fighting with Austria for freedom, while Prussia, to the north, was trying to wrest from the same power the ancient scepter of the Holy Roman Empire, which, as an idea at least, still rested in the hands of the Hapsburgs. Now France, to the south, is battling to maintain its freedom against Germany, while Russia, to the north, is snatching at that old scepter which Prussia won from Austria.

It is greatly to be hoped, yet possibly, at least just now, hardly to be expected, that the German people, intelligent as they are and thoroughly versed as they are in the evolution of history, will see the real meaning of the struggle in which they are engaged and will avail themselves of the present crisis to roll their great burden to the north. They are in the throes, if they only knew it, not of a foreign war, but of an internal revolution, and the mighty sounds of approaching armies all about them are simply the rest of Europe coming to their aid. Their long and strenuous struggle for liberty is on the point of bearing fruit, for the freer institutions beyond the Rhine seem likely to be extended. On the other hand, the unparalleled social and industrial progress which the German people have made in the short half-century of their nationality, and that, too, in the face of an antiquated and repressive political system, bids fair at last to overflow their boundaries and spread all over Europe. Defeat at this price, if defeat must come, is victory, just as the defeat of Napoleon was a victory for the French. For this contest is also a contest not of arms, but of ideas, and that nation whose ideas shall come out of this great threshing best fitted to undertake the social and industrial reorganization for which all Europe is waiting will, whether in victory or defeat, be ultimately and essentially the winner.

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Peru, the Roof of the Continent

South of Panama: *Second Paper*

By EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

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FROM the Gulf of Guayaquil to Coquimbo, in Chile, more than seven hundred leagues, stretches what is known as the "rainless coast," a strip between Andes and ocean which contains as absolute a desert as exists in the world. It was Humboldt who accounted for this phenomenon. He pointed out how the moisture-laden winds from the southeast are chilled as they approach the gigantic uplift of the Sierras, and relinquish much of their moisture on their eastern foothills and slopes. After passing over the Andes, they meet the influence of the warm coast-land, and their temperature and saturation-point rise, so that rain is out of the question.

But why does this coast receive no moisture from the Pacific? Humboldt discovered that a broad mass of cold water, the "Humboldt Current," makes its way out of the Antarctic up along the South American coast as far as the western jut of Ecuador, and then sweeps off into the Pacific. Coming down the coast, one learns of it when suddenly the woods turn gray, and hunger begins again less than two hours after a meal. This current chills and draws moisture out of the winds from the Pacific, so that when they strike the coast, up goes their temperature, and again rain is impossible. The coast strip is, therefore, a desert because it lies between two cooling influences, the Andes and a current from the Antarctic.

Generally this current makes itself a roof of clouds, and the traveler may pass many times along this coast seeing nothing but stretches of gray-yellow beach or cliff and chains of rocky hills, with the tawny sand drifted about their knees. But some afternoon when the sun has burned away the fog, across the hot desolation he sees high up, scarcely distinguishable from the clouds, a great serrate, ghostly wall—a wall dim, but immense, unbroken, and forbidding, so far away that its jagged peaks and precipices melt into a single undulating line, and realizes that this is the outer rampart of a sky world of glaciers, condors, and llamas, nearly as strange to his every-day world as a ring of Saturn or a Martian canal.

Along shore beats a creamy, thunderous

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surf, rolling over the sands, or against the rocks spurting up into the fleeting likeness of a snow-laden fir-tree. Most of the ports are nothing but a sickle of curving beach, with a pile of rocks at the sickle's point. From the anchorage often there is green in sight, the trees of some little valley that winds broadening down to the sea, yet discharges no water because all its river has been drawn off into the irrigating-ditches. No blade grows here that has not drunk at man's hydrants, so that the short snow-fed streams from the Sierra empty into the air rather than into the brine. Even if no green is visible, the broad *lanchas* waddling out laden with cattle, pumpkins, bales of cotton or hides, boxes of chocolate, or bags of rice, sugar, or cotton seed, tell of smiling valleys somewhere back of the sand-dunes and dry mountains.

Still, little of this rainless coast is growing anything. The President of Peru tells me that the coastal valleys are not cultivated as intensively as they might be. Even now not all the water is reclaiming desert. But the chief hope for the extension of cultivation lies in storing reservoirs with the surplus water of the rainy season, so that in the dry season it may be drawn upon to supplement the shrunken rivers. The Panama Canal, he thinks, will greatly stimulate the coast production of sugar, cotton, and coffee, and he looks for a furor in the growing of tropical fruits, once Peru has been brought within a fortnight of New York.

"Why not," he asks, "when near Mollendo there are single trees which yield ten thousand, nay, even twenty thousand, oranges in a season?"

It is one of Nature's jests that this coast accurst, just because there has never been rain to dissolve them and wash them away, has provided the two fertilizers—guano and the nitrates—which more than any others have made exhausted fields in old Europe quicken with harvest. So that in its grim way the desert, as dingy and deadly-looking as an elderly rattlesnake, has, after all, helped to fill the empty stomachs of humanity.

Ship-captains confess that they prefer the West Coast to any run in the world. No other sea is so tranquil, so reliable, so easy on the nerves of the mariner, as the Pacific down to the thirties of south latitude. The great, lazy billows come ramping into port a bit exasperated at stubbing their toes against the shoal bottom. The *lanchas,* rowed out by swarthy, bright-eyed men with huge four-fathom oars, lie alongside; the swells heave and drop them through a score of feet, and they butt together like angry rams. Cables are snapped, and brine splashes over the sacks of raw sugar, but still the loading goes on. Danger enough there is, if any one is heedless; yet in many hours of watching the work with cargo, I have never seen the heavy iron hook hit a man or a crate drop upon a bare foot or a bag slip out of a sling. As for the cattle taken aboard, there is none of the brutal yanking up by the horns described in old books of travel. Now the steer goes up in a sling, like a kitten, with never a struggle or bellow, and the bumps he gets would scarcely make a baby cry.

THE SPELL OF PERU

WERE I to be exiled, and confined for the rest of my life to one country, I should choose Peru. Here is every altitude, every climate, every scene. Coastal Peru is an Egypt, central Peru a Tibet, eastern Peru a Congo country. The lifeless desert and the teeming jungle, the hottest lowlands and the bleakest highlands, heaven-piercing peaks and rivers raving through cañons —all are of Peru. Here one meets with the highest tillage, the highest mines, the highest steamboat navigation. The crassest heathenism flourishes two days in the saddle from noble cathedrals, and the bustling ports are counterpoised by secluded inland towns where the Past lies miraculously preserved like the mummy of the saint in a crypt. In the year 2000, when the Tyrol and the Abruzzi, Dalmatia and Carinthia, have lost their Old-World character, travelers may be seeking the towns hidden away in the Andes—Cajamarca, Huancavelica, Andahuaylas, and

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Ayacucho for rare bits of lustrous medieval life untarnished by the breath of modernism.

THE PERUVIAN PEOPLE

Of the four million inhabitants scattered over a region as large as France, about half are pure Indians, a million and a half are mestizos, while the remaining half-million are whites or near-whites. From sixty-five to seventy per cent. is the blood of the Indian, and mixing goes on all the time; for an Iberian-Catholic people does not draw the color-line like an Anglo-Saxon-Protestant people. In the lowlands are many negroes. The Japanese number five thousand, and are coming in two or three thousand a year. As early as 1854, Chinese coolies were brought in to work on the Guano Islands and the sugar haciendas, but since 1908 the immigration of Chinese is prohibited. In Peru there are thirty-five thousand Chinese; in Lima, 9000, two thirds of them pure blood. One sees there many traces of a Mongolian cast due to the mixing of these coolies with native women. The mothers are neither whites nor Indians, but cholas, and in Lima you insult a man by calling him "Chino-cholo." In Callao you call him a "kanaka," for once the South-Sea Islanders formed a part of the lowest laboring-class there.

The future of tropical South America turns on the value of the mixed blood, for not in our time will any of these countries possess a preponderating white element. There is a wide-spread conviction that mixed breeds lack nervous stability, and Houston Chamberlain attributes the proverbial lack of character in the tropical South Americans to recent race mixture. In Lima I talked with a German educator, a shrewd, critical man of science.

"I came out here," he said, "eight years ago in the firm conviction of the racial inferiority of these peoples to the Germanic peoples. I had read Chamberlain, and I looked upon them as hopeless mongrels. But I have faced about completely. The faults of these Peruvians root in historical conditions, and can be eradicated. There is nothing wrong with the breed. They have capacity, but they lack the tradition of hard work. The spirit of their past has been one of self-indulgence. What they need is right education and discipline. Even now these Peruvians turn off good work when their pay is adequate and certain. They have, to be sure, a juvenile love of impressing, but the ability is there.

"Don't forget, either, that climate is a handicap, and that, after a few years here, the Anglo-Saxons, too, show less energy and force of character."

On the other hand, the wisest sociologist in Bolivia told me that the zambos, resulting from the union of Indian with negro, is inferior to both the parent races, and that likewise the mestizo is inferior to both white and Indian in physical strength, resistance to disease, longevity, and brains. The failure of the South American republics has been due, he declares, to mestizo domination. Through the colonial period there was a flow of Spaniards to the colonies, and all the offices down to *corregidor* and *cura* were filled by white men. With independence, the whites ceased coming, and the lower offices of state and church were filled with mestizos. Then, too, the first crossing of white with Indian gave a better result than the union between mestizos, so that the stock has undergone progressive degeneration. The only thing, then, that can make these countries progress is a large white immigration, something much talked about by statesmen in all these countries, but which has never materialized.

LIMA, "THE CITY OF THE KINGS"

"Don't call this 'Spanish America,'" warned a diplomat who knows these countries as he knows his glove. "Call it 'Moorish America.' The *conquistadores* came from Andalusia, formerly the Moorish kingdom of Granada. The name of the leader who subjugated the kingdom of Quito was Benalcazar. The patio is not Hispanic, but Moorish. My first sight of Cajamarca took me back in a flash to Morocco. What is this *manto* the women wear over the head and often over a part

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of the face but the *chumur* of the Arabs? Saddle, stirrups, and harness are Arab, as are, of course, the horses. So are the cuisine and the kitchen utensils. The Mexican hat is like hats you see in Morocco. The men here are polygamists, because the Arabs are racially polygamists. The first instructions sent over by the Spanish Inquisition related to ferreting out Jews and *Moors,* not 'Lutherans,' mind you."

These words came back to me in Lima, for here, indeed, is many a touch of the Oriental—the latticed balconies projecting from the upper story of the old colonial houses, the tiled patios, reminding one of Tunis, and the frontless shops closed at night by a series of folding-doors. With its 140,000 inhabitants, Lima is easily the first city in Peru, but its present is outshone by the faded glories of its past. Its noble cathedral, the finest religious edifice in the Western Hemisphere, together with its one hundred and twenty-six churches and twelve convents, recall the time when Lima was the capital of the large part of Spanish South America and the most churchly city in the world. The fearful devastation committed by the Chilians in the War of the Pacific, 1879–84, not only upon Lima, but upon much of the country from which the wealthy families of Lima drew their incomes, impoverished the city, and there is now little to remind one of the magnificent days when, on occasion, the pavement of the Street of the Merchants was covered with bar silver, and ten million dollars was spent in celebrating the canonization of Rosa of Lima, the only American woman saint in the calendar. Nevertheless, the country is going ahead a little, and on this capital, the show-place and pleasure-resort of Peru, considerable money, both public and private, is being spent, always with the best of taste.

In social conditions Lima is of the Orient. A study made not long ago for the University of San Marcos showed that Lima, thanks to the Indians, who breed two and one half times as rapidly as the whites, has a birth-rate from twenty per cent. to thirty per cent. higher than the leading cities of the world, but that its people die about twice as fast as other urban people; that a quarter of the deaths are due to tuberculosis, which is from two to five times as deadly here as in other cities; that the loss of infant life is twice what it is in Liverpool, Hamburg, or New York, and thrice what it is in Scandinavian cities. Nearly half of the hospital patients are victims of malaria, and the number of malaria-sufferers in and about Lima is reckoned at eight thousand or ten thousand a year. Much of the waste of life here traces to the wretched housing and fatal overcrowding of the masses. Many of the unsanitary tenements are owned and let by the Sociedad de Beneficienca, Lima's great benevolent organization. There is irony in the fact that it supports its hospital care for the poor by renting what a plain-speaking report to the Government calls "a chance to contract disease."

UP TO THE ROOF OF THE CONTINENT

In a day the railroad to Oroya lifts one over a pass only a stone's-throw lower than Mont Blanc, the highest point in Europe. This is the Central Railway of Peru, the wonder of the world when it was building in the late seventies under the unflagging will of the California absconder, Henry Meiggs. Since then, in Bolivia, higher lines have been brought into operation. That to Potosí reaches 15,006 feet, and that to Colohaussi is eight feet higher. The Oroya line richly deserves all that has been said for it. The savage gorges, the scenes of desperate engineering expedients, occur not in the higher levels, but about half-way down, where the streams have grown big enough to cut cañons and carve out cliffs. Higher up, where the snow-fed rivulets are prattling babes, the mountains are not strongly sculptured, and their outlines are softened by quantities of loose matter which the streams are unable to bear away.

The lower valleys we follow are lined with *andenes,* or abandoned agricultural terraces, which in this dry climate keep their form ages after the hand of man has

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The cross on the summit of El Misti.

been withdrawn. One sees them rising like a titanic staircase to a height at least a thousand feet above the upper terraces of present cultivation. At a distance they look like marks left by the teeth of an enormous rake drawn along the slopes. In the gorges the *andenes* are wanting, but they reappeared wherever the jut of the mountain offered a little soil that might be molded into shelves two or three yards wide, supported by a wall of loose stones. Under the Incas every one of these terraces was irrigated; but the ruthless conquerors seem to have wrecked the wonderful aqueducts which, heading far up, led the water higher and higher above the mother stream till it moistened the very shoulders of the mountains. They would ruin a populous valley by cutting the conduit leagues away. Then, too, tillage shrank, and the *andenes* were abandoned to the degree that population melted away under the terrible *mitas,* or levies of Indian cultivators, sent up in gangs to dig silver for the Spaniards in the freezing mines of Potosí nearly three miles above sea-level.

As the train pants up into the thin air, some passengers become spectacles of utter misery from *soroche,* or mountain sickness. *Soroche* ranges from headache and nausea to complete prostration, and is caused by the abrupt change of atmospheric pressure. For it, as for sea-sickness, numerous remedies are suggested, but none of them avail. Liquor-drinking is bad for it, but as the cold increases, nearly every passenger absorbs comfort from a bottle. A railroad superintendent told me of a well-known American man of science who experimented on vanquishing *soroche* by shutting himself in a specially constructed iron chamber in which the air was kept at Lima pressure. A telephone connected him with the train officials, and he reported himself comfortable while the train was traversing

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the highest tunnel. If he could have dropped again to sea-level, the experiment would have proved a complete success. But Oroya is over 12,000 feet up, and when, at the journey's end, the chamber was opened, the professor collapsed under the sudden change in air pressure, and had to be carried out.

THE HIGHEST AMERICAN COLONY IN THE WORLD

FROM Oroya an American train, which outclasses at every point the English-model trains of the Central Railroad, climbs to the works of the Cerro de Pasco Mining Company. This American company controls the largest enterprise in Peru. It owns copper-mines, coal-mines, a smelter, a water-power plant, and a hundred miles of good railroad. The capital actually invested is thirty million dollars and the two thousand tons of pig copper a month now coming down promise big rewards for the company after a long initial period of outlay. The pigs are said to contain enough gold and silver to repay the cost of re-smelting them and extracting the pure copper. In its employ the company has twelve thousand Peruvians, mostly Indians, and perhaps one hundred and fifty Americans.

Life at Cerro de Pasco, nearly a league up, is as trying as life under a diving-bell at the bottom of the ocean. The newcomer gasps for air like a stranded fish and wakes up at night gulping mouthfuls out of the thin atmosphere. Three quick steps put one out of breath, and after a flight of stairs one sits down for a rest. "I now know," panted a tenderfoot, "how I 'll feel when I 'm eighty." No employee is sent up by the company who has not passed a physician's examination, but occasionally some one gets blue in the face, and has to be sent down forthwith. Thus the "Inca Chronicle" has such items as, "Jake L——, who returned here last April, has been sent home with his heart machinery in bad order."

The young fellows play tennis and ball and even indulge in track athletics; but the pace has to be slow, and, what with sports, late hours, and insufficient sleep, the candle is burning at both ends. Singing is not popular, for you can't get the breath to hold a note. Pneumonia is sure death here within forty-eight hours, so the sufferer may have to be rushed down in a special train that costs the company $500. The typhoid patient, too, must flee, and the gringo women must descend to Lima to bear their babies. The nerves become so taut that every six months one takes a sea-level vacation. Nevertheless, it is possible to become only too well adapted to this climate. I met an Englishman who, after twenty-three years' residence at Cerro de Pasco, learned that his lottery-ticket had won him a prize of $5000. He took train for Lima, intending to cash his luck and have "one good time"; but as he reached the lower levels, he was so unpleasantly affected that he turned, and went back to the *altura,* doomed to pass there the remainder of his days.

The company's Americans are usually big, athletic, deep-chested, strong of jaw, sinewy of grip, and masterful in manner. They are well paid and looked after, but too many of them squander money and vitality in fighting off the demon of loneliness. The advent of a number of married ladies who have organized social gaieties have of late reduced the drinking and gaming; but I have met nothing so sad as the utter ruination of some of these splendid fellows in the stews of Lima. It is a pity that a steadying influence, such as the Y. M. C. A., cannot be planted among these virile workers above the clouds.

THE INDIANS OF THE SIERRA

UNTIL lately the Indian employees of the company housed themselves and their families in low cave-kennels, with walls of loose stones and roofs of scraps of sheet-iron. Within the last two years, however, the management has provided plastered and floored cottages for its men, while the company physician, Dr. W. F. Bailey, by means of persuasion and fines has suppressed the filthy habits of the Indians and freed the camp from typhus and smallpox.

The Indian miners have red cheeks,

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Alpacas in Bolivian highlands.

magnificent chests, and strong back muscles, but their arms and legs are poorly developed. As porters they are wonderful, but as laborers they cannot compare with Mike with his dudeen. They are specialized for the *altura,* for if they descend to the coast, lowland insects infect *them* with diseases and parasites to which they are virgin, while the dense air leaves *them* an excess of breathing capacity which makes their lungs a nesting-place for the bacilli of tuberculosis. If they are to live on the coast, they ought to be brought down at an early age. The army recruits from the Sierra are kept at Lima only two or three months, and then placed in upland posts. This specialization of physique explains why the malaria-depleted labor force of the coast estates is not renewed by migration from the teeming highland, and why the coast population is stationary.

From the Indians of the malarious tributaries of the Amazon the highlander has caught a dread of night air which prompts *him* to muffle his mouth, although in this altitude insect pests are few. The infants *are* small at birth and show little stamina, for not more than two out of five live a *year.* The survivors, however, endure well enough the harrow tooth of a hard existence. The men make extraordinary recoveries from terrible burns and wounds, while the mother who has just brought forth a child in the midst of a circle of women helpers rises and goes about her work without incurring fever. The women wear a lot of woolen skirts, and wash them scrupulously, but never bathe. Doctor Bailey washed one of his first Indian patients, and the man promptly died of pneumonia. Since then the doctor respects their prejudice against water.

Every native miner carries a quid of coca-leaves, which must be chewed with a little lime in order to get the coveted cocaine effect. In Bolivia they are chewed with an element derived from the ashes of corn-cobs, and sold in cakes called *lluyta.* The chewing of coca-leaves without *lluyta* brings on madness. In the department of La Paz alone are gathered 5000 tons of coca-leaves a year, worth $2,000,000, for wherever the Indian is under a strain, in the mines, in the Chilian saltpeter works, or on the sugar plantations of northern Argentina, he will have his quid. Coca-chewing wards off weariness, so that the Indian can trot for days, or swing a pick for thirty hours on a stretch, yet never feel tired. The coca-

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chewer longs intensely for his quid, and without it he has no strength. It is a mystery how coca enables the worker to work on less food than would otherwise be necessary. Is it a nutriment? Does it enable the system to extract more sustenance from food? Is it a means of borrowing from the future? Or does it tap those deeper layers of energy which, according to William James, most of us go through life without using? *Quien sabe?*

Excessive coca-chewing is the foe of longevity and resistance to disease. The look of stupidity on the Indian face is often chargeable to coca, just as the fog that wraps the mind of many a Chinese peasant is opium-smoke. The infants of women who chew to excess are said to be very puny and weak at birth. The saturation of the system with cocaine results in insensibility to cuts, burns, and minor surgical operations. Unlike alcohol, it does not disturb motor control or derange the functions of the brain. No one doubts, however, that coca is a great factor in the destruction of the Indian race.

HORRIBLE ANDEAN DISEASES

THERE is a horrid fascination in the strange and ghastly diseases one meets with in these parts. In the coastal valleys there is a well-defined zone distinguished by the presence of verrugas, a dangerous fever attended by eruptions. In the building of the Central Railway, fully seven thousand lives were lost from this cause. In 1909, out of a force of two thousand men in tunnel work on this line, two hundred died of verrugas. Every year the medical students in Lima lay wreaths on the grave of Carrion, the young student of medicine who thirty years ago inoculated himself with verrugas in order to study it, and during the eighteen days before his death cheerfully made observations and took notes on the course of the malady. Only in 1913 did the researches of the government entomologist, Dr. Townsend of Kansas, establish that the transmitter of verrugas is a small night-flying gnat especially abundant in the ill-famed Verrugas Cañon.

More terrible yet is the uta, a hideous skin disease haunting the higher valleys of the Andes. Only five days before my arrival in Smelter an American had died of it in the hospital after a ghastly destruction of the flesh of the face. One may divine what takes place from the fact that the word uta is a Quichua word meaning to rot. That the ulcerations spread from a reddish pimple resembling an inflamed sting causes a wide-spread belief that uta, like verrugas, is insect-born. Certain little repulsive clay figures from the Inca period which seem to portray the victims of uta suggest that the disease existed in Peru before the coming of the white man. Today one meets occasionally a man who muffles his face to hide the sickening ravages of the disease. In its very early stages uta may be cured by cauterization, but later nothing can be done for the victim.

AREQUIPA AND THE DESERT

THE gateway from southern Peru is Mollendo, a tin town of the desert type, the existence of which revolves about the steamers that halt in the roadstead and the ten-inch main that from Arequipa, 105 miles away, and half a league above it, supplies about half the water the townspeople need. The up-train runs south for ten miles along the beach past a glorious surf, then turns inland across a little delta blooming like a garden with the aid of water from an imperceptible river. The line between desert and verdure is as sharp and clear as if the plain had been cut out of green cardboard with scissors. Half a stride carries you from dust into alfalfa. This pregnant depth of contrast is, perhaps, the secret of the intoxication irrigated horticulture produces in people bred in the rain belt. Here, at last, by the miracles he works through his control of water, man seems to realize the dream of the scientist, "I want to take life in my hands and play with it."

Our route follows up a water-course among rounded hills over which hovers a faint green, like the light that seems to hover above certain rare Oriental rugs. It is a scant and fleeting vegetation evoked

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The *medanos*, or sand-dunes, near the Mollendo-Arequipa Railway.

by the light rains that fall here in the winter. Our train rolls into an oasis, and bundles of sugar-cane joints are offered at the car windows. To the right we look down into an eastern paradise, a long tongue of emerald cane-fields and orchards winding between the salmon-hued walls of a cañon. There is something heart-uplifting about riotous green in a setting of desert, and one understands why the Oriental's abode of the blest is projected against an oasis background.

As we rise, the vast foam-edged Pacific widens behind us. At three thousand feet we come out upon a mesa and strike across a brown-red, hot-looking pampa. Rain is unknown here, so there is no green. The soft, rounded hills have yielded to rocky buttes, with white sand piled like snow-drifts about their base. Pathetic crosses near the track mark the grave of navvies who died in the making of this road. At Haugri the volcano El Mistí, under whose shadow lies Arequipa, lifts in sight. It is symmetrical, like Fuji-yama, but not so slender. Flanking the pampa, appear bone-dry, white-streaked mountains, like the skeleton of a dead range or the spinal column of some mammoth saurian. Ahead, the plain looks to be dotted with thousands of pools, which presently resolve themselves into silvery sand-dunes.

These are the famed *medanos,* which march across the plain from southwest to northeast in line with the prevailing winds at the pace of seventy feet a year. Moving sand-dunes are a familiar desert feature, but these are unique by reason of their symmetry. They form great crescents three yards high, and tapering delicately into sharp horns perhaps a hundred feet apart, pointing always *away from* the wind. The windward slope of the drift is gentle, but the inner slope is as steep as sand will lie. The fact that the particles jump about three inches at a time gives the surface of the *medano* the effect of watered silk.

Since the pampa existed and the trade-wind blew, these geometrical figures of pure sand have been marching across the pampa in the same direction. What be-

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comes of the sand, and why does not the supply run out? Now, the sand falls into the brawling Chili, and the Chili, no doubt, carries it down into the Pacific. There it is possible that alongshore currents sweep it south until it is thrown up on the beach, to be picked up by the wind and started again on its eternal triangle. A mile and a quarter a century the dune moves, so that the one now slowly drowning in the river may have started up from the ocean before Moses lay among the bulrushes.

Arequipa never dares forget this is a land of earthquakes. No building rises over two stories. The vaulted roof of the cathedral does not soar, and its towers come quickly to a point, as if afraid of the upper air. Ceilings are barrel-vaulted. In concrete walls now rising one sees iron rails set as stiffeners. In the splendid new hospital, one of the finest individual gifts to be found in South America, great patches of plastering are gone, while about the plaza linger traces of the *terremoto* of a few months ago.

With its snow-crowned volcano, its glistening towers, its convents and cathedral, its great plaza, and its houses tinted soft shades,—green, azure, cream, ocher, salmon-pink, and terra-cotta,—Arequipa is one of the world's beauty spots, or, rather, *would be* if only, like Naples, it had water to look upon. Its clear air, sunshine, and bracing climate have made it a famous seat of culture, and this high-spirited little city of 35,000, lying amid savage solitudes, is renowned for the leaders it has given Peru. The combination of spring climate, a university, and religious ardor seems to produce the forceful type of character.

The city is the heart of a lovely oasis about eight miles by ten, nourishing some 60,000 people. Its aorta is the Chili River, the water of which is used as far as it will go. Adjacent are great mesas of disintegrating lava, which need only water to burst into bloom. Here is a fine opportunity for a reservoir at the head of the valley that will capture the excess of the rainy season, and water the mesas. Such a project is mooted, but the cultivators oppose it because it would rear up for them new competitors!

Arequipa is a city to attract an Oriental. There are twenty Japanese merchants here, and many Syrians have filtered in. While visiting schools, in four cases I inquired about some little fellow with a beautiful brow who was the smallest yet the brightest pupil in the class, and in every instance he turned out to be Syrian. There are many Arequipa families that have never mixed with the mestizos, so that here is a good place to appraise the stock Spain sent to her colonies. I confess I was not prepared to find so much of the human thoroughbred. Among the *normalistas* one sees many fine faces. Quite often one comes upon the Greek type among the women school-teachers, and all are feminine to their finger-tips. In the white schools well-molded brows and clear-cut features seem to be commoner than in the average American school-room. In the schools which include Indian and mestizo children, muddy complexions, poor features, and dull faces are frequent. There is no question that the white children here are cleverer than ours of the same age. In declamation they show fire and untaught grace of gesture. The limit factor for the whites here is not brains, but *character,* and their faults of character seem to be chargeable to the traditions from the old bad régime of the viceroys.

THE PLATEAU

It is not from Arequipa that one can know El Misti. It is when you have been climbing for half a day, and from an altitude of 14,000 feet you see him forty or fifty miles away through the translucent air that reveals the cloud shadows trailing majestically across his face, that El Misti looks the giant he is. Across the leagues of mountain and desert he stands out so huge and clear that you fancy with a good glass you could make out the iron cross on his summit, fixed there in compliance with the pope's request to the faithful throughout the world to mark the new century by erecting crosses on peaks.

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The smoking volcano El Misti, Arequipa.

Even at 14,500 feet one comes on big herds of llamas grazing on the paramo in the midst of falling snow. Little bands of fawn-colored vicugna, a creature about the size of an antelope, and quite as graceful, bound away as the train passes. It is illegal to hunt them, but somehow rugs made of their exquisitely soft fur are always to be had for forty or fifty dollars apiece in the towns on Lake Titicaca. At this altitude one sees great herds of mingled llamas, merinos, and alpacas. The former eat the coarse bunch-grass the alpacas will not touch. Strange to say, the alpacas do not thrive under 13,000 feet. They live on a very fine short grass which they nibble so close to the ground that the grit keeps their teeth properly worn down. On the lush grass of the lower levels their teeth grow so long they cannot graze, and they starve while knee-deep in plenty. Sweet are the uses of adversity!

Surely it is a cheerless existence that the Indians lead on this lofty, frigid tableland. Home is a thatched adobe hut in the corner of a farm-yard fenced with sod or loose stones, in which are folded at night the merinos and the llamas. Even the Greenlanders rejoice in the long Arctic summer; but here there is no change of seasons, and it is always cold.

In this upper world one becomes very curious as to the limit of cultivation. Crossing this plain, I saw potatoes and barley growing at 12,800 feet, and later I found potato-patches at La Raya on the divide between Lake Titicaca and the Amazon, 14,170 feet above the sea. But in La Paz I talked with a Brooklyn man who has a glacial barony over on the Sorata range east of Lake Titicaca, and he declares that on his place you can grow barley at 15,500 feet. This, then, is, I suppose, the upper limit of cultivation not only for Peru, but for the world, for nowhere else on the planet has man the aid of so much tropical sun in pushing tillage to Alpine heights.

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"Man, man! I say, Man!" "Man."

Drawing by
William D. Stevens.

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Night and the Wandering Jew

By PAUL BARCHAN

Author of "Hares," etc.

Illustration by William D. Stevens

YOU may have been making your way along the Nevskii Prospekt in that strange white dawn that breaks above St. Petersburg. The leaden air seems to deposit a leaden taste upon your lips. You have passed all those drear apparitions of coarseness, misery, ennui, apathy, drunkenness, and brutality—all the slumbering human forces that crawl forth grinning at that hour. Then very likely you will suddenly stumble upon a strange, pathetic creature—a man, a lone wanderer. Somehow he does not appear to fit into the environment in any way, and no one unacquainted with his predicament will be able to understand his movements.

He shows no signs of the haste, the ranging freedom, the loose indifference, the sense of security and of being at home which characterize the regular nocturnal denizens of the Nevskii. His steps are measured, but somewhat uncertain, his shoulders are rounded, his back stooped. He wears his hat far back upon his head, like one whose thoughts are troubled, like one who no longer regards the external forms of life. Sometimes he crosses his hands behind his back, then again he passes his right pensively over his face and strokes and tugs at his beard. Now and again he gesticulates, as though making cryptic calculations, his thumb bent away from the open palm.

He is the Jew who has no right of housing in St. Petersburg. He spends the night upon the streets, so that he may not be seized in one of the frequent nocturnal raids made upon lodging-houses by the police. He has come out of the pale of his little country town in order, perchance, to have his son accepted as a student at the university; and well he knows what juggling goes on with thc regulations that deal with the "legal" percentage of Jewish students, and what greedy palms must be anointed with Russian notes!

Or it is possible that the son has already been accepted, and the father has come to St. Petersburg in order to raise the necessary funds by resorting to some loan society. It is no less possible that he is here in order to consult some distinguished professor as to his offspring's future career. Königsberg and Berlin are distant cities, and the railway fare expensive, and it is useless to go to Warsaw for such purposes this season. In brief, he has come to St. Petersburg and on most momentous business.

On his arrival he betook himself to some lodging-house or engaged a furnished room where, at from two to three times the usual prices, he might "live"—that is to say, live without having his presence announced to the police, as the regulations demand. The *dvorniks,* or janitors, at these places may be "persuaded" to be discreet, and certain officials in the police districts are also open to the proper concrete arguments. It is also possible that our nocturnal wanderer has found shelter with some friendly family, which at the peril of severe punishment, even banishment from the city, has given him a certain refuge.

Things went very well for a few days, but one evening the *dvornik* who had been open to "persuasion" declared flatly that he could no longer guarantee him his protection, or news was received that an inspection by the police would in all probability take place that very night.

Thus, when the stranger, weary and exhausted by the excitement, the disillusionment, and the unfamiliar turmoil of the capital, returns to the house of his friends and is ready to sink wearily upon his bed, lo and behold! he is confronted by long and solemn faces. His host, with an air of constraint and bewilderment, whispers something into his ear,—the servant-maid

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must under no conditions hear a word,—and he is told with a certain air of regretful complaint that he cannot remain under the roof that night.

He accepts these dismal tidings with a kind of helpless quiet, with an expression of that resignation upon his face which can be met with only in Russia, and which distinguishes the Russian Jew from all other men. He remains seated a little longer without removing his hat or coat, drinks one more glass of tea, and then goes slowly down into the street. Here he remains standing for a few moments, and deliberates. He sees the *dvornik* mounting guard at the portal of the great dwelling-house, and a certain feeling rises in his heavy and stricken heart, a grateful feeling of relief and warmth. He need no longer fear this man, or regard him with a constricting sense of abject subservience.

He turns his steps toward the Nevskii and enters Filippoff's café. This, as he well knows, remains open until one o'clock; he will be able to remain here comfortably seated until that hour.

An impudent young waiter in a white apron hurries up and asks officiously and offensively:

"Order, sir?"

"Eh? What? Oh, tea," he replies, partly irritated, partly astonished that there should be any question at all with regard to his "order." The devil take the tea, the devil take that puppy of a waiter! And yet he would like to call the young fellow into a corner and ask him with as much politeness as he can muster whether he might remain here over night—here upon the chair. Well, he had better not make a fool of himself. He casts a look of painful envy at the warm roominess of the place, at the idle chairs which are to remain unoccupied for a whole night.

Suddenly one o'clock is struck boomingly. He must go. Patiently and resignedly he begins his wanderings.

Hour after hour he walks up the snowy street and then down. He shows a marked preference for the livelier thoroughfares, because there one is far less noticeable—thoroughfares such as the Wosnessenski Prospekt, the Sadowaja, the Nevskii. He avoids the embankments along the river, because, as he assures himself, it is damp there, because it is "drafty." In reality, however, it is because he cannot avoid a feeling of oppression and dismay in face of all the grim palaces that line the banks. A feeling overcomes him then, just as if some minister of state stood at every corner, keeping watch upon him and following every move of his. No, he would far rather maintain his incognito. Here and there he comes across a bench or a step where he might possibly rest for a moment, for his feet are growing puffy and painful. As long as he keeps walking no one will molest, no one will accost him; but no sooner does he attempt to sit down than some policeman hurries up and with suspicious heartiness inquires after his health. Whenever he happens to pass one of these formidable shapes—yes, even some shambling *dvornik* or porter—there is a sudden shrinking and a chill about his heart, although he knows very well that they would not venture to harm him here upon the open street. They are enemies, and enemies reinforced by a vast, invisible authority and power, triumphant enemies with whom his weakness may never venture to cope.

A slim, beardless youth, with a flat samovar strapped to his breast, stands at the corner and offers him tea. Tea! Tea again! the everlasting, eternal tea! Just as though he had come to St. Petersburg to drink nothing but tea! And then these thick and filthy glasses! The young fellow motions to him and makes signs that he would like to whisper something. The wanderer's curiosity is aroused.

He approaches. Won't he buy some vodka, a little sip of vodka? The sale of spirits at this hour, especially upon the street and without a license, is strictly forbidden and severely punished, but there is much profit in the illicit trade. The youth stealthily shows him a bottle of the government monopoly, a furtive revelation which seldom fails of its magic effect.

No, he is much obliged. What can this

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young fellow be thinking of? He ought to know that a Jew does not care for spirits, that no Jew is a drunkard. Perhaps he might ask him if—oh, well, what 's the use of troubling about it?

A woman of the streets, puffing lustily at a cigarette, addresses him in a harsh and grating voice:

"Man, man! I say, Man!" "Man"—such is the usual salutation.

But he looks down at the pavement and shakes his head in a cold and dignified manner. It would be shelter; but, no, he recalls a certain bitter night over a year and a half ago when just such a creature had addressed him. He had gone with her a little way, then pressed a few rubles into her hand, and escaped down a side street in a flurry of snow.

Oh, this endless St. Petersburg night, the thermometer far below zero, and those terrible winds, the winds of St. Petersburg, that cut like knives!

One of the huge bonfires which are lighted in certain places when extreme cold descends upon the Russian capital is burning in the Champ de Mars. Despite the fact that there are several policemen and *dvorniks* standing about it, he approaches and holds out his hands to the blaze for warmth. They do not molest him, but continue to warm their bodies before the fire and to chat about their various villages and their various cares. The policemen stand there stroking their mustaches with the backs of their gloved hands. The *dvorniks* are squatting upon a pile of logs. Now and again they throw an armful of these billets into the crackling and leaping flames.

Several coachmen make their appearance, having crawled out of their sledges. They advance at a waddle, throwing back the skirts of their broad, thick coats so that the warmth may more easily penetrate to their legs. They begin to tell horror-stories of people found frozen stiff of a morning, of ravenous wolves, and of buried treasures. The warmth inspires them with a certain good nature; the famous "mother-curse" falls less frequently from their thick lips.

Surrounding the bonfire there is a great puddle of water, and the shadows of the men are flung in long and leaping lines over the snow. Now our wanderer feels so cozily warm and weary that he is almost fain to lie down upon the snow and doze away into a fathomless sleep.

In some other spot that same night, say upon the Sadowaja, he watches a drunken man come tumbling toward him. A policeman, bored with his own existence, advances, and levels a kick at the inebriated one. He falls. The policeman stoops and begins to rub the ears of the fallen man with his thick gloves. A few grinning *dvorniks* come hurrying up. They are in for sport, utter foul and cynical talk and laugh hoarsely. They, too, deliver kicks upon the defenseless body of the stupefied and groaning man who is lying prostrate upon the ground. They pull off his boots, then his shirt, and rub his naked feet and back with snow.

No, these fellows have no heart. He knows that the drunken man will finally be thrown into a droshky, whose driver will protest loudly against being forced to carry this deadhead fare, and then from the droshky he will be flung into some filthy cell at the police station, or, should this be already filled with other unfortunates, into the stable. There he is sure to be subjected to further maltreatment. And when some poor Jew is apprehended, he is thrown into the dungeon with the drunkard.

Crossing the Nevskii for the tenth time, he meets a young man in a light overcoat and a muffler. His eyes are large and dark, and in them is an expression of helplessness; his face is distorted with cold. They observe each other, they pass, and after they have gone a few steps, each turns around at the same moment and looks after his fellow-pedestrian.

Perhaps it would have been quite proper to have accosted him, to have poured out his heart to him, for this young man was certainly a comrade, a member of the same race, and there can be no doubt that he was in precisely the same fix as himself.

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He might be some young artist who has come to St. Petersburg in order to study, to make a name for himself. And when he has achieved fame and honors, then the "Novoje Vremya" will pounce upon him and claim him. "Our Russian Antokolski!" it will shout in fat, black letters, "Our Russian Rubinstein!"

Ah, but the poor girls, the unfortunate daughters of Israel! Many a respectable young woman student has been forced to have herself officially inscribed as a *fille de joie* merely in order to obtain the right of residence in this city and the privilege of pursuing her studies unmolested. The yellow ticket of bondage to vice is her emblem of freedom.

He is weary, terribly weary. His back aches, his legs are drawn as if by wires; his feet feel as though under an enormous pressure. Ah, all those beautiful shops, those empty palaces, standing there unused, unoccupied! How nicely they would serve as sleeping-places! And why are all these stupid people still parading about when they might go home and lay them down in beds—snug, soft, warm beds? For each and every one of them has the "right" to do that. There are thieves among them, drunkards, and murderers; they may be anything so long as they be not Jews. It is really a colossal injustice. Why should such a thing be tolerated? Oh, well, St. Petersburg is a big city, a beautiful city, but it is no place for Jews.

He knows all too well why certain prominent merchants prefer to stop unannounced in lodging-houses when they come to St. Petersburg, even though they may possess the right of residence. They are glad to pay twice the regular tariff, and suffer all sorts of inconveniences into the bargain, rather than come in contact with the police. They are tired of all the persecutions, the petty tyrannies, which in Russia are bound up with the words law and police.

Toward five and six o'clock the streets begin to empty themselves. St. Petersburg is quiet at last. His own footsteps echo in the deserted streets. The *dvorniks* are sweeping the asphalt with long besoms, and there is something hard and cheerless in the sound. Time seems to creep more slowly than ever; the added chill of the early morning attacks him.

But now he is seized by an idea. Six o'clock is the hour at which the Nikolai Railway Station is opened. He will go into the waiting-room there, mingle with the passengers, order a cup of tea, sit down, and warm himself. For all that, he is a little anxious with respect to this particular station. One sees so many faces there—physiognomies that remind one of people who start pogroms And then you can almost smell Moscow at that station, and Moscow is a particularly wicked town. There the police assault Jews upon the very streets and drag them to the police headquarters. And many a poor wretch who has been forced to wander about during the bitterly cold winter nights has been found frozen to death in the steel-gray morning light. But he must not give way to sinful thoughts.

At eight o'clock he will go and look up that family with whom he happens to be on friendly terms. A gleaming samovar will be bubbling and fuming upon the table; there will be fresh, crisp rolls, butter, and milk. He will look upon serene faces, refreshed by sleep, and not into the blear eyes of these drunkards and ruffians of the streets. But before he ventures to sit down at that table, he will go out into the adjoining room and wash himself. And then it will be time for his morning prayer. He will thank God that He created man in His image and that he himself was not born a heathen. He will also beg God to send rain and a thousand things of that sort—things that accumulate in a man's heart. And then he will once more sit down at the breakfast table, and all his hardships will be forgotten.

A little later, when his time is up and he must finally return to his home, he will take along a smoked beef-tongue as a present for his wife. He will tell her of all the marvels of St. Petersburg, and praise them mightily, the droshkies, the palaces, the beautiful shops, the elegant gentlemen—and, well, it is all St. Petersburg!

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Rheims Cathedral, 1914

By GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

A WINGÈD death has smitten dumb thy bells,
And poured them molten from thy tragic towers;
Now are the windows dust that were thy flowers,
Patterned like frost, petaled like asphodels.
Gone are the angels and the archangels,
The saints, the little lamb above thy door,
The shepherd Christ! They are not any more,
Save in the soul where exiled beauty dwells.
But who has heard within thy vaulted gloom
That old divine insistence of the sea,
When music flows along the sculptured stone
In tides of prayer, for him thy windows bloom
Like faithful sunset, warm immortally.
Thy bells live on, and heaven is in their tone.

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"He judged her to be Irish of the home-loving, feminine type. He thought she looked tired and frail."

Drawing by
W. T. Benda.

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Mr. MacIvor Resents Christmas

By L. FRANK TOOKER

Author of "The Call of the Sea," "Under Rocking Skies," etc.

Illustrations by W. T. Benda

AS Mr. MacIvor rose from the breakfast-table in his club on a certain morning early in December, he was distinctly lonely and not a little disgruntled with life. The latter fact annoyed him; he felt it to be unreasonable. He had prospered in the New World, and in an unstudied way he looked prosperous. A man of fifty, with a clean-cut face of intelligence rather than of comeliness, erect form of no great height, gray eyes that sometimes laughed, though his mouth rarely did, he had also the appearance of one to be trusted. Yet there was about him the look of a man who lived for himself alone. It was not hardness or selfishness; rather, it was a look of atrophied human interests. One felt that the man had cut himself off from all but the superficial emotions of life.

In a way he had, though through no conscious fault of his own. Wholly without family ties, for years he had lived a solitary life at his club. A shy man, he had shrunk from obtruding himself upon others, and so life had passed him by. He was not aware of it, but something in the spirit of Christmas that draws hearts together and awakens a longing for home and friends had touched him and found him desolate.

As he descended the steps of the club into the cold, bracing air of a windless, sunshiny morning, he decided to walk down-town to his office, and so set out at a brisk pace. It was Saturday, and already the streets were crowded with holiday shoppers. It seemed to Mr. MacIvor that he saw joy and alertness on every face. He sourly wondered why, for surely there was enough of suffering and poverty. He saw no realization of either on the faces of those he met, though many were poorly clad. The shop windows were brilliant with holiday gifts, and few people, he noticed, passed them without stopping. He told himself that there was no one in the wide world to whom he felt called upon to send even the meanest gift, no one who could even dream of expecting one from him.

"And a good thing, too," he thought bitterly; "it 's all waste—waste and foolishness." He hurried on.

But he could not hurry. Children blocked his way; grown people blocked it with their loitering, fakers with their holiday novelties. A mechanical toy suddenly shot out from behind a group, and Mr. MacIvor had to side-step to avoid stepping on it.

"B-r-r-r!" he growled angrily. Then he stopped short, a dazed look in his eyes. "Why, I 'm a *Scrooge*, a regular *Scrooge!*" he muttered to himself. "That 's what I am—a *Scrooge.*"

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He turned into a side street, now walking slowly. He realized at last that loneliness was building up in his heart a wall of anger in its defense against the goodwill of the world. A forlorn old woman, with the face and manner of a professional beggar, reached out her hand toward him; in his momentary loss of mental poise Mr. MacIvor hastily dropped a half-dollar in it. Her Celtic blessing loudly followed him as he hurried away. The surprising thing about it was that it did him good. He felt a warm glow about his heart. He was keenly alive to the professional insincerity of her easy and familiar call upon Providence to lengthen his days with happiness, and yet his heart was in some way gladdened. In a manner it brought to him vividly the paucity of good wishes that had come to him, his aloofness from his fellow-men. Twenty minutes later he entered a big department store to buy a Christmas gift.

In his search through his mental list of the few people to whom he might with any propriety send gifts, he recalled the wife of his brother in northern Canada. He had not seen her in years and he had always disliked her, but at least she might serve in a perfunctory way to awaken his heart to the spirit of Christmas. He resolved to send her a watch.

"Jane will be surprised," he told himself with a grim smile, "and she may not care for a watch. Still, she was always grasping; she 'll like the feel of the gold."

Something in the face of the girl who waited upon him attracted his interest, and in a shy, almost furtive way he studied her face with unwonted particularity. It was pretty and sweet and withal modest. She spoke in a low voice that had an unconscious ring of tenderness. It lingered on her tongue like a caress. Her dark eyelashes were long, but did not wholly veil the cloudy gray of her downcast eyes. He judged her to be Irish of the home-loving, feminine type. He thought she looked tired and frail. That she was also nervous he was shortly to learn, for as he suddenly reached out his hand to pick up a watch that she had placed among others on the glass show-case, his hand inadvertently brushed hers, and, startled, she drew back quickly, knocking a watch to the stone floor.

She gasped, and stooped quickly to pick it up, and as she raised her frightened face and silently laid the shattered watch on the show-case, Mr. MacIvor was made aware of a new presence. He glanced up, and saw a floor-walker glowering at the girl with a black face. Her eyes drooped before his; she said nothing, but Mr. MacIvor saw that her lips were trembling.

"Aye, the shy, speechless sort; from the north of Ireland, it is clear," he thought. "The lass has Scotch blood." He turned to the floor-walker. "It was entirely my own carelessness," he said affably. "If you will kindly let me know the price of the bauble—"

"Oh, no, sir; I could n't let you, sir!" the girl exclaimed. "I did it myself. I knocked it off."

"So I saw," said the floor-walker, grimly. "Miss Dunbar, if you will attend strictly to business instead—"

Mr. MacIvor turned sharply.

"Tut! tut, man!" he said acidly. "Am I not to be permitted to acknowledge my own acts? And to pay for them?" He turned his back on the man. "Will you kindly tell me the price, lass?" he said in an even tone. "I cannot stand here the day chaffering."

"But, sir—"

"Lass, you are a poor, weak simpleton," broke in Mr. MacIvor. "Will you tell me the price and be done with it?"

He paid for the watch, bought another, and as he turned to go, looked up at the girl with one of his rare smiles.

"Forget that I called you a simpleton, lass," he said. "You are not."

With an unwonted feeling of uneasiness, he thought of the girl many times that day, and with the purpose of assuring himself that she had not suffered in any way for the accident that morning, he stopped at the store again at an hour when he supposed it would still be open at that season, but found it closed and the employees streaming forth from the doors in

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"'I feel like a queen all the time, buying and ordering like this.'"

Drawing by W. T. Benda.

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the rear. Joining the throng, he slowly directed his steps toward the subway.

It was packed at that hour, the air close and heated, and as the train neared his own station and he was pushing his way toward the door, a commotion almost at his side caused him to look up.

He saw that a woman had fainted. He caught a glimpse of her face as it lay still and white against the shoulder of a girl who was supporting it with her arm, and he stopped short. It was the face of the girl who had broken the watch.

"What 's the matter with the lass?" he asked. "It is Miss Dunbar, is it not?"

"She fainted," replied the girl who held her. "I never saw her before."

Some one brought smelling-salts, and presently the girl opened her eyes. Mr. MacIvor stooped over her.

"You are better, Miss Dunbar?" he said. "Ah, that is good."

She glanced languidly up, then smiled faintly.

"Oh, the gentleman who paid for the watch!" she exclaimed.

"It 's been too much for you—that watch," he replied. "The least I can do now is to see that you get home in safety. If you 'll tell me your station—"

"Oh, no," she protested. "I can manage now; I 'm all right. It was so crowded here that it made me nervous, and—"

"Lass, will you tell me your station without so much clatter?" he said sternly.

She told him, and he bowed.

"That 's better," he said. "Now close your eyes and rest."

He stood before her, saying no more through the long ride until they drew near to her station. For the whole distance she had leaned her head, with closed eyes, against the window-casing. He touched her shoulder gently.

"Now we will get out," he said, and took her arm. As he reached the street, he paused to look about him. "Is there a garage near?" he asked.

"But I don't need to be taken, sir," she protested. "It 's only a short walk."

"Lass," he said, "the crown of a woman's nature is obedience. Mind that. Now will you answer my question?"

Laughing, she pointed across the street. "There," she said demurely.

"I 've some hope for you yet," he said genially. "You 're not wholly a simpleton. And you 're not stubborn, and you have a glimmering of humor."

He did not speak again until the car stopped at her door. It was a cheap apartment-house in a region far up-town.

"A little toast and tea, and then to bed with you at once," he said as he assisted her from the car. "No, no; no thanks. It 's only common humanity. Good night to you, lass." He stepped into the car, and without a backward look was hurried away.

Two nights later he stopped again at the door of the flat. In the narrow little entry-way he did not find her name among those of the tenants, so descended to the janitor's door and rang the bell. A pleasant-faced woman answered it.

"Madam, does a Miss Dunbar live in the house?" he asked.

For a moment she looked at him keenly; then her face brightened.

"Sure, you 're the kind gentleman who brought her home the night before last!" she exclaimed. "I knew you by the quick, dry way of speaking my Katie told about. She does, and God's blessing on you, sir, for a kind heart! It 's her mother I am. And will you come in out of the cold? It 's blue you are with it this minute." She flung the door wide and stepped back, but he stood hesitating.

"I only came to the door to inquire whether she had quite recovered," he explained. "I 'll not stop, thank you."

"Then come in and see for yourself," she insisted. "You 'd not be taking my word for it after the long ride and all. Man, come in out of the cold."

He found the girl still pale, but smiling. The room was neat and cozy. A girl of twelve sat at the table busy with her school-books. The mother seated herself near Mr. MacIvor, rolling her hands in her apron as she talked.

"Yes, she 's better," she said, "though

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that 's saying little enough, God knows. She 's not overstrong, and the work 's hard. It 's no place for her, and not what I wanted for the child; but she 'd have her own way though I talked till the tongue of me blistered."

"And what did you want?" Mr. MacIvor asked.

"I wanted her to be a teacher," Mrs. Dunbar replied. "Sure, 't is the fine work for a girl. Through the high school I sent her, and one year in the normal college, and then she met Jimmy, and that was the end and all of my fine hopes. 'It 's wasting my time I am,' says she, 'for now I 'll not teach,' and so she went to work in the store. It 's Annie there"—she nodded toward the child at the table—"that I 've set my heart on making a teacher of now. If it comes to a young man with her, too, sure I 'll drop dead."

"But the other young man," said Mr. MacIvor, hesitatingly—"you do not approve of him?"

"He 's like my own son to me, and a good boy," said Mrs. Dunbar, "and doing well, too, God be thanked! But the girl 's proud. 'If you must marry,' I tell her, 'then marry and have done with it.' But no. 'Not till I have a trousseau all complete,' says she; and so she goes to work in the store to get it, and wearing herself out for nothing at all. 'If that 's all you brought from the college—a French word to make you an unreasonable girl and break a decent lad's heart waiting for you, then God forgive me for ever sending you at all,' says I. But does that stir her, sir? No more than a look stirs a cow. 'What 's a trousseau to love?' says I. 'It 's heaven and all to a girl's pride,' says she, stubborn. 'I 'll not go naked to any man—' "

Katie's face was flaming.

"Mother! I said nothing of the kind!" she gasped, and hid her face in her hands.

"Sure, it 's only a way of speaking," Mrs. Dunbar said composedly. "But that 's Katie, poor and proud. And modest! Sure, sir, she 's that modest that there are times when she 's made me blush for the very indecency of it! It was God's wonder she did n't drop dead before letting you bring her home that night—a strange man."

Mr. MacIvor smiled.

"An old man, Mrs. Dunbar," he said. "I 'm fifty."

"Whisht! what 's fifty?" she cried scornfully. "Nothing at all if the heart 's young. And you 've the young heart, sir. It 's overbig for your body, I 'm thinking."

"I 'm not so small," Mr. MacIvor said stiffly.

"You 're not, and that 's God's truth," she agreed; "but, still, you 're no landmark. There was Johnny, my man, who 's been dead and gone these ten years, why, his head scarce came up to my shoulder, but none the less did I think of him for that. God knows there are times when it 's good for the soul of a woman to look down on her man."

A tall young man came in and, nodding gravely, passed behind Katie's chair to a seat on the far side of the room. In passing he had shyly patted the girl's shoulder, and she had looked up with a bright smile. He had a pleasant, frank face, Mr. MacIvor thought.

"It 's Jimmy, you know," said Mrs. Dunbar, by way of introduction. She turned to the young man as she added: "It 's the gentleman who brought Katie home the night before last. He 's come asking after her."

"It 's the kind heart you have, sir," said Jimmy. Mr. MacIvor had risen to go.

"I am glad the lass is not ill," he said. He glanced toward her then. "You doubtless find the hours long at the store in this season. Can you stand it?"

Katie flushed and looked down.

"I 'm not there any more," she faltered.

"What?" said Mr. MacIvor, sharply.

"Mr. Morrison—the floor-walker, you know—called me out of my name, and, sure, I would n't stand it from any man; so I left. He had nothing to say. Sure, you paid for the watch."

"He 's the limb," declared Mrs. Dunbar. "Arrah! the black face of him would kill an ox."

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II

MR. MACIVOR went slowly home, busy with the plans of a new Christmas scheme. Again he called upon his sister-in-law in Canada to give her unconscious aid, and it was not until the second night after his visit that he again knocked at the door of the Dunbars.

He brought up the matter at once.

"Lass," he said, "I have a job for you—a short one. I need your help. Will you please stand a minute?"

Katie rose, laughing a little, and stood still, flushing in her embarrassment as Mr. MacIvor studied her gravely. At last he waved her to a seat and sat down.

"You 'll do," he said. "You have the same height, the same straight slenderness. And, besides, I have no other way."

"I don't understand," said Katie.

"No, you would not," he replied. "The watch you sold me the day I first saw you was a Christmas present for my brother's wife in northern Canada; but I 've puzzled about a present for her daughter. I 've got it at last: I 'll send her home to visit the old home in Scotland. She 's never been there. But she 's up in a wild country far from any towns, and what can she get there fit for a young girl to wear that will not cause her shame on a visit like this? Nothing; so this is my plan, lass: I am going to commission you to buy everything that the niece will need for her journey. Buy as you would buy for yourself in the same circumstances, and buy what you like. We have no time to consult her; your own taste must serve. Besides, it will very likely be better. Will you do it?"

"Oh, it would be the best fun, not work at all!" cried Katie. "And of course I 'd do it just for the pleasure, if you really think I can do it at all. You have been so kind to me, I could n't think—"

"Rubbish!" said Mr. MacIvor. "Rubbish, lass!" He rose to go. "I 'll send you the money to-morrow morning, and consult with you from time to time. Pay your expenses out of the funds I send—lunches and all. I 'm no slave-driver; so don't tire yourself too greatly." At the door he turned to Mrs. Dunbar to say: "Your name reminds me, Madam, that a distant branch of my family bore the same name. Are you by any chance from the north of Ireland?"

"Oh, Christians!" exclaimed Annie, not wholly lost in her books; then she clapped her hand over her mouth.

"We are not," replied Mrs. Dunbar, dryly. "I 've had a power of bad luck in my day, but none of God's making, the saints be praised!" Then her face fell. "But, wurra! sir, what am I saying, to put the black name of scorn on any one of your family, and you so good to mine! I 'm dead with the shame of it."

"Why, it 's nothing at all," said Mr. MacIvor, smiling. "I don't know them myself." He turned to Katie. "And, lass, remember that you are to have the dresses made, fitted, you know, for yourself. Nothing ready-made. You are like as two peas. And you 'll need a trunk—two, if necessary. You 'll know." Then he went away.

By ten o'clock the next morning Katie had five hundred dollars in her possession, with Mr. MacIvor's written promise of more when it was needed.

"It makes my head swim, all that money," she told her mother. "I 'll lock it up and not buy a thing to-day. I 'll just look around."

"Sure, I 'm stone-dead and paralyzed myself," confessed Mrs. Dunbar. "I just open and shut my mouth like a fish."

Two nights later, Mr. MacIvor called. He found the table spread with samples of dress-goods, the three women on their feet. It was clear that they were in the throes of selection. A big new trunk stood by the wall. Mrs. Dunbar led him straight to it. She lifted the lid, took out a tray, and stepped back.

"Musha! the child 's at it grand!" she said, and nodded toward the trunk. Mr. MacIvor peered in, then hastily stepped back. It was half filled with muslin and linen.

"Aye, it 's neatly packed," he said. He walked to the table, and they gathered

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about him. Katie touched two samples placed apart from the rest.

"I can't decide between these," she said plaintively. "The blue 's beautiful, and it 's fashionable just now; but I like the brown, too. It 's for the street-dress."

"It 's fine, the brown," said Mr. MacIvor; "it 's like the color on the heather late in the year; but the blue 's fine, too, as you say. I 've seen the far hills at home look like that in the old days."

"Then you 'd take the blue," said Katie, eagerly. "It *is* pretty, and fashionable, too. That 's something."

"I 'd not go so far as to say I 'd take it," Mr. MacIvor replied cautiously. "There 's much to be said for the brown." He touched both with a hesitating finger, then straightened up with an air of decision. "If you select the brown," he declared, "you 'll always regret that you did not choose the blue; and the brown will haunt you if you take the blue. Therefore take both." He looked at Katie with an air of triumph. She laughed gaily.

"But I 've never even dreamed of having two new street dresses at one time," she said. "I 'm choosing as I 'd choose for myself, you know."

"Sometimes we get less than we dream, and sometimes—rarely, I confess—more. So take both, lass. It will not often happen that you can." As though the question had been forever settled, he walked around the table, and picked up a sample of black.

"That 's for a lace dress," Katie explained. "I rather want that; but mother says get a plain black silk. She says it will last all the girl's days. But I don't know."

"Always I 've wanted a black silk," said Mrs. Dunbar, "and I 've never had it. I never shall. But, sir, there 's been times when I 've felt I could n't die without feeling it on my back once. Sure, I 'd dance a jig at my own funeral just to hear the rustle of it. I 'd not like the niece to feel like that all her life."

Mr. MacIvor nodded.

"I know," he replied. "I recall my own mother; she had the same longing. She had n't over much in her life. And now there 's the mother of the girl we are buying this outfit for; it 's likely that it 's the same with her, too. They have had little enough of the world's goods, I fear. It 's a queer world." He turned abruptly to Katie. "And she will need a fur coat —the niece," he said, "and maybe a fur hat to match and a muff. Of course the muff. No imitation fur, mind; but the real fur."

Katie shook her head and smiled.

"I never could have expected that, sir, in the wildest dreams. I am getting what I would buy for myself, you know. You 'll spoil the play."

"You 're a stubborn lass," he told her gravely, yet with a twinkle in his eyes. "You will have your own way, like all the women." He drew a card from his pocket and gave it to her. "I 'd thought of that, you see," he went on. "That 's the address of a furrier, a trustworthy man. I 'll meet you there to-morrow at eleven. I 'll have the money. And you 'll need more before you are through, it is likely. Let me know. Now I must be going. And remember to have the two dresses, the blue and the brown, made at once. We 've little time. And by good dressmakers, lass. We 'll have nothing meanly done for the poor child in the North."

Katie sighed happily.

"I feel like a queen all the time, buying and ordering like this," she said.

"The niece will not begrudge you that much," Mr. MacIvor said gravely. He looked back from the door to say casually: "I shall need you, too, now, Mrs. Dunbar, I fear. It was thoughtless of me to forget the mother of the niece. She 'll care more for that than for a watch. I 'll get the silk dress—the black silk—for her, and you must be the model this time. You are much alike in size. Anyway, we can't do anything else. You 'll go with Miss Katie to choose the silk, and have it made to fit you. If it does n't fit the mother of the niece perfectly, it can be changed, I suppose. I hear such things are done. And, Mrs. Dunbar, I was thinking what you said about feeling it on your own back once. Well, that will be part of your pay for all your kindness. The first Sunday

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it is done, you will wear it to church to please me."

For a moment Mrs. Dunbar stood still; then the tears rushed to her eyes; then she laughed.

"May the saints in heaven forgive you, sir, if you put a temptation in my way too great to put behind me!" she cried. "Belikes, if I get it on, I 'll take it off for no man, I 'll be that proud and uplifted. Sure, I 'll be so stiff I 'll break iron."

"The Sunday you wear it I 'll come to see you," said Mr. MacIvor. "The Sunday before Christmas I 'll be here. We must be ready to send to the niece by then. And, Miss Katie, you must buy the black lace dress for the niece. She must take her chances on ever getting the black silk."

On the Sunday before Christmas Mr. MacIvor went to the house at three. Katie, smiling, met him at the door and ushered him into the room. In a straight chair set against the wall Mrs. Dunbar sat enthroned, wearing the black silk dress. Jimmy and Annie were there, smilingly eager, like children at the beginning of a play. Mrs. Dunbar sat stiffly erect.

"Look at me once, and then order me to go take it off, sir," she said to Mr. MacIvor. "God forgive me! but I 'm not sure that I will."

"I 'm not so sure that I would myself if I looked as handsome as you look, ma'am," Mr. MacIvor replied. He shook hands with them all, then seated himself. Katie walked over to the trunk and lifted the lid.

"Everything is ready and packed, sir, except the dress mother is wearing," she said. "I have a statement of all I have spent and how I spent it. If you 'll go over it with me—"

"Yes, yes; of course," said Mr. MacIvor. "We had better be businesslike. But first I should like to see the black lace dress, Miss Katie."

"Of course," said Katie. "It 's right here on top. But would n't you like to see the party dress, too? It 's beautiful. It 's in a tray by itself. It 's white."

"Oh, no," Mr. MacIvor said hastily; "only the black lace."

Katie lifted the lace dress tenderly and held it up. For a moment Mr. MacIvor gazed at it gravely; then he shook his head.

"I shall have to take your word for it, lass, that it is all that it should be," he declared; "but it looks rather—unreal to my eyes. Is n't it rather—ah, flimpsy? It is more like a limp rag than a dress."

"Why, it 's beautiful, sir," Katie laughingly declared. She held it out by the sleeves. "See?"

"Would you mind putting it on for a moment?" he asked. "I think I could visualize it better. Is it asking too much of you, lass?"

"Indeed, it is n't," Katie declared, and, beckoning to Annie, went out.

Mr. MacIvor turned to Mrs. Dunbar, and caught her would-be son-in-law shamelessly grinning at her.

"Ma'am," said Jimmy, "you do not look comfortable. You look as throng as three in one bed, you 're buttoned in that tight."

"Comfortable!" she cried. "What 's comfort to do with it? Sure, I 've never been so uncomfortable since God knows when. I 've not breathed a whole breath of life since I put the thing on, for fear of splitting a seam; but, oh, Jimmy, I look grand, and I know it!"

"You do, ma'am; you do," agreed Jimmy. "Sure, you look like the front of the church."

But presently the door opened, and Annie came dancing in.

"She 's coming!" she cried, and stood on one foot and then on the other, watching the door. Then Katie entered.

She came in demurely, with eyes downcast and an anxious smile on her face. She paused in front of Mr. MacIvor and turned herself slowly about. He rose to his feet.

"Does it suit you, sir?" she asked. "Is it pretty?"

"It 's beautiful," he said gravely. "I cannot deny that I 'm pleased." He glanced at the girl's happy face and murmured softly:

"O, saw ye bonnie Lesley
As she gaed o'er the border?

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"She came in demurely, with eyes downcast and an anxious smile on her face."

Drawing by W. T. Benda.

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You 'd make a bonnie bride, lass. And the gown 's worthy of you."

"Then everything 's all right," exclaimed Katie, "and I 'll go take it off and give you my account." She turned to leave the room, but he called her back.

"Sit down," he said. "I 'd have a word with you first."

She turned back, wondering, and seated herself by the table.

"Lass," he said shamelessly, "I 've lied to you."

"Lied?" she repeated in her bewilderment.

He nodded almost gaily.

"Yes, I 've lied, but I 've lied with discrimination. There 's excellent polemical authority in justification of a judicious lie. My own land has had some doughty defenders of it."

"But I don't understand," faltered Katie.

"Why, I have n't any niece," Mr. MacIvor explained.

"But this dress, all these beautiful things—" began Katie.

"Yours," he declared.

"But, sir, I could n't take them," she cried in distress. "I 'd be ashamed. I shall have to return them to you."

"Where?" asked Mr. MacIvor, slyly. "You don't even know my name. All I have got to do is to get up and say good evening, and then disappear, like a fairy godmother. That 's what I 've been, a fairy godmother." He rose, buttoned his overcoat, and stood smiling down upon her. "Good night, lass, if you must have it," he said.

"But, sir—" she began falteringly.

"Wait," he said. Standing there, he told them all that had led him to the store the day he first met her. Then he added: "Thirty years I 've lived alone, and in all that time until now I have known no house where I could enter and warm my heart. Will you take that from me now, lassie?"

"Oh, I don't know *what* to say!" she cried. She turned to Mrs. Dunbar, sitting dazed and in tears. "Mother, can't you say *something*—tell me what to do!"

Mrs. Dunbar shook her head.

"For the first time in my life," she declared, "I have n't a blessed word to say of my own. I can think of naught but Paters and Hail, Marys. Sure, they 're the only fit company for him."

"It 's grand company, ma'am," replied Mr. MacIvor, "but I 'm needing more a seat by the fire with my own kind, and heart speaking to heart."

And Katie surrendered. For a moment she sat silent, then suddenly she burst into tears and laughed hysterically.

"I 'm thinking of that poor girl in the North who 'll never get all these beautiful things," she cried. "I 'm that grieved for her!"

"But there 's no such girl, lass, you know," Mr. MacIvor replied. He looked at her triumphantly.

"Oh, I know, sir," said Katie; "but, still, I 'm sorry for her. I 've thought of her so much that she 's real to me. And now she 'll have nothing at all, while I have so much."

"We 'll forget her in talk of a Christmas wedding," suggested Mr. MacIvor, slyly. He looked at Jimmy and smiled. And Jimmy rose, and, coming forward, gripped Mr. MacIvor's hand.

"Sir," he said brokenly. "I—I—" He could say no more, and turned shame-faced away.

"The grandest speech I ever heard, lad," Mr. MacIvor said gently. And they knew that he meant it.

Mr. MacIvor stayed late, and when at last he reached the steps of his club, he was still loath to go in.

"I 'll walk a bit first," he said, and set out at a brisk pace through the quiet street. He did not mark the quiet; he had no sense of loneliness: he had come at last into touch with life, and he walked companied by human sympathy and love. Lights still burned behind curtained windows, and he felt his kinship with those who sat in the circle of the veiled lights; even the stars seemed friendly and near.

"The open heart knows no solitude," he thought.

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The Tuileries and its garden in 1757.

The Storming of the Tuileries

High Lights of the French Revolution: Part Three

By H. BELLOC

Author of "Robespierre," "Marie Antoinette," etc.

AFTER the failure of the flight of the royal family, it was evident to all men of foresight that the European governments, and in particular the government of the empire at the head of which were the brother and afterward the nephew of Marie Antoinette, would attempt to restrain the Revolution by force of arms. It was not equally apparent that matters would come to actual war, for many erroneously thought that the French would yield to the threat of foreign intervention.

At the head of those who were guilty of this capital error was Marie Antoinette herself, who wrote to her brother in the autumn of that same year, 1791, suggesting that he should gather a large armed force upon the frontiers, and declaring that it should act as a menace and a police. She was thus principally responsible for what followed.

The winter passed with a false situation both within France and without. There was a desperate attempt to keep the king nominally in power, though all real authority had left him since his flight. This attempt was resisted by the mass of opinion, but was supported by nearly all the politicians, even the most radical. The foreign governments, meanwhile, grew more and more threatening, and Marie Antoinette kept up a secret correspondence with them. It became obvious as the spring of 1792 approached that if the foreign armies intervened, it would be not only to save the monarchy, but to crush the Revolution altogether. The queen betrayed French plans of war to the enemy. The emperor wrote a letter demanding certain things in his name that concerned French domestic politics alone. The result was that the French Revolutionary parliament made war in April, 1792. Prussia joined Austria in the coming campaign.

Luckily for France, the foreign preparations were very slow; the French forces were in a deplorable state, and the success of the foreign invaders hardly doubtful. Meanwhile, during the months of May and June and the first part of July, as the prepara-

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tions for invasion gathered strength, it was more and more publicly known, as it had been long privately known, that the court welcomed the war as a probable or perhaps certain deliverance of the royal family by foreign arms. The Palace of the Tuileries in Paris was thus a sort of fortress wherein the executive,—that is, the king and the queen at his side,—still wholly in command of the French armies in theory, and largely in command of them in practice, could direct operations adverse to the national welfare.

The instinct of all the democratic leaders was in favor of taking the Tuileries by storm, as a foreign stronghold might be taken; but for this they had no forces save the militia, the regular forces near Paris being in the hands of the king. The turning of the scale was due to the arrival in Paris of armed bands from the provinces, chief among which were the companies from Marseilles. These, with the aid of the Parisian militia and the incompetence of the court, managed to storm the Tuileries upon the tenth of August, 1792, and thus put an end to the French monarchy.

UPON Sunday, the twenty-ninth of July, 1792, in the late morning of that day, the broad road that flanks the River Seine above Paris was covered by a marching column of men. They were in number about five hundred. A few showed uniforms grotesque with dust and grease. The most part were in the clothes of their civil estate, a few workmen, many of the professions, not a few from the land. For the most part they went gaily enough, though without parade; but some were very weary, and a few halting pitiably, though all trudged on.

Caricature of a patriot at the outbreak of the Revolution.

This column was that of "the men of Marseilles," and their tatters and their fatigue were the usury of five hundred miles of blazing road. They had been one month so marching, and behind them they still dragged two cannon—dragged them by leather lanyards, taking turns.

This last day of their famous raid was hot and cloudless. The sight of the river alone was cool, past the stubble of the baked harvested field; and the great road stretched on dusty hour after hour and league after league.

They had halted for the midday meal; the afternoon was already mellowing when they saw at last, far off in the north and west, the twin towers of the cathedral, the lifted dome of the university church upon the height to the left, the windmills upon Montmartre to the right, and between those low and distant hills the haze of Paris.

They formed somewhat before they reached the suburbs; they took some kind of rank, that their approach might be the more significant, and that they might hold their companies in the press of the poor from the eastern quarters that had come out in crowds to meet them under the sunset. They raised their famous song; they came in through the first houses to the noise of "La Marseillaise."

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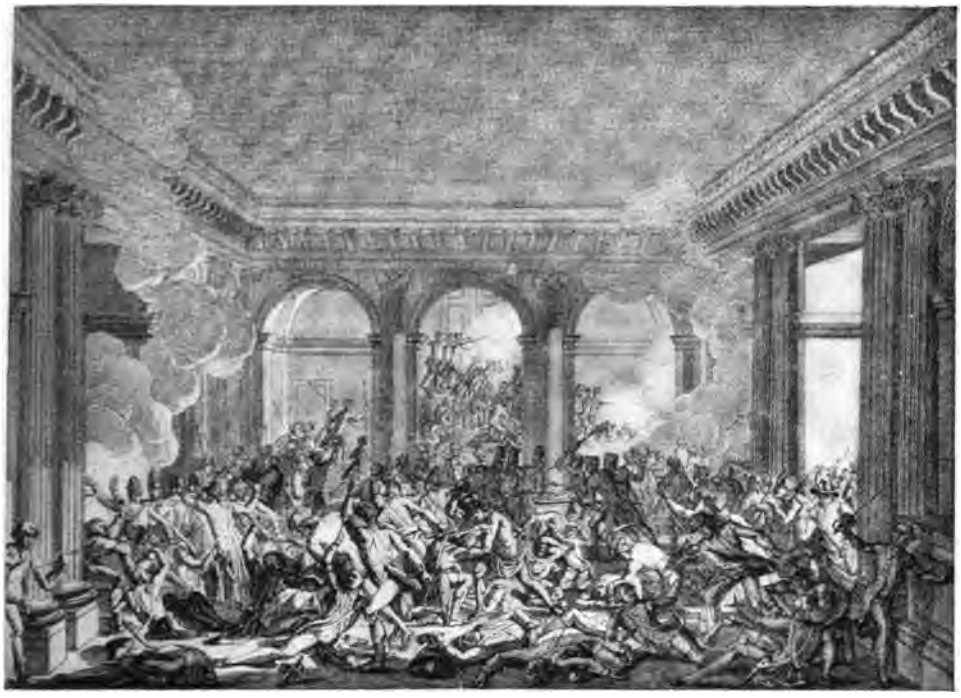

The struggle in the halls of the Tuileries, August 10, 1792.

Before them other contingents, less famous, had reached the city for the Revolutionary feast. These had found the whole town alive with preparation for the struggle; for the war had now run four months, or nearly four, and it was certain that the crown was betraying the people.

Upon the morrow this battalion from Marseilles came into the town through St. Anthony's Gate, through the main way dense with people, past the last foundation ruins of the Bastille. Their drums beat. They carried their colors before them. Their cannon, now cleaned and burnished, followed in their train.

In the center of Paris there stands, the most famous, perhaps, among the royal emblems of Europe, a great palace the construction of which is of every age, though its outward aspect is singularly united. It is the Louvre. This great place, more than a third of a mile in length, is in plan two courtyards. The larger of these, as large as a little town, and called the Carrousel, at the time of the Revolution was completed only upon one of its branches, and was closed toward the west by the mass of the Tuileries. Its one completed side was the southern one, that toward the river, called "the Long Gallery." From the end of this the Tuileries turned away from the river at right angles. For more than forty years the charred walls of that building, burned in the Commune, have disappeared, and their place is taken now by an open garden. Only the two high, flanking pavilions which closed the north and the south of its long line still stand, each now forming one end of the completed great courtyard of the Louvre.

In 1792 the Tuileries had upon the Carrousel side, toward the palace of the Louvre, three smaller yards, walled and preserving its entrances from the public of the city. Beyond these again, and filling all the main Carrousel court of the Louvre, was a crowd of houses pierced by tortuous lanes, and in the midst of them a little chapel to St. Thomas of Canterbury. This mass of houses within the arms of the palace was, as it were, a little overflow of the town into the midst of the

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Louvre and its connected Tuileries. Through this built and crowded space traffic passed and repassed between the rue St. Honoré, to the north of the Louvre, and the river, running along its southern side. For under the Long Gallery of the Louvre, the only completed side of the great Carrousel court, arches were pierced, giving access to the quays.

Behind the Tuileries to the west the gardens, which are now open to the town, and a part of it, were then private to the king. Overlooking them from the north, the great oval of the royal riding-school looked with its tall, mournful windows, and therein, upon benches roughly provided for the passing circumstance, sat the congress of the Revolution. Therein were heard the declamations that hurried on the storm, and in these hot days, when the western casements of the palace stood open at morning, the court within could hear the distant noise of the debates.

Caricature of a royalist at the outbreak of the Revolution.

That court, with the heavy, lethargic king in the midst of it, still governed in this end of July, 1792. He was still the executive; from him and from those rooms there still proceeded all orders to the armies, all communications with the powers of Europe. A great pomp still surrounded these last hours of the French monarchy. Its ceremonial was still exactly preserved amid the gold, the heavy hangings, and all the splendor of the Bourbons. So long as that center stood and governed, so long as it betrayed (for it was certainly betraying) the nation in arms, that nation and the great experiment upon which it had embarked were in peril or doomed. For from the Tuileries could go out not only open orders that presumed the defense of the frontiers and resistance to the coming invasion, but secret letters also, very contradictory of these; and one such had gone in those very days in menace of the French people. The queen's letter was an appeal for proclamation to be issued by the invaders, a manifesto threatening with military execution whatever men or cities might either arrest the foreign armies or insult the shaken and tottering throne of her husband.

The Tuileries, then, thus standing in the midst of Paris, and of Paris armed in militia bodies, swollen with these Revolutionary volunteers from the provinces, was morally a sort of fortress, isolated and held, standing for the enemy in the very heart of the national capital. It must hold out till the invader came, or, if it fell, carry with it the crown.

The Tuileries was not only morally a fortress; it was in some measure an effective fortress as well. A regular force, the royal guard of Swiss mercenaries, was available for its defense; it had cannon, and save against cannon the great building was strong; it expected and received drafts of volunteers of its own that would support the king and could be armed; it possessed good reserves of ammunition; a minority, but a considerable minor-

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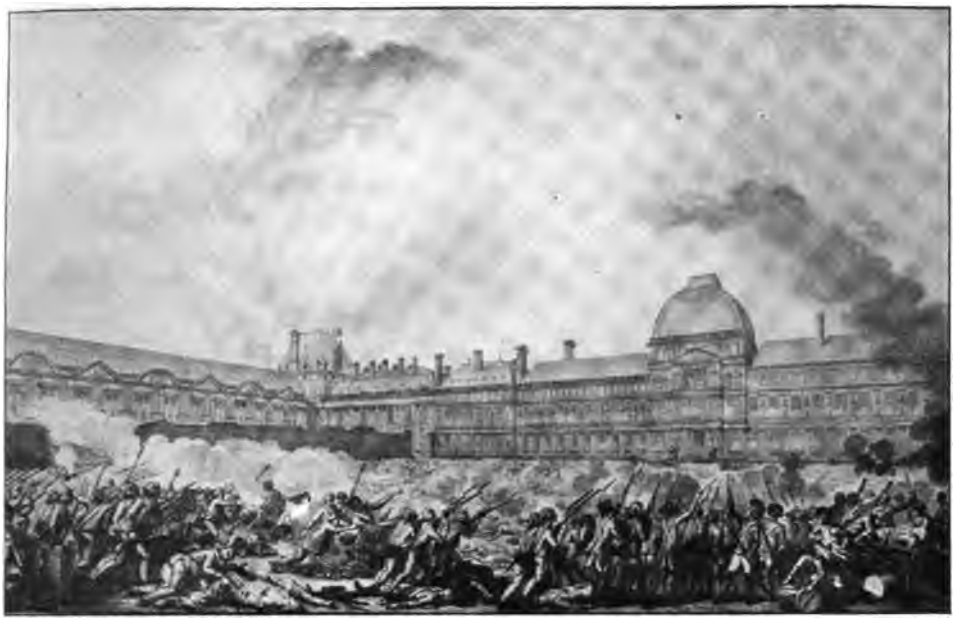

The assault on the Tuileries.

ity, of the wealthier militia in the city, promised a reinforcement. It would have a garrison of some six thousand men if an assault came.

The very position of the palace strongly aided its defense. The garden behind was well protected; no street flanked it, as the rue de Rivoli does to-day, but all along the north were houses, the narrow passages through which could easily be held. Upon the south it reposed upon the river, with only the quays between.

If the place was to be taken at all, it could be taken only from the east, the Louvre side; and not from there, it would seem, against any sustained musket-fire from the windows, still less against cannon stationed in the three walled inclosures that stood out before it toward the great courtyard of the Carrousel.

THE sultry days with which that August opened were days of a curious hesitation. The invaders, massed under the Duke of Brunswick, beyond the German frontiers, were in column, marching up the Moselle Valley. They had not yet crossed those borders. The secret messages to the enemy, the negotiations between them and the treasonable crown, were still proceeding. The armed militia of Paris, or that majority of it which was ready to act for the Revolution and against the king, drilled, but did not yet move. There was a silence, as it were, or at the most a murmur, throughout the million populace and over all the plain that holds Paris. Quarrels arose, indeed, violent enough, and blows were exchanged, especially where the volunteer contingents from the provinces were feasted. Already by that end of July the news of what the invaders intended was abroad. Their proclamation, which the queen had inspired, was on all men's lips, copies of it, printed, had come in from the frontiers. It still suited the crown to pretend that it had not heard of that insult which it had itself drafted.

By the third of August the pretense could be kept up no longer, and on that day the king communicated to the congress in the riding-school, to the National Assembly, the amazing terms of the challenge. If the French would not undo all their Revolutionary work, if they met the invasion of the country by resistance, if they menaced the persons of the court and in particular the king and his family, all

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so acting were punishable by death, in particular all public officers and magistrates that should so attempt to defend the cause of the nation. As for Paris, if it moved, Paris was to be destroyed.

There is a temper in the French by which everything is restrained in them until they act. It is a temper of rapid accumulation before the moment of decision. During the week that followed, this temper was discoverable throughout the city, very significant to certain captains of the people and in particular to Danton; very much misunderstood by foreigners who have left us their records, and by not a few of the court and of the wealthier quarters of the town.

Portrait of Danton.

As though each party to this coming and decisive grappling was instinctively aware of some known trysting-day, the week proceeded under its increasing heat with orders upon each side, with the serving out of ball-cartridge, with the rations of powder for the same, with the sending of directions where men should gather, and where defense should be posted. Neither side yet moved; neither side was strong enough to prevent the preparations of the other. There was violent thunder, but the air was not cleared. The oppression of the sky still grew heavier as the moment of crisis drew near.

I have said that it was upon the third of August that the king had admitted to the assembly the manifesto of Brunswick which heralded the invasion. That day was a Friday. Exactly seven days separated it from the crash. Upon Sunday, the fifth, when the last royal mass was said publicly in the chapel of the Tuileries, whispers and open words among the public in the galleries were the last expressions of civil and unarmed resistance that the court was to hear. By Tuesday, the seventh, every man who was to support the crown had received his orders. Upon Wednesday the Swiss Guards, in their barracks to the west of the town, had the command to march upon the morrow, and on Thursday, the ninth, at evening they came marching in, no man opposing them, while during that same evening all those of the wealthier militia, or of private gentry, or of old servitors, that would garrison the palace and defend the crown, passed in through its doors.

Before night the court heard the hammering and the sawing of the carpenters in the Long Gallery of the Louvre. They were making a gap there in the flooring, lest the Tuileries should be turned from that end. With the fall of darkness they could also hear the rumbling wheels of cannon going to their posts and of wagons still distributing the arms and the munitions for the fight.

The night fell very dark and moonless, but open, in the stifling weather, to murky stars. From the higher windows of the Tuileries one could see in nearly all the houses around lights maintained at the windows of the citizens, for that night few slept. Amid so much terror and surmise, there was a grotesque suggestion of a city illuminated as for a gala-day.

Garrisoned within the palace there stood to arms squads of the volunteers along the first row of its eastern windows;

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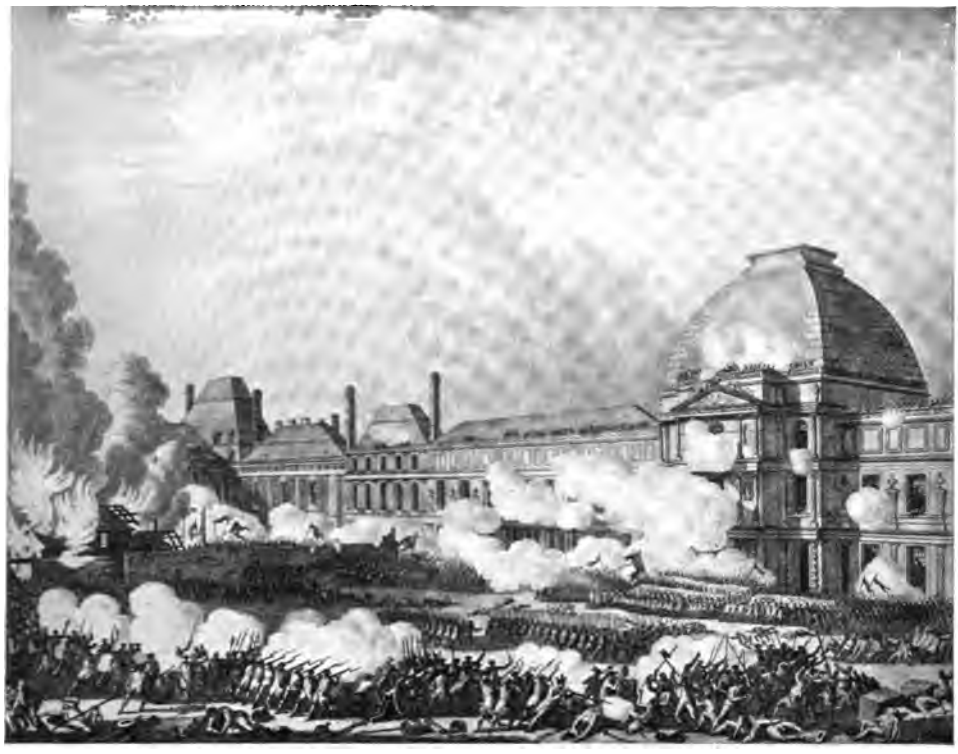

The storming of the Tuileries.

the Swiss Guards were stationed with piled muskets in the three courts before it, and in the central hall up which the great marble stairway turned. The hours of the night went by. Midnight was passed, but nothing stirred.

It was a little before one o'clock when this general silence was shattered by one loud cannon-shot close at hand. For a moment it was thought that the popular forces were moving. It was not so. That cannon-shot was only a signal for the bells.

The bells began to ring in steeple after steeple, dome after dome, catching the call one from another athwart the dark town. First on the hill of the university; then by St. Anthony's Gate, where was the thickest of the Revolutionary gatherings; then, nearer, by the town hall; then from St. Martin's to the north; from the millennial rough tower of St. Germain to the south. For an hour or more the clamor of the bells filled Paris. But still there was no marching or any sound of arms, and from those high windows of the roof in the Tuileries, those attic windows where the watchers were, the streets lay empty below, under the dim oil-lamps that swung from cords across them and from the brighter light of the unsleeping houses.

From one of those same windows the queen, with certain of her women, watched through those hours of darkness. The stars began to pale, and along the uncertain east a band of dark cloud stood motionless in the somber sky, like a distant coast revealed by the dawn. Behind it at last the vivid color of a thunderous sunrise showed. The violent red overspread all the arch above them, and so touched the roofs of Paris that it seemed as though a great fire had come at last with the wars and had caught all the city. Marie Antoinette called her sister-in-law, the Princess Elizabeth, to her side, and the two women watched this thing together. It was a little past four o'clock. The day broadened, and at last the sun rose blinding, and still the silence endured. The bells had long ceased, and the more

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A popular print of the time of the Revolution.

careless of those within the Tuileries jested one with another, saying, "The tocsin did not yield this night; it has run dry."

Before the sun had strength, and while yet the Tuileries cast a broad shadow westward over the garden terrace and toward the garden trees, while the streets were as yet still empty, the queen unwisely bethought her that something might be done at this last moment to lend strength and dignity to the resistance of the palace. She would summon the king and bring the garrison out before him, so moving their loyalty and his too slow determination.

She went to find her husband. He had sunk into a torpor with the last hours of the night, and when she woke him from the place where he lay he started up disheveled and confused. His clothes suffered through the wearing of so many hours; his very wig was disturbed and askew. His face was suffused. But he came down at her asking, and stood before the main western garden door, while what could be gathered of the six thousand were hurriedly summoned there into line to meet him and to be passed in review. Not all of them came,—not all of them by very many,—and the thing was so haphazard that unarmed pages slipped into the line and played the fool, with chance irons to take the place of muskets when they saluted. The king, a figure not exciting loyalty on that breakfastless morning after that sleepless night, heavy in shoulder as in stomach, purple-coated, freckled and pale, walked up and down the motley line. It was an unhappy business, unworthy, undignified, the true product of an energetic woman's misunderstanding of men. Just before the king turned to leave them, an old and devoted courtier went down on one rheumatic knee to offer his sword. There was a single laugh from somewhere. Louis turned and reëntered the palace.

By this time the Friday sun had risen high. It was between six and seven o'clock, and still the city did not move.

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But there came to the queen—for it was she who was the soul of that defense—news full of omen. The regular government of the city, elective, popular, and resistant to the crown though it was, had not seemed strong enough for battle: it had fallen in the night, and in the town hall there were now in power men of some insurrectionary committee, the leaders of the revolt. The man chiefly responsible for the militia of the city, one who might have divided or checked its forces by his authority, had left the palace in the night to meet the authorities of the city. When he reached the town hall he had found there not the authorities of the city, but this new insurrectionary body, and as he left the place the mob without had murdered him. It was certain now that the attack could not be restrained.

BEFORE the eastern front of the palace, cutting the great courtyard of the Louvre and shutting off the houses in it from the Tuileries, ran a high wooden paling, stretching from one lodge gate to another. Between that paling and the Tuileries itself detachments of the guard were waiting with muskets loaded, and sections of cannon with matches lit, prepared to discharge at the first menace of attack.

It was about eight o'clock when the head of a street boy who had hoisted himself up precariously from the farther side appeared above that paling's rim and disappeared again. Then one face, then another, as grotesquely, as impotently showed. Some stayed so long that it seemed as though their owners were standing upon the shoulders of companions. One or two of these larrikins threw stones. A guard leveled his musket, and all those faces popped down again. What a beginning for the catastrophe of a thousand years!

At an upper window of the palace Louis, the king, watched, looking eastward in his turn, and he and those about him heard a murmur coming from along the river quay—a murmur not loud, but wide-spread and deep and dull because there stood between it and the hearers the Long Gallery of the Louvre. It was the advance of the people, of their unformed vanguard, coming before the militia and the volunteers. In a moment that murmur turned to vivid, immediate, and neighboring sound, like the roar of water which has been heard approaching in a flume up a mountain-side and breaks suddenly outward from its issue over the washers: so the many thousands of the insurrectionary crowd burst through the arches under the Long Gallery, coming from the river quays into the Carrousel of the Louvre.

Every musket and every window was ready; all the fourteen guns of the palace were ready in rank before it. The great oaken gates of the palisade were burst asunder; the armed mob broke through, swelling in; and at that moment the first order was given in the palace to fire.

Instantly the signal rolled along the line, and all the windows blazed with flame. Range in those days was very short, windage very great, and few fell; but the assault was checked, and as it halted, two guns of the Swiss roared out together, and the grape-shot swept down perhaps thirty men, opened a lane in the dark and shouting mass, and sent it pressing backward through the gates and the now opened rents in the palisade.

The Swiss, both those already before the palace and those coming out from within, formed by companies and charged. There were the shrieks and the trampling of a herd overcome by discipline,—the Swiss were perhaps a thousand all told,—and the whole place was cleared: the narrow and tortuous streets between the houses of the great Carrousel of the Louvre; and even, some say, the arches under the Long Gallery and the quays for some yards beyond.

It was not yet nine o'clock, and the palace seemed to be already saved.

There is no other town in Europe, and only two other peoples, the Irish and the Poles, of whom one could not say what many said in that moment of the town of Paris and of the French people, that their fate had been decided by this action of regulars against a mob. But Paris be-

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ing Paris, and Gaul Gaul, and the French people having beyond any other the gift for rapid organization from below and for corporate discipline, nothing was yet decided.

Even as the noise of the broken mob retreating died away, another new noise, more formidable, more regular, approached, and the watchers in the Tuileries heard it. It was not an army upon the march, but it was men determined and in some way ordered. It was the militia, it was the contingents from the provinces, and chief among them the volunteers from Marseilles, the five hundred with their guns.

The Swiss were back, ranged before the palace and in reserve in the central hall and by the great staircase. All the muskets were loaded again, though the affair was thought to be finished after that first brief and successful skirmish, when the sound of regular marching and the rumble of cannon-wheels were heard.

At his window, overlooking the still empty inclosures beneath him, stood Louis, heavy with insufficient sleep; by his side stood an official of the department, Roederer. The column of the attack came swinging through the arches which led from the river quay under the Long Gallery; their cannon were ready, and their muskets charged. This time it was war.

While each armed body facing the other held its fire, awaiting the advantage gained by such reserve,—for in those days of short range, to let a trained troop opposing one fire first was to have a heavy advantage in the returning fire at close quarters,—Westermann, an Alsatian, Danton's friend, mounted upon a horse, rode out from the popular ranks to parley in their own tongue with these Swiss mercenaries, German in speech, like himself. One fired, I think,—so the best story goes,—and immediately a rapidly increasing, alternative rattle of individual shots broke out from the line of the windows, above from the militia and the volunteers below; and unexpectedly, the ranks opening to let them through, the two cannon from Marseilles gave tongue against the cannon of the guards. This time there was no breaking, and the more trained firing of the militia and the provincial volunteers permitted of no further charge from the guards. But the reciprocal attack began to fill the space before the palace with fallen men, neither side yet proclaiming an advantage. The Swiss Guards still held the main door of the Tuileries; the fire from its long tiers of windows was still well nourished; the muskets in the hands of the half-trained populace were still regularly recharged, and held their own.

It was in this moment of doubt that Roederer, the politician who stood by the king at his eastern window, said to Louis that it was the duty of a monarch not to risk the state. "Look, Sire! A whole people are advancing! If the palace must fall, let it fall; but let the crown be saved." Louis looked dully out of that window, and thence he could see the Paris of the kings.

This place stretched back beyond the origins of religion into the roots of Rome; thirteen full hundred years of monarchy had sat therein. The huge pile of the Louvre, stretching out into the morning, was the story of Henry IV., of the Medicean woman before him, and of the Valois. The turrets upon the more distant island were the walls of St. Louis. Eudes, the son of Robert, the founder of all the royal line, had beaten the barbarian off just where the slate pinnacles of the Châtelet pierced the sky half a mile away. Behind all these visible things were the ghosts of Clovis and of Charlemagne.

He turned to go. He went back through the palace to the western gardens, where the sound of the firing upon the eastern front was deadened by the mass of the palace between. His wife and his children were with him, and a few men of the guard. He crossed between the regular trees, his little boy, his heir, kicking the fallen leaves before him with his foot, and entering the riding-school, Louis took refuge with the parliament.

THERE stood that day upon the quays outside the southern end of the Tuileries

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a young man, a young man of twenty-three, a lieutenant of guns, Napoleon Bonaparte, on leave in Paris. He was alone. He had watched all that business curiously, a spectator. He had already some knowledge of what the soul is in men fighting. He has left his judgment upon record that had Louis not turned back that day "to save the monarchy," the monarchy would have been saved. He believed, and his judgment of arms is not negligible, that if the king had shown himself even then in the open spaces before the palace and in danger, preferably upon a horse, that would have happened to the defense which would have saved it.

It was in the Long Gallery of the Louvre, where that arm of building joins the Tuileries, the weak point of the defense had been discovered. The young men of the populace, eager and curious, who had flowed up the stairways of the Long Gallery and found the flooring cut and a gap between them and the entry to the Tuileries. That gap they had fought for, conquered, leaped, and bridged with planks; and just as the defense of the palace against the frontal attack was holding its last desperate own before the great main portal, just as the Swiss themselves were wondering how long the pressure they suffered could be resisted, the upper floor of the Tuileries was enfiladed: the first contingents from the Long Gallery were beginning to shoot down and through those suites of rooms; the garrison was caught in flank and wavered.

Hervilly, an officer commanding the Swiss Guards, in that desperate moment received half a sheet of paper folded in four. The curious may peer at it to-day under glass in the Carnavalet in Paris. It was an order from the king to bid the guards cease fire and march out of the palace back to their barracks to the west of the town. That order had been sent from the place where Louis was in refuge, from the parliament in the riding-school. Hervilly read it. He put it in his pocket again. He still maintained the fire of the guards.

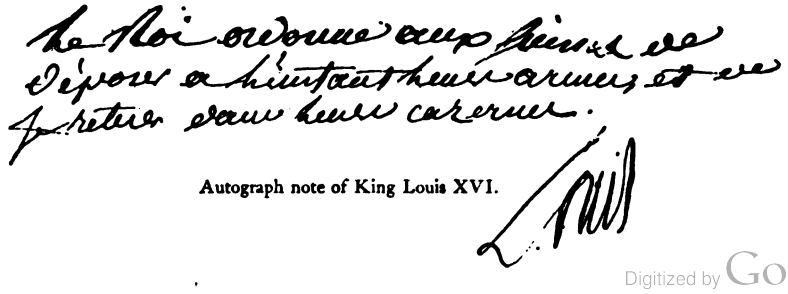
But it was too late. The Tuileries were pierced from the south: those that had found the entry by the Long Gallery called to others behind them; room after room was swept; hundred after hundred of the armed populace pressed through the gap, killing and cleaning out the defense.

As the fire from the palace windows was thus quenched, the attack from the open against the walls began to triumph; the main door was forced; the Swiss Guards were broken in the hall and upon the great marble staircase; their remnants were driven out backward through the western doors upon the Tuileries Gardens beyond.

There was no battle any more. The last shots died away as one hunted refugee after another, discharging his last desperate cartridge, was run down with the bayonet, and at last all that sound of men in arms ceased and gave place to the muffled tumult rolling in the rooms of the palace, a looting and a scuffling, a rumbling sound upon the many stairs.

There chimed, heard through this new lull, the strokes of ten o'clock from the dial upon the garden front and from the church of St. Roch, hard by. In those two hours since eight all had been accomplished.

(To be continued in the February number)



Autograph note of King Louis XVI.

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Prinzip

(The assassin of the Archduke Ferdinand)

By CALE YOUNG RICE

LOOK at him there, a lad of nineteen years,
Slipping along the street with Slavic tread;
A moment, and from out his pistol's mouth
Shall leap the spark to set a world in flames;
For with the red death of a royal duke
The infinite tangle of a continent
Of immemorially warring peoples
Is kindled, and thro millions of calm breasts
The old race hatred runs. Austria, reft,
Knowing the shot was at her feudal heart,
Flashes from out her molten indignation
A word that wakes the wild Caucasian urgence
Of Slavdom, ever swelling toward the west.
And evolution's endless tragedies,—
The friction fostered by uncounted kings,
The ancient war-cries that ring still in the blood
With timeless memories of rape and slaughter,
Inheritances, bred deep in the bone,
Of battling tongues and creeds and cruelties,
Of ruined homes, wrecked loves, and razed delights,—
These and a thousand scorns and dark contempts
And hatreds, heirlooms of long ignorance,
Flare up into one frenzied thirst for war!

Prinzip, Prinzip, lad of the nineteen years,
Was it the finger of God that pulled your trigger
And loosed the avalanches of destruction
With a blind bullet of predestination?
Was it of God, Who found His upward way
To some world-aim thwarted by all the mesh
And fever of impenetrable passions?
A hundred times within one haunted week
The scales of destiny hung even:
Who weighed them down to war? Was it our God?
Who spoke into the Teuton veins a faith
That the inexorable hour had rung
To face the Russian horror, and, perchance,
By letting their own blood, relieve their hearts
Of the long warward strain that pride and fear
And pent world-hunger kept so peril-taut?
Who used the living enmity of France,
Bidding her stretch an oath of dark allegiance
Across Germanic borders to the Slav,
And plight a fearful or revengeful troth
To the wild Muscovite in whose vast breast
A consciousness, perchance, of low estate
Is the dim whip that drives him west to freedom?

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And England, with her greed, for good or ill
Girdled about the globe, and with her pride
And dominance of empire thundering
From ships on every sea, who flung *her* heart,
A-quest for peace, yet with a secret sense
That now her envied foe might be struck down—
Who flung *her* heart upon the bloody fields?
Prinzip, with nineteen years, can you not tell?

Is God in this? Or was His Immanence
O'erwhelmed by atavistic nature's surge
Up from the core of earth? Are East and West,
From Asia to young Yukon, swept by winds
Of war into this crucible of time,
To emerge after long fumes of pain and horror
More nearly fused to one humanity?
Or has void chance, on which was builded up
The babel of our boasted civilization,
Betrayed us as we grasped toward the stars?
Can He, the Alchemist of the Universe,
Pour blood and burning tears and misery
And waste and famine out upon the earth,
Yet in a year, or in a yoke of years,
Transmute them into human betterment?
Or does intemperable fatality
Strain now the heart-strings of a continent
To breaking, and its mind to mad unfaith?
Prinzip, God's tool or hell's, can you not tell?

"Autocracies shall go, and armaments,
And that peace-murdering trade, diplomacy!"
Such the cry is, Prinzip. And shall your blow—
Your petty, obsessed, patriotistic blow,
The last of the innumerable that ages
Have struck against the ancient iron gates
Of tyranny—shall yours avail at last?
Or shall steel yet intrench the happiness
Of nations, not far mightier commonweal?
And since men seize at last, with wan clairvoyance,
The vision of a world-state shaping dim
Upon the horizon of their misery,
Is it mirage, desert delusion, dream,
Born not of possibility, but pain?
Or does in truth the misty dome arise,
Already shadowed forth by their desire,
Of a world-parliament's protecting peace,
And in it the one universal right
Of *HUMAN WELFARE,* graven high, to guide
Their vast deliberations, and to link
At last, with brave and noble assent to law,
The nations bruted now by bloody might?
Prinzip, with nineteen years, can you not tell?

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"Day after day, while at his work, he felt a premonition—the mysterious premonition that beasts seem to have."

Drawing by
Walter J. Enright.

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The Story of Thaddeus Gookin

By STEPHEN WHITMAN

Author of "The Woman from Yonder," etc.

Illustrations by Walter J. Enright

WHEN he drove into the little town, slouching on the seat of his rattle-trap wagon, behind the old shambling horse, with harness mended with rope, some one always passed the word, with a sly smile:

"Here comes Thad Gookin."

For he was a "character," this squat, slovenly fellow, with the small, dull eyes, the broad nose, the mouth that suggested a catfish. In maintaining the timid and abashed expression of a youth who has not found himself, that countenance mirrored Thaddeus Gookin's mind.

He worked a small truck-farm three miles out of town. His land fell away sharply from the road; his vegetable-patches were in a hollow; and when he labored there, he had to look up to see the heads of people passing on the highway.

The farm-house, an unpainted wooden structure, hung over the edge of the declivity. Its front, one story high, abutted on the public road; its rear door, fifteen feet below, gave issue to the back yard. That space, bare of grass, littered with refuse, was populated all day long by scrawny chickens.

Sometimes passers-by saw his wife down there, for, to the amazement of every one, he had found a woman willing to put up with him. She was a disheveled, slipshod creature who revealed herself interminably at the same tasks, feeding the chickens, throwing a panful of water on the ground, working the pump-handle with her bare, bony arms.

And there were three children, whose dirty faces appeared behind the window-panes at every sound of wheels, who sat in pleasant weather on the front door-step, their bare feet in the roadway, grinning foolishly at strangers.

From his truck-farm Thaddeus barely made enough to keep the souls and bodies of his family together. But they were all as lean as rake-poles except the father, whose coarse-fibered frame contained the natural vigor of a brute. Indeed, with his long arms, short legs, burly body, he was not unlike a bear—a bear bred up in a pit and baited without fear, since it feels always in its stupid heart the superiority of its tormentors.

In childhood he had grown used to furnishing against his will the laughter for his fellows. He was early accustomed to bewilderment and shame when practical jokes were played on him, to seeing the ring of innocent-looking faces suddenly transformed by grins, to hearing the howl of glee at his expense. He had never retaliated. He had always hung his head before those wits too keen for him. It became a habit to expect good sport of "old Thad Gookin." Finally, one could not utter his name without a reminiscent smile. He was the reluctant clown for all the village.

But he avoided the village whenever that was possible. For the most part he stayed at home. There he suffered dumbly the sneers of a disgusted wife, but was rewarded by the instinctive homage of his children, still too young to see him through the eyes of others. After supper, when farmers took the road and headed for the clustered window-lights, Thaddeus sat on his door-step in the dusk, laboriously whittling playthings for his urchins.

Especially he dreaded going to the village store, the center of intelligence for the district, because he had so often been humiliated there. Thus it was that, when the Civil War broke out, for a while he no more than felt intuitively the accelerated pulse-beats of the nation.

From the village, men filled with the spirit of patriotism set forth to enlist. He, without fathoming their motives, was

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pleased to see them go. The fewer were left to have their fun with him.

Now and then, on the porch of the store, he stopped to spell out the bulletins tacked against the shutter. Here a battle had been fought; there a city had been taken; the dead were in the hundreds, "but all from the home town safe, thank God!" Or else a village boy was wounded, "but doing well."

Finally, as he read these endless records of mortality, he was able to imagine great masses of men destroying one another. And as he remembered the convulsions of beheaded chickens, the glazing eyes of slaughtered calves, a terrible fear invaded him. All the way home he lashed the old horse, whose stiff joints were contorted in the burlesque of a gallop, while the master, jolting on the wagon-seat, brandishing his broken whip, seemed to be fleeing from some cataclysm.

After that he shut himself up completely on the truck-farm. But day after day, while at his work, he felt a premonition —the mysterious premonition that beasts seem to have.

One morning he received a letter. All his little family huddled about him, full of the agitation of isolated folk to whom a strange message promises nothing but disaster. His hands grew cold as he fingered the sealed envelop: at last his wife deciphered the communication. In the midst of it, letting fall the sheet of paper, she stared at him with a wild look such as she had never shown before.

Even in his remote and humble nook, the war, feeling from afar with its long tentacles, had found him out: he had been drafted.

At the parting his brain could conjure up none of those poignant sentimental torments which at such moments affect his spiritual superiors. He was numb, sunk into himself, as if the hand of Fate were pressing heavily upon his head. When he set out it seemed to him that his wife's sobs must come from some other woman, be uttered for some other man, be part of some fuller, more important life than his.

He spent a month in camps. He wore an ill-fitting uniform in which he somehow managed to appear the most slovenly of all. He handled his rifle in a way to bring tirades from his instructors. And his demeanor was so meek, his downcast look so sheepish, his sense of inferiority so evident, that his new associates discovered in him the perfect butt of ridicule. Wherever he went, scuffling on his short legs, his long, ursine body rolling on his hips, his face wearing the expression of a cowed boy, sarcastic smiles surrounded him.

He was assigned to a depleted regiment; his reputation went with him. The veterans filled him up with tales of carnage. They related before him, for the relish of seeing him turn pale, stories of frightful wounds, of life in military prisons, of the short shrift given to deserters.

In his moments of relaxation he became aware of a confused nostalgia, such as a farm-dog must feel when carried far from home.

At last he saw his first battle. It broke forth at dawn in a hilly country that had just emerged beautifully from gray mists. Out of the east, where the sky glowed orange color, came a sound like the crackling of twigs. The air throbbed with bugle-calls. A mob of men scrambled into line among the ashes of small fires. Bearded officers on thin horses clustered and pointed. Afar there emerged from the shelter of low hills other regiments. An army began to crawl like streams of ants across the country-side.

The regiment moved off in column. It passed through a strip of woods melodious with the twittering of birds. Then issuing upon a hillside, all perceived before them rolling country, empty, as it seemed at first, of life. But presently they discerned far ahead the very fields in motion, and along roads as tenuous as threads something progressing swiftly, all a-glitter. Cannon began to thud; hilltops, outlined against the saffron sky, were crowned with drifting smoke.

For a while they marched in the open, through tall grass sprinkled with wildflowers. On each side grasshoppers were taking flight. Suddenly, high in the air

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"She stared at him with a wild look such as she had never shown before."

above the regiment, there burst a vivid flash. A concussion followed that was like a blow. A great ball of smoke was whipped by the breeze into long ribbons.

All necks were craned: a murmur rose and fell. A mounted officer galloped down the column. Close by, the earth rose with a crash, as if aflame.

Thad Gookin dropped his rifle. He sank on his knees, wrapped his arms round his head. Like an ox lured to slaughter, appreciating his peril only when it was too late to escape, he quivered all over, the personification of brute terror.

His fellows, thrown into confusion by his performance, jostled round him. Their faces, which had been intent and stern, were suddenly disfigured by indignation. Their cheeks flushed that one of them should so disgrace their flag. They crowded before him, their backs to the source of those death-dealing missiles, as if to hide this shame from the far-off, invisible enemy. One jerked his arm; another kicked him from behind; he was dragged forward, limp, moaning, amidst a storm of oaths.

Another shell burst immediately above him. For a time his body lay there in the midst of corpses whose stiff attitudes suggested no human posture, whose very clothing seemed to have suffered a curious dilapidation since their wearers' deaths. Finally his remains were found, cast into a shallow trench, and buried. On a shingle from a farm-house roof some one wrote his name, the name of his regiment, the day. Such was his headstone.

The war came to an end. The guns and drums were silenced, the disfigured battle-flags were laid away. Men strove to accustom their expanded hearts, so long thrilled by the fierce thunder of that conflict, to the faint monotone of peace. But there remained in them a love for those red times, when they had bled, starved, suffered all things and been happy. So one day every year they turned their

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thoughts back toward that past. The drums beat again. The ragged colors blew out over the depleted ranks; and in pale imitation of past triumphal marches they bore the old emblems to the graves of their dead comrades.

On such a day, in the village from which Thad Gookin had been drafted fifty years before, a procession moved slowly down the street.

Two youthful drummer-boys went first, in Sunday-best, their snare-drums decked with flowers. After them marched the veterans, a handful, white-haired, withered, all in uniforms that seemed too large for them, their rifles shouldered, nosegays stuck in every gun-muzzle. There followed a group of little girls in dimity dresses, wearing sashes of red, white, and blue, and each, with the proud solemnity of youth engaged in pageantry, bearing a fine bouquet.

The procession left the village street, the shade of arching trees. Followed by the remainder of the population, it took to the bright highway. Under the hot sun the ancient warriors went more slowly, ruminantly discussing their tobacco, mopping their brows, growing lame, losing step, unconsciously confessing the degeneration of their discipline. The children following them seemed to dawdle now, although impatiently, as if their brisk young impulses were impeded by this sluggish old age in their way. Their little legs, white at the setting out, were brown with dust. The flowers held tightly in their moist hands were beginning to wilt.

They left the highway; they entered a grassy lane marked with faint wheel-ruts. Ahead, amidst green hedges, appeared some headstones. It was the cemetery; in the center of the place rose a column shrouded in a sheet.

All assembled round this object, the veterans on one side, the children on the other, the spectators in their bucolic finery behind. One saw there well-known faces strangely dignified. In this place, whither all had come some time or other on a sorrowful errand, the homely countenances of lifelong neighbors seemed subtly changed. Gazing at the shoemaker, crowned with a rusty beaver hat, one wondered, "Is this the profane old man who drove the pegs into my shoes last week?"

The drums were silent. All composed themselves; a hush descended. From among the graves rose odors of sun-heated earth, of sweet new grass, of buttercups. One heard bees droning. Far off a cock crowed.

The village clergyman stepped forward. He was a tall, lean young man, with a farmer's rugged face and deep-set eyes. The shadows beneath his cheek-bones looked like horizontal scars. In a vibrant voice he began the oration:

"It has been written, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for a friend.' And what, then, of him who lays down his life for his country?

"So I speak of a martyr. His family is dead. His house is gone. His whole race has passed. However, of this we may be sure, he was one of us. Let us take pride in that thought! For though others who are here to-day were ready to give as much as he gave, nevertheless it pleased Divine Providence to take, throughout the great Civil War, but one toll of our village. He was the only one of us who died that our land might be preserved. Through him it is possible for us to say, 'Our village, too, gave its blood for the Union.'"

The young clergyman paused. His audience remained motionless, hanging on his words. The veterans were leaning forward on their rifles, some with hands curved behind their ears, their blank eyes and open mouths giving their faces that expression of listening old age which seems flavored with incredulity. The children, their bouquets held rigidly, their rosy little foreheads beaded delicately with sweat, regarded the orator intently. One of the drummer-boys happened to strike his drum-head with a stick. At that tap all eyes flashed on the lad in stern reproof. He shrank back, his face red, his mouth a-tremble.

The orator continued:

"For us younger ones, who were not

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yet born in those days, he whom we celebrate must be a hazy figure. And, as time passes, the few who can remember him will go to join him. So all too soon his memory must be fostered by tradition only.

"But while this record of imperishable granite stands, none, I am sure, will hear his story without emotion. He lived a gentle life. He was a good husband and a good father. I believe he never spoke an unkind or a cruel word. He was frugal and temperate, industrious and honest. He had a loving wife, devoted children. But when his country was in peril, on his first battle-field, with none who knew him there to take his dying words, he made the supreme oblation. God keep him, and bring him to his full reward!"

He stopped, looked round impressively, and with a dramatic gesture stripped the sheet from the monument. All took a step forward to gaze at the plain stone shaft on the polished front of which was carved:

THADDEUS GOOKIN
OF THIS VILLAGE
1832–1864
HE DIED FOR HIS COUNTRY

Then, as the drums began to beat solemnly, the children in their starched dresses passed before the monument and, sidling from bashfulness, with self-conscious faces, scattered their wilted flowers on the pedestal.

I Can Go to Love Again

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

NOW that you are gone, loving hands, loving lips,
Now I can go back to love;
I can free my soul, that was kissed to eclipse,
I can fling my thoughts above.
I can run and stand in the wind, on the hill,
Now that I am lone and free;
Whistle through the dusk and the cleansing chill,
All my red-winged dreams to me.

I had dreamed of love like a wind, like a flame,
I had watched for love a star;
That was never love that you brought when you came—
Silver cord and golden bar!
I was swathed with love like a veil, like a cloak;
I was bound with love a shroud.
All my red-winged dreams flew afar when you spoke—
Dreams I dared not call aloud.

They are waiting still in the hush, in the light,
Morning wind and leaves and dew,
Whisper of the grass, of the waves, of the night,
Things I gave away for you.
I can speed my soul to its old wonderlands,
Free my wild heart's wings from chain;
Now that you are gone, loving lips, loving hands,
I can go to love again.

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Villages

By ARTHUR C. BENSON

Author of "The Upton Letters," "From a College Window," etc.

I WONDER if any human being has ever expended as much sincere and unrequited love upon the little pastoral villages about Cambridge as I have. No one ever seems to me to take the smallest interest in them or to know them apart or to remember where they are. It is true that it takes a very faithful lover to distinguish instantly and impeccably between Histon, Hinxton, Hauxton, Harston, and Harlton; but to me they have all of them a perfectly distinct quality, and make a series of charming little pastoral pictures in the mind. Who shall justly and perfectly assess the beautiful claims of Great and Little Eversden? I doubt if any inhabitant of Cambridge but myself and one friend of mine, a good man and true, could do it. Yet it is as pleasant to have a connoisseurship in villages as to have a connoisseurship in wines or cigars, though it is not so regarded.

What is the charm of them? That I cannot say. It is a mystery, like the charm of all sweet things; and further, what is the meaning of love for an inanimate thing, with no individuality, no personality, no power of returning love? The charm of love is that one discerns some spirit making signals back. "I like you to be here, I trust you, I am glad to be with you, I wish to give you something, to increase your joy, as mine is increased." That, or something like that, is what one reads in the eyes and faces and gestures of those whom one dares to love. One would otherwise be sadly and mournfully alone if one could not come across the traces of something, some one whose heart leaps up and whose pulse quickens at the proximity of comrade and friend and lover. But even so there is always the thought of the parting ahead, when, after the sharing of joy, each has to go on his way alone.

Then, one may love animals; but that is a very strange love, for the man and the animal cannot understand each other. The dog may be a true and faithful comrade, and there really is nothing in the world more wonderful than the trustful love of a dog for a man. One may love a horse, I suppose, though the horse is a foolish creature at best; one may have a sober friendship with a cat, though a cat does little more than tolerate one; and a bird can be a merry little playfellow: but the terror of wild animals for men has something rather dreadful about it, because it stands for many centuries of cruel wrong-doing.

And one may love, too, with a wistful sort of love the works of men, pictures, music, statues; but that, I think, is because one discerns a human figure at the end of a vista—a figure hurrying away

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through the ages, but whom one feels one could have loved had time and place only allowed.

But when it comes to loving trees and flowers, streams and hills, buildings and fields, what is it that happens? I have a perfectly distinct feeling about these little villages hereabouts. Some are to me like courteous strangers, some like dull and indifferent people, some like pleasant, genial folk whom I am mildly pleased to see; but with some I have a real and devoted friendship. I like visiting them, and if I cannot visit them, I think of them; when I am far away the thought of them comes across me, and I am glad to think of them waiting there for me, nestling under their hill, the smoke going up above the apple-orchards.

One or two of them are particularly beloved because I visited them first thirty years ago, when I was an undergraduate, and the thought of the old days and the old friendships springs up again like a sweet and far-off fragrance when I enter them. Yet I do not know any of the people who live in these villages, though by dint of going there often there are a few people by whom I am recognized and saluted.

But let me take one village in particular, and I will not name it, because one ought not to publish the names of those whom one loves. What does it consist of? It straggles along a rough and ill-laid lane, under a little wold, once a sheep-walk, now long plowed up. The soil of the wold is pale, so that in the new-plowed fields there rest soft, cream-like shadows when the evening sun falls aslant. There are two or three substantial farm-houses of red brick, comfortable old places, with sheds and ricks and cattle-byres and barns close about them. And I think it is strange that the scent of a cattle-byre, with its rich manure and its oozing pools, is not ungrateful to the human sense. It ought to be, but it is not. It gives one, by long inheritance, no doubt, a homelike feeling.

Then there are many plastered, white-walled, irregular cottages, very quaint and pretty, perhaps a couple of centuries old, very ill built, no doubt, but enchanting to look at; there is a new school-house, very ugly at present, with its smart red brick and its stone facings—ugly because it does not seem to have grown up out of the place, but to have been brought there by rail; and there are a few new yellow-brick cottages, probably much pleasanter to live in than the old ones, but with no sort of interest or charm. The whole is surrounded by little fields, orchards, closes, paddocks, and a good many great elms stand up above the house-roofs. There is one quaint old farm, with a moat and a dove-cote and a fine, old mellow brick wall surrounded by little pollarded elms, very quaint and characteristic; and then there is a big, ancient church, by whom built one cannot divine, because there is no squire in the village, and the farmers and laborers could no more build such a church now than they could build a stellar observatory. It would cost nowadays not less than ten thousand pounds, and there is no record of who gave the money or who the architect was. It has a fine tower and a couple of solid bells; it has a few bits of good brass-work, a chandelier, and some candles, and it has a fine eighteenth-century tomb in a corner, with a huge slab of black basalt on the top, and a heraldic shield and a very obsequious inscription, which might apply to any one, and yet could be true of nobody. Why the particular old gentleman should want to sleep there, or who was willing to spend so much on his lying in state, no one knows, and I fear that no one cares except myself.

There are a few little bits of old glass in the church, in the traceries of the windows, just enough to show that some one liked making pretty things, and that some one else cared enough to pay for them. And then there is a solid rectory by the church, inhabited for centuries by fellows of a certain Cambridge college. I do not expect that they lived there very much. Probably they rode over on Sundays, read two services, and had a cold luncheon in between; perhaps they visited a sick parishioner, and even came over on a week-day for a marriage or a funeral; and I

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daresay that in the summer, when the college was deserted, they came and lived there for a few weeks, rather bored, and longing for the warm combination room and the college port and the gossip and stir of the place.

That is really all, I think. And what is there to love in all that?

Well, it is a little space of earth in which life has been going on for I daresay a thousand years. The whole place has grown slowly up out of the love and care and work of man. Perhaps there were nothing but little huts and hovels at first, with a tiny rubble church; then the houses grew a little bigger and better. Perhaps it was emptied again by the Black Death, which took a long toll of victims hereabouts. Shepherds, plowmen, hedgers, ditchers, farmers, an ale-house-keeper, a shopkeeper or two, and a priest—that has been the village for a thousand years. Patient, stupid, toilsome, unimaginative, kindly little lives, I daresay. Not much interested in one another, ill educated, gossipy, brutish, superstitious, but surprised perhaps into sudden passions of love, and still more surprised perhaps by the joys of fatherhood and motherhood; with children of all ages growing up, pretty and engaging and dirty and amusing and naughty, fading one by one into dull and sober age, and into decrepitude, and the churchyard at the end of all!

Well, I think all that pathetic and mysterious, and beautiful with the beauty that reality has. I want to know who all the folks were, what they looked like, what they cared about or thought about, how they made terms with pain and death, what they hoped, expected, feared, and what has become of them. Every one as urgently and vehemently and interestedly alive as I myself, and yet none of them with the slightest idea how they got there or whither they were going—the great, helpless, good-natured, passive army of men and women, pouring like a stream through the world, and borne away on the wings of the wind. They were glad to be alive, no doubt, when the sun fell on the apple-orchard, and the scent of the fruit was in the air, and the bees hummed round the blossoms, when people smile at each other and say kind and meaningless things; they were afraid, no doubt, as they lay in pain in the stuffy attics, with the night wind blustering round the chimney-stack, and hoped to be well again. Then there were occasions and treats, the Sunday dinner, the wedding, the ride in the farm-cart to Cambridge, the visit of the married sister from her home close by. I do not suppose they knew or cared what was happening in the world. War and politics made little difference to them. They knew about the weather, they cared perhaps about their work, they liked the Sunday holiday—all very dim and simple, thoughts not expressed, feelings not uttered, experience summed up in little bits of phrases. Yet I like to think that they were pleased with the look of the place without knowing why. I don't deceive myself about all this or make it out as idyllic. I don't exactly wish to have lived thus, and I expect it was coarse, greedy, dull, ugly, a great deal of it; but though I can think fine thoughts about it, and put my thoughts into musical words, I do not honestly believe that my life, my hopes, my feelings differed very much from the experience of these old people.

Of course I have books and pictures and intellectual fancies and ideas; but that is only an elaborate game that I play, the things I notice and recognize: but I expect the old hearts and minds were at work, too, noticing and observing and recording; and all my flourish of talk and thought is only a superficial affair.

And what consecrates and lights up the little place for me, touches it with golden hues, makes it moving, touching, beautiful, is the thought of all that strange, unconscious life, the love and hate, the fear and the content, the joy and sorrow, that has surged to and fro among the thatched roofs and apple-orchards so many centuries before I came into being, and will continue when I am trodden into the dust.

When I came here first thirty years ago, exploring with a friend long dead the country-side, it was, I am sure, the

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same thought that made the place beautiful. I could not then put it into words; I have learned to do that since, and word-painting is a very pleasant pastime. It was a hot, bright summer day, and there came on me that curious uplifting of the heart, that wonder as to what all the warmth and scent, the green-piled tree, the grazing cows, the children trotting to and fro, could possibly mean, or why it was all so utterly delightful. It was not a religious feeling, but there was a sense of a great, good-natured, beauty-loving mind behind it all—a mind very like our own, and yet even then with a shadow striking across it—the shadow of pain and grief and hollow farewells.

I was not a very contented boy in those days, having had my first experience that life could be hard and intricate. The world was sweeter to me, though not so interesting as it now is; but I had just the same deep desire as I have now, though it has not been satisfied, to find something strong and secure and permanent, some heart to trust utterly and entirely, something that could understand and comfort and explain and reassure, a power which one could clasp hands with, as a child lays its delicate finger in a strong, enfolding palm, and never be in any doubt again. It is one's weakness which is so tiring, so disappointing; and yet I do not want a careless, indifferent, brutal, healthy strength at all. It is the strength of love and peace that I want, not to be afraid, not to be troubled. It is somewhere, I do not doubt,

Yet, oh, the place could I but find!

I have been through my village this very day. The sun was just beginning to slope to the west; the sun poured out his rays of gold from underneath the shadow of a great dark, up-piled cloud—the long rays which my nurse used to tell me were sucking up water, but which I believed to be the eye of God. The trees were bare, but the elm-buds were red, and the willow-rods were crimson with spring; the little stream bubbled clearly off the hill; and the cottage gardens were full of upthrusting blades; while the mezereons were all aflame with bloom. Life moving, pausing, rushing past! I wonder. When I pass the gate, if I see the dawn of that other morning, I cannot help feeling that I shall want to see my little village again, to loiter down the lane among the white-gabled houses. Shall I be much wiser then than I am now? Shall I have seen or heard something which will set my anxious mind at rest? Who can tell me? And yet the old, gnarled apple-boughs, with the blue sky behind them, and the new-springing grass all seem to hold the secret, which I want as much to interpret and make my own as when I wandered through the hamlet under the wold more than thirty years ago.

The Kings

By HENRY WILLIAM HOYNE

THREE kings riding forth of old
(*Myrrh and frankincense and gold*),

Three kings waiting fearful dawn
Where the battle-lines are drawn.

Kings of bloody strife, how far
You have wandered from your star!

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"That color had been mixed and applied with feverish haste by the hand of a dying man."

Drawing by
Dalton Stevens.

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The Vine-Leaf

By MARÍA CRISTINA MENA

Author of "The Education of Popo," "Doña Rita's Rivals," etc.

Illustration by Dalton Stevens

IT is a saying in the capital of Mexico that Dr. Malsufrido carries more family secrets under his hat than any archbishop, which applies, of course, to family secrets of the rich. The poor have no family secrets, or none that Dr. Malsufrido would trouble to carry under his hat.

The doctor's hat is, appropriately enough, uncommonly capacious, rising very high, and sinking so low that it seems to be supported by his ears and eyebrows, and it has a furry look, as if it had been brushed the wrong way, which is perhaps what happens to it if it is ever brushed at all. When the doctor takes it off, the family secrets do not fly out like a flock of parrots, but remain nicely bottled up beneath a dome of old and highly polished ivory, which, with its unbroken fringe of dyed black hair, has the effect of a tonsure; and then Dr. Malsufrido looks like one of the early saints. I 've forgotten which one.

So edifying is his personality that, when he marches into a sick-room, the forces of disease and infirmity march out of it, and do not dare to return until he has taken his leave. In fact, it is well known that none of his patients has ever had the bad manners to die in his presence.

If you will believe him, he is almost ninety years old, and everybody knows that he has been dosing good Mexicans for half a century. He is forgiven for being a Spaniard on account of a legend that he physicked royalty in his time, and that a certain princess—but that has nothing to do with this story.

It is sure he has a courtly way with him that captivates his female patients, of whom he speaks as his *penitentes,* insisting on confession as a prerequisite of diagnosis, and declaring that the physician who undertakes to cure a woman's body without reference to her soul is a more abominable kill-healthy than the famous *Dr. Sangrado,* who taught medicine to *Gil Blas.*

"Describe me the symptoms of your conscience, Señora," he will say. "Fix yourself that I shall forget one tenth of what you tell me."

"But what of the other nine tenths, Doctor?" the troubled lady will exclaim.

"The other nine tenths I shall take care not to believe," Dr. Malsufrido will reply, with a roar of laughter. And sometimes he will add:

"Do not confess your neighbor's sins; the doctor will have enough with your own."

When an inexperienced one fears to be-

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come a *penitente* lest that terrible old doctor betray her confidence, he reassures her as to his discretion, and at the same time takes her mind off her anxieties by telling her the story of his first patient.

"Figure you my prudence, Señora," he begins, "that, although she was my patient, I did not so much as see her face."

And then, having enjoyed the startled curiosity of his hearer, he continues:

"On that day of two crosses when I first undertook the mending of mortals, she arrived to me beneath a veil as impenetrable as that of a nun, saying:

" 'To you I come, Señor Doctor, because no one knows you.'

" 'Who would care for fame, Señorita,' said I, 'when obscurity brings such excellent fortune?'

"And the lady, in a voice which trembled slightly, returned:

" 'If your knife is as apt as your tongue, and your discretion equal to both, I shall not regret my choice of a surgeon.'

"With suitable gravity I reassured her, and inquired how I might be privileged to serve her. She replied:

" 'By ridding me of a blemish, if you are skilful enough to leave no trace on the skin.'

" 'Of that I will judge, with the help of God, when the señorita shall have removed her veil.'

" 'No, no; you shall not see my face. Pra'se the saints the blemish is not there!'

" 'Wherever it be,' said I, resolutely, 'my science tells me that it must be seen before it can be well removed.'

"The lady answered with great simplicity that she had no anxiety on that account, but that, as she had neither duenna nor servant with her, I must help her. I had no objection, for a surgeon must needs be something of a lady's maid. I judged from the quality of her garments that she was of an excellent family, and I was ashamed of my clumsy fingers; but she was as patient as marble, caring only to keep her face closely covered. When at last I saw the blemish she had complained of, I was astonished, and said:

" 'But it seems to me a blessed stigma, Señorita, this delicate, wine-red vine-leaf, staining a surface as pure as the petal of any magnolia. With permission, I should say that the god Bacchus himself painted it here in the arch of this chaste back, where only the eyes of Cupid could find it; for it is safely below the line of the most fashionable gown.'

"But she replied:

" 'I have my reasons. Fix yourself that I am superstitious.'

"I tried to reason with her on that, but she lost her patience, and cried:

" 'For favor, good surgeon, your knife!'

"Even in those days I had much sensibility, Señora, and I swear that my heart received more pain from the knife than did she. Neither the cutting nor the stitching brought a murmur from her. Only some strong ulterior thought could have armed a delicate woman with such valor. I beat my brains to construe the case, but without success. A caprice took me to refuse the fee she offered me.

" 'No, Señorita,' I said, 'I have not seen your face, and if I were to take your money, it might pass that I should not see the face of a second patient, which would be a great misfortune. You are my first, and I am as superstitious as you.'

"I would have added that I had fallen in love with her, but I feared to appear ridiculous, having seen no more than her back.

" 'You would place me under an obligation,' she said. I felt that her eyes studied me attentively through her veil. 'Very well, I can trust you the better for that. *Adiós,* Señor Surgeon.'

"She came once more to have me remove the stitches, as I had told her, and again her face was concealed, and again I refused payment; but I think she knew that the secret of the vine-leaf was buried in my heart."

"But that secret, what was it, Doctor? Did you ever see the mysterious lady again?"

"Chist! Little by little one arrives to the *rancho,* Señora. Five years passed, and many patients arrived to me, but, although all showed me their faces, I loved

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none of them better than the first one. Partly through family influence, partly through well-chosen friendships, and perhaps a little through that diligence in the art of Hippocrates for which in my old age I am favored by the most charming of Mexicans, I had prospered, and was no longer unknown.

"At a meeting of a learned society I became known to a certain *marqués* who had been a great traveler in his younger days. We had a discussion on a point of anthropology, and he invited me to his house, to see the curiosities he had collected in various countries. Most of them recalled scenes of horror, for he had a morbid fancy.

"Having taken from my hand the sword with which he had seen five Chinese pirates sliced into small pieces, he led me toward a little door, saying:

" 'Now you shall see the most mysterious and beautiful of my mementos, one which recalls a singular event in our own peaceful Madrid.'

"We entered a room lighted by a skylight, and containing little but an easel on which rested a large canvas. The *marqués* led me where the most auspicious light fell upon it. It was a nude, beautifully painted. The model stood poised divinely, with her back to the beholder, twisting flowers in her hair before a mirror. And there, in the arch of that chaste back, staining a surface as pure as the petal of any magnolia, what did my eyes see? Can you possibly imagine, Señora?"

"Válgame Dios! The vine-leaf, Doctor!"

"What penetration of yours, Señora! It was veritably the vine-leaf, wine-red, as it had appeared to me before my knife barbarously extirpated it from the living flesh; but in the picture it seemed unduly conspicuous, as if Bacchus had been angry when he kissed. You may imagine how the sight startled me. But those who know Dr. Malsufrido need no assurance that even in those early days he never permitted himself one imprudent word. No, Señora; I only remarked, after praising the picture in proper terms:

" 'What an interesting moon is that upon the divine creature's back!'

" 'Does it not resemble a young vine-leaf in early spring?' said the *marqués,* who contemplated the picture with the ardor of a connoisseur. I agreed politely, saying:

" 'Now that you suggest it, *Marqués,* it has some of the form and color of a tender vine-leaf. But I could dispense me a better vine-leaf, with many bunches of grapes, to satisfy the curiosity I have to see such a well-formed lady's face. What a misfortune that it does not appear in that mirror, as the artist doubtless intended! The picture was never finished, then?'

" 'I have reason to believe that it was finished,' he replied, 'but that the face painted in the mirror was obliterated. Observe that its surface is an opaque and disordered smudge of many pigments, showing no brush-work, but only marks of a rude rubbing that in some places has overlapped the justly painted frame of the mirror.'

" 'This promises an excellent mystery,' I commented lightly. 'Was it the artist or his model who was dissatisfied with the likeness, *Marqués?*'

" 'I suspect that the likeness was more probably too good than not good enough,' returned the *marqués.* 'Unfortunately, poor Andrade is not here to tell us.'

" 'Andrade! The picture was his work?'

" 'The last his hand touched. Do you remember when he was found murdered in his studio?'

" 'With a knife sticking between his shoulders. I remember it very well.'

"The *marqués* continued:

" 'I had asked him to let me have this picture. He was then working on that rich but subdued background. The figure was finished, but there was no vine-leaf, and the mirror was empty of all but a groundwork of paint, with a mere luminous suggestion of a face.

" 'Andrade, however, refused to name me a price, and tried to put me off with excuses. His friends were jesting about

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the unknown model, whom no one had managed to see, and all suspected that he designed to keep the picture for himself. That made me the more determined to possess it. I wished to make it a betrothal gift to the beautiful Señorita Lisarda Monte Alegre, who had then accepted the offer of my hand, and who is now the *marquesa.* When I have a desire, Doctor, it bites me, and I make it bite others. That poor Andrade, I gave him no peace.

"'He fell into one of his solitary fits, shutting himself in his studio, and seeing no one; but that did not prevent me from knocking at his door whenever I had nothing else to do. Well, one morning the door was open.'

"'Yes, yes!' I exclaimed. 'I remember now, *Marqués,* that it was you who found the body.'

"'You have said it. He was lying in front of this picture, having dragged himself across the studio. After assuring myself that he was beyond help, and while awaiting the police, I made certain observations. The first thing to strike my attention was this vine-leaf. The paint was fresh, whereas the rest of the figure was comparatively dry. Moreover, its color had not been mixed with Andrade's usual skill. Observe you, Doctor, that the blemish is not of the texture of the skin, or bathed in its admirable atmosphere. It presents itself as an excrescence. And why? Because that color had been mixed and applied with feverish haste by the hand of a dying man, whose one thought was to denounce his assassin—she who undoubtedly bore such a mark on her body, and who had left him for dead, after carefully obliterating the portrait of herself which he had painted in the mirror.'

"'*Ay Dios!* But the police, *Marqués* —they never reported these details so significant?'

"'Our admirable police are not connoisseurs of the painter's art, my friend. Moreover, I had taken the precaution to remove from the dead man's fingers the empurpled brush with which he had traced that accusing symbol.'

"'You wished to be the accomplice of an unknown assassin?'

"'Inevitably, Señor, rather than deliver that lovely body to the hands of the public executioner.'

"The *marqués* raised his lorgnette and gazed at the picture. And I—I was recovering from my agitation, Señora. I said:

"'It seems to me, *Marqués,* that if I were a woman and loved you, I should be jealous of that picture.'

"He smiled and replied:

"'It is true that the *marquesa* affects some jealousy on that account, and will not look at the picture. However, she is one who errs on the side of modesty, and prefers more austere objects of contemplation. She is excessively religious.'

"'I have been called superstitious,' pronounced a voice behind me.

"It was a voice that I had heard before. I turned, Señora, and I ask you to try to conceive whose face I now beheld."

"Válgame la Virgen, Dr. Malsufrido, was it not the face of the good *marquesa,* and did she not happen to have been also your first patient?"

"Again such penetration, Señora, confounds me. It was she. The *marqués* did me the honor to present me to her.

"'I have heard of your talents, Señor Surgeon,' she said.

"'And I of your beauty, *Marquesa,*' I hastened to reply; 'but that tale was not well told.' And I added, 'If you are superstitious, I will be, too.'

"With one look from her beautiful and devout eyes she thanked me for that prudence which to this day, Señora, is at the service of my *penitentes,* little daughters of my affections and my prayers; and then she sighed and said:

"'Can you blame me for not loving this questionable lady of the vine-leaf, of whom my husband is such a gallant accomplice?'

"'Not for a moment,' I replied, 'for I am persuaded, *Marquesa,* that a lady of rare qualities may have power to bewitch an unfortunate man without showing him the light of her face.'"

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The Mission of Mechanical Music

By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Author of "The Musical Amateur," etc.

I WONDER if any other invention has ever, in such a brief time, made so many joyful hearts as the invention of mechanical music. It has brought light, peace, gladness, and the gift of self-expression to every third or fourth villa, flat, and lonely farm-house in the land. Its voice has literally gone out through all the earth, and with a swiftness more like that of light than of sound. Only yesterday we were marveling at the discovery of the larger magazine audience. Until then we had never dreamed of addressing millions of fellow-creatures at one time, as the popular magazine now does. Imagine the astonished delight of Plato or Cervantes, Poe or Dickens, if they had had in a day an audience equivalent in number to five thousand readers a year for twenty centuries! Dickens would have called it, I think, "immortality across the counter." Yet this kind of immortality was recently placed at the immediate disposal of the ordinary writer.

The miracle was unique in history. But it did not long remain so. Not content with raining this wonder upon us, history at once poured down a greater. One morning we awoke to find a new and still vaster medium of expression—a medium the globe-girdling voice of which was to the voice of the ten-million-reader magazine as the roar of Niagara to the roar of a trolley-car. To-day, from wherever civilized man has obtained even a temporary foothold, there rise without ceasing the accents of mechanical music, which speak persuasively to all in a language so general that even the beasts understand it, and cock applauding ears at the sound of the master voice. So that, while the magazine writers now address the million, the composers and players and singers make their bows to the billion.

Their omnipresence is astonishing. They are the last to bid you farewell when you leave civilization, and the first to greet you on your return. When I canoed across the Allaguash country, I was sped from Moosehead Lake by Caruso, received with open arms at the half-way house by the great-hearted Plançon, and welcomed to Fort Kent by Sousa and his merry men. With Schumann-Heink, Melba, and Tetrazzini I once camped in the heart of the Sierras. When I persisted to the uttermost secret corner of the Dolomites, I found myself confronted by Kreisler and his fiddle. They tell me that Victor Herbert has even penetrated with his daring orchestra through darkest Africa, and gone on to arrange a special benefit for the dalai-lama of Tibet.

One of the most promising things about

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mechanical music is this: no matter what quality of performance or kind of music it offers you, you presently long for something a little better, unless your development has been arrested. It makes no difference in this respect which one of the three main varieties of instrument you happen to own. It may be the phonograph. It may be the kind of automatic piano which accurately reproduces the performances of the master pianists. It may be the piano-player which indulgently supplies you with technic ready-made, and allows you to throw your own soul into the music, whether you have ever taken lessons or not. For the influence of these machines is progressive. It stands for evolution rather than for devolution or revolution. Often, however, the evolution seems to progress by sheer accident.

Jones is buying records for the family phonograph. One may judge of his particular stage of musical evolution by his purchases, which are: "Meet me in St. Louis, Louis," "Dance of the Honey Bells," "Fashion-Plate March," and "I Know That I 'll be Happy When I Die." He also notices in the catalogue a piece called "Tannhäuser March," and after some hesitation buys that, too, because the name sounds so much like his favorite brand of beer that he guesses it to be music of a convivial nature—a medley of drinking songs, perhaps. But that evening in the parlor it does not seem much like beer. When the Mephisto Military Band strikes it up, far from sounding in the least alcoholic, it exhilarates nobody.

So Jones inters the record in the darkest corner of the music cabinet, and the family devote themselves to the cake-walks and comic medleys, the fandangoes and tangos, the xylophone solos, the shake-downs and breakdowns, and the rags and tatters of their collection, until they have thoroughly exhausted the delights thereof. Then, having had time to forget somewhat the flatness of "Tannhäuser," and for want of anything better to do, they take out the despised record, dust it, and insert it into the machine. But this time, curiously enough, the thing does not sound so flat. After repeated playings, it even begins to rival the "Fashion-Plate March" in its appeal. And it keeps on growing in grace until within a year the "Fashion-Plate March" is as obsolete as fashion-plates have a habit of growing within a year. While "Tannhäuser" has won the distinction of being the best-wearing record in the cabinet.

Then it begins to occur to the Jones family that there must be two kinds of musical food, candy and staples. Candy, like the "Fashion-Plate March," tastes wonderfully sweet to the unsophisticated palate as it goes down, but it is easy to take too much of it. And the less wholesome the candy, the swifter the consequent revulsion of feeling. As for the staples, there is nothing very piquant about their first flavor; but if they are of first quality, and if one keeps his appetite healthy, one seems to enjoy them more and more, and to thrive on them three times a day.

Accordingly, Jones is commissioned, when next he visits the music store, to get a few more records like "Tannhäuser." On this occasion, if evolution is running on schedule-time, he may even be rash enough to experiment with a Schubert march or a Weber overture, or one of the more popular movements of a Beethoven sonata. And so the train of evolution will rush forward, bearing the Joneses with it until fashion-plate marches are things of the misty backward horizon, and the family has little by little come to know and love the whole blessèd field of classical music. And they have found that the word "classical" is not a synonym for dry-rot, but that it simply means the music that wears best.

However the glorious mistake occurs, it is being made by somebody every hour. And by such hooks and crooks as these good music is finding its way into more and more homes. Although its true "classical" nature is detected at the first trial, it is not thrown away because of its cost. It is put away, and bides its time; and some day the surprising fact that it has wearing qualities is bound to be discovered. To those who believe in

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the law of musical evolution, and who realize that mechanical music has reached the wide world and is even beginning to penetrate into the public library, the possibility of these happy accidents implies a sure and swift general development in the appreciation of the best music.

Those who know that man's musical taste tends to grow better and not worse know also that *any* music is better than no music. A mechanical instrument that goes is better than a new concert grand piano that stays shut.

"Mechanical music may not be the highest form of art," the enthusiast will say with a needless air of half-apology, half-defiance, "but I enjoy it no end." And then he will go on to tell how the melodeon had gathered dust for years until it was given in part exchange for a piano-player. And now the thing is the joy of the family, and the home is filled with light and color and effervescence, and every one's head is filled with at least a rudiment of living, growing musical culture.

The fact is that the piano-player is turning thousands of supposedly humdrum, prosaic people into musical enthusiasts, to their own immense surprise. These people actually take lessons in the subtle art of manipulating the machine. They are spending more money than they can afford on their vast collections of rolls. They are going more and more to every important concert in order to get points on interpretation. Better still, the most musical among them are being piqued by the combined merits and defects of the machine into learning to play some unmechanical instrument, for the joy of feeling less mechanism interposed between themselves and the real thing.

Machinery has already done as much for the true spirit of music as the safe and sane movement has done for the true spirit of the Fourth of July. Both have shifted the emphasis from brute noise and fireworks to more spiritual considerations. The piano-player has accomplished a great deal to cheapen the glamour of mere technical display on the part of the virtuosi, and to redeem us from the thraldom of the school of Liszt. Our admiration for musical gymnastics and tight-rope balancing is now leaking away so fast through the perforations of the paper rolls that the kind of display-piece known as the concerto is going out of fashion.

The only sort of concerto destined to keep our favor is, I imagine, the concerto of the Schumann or Brahms type, which depends for its effect not at all on display, but on sound musicianship alone. The virtuoso is destined very soon to leave the circus business, and bid a long farewell to his late colleagues, the sword-swallower, the strong man, the fat lady, the contortionist, and the gentleman who conducts the shell-and-pea game; for presently the only thing that will be able to entice people to concerts will be the soul of music. Its body will be a perfectly commonplace affair.

Many a good musician fears, I know, that machine-made music will not stop with annihilating vulgar display, but will do to death all professional music as well. This fear is groundless. Mechanical instruments will no more drive the good pianist or violinist or 'cellist out of his profession than the public library, as many once feared, will drive the bookseller and the author out of business. Likewise, patrons of mechanical music are led after a while to realize that the joy of passively absorbing the product of phonograph or electric piano presents somewhat the same contrast with the higher joy of listening creatively to the sort of music which the hearer helps to make that borrowing Browning does to owning him. I believe that just as the library is yearly educating hosts of book-buyers, so mechanical music is coöperating with evolution to swell the noble army of those who support concerts and give private musicales.

What seems a sounder complaint is that the phonograph, because it reproduces with equal readiness music and the spoken word, may become an effective instrument of satire in the hands of the clever philistine.

To illustrate. To the Jones collection of records, shortly after "Tannhäuser"

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began to win its way, there was added a reactionary "comic" record entitled "Maggie Clancy's New Piano." In the record Maggie begins playing "Tannhäuser" very creditably on her new instrument. Presently from another room the voice of old Clancy is heard calling "Maggie!" The music goes on. There is a crescendo series of calls; the piano stops.

"Yes, Father?"

"Maggie, is the new pianny broke'?"

"No, Father; I was merely playing Wagner."

Old Clancy meditates a moment, then with a gentleness of touch that might turn a New York music critic green with envy, he replies:

"Oh, I thought ye was shovelin' coal in the parlor stove."

Records like these have power to retard and roughen the course of a family's musical evolution, but they are usually unable to arrest it. In general I think that such satires may fortify the elder generation in its conservative mistrust of classical music, but if they are only heard often enough by the young, I believe that the sympathies of the latter will end in chiming with the taste of the enlightened Maggie rather than with the crude prejudice of her father.

Until recently a graver charge against the phonograph has been that it was so much better adapted for reproducing song than pure instrumental music that it was tending to identify the art of music in the minds of most men with song alone. This tendency was dangerous. For song is not all of music, nor even its most important part. The voice is naturally more limited in range, technic, and variety of color than many other instruments, and it is artificially handicapped by the rather absurd custom which forces the singer to drag in poetry (very much to the latter's disadvantage), and therewith distract his own attention, and his audience's, from the music.

The fact remains that one art at a time is none too easy for even the most perfect medium of expression to cope with. To make a somewhat less than perfect instrument cope always with two simultaneously is an indication that the young art of music has not yet emerged from the awkward age. This is one reason why most song is as yet intrinsically unmusical. Its reach is, as a rule, forced to exceed its grasp. Also, the accident of having a fine voice usually determines a singer's career, though a perfect vocal organ does not necessarily imply a musical nature. The best voices, in fact, often belong, by some contrariety of fate, to the worst musicians. For these and other reasons there is less of the true spirit of music to be heard from vocal cords than from the cords and reeds and brazen tubes of piano, organ, string quartet, and orchestra. Thus, when the phonograph threatened to identify song with music in general, it threatened to give the art a set-back and make the singer the arch-enemy of the wider musical culture. Fortunately, the phonograph now gives promise of averting this peril by bringing up its reproduction of absolute music near to its vocal standard.

A less readily answered charge against the phonograph is its unhuman accuracy. The phonograph companies seldom give out a record which is not virtually perfect in technic and intonation, and therefore one comes after a while to long for a few of those deviations from mathematical precision which imply human frailty and lovableness. One reason why the future is veiled from us is that it is so painful to be certain that one's every prediction will come true.

A worse trouble with the phonograph is that it seems to leave out of account that essential part of every true musical performance, the creative listener. Almost all records sound as though the recorder had been performing to an audience no more spiritually resonant than the four walls of a factory. For this reason the record-maker is seldom the record-breaker. I think that the makers of another kind of mechanical instrument must have realized this oversight on the part of the phonograph manufacturer. I mean the sort of

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electric piano which faithfully reproduces every nuance of the master pianists. Many of the records of this marvelous instrument sound as though the recording-room of the factory had been "papered" with creative listeners, who coöperated mightily with the master on the stage. Would that the phonographers might take the hint!

But no matter how effectively the creative listener coöperates with the maker of this precious kind of record, the electric piano does not appeal as strongly to the creative listener in his home as does the less perfect, but more impressionable, mechanical piano-player, which responds like a cycle to pedal and brake. For the records of the phonograph and the electric piano, once they are made, are made. Thereafter they are almost as insensitive to influence as the laws of the Medes and the Persians. They do not admit the audience to an active, influential part in the performance. But such a part in the performance is exactly what the true listener demands as his democratic right. And rather than be balked of it, he turns to the less sophisticated mechanism of the piano-player. That at least responds to his control.

It is not long before he finds that this machine is better suited to certain kinds of music than to others. For example, he is stirred by the "Tannhäuser March" as performed by himself, with its flourish of trumpets and its general uproar, but he is unmoved by the apostrophe to the "Evening Star" from the same opera. For this, in passing through the piano-player, is reduced almost to a coolly astronomical basis. The singer is no longer Scotti or Bispham, but Herschel or Laplace. The operator may pump and switch till he breaks his heart, but if he has real musical instinct, he cannot but grow to feel a certain sense of lack in this sort of music. So he learns to avoid the very soulful things as much as is practicable, and to confine the bulk of his playing to strongly sensuous pieces, like the oft-mentioned march, and strongly intellectual ones, like the fugues of Bach.

At this stage of his development he usually begins to crave that supreme kind of music which demands a perfect balance of the intellectual, the sensuous, and the emotional. So he goes oftener to concerts where such music is given. Saturated with it, he returns and sits down at the piano-player, and plays the concert all over again. And his imagination is now so full of the emotional side of what he has just heard that he more easily discounts the obvious shortcomings of the mechanical instrument. This is an excellent way of getting the most from music. One should not, as many do, take it from the piano-player before the concert, and then go with its somewhat stereotyped accents so fixed in the mind as to obscure the soul of the performance. Rather, in preparation, let the score be silently glanced through. Leave wide the doors of the soul for the precious, spiritual part of the music to enter in and take possession. After this happens, use mechanical music to revive your memories of the concert, just as you would use an illustrated catalogue to revive your memories of an exhibition of paintings.

THE supreme value of mechanical music is its direct educational value. By this I mean something more than its educational value to the many thousands of grown men and women whose latent interest in music it is suddenly awakening. I have in mind the girls and boys of the rising generation. If people can only hear enough good music when they are young, without having it forcibly fed to them, they are almost sure to care for it when they come to years of discretion. The reason why America is not more musical is that we men and women of to-day did not yesterday, as children, hear enough good music. Our parents probably could not afford it. It was then a luxury, implying expensive concert-tickets or an elaborate musical training for some one in the family.

The invention of mechanical instruments ended this state of things forever by suddenly making the best music as inexpensive as the worst. There exists no

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longer any financial reason why most children should not grow up in an atmosphere of the best music, and I believe that as soon as parents learn how to educate their children through the phonograph or the mechanical piano, the world will realize with a start that the invention of these things is doing more for musical culture than the invention of printing once did for literary culture.

We must bear in mind, however, that the invention of mechanical instruments has come far earlier in the history of music than the invention of printing came in the history of literature. Music is the youngest of the fine arts. It is in somewhat the same stage of development today that literature was in in the time of Homer. It is in the age of oral, and aural, tradition. Most people still take in music through their ears alone. They might almost as well be living eons before Gutenberg for all that the invention of note-printing means to them as enjoyers of music. Musically, they belong to the Homeric age of oral tradition.

Now the appearance of mechanical music on the scene is making men depend on their ears more than ever. It is intensifying and speeding up this age of oral tradition. But in doing so I believe it is bound to shorten this age also; on the principle that the faster you go, the sooner you arrive. Thus machinery is hastening us toward the day when the person of ordinary cultivation will no more depend on his ears alone for the enjoyment of music than he now depends on his ears alone for the enjoyment of Shakspere.

Thanks to machine-made music, the time is coming the sooner when we shall see as neighbors in the ordinary book-case, such pairs of counterparts as Milton and Bach, Beethoven and Shakspere, Loeffler and Maeterlinck, Byron and Tschaikovsky, Nietzsche and Richard Strauss, Mendelssohn and Longfellow. Browning will stand up cheek by jowl with his one true affinity, Brahms. And the owner will sit by the library hearth, reading to himself with equal fluency and delight from Schubert and Keats.

The Pragmatist

By ALLAN UPDEGRAFF

ABOVE was all the boundless sky;
Below, far down, the city street
Quivered with traffic and June heat.

He sat, a busy human fly,
In careless ease, 'twixt vast and vast,
On his steel bough.

With steady eyes and down-bent brow,
He loosed the strident, clattering whir
Of his compressed-air riveter,
And set the rivet true and fast.

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Little Pig Pork

By WILLIAM MERRIAM ROUSE

Heading by H. Townsend

"THE sparerib 's gone!"

Bill Braisted flung himself into the kitchen from the woodshed, accompanied by a blast of cold air. His thin little wisp of grizzled whiskers trembled as his jaw worked with excitement, and his bent frame, which showed its fish-hook outline even through a Mackinaw jacket, was tense.

A big kettle of fat bubbled on the stove, and Lib Braisted was at the kitchen table cutting out doughnuts, her back to the door. She finished extracting the "hole" from a limpsy circle of dough before she turned around. Then her eye took in the half-open door, traveled to her husband's feet, and rested there.

"'T ain't," she said decisively. "If 't was, it would n't be no reason fer you to leave the door open and track in snow all over my clean kitchen floor."

"'T is, too." Bill did not deign to reply to the latter part of his wife's remarks, but he carefully closed the door and stepped on to a rug.

"'T ain't neither." Lib wiped her hands on her apron as she repeated her denial, and Bill fell in behind her as she strode to the back door with all the dignity of her five feet one.

"It 's a-hanging on the third rafter from the outside door, right where it 's allus—" She stopped with a gasp and pulled her spectacles down from their resting-place on her smooth, gray hair. The string by which the sparerib had hung dangled loose.

"Did n't I tell you so!" crowed Bill.

"Then two good-fer-nothing hound dogs of yourn jumped up and pulled it down, that 's what 's the matter," snapped Mrs. Braisted, turning on her husband with a fierce impetus that sent him backing into the kitchen.

"Spot and old Hunter never stole so much as a bone!" he protested indignantly. "But you don't need to take my word fer it; look at that string. It 's ben cut. Hound dogs don't carry jack-knives, Lib."

For a moment Bill thought he had scored. He ought to have known better. His wife's sharp eyes roamed over the shed.

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"If you 'd put a bar on the woodshed door, like I said to, we 'd still be expecting to eat pork fer Christmas dinner to-morrer," she triumphed.

"Well—"

"They ain't no 'well' about it, Bill Braisted. Yer pork 's gone, and you 'll have to chaw beef instead."

That he would have no spare rib of pork for his Christmas dinner came forcibly home to Bill for the first time. He sagged into one of the hard kitchen chairs and dejectedly began to unbutton his jacket.

"Dod rat it!" he exclaimed, the suspicion of a tremor in his voice. "Little pig pork is licking good."

Lib relented a little as she kicked the door shut and began to drop doughnuts into the bubbling fat.

"It 's too bad, Bill. I like pork myself; it 's mighty easy on the teeth. But you ain't said yet which one of the neighbors is a-going to have roast spare rib fer Christmas dinner."

"Huh?" Bill snorted with surprise.

Lib turned and looked at her husband with the exasperated tolerance of one trying to reason with a child.

"Be you simple-minded enough to s'pose that pork cut itself down and walked off up the road?"

"Jehoshaphat! that 's plain out-and-out stealing! The feller that took it ought to of left a piece, anyways."

"Huh!" This time Lib snorted.

"Can't be Jim Ferguson," ruminated Bill. "Sary Jane would n't let him steal, and, besides, they got plenty."

"Course not." Lib went on turning her doughnuts.

"Ike Peabody might do it fer a joke, and then eat it 'cause it looked good."

"He 's fool enough, but he ain't got much sand," commented Lib.

"Well, there 's Pete Dutraw." There was a belligerent note in Bill's voice. "Them 's all the neighbors we got."

"Now you 're showing some sense," announced Lib. "Had to be somebody that knowed the dogs, did n't it?"

"Pete 's all right," defended Bill. "'T ain't his fault he 's a Canuck."

Lib finished out the last of her crisp, brown doughnuts, handed one to Bill, and set the dish on the table. Then she put her hands on her broad hips and turned to face him.

"Ain't Pete Dutraw got three young 'uns and a wife to feed? Ain't he poor 'n Job's turkey? And ain't he had bad luck hunting and trapping ever since he moved down into the Adirondacks last fall?"

"'T ain't his fault." Bill's accents had grown feebler. The picture of a long, brown, crackling roast of pork was in his mind. "By gum! d' you s'pose the critter did steal that pork?"

"I don't s'pose, fer I 'm cert'in sure of it," answered Lib, firmly.

There were steps in the woodshed. Spot and old Hunter set up a chorus of growls as a rather timid knock sounded on the door. Bill flung a word to the dogs and crossed the kitchen to find Angélique Dutraw, ten, and the eldest of Pete's family, shivering on the threshold.

"Well," said Bill, "come in out of the cold."

The girl kicked the snow from her feet and brought out a tea-cup from under her shawl. Angélique had borrowed from Mrs. Braisted before, and she stumbled slightly over her words as she said:

"Ma wants to know, please, can she borry a cup of flour?"

"Cup of flour!" echoed Lib. "'T ain't enough to make anything but gravy. Most likely that 's what she wants it fer?"

"Yes, ma'am, Pa he 's got fresh meat fer us."

In silence Lib filled the girl's cup from the flour-barrel and in silence gave it back to Angélique. But the door had no sooner closed than she turned to Bill triumphantly.

"'Pa he 's got fresh meat,'" she repeated. "S'pose it 's woodchuck er fresh pork?"

"The low-lived skunk!" ejaculated her husband, now roused to something like anger. "I did n't butcher that pig to feed all of Canady. The very last piece, and the day afore Christmas, too!"

"The only way to be sure about it is to

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find out," said Lib as she began to wash her cooking-dishes; "but if you go over there this morning, they 'll be on the watch and hide it. Wait till to-night. You go over and peek in the winder. If they eat that pork to-morrer, they got to bring it in by the stove to-night, fer it 's be'n froze solid ever since butchering."

"By gosh! that 's a mighty good idee!" cried Bill. "If they have got my spareribs, I 'm a-going to walk right in and get it and tell that pesky Frenchman what I think of him."

Bill went into the parlor and brought out his rifle. Until dinner-time he cleaned and oiled it, and after dinner he would have cleaned and oiled it again if Lib had not driven him out of doors. Through necessity of keeping warm, he spent the time with the buck-saw and woodpile. Darkness came. Bill went in to a hurried supper, and then, well muffled against the increasing cold, he set out, his rifle in the crook of his arm. Only an occasional star gleamed here and there between masses of scurrying clouds.

The Dutraw house, a rickety little cottage that Pete occupied rent free because it was called worthless, stood back from the main road a few rods, but not more than a stone's-throw in a direct line from the Braisted home. Bill waded through the deep snow that covered his potato-patch and approached the house from the rear.

Light streamed out through heavily frosted window-panes. Bill went forward with cautious steps, in readiness for hasty retreat if the back door should open before he had seen what he had come to see. He reached a window, and, with his muffled chin brushing the sill, peered through a bit of glass that some freak of the frost had left clear.

Bill's range of vision included the cook-stove, and the red-clothed table on which the Dutraw family ate. A babel of excited voices reached him. Then the six-year-old twins, Henri and Henriette, danced into view with baby Baptiste between them. All three were looking backward.

There it was! Borne in the firm, work-hardened hands of Mrs. Pete Dutraw, christened Marie Clarisse, was the whole long strip of spareribs that had disappeared from the Braisted woodshed the night before. Mrs. Dutraw threw back the cloth and put the pork on the table. The children capered about it; Baptiste sucked his finger, droolingly.

Bill backed away from the window. Pete Dutraw would steal his little pig pork, would he? Bill's hands trembled as he tore off his mittens, blew on his rifle to warm a hand-grip, and then tiptoed carefully up the steps to the back door. He grasped the knob, turned it with great care, and suddenly launched himself into the room.

Mrs. Dutraw screamed, and dropped her roasting-pan with a clatter. The twins and Baptiste fell over one another in squealing terror and found shelter at the skirts of Angélique, who was stirring something in a bowl. Pete Dutraw, pock-marked, swarthy, thick-set, got slowly up from his chair in a corner by the fire.

"What for you come on my house like dat, Bill?" he asked.

"Ye know durned well what I come in like that fer!" shouted Bill, fingering the trigger of his rifle, and keeping a hawk-like eye on the rack where Pete's shot-gun rested.

"Me, I dunno," answered Pete, steady, but watchful.

"Dunno?" echoed Bill. "Did n't you come a-sneaking into my woodshed last night and steal that spareribs of pork?"

"Dat pork?" Dutraw's tone expressed surprise and injury. "I buy him last fall."

"Mean to tell me that ain't my pork?" cried Bill. "Gosh durn it! Dutraw, I knowed every squeal in that pig!"

Pete had no chance to answer. The accusing finger of his wife pointed at him from across the room.

"Pete, you tol' me—" She stopped as her husband flashed her a look of warning.

Bill had caught the glance from Dutraw. He dropped the muzzle of his rifle breast-high and walked over to the table.

"My pork 's a-going home with me," he said as he reached out his left hand and

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gathered the strip of meat under his arm, "and you—"

A wail from Baptiste interrupted. The youngster's hands were held out toward the sparerib. Henri and Henriette seized him with no gentle grip, but their eyes, also, were on the pink-and-white delicacy under Braisted's arm. Angélique turned from her bowl.

"Please—" The little girl stopped and bit her lips.

Bill's eye traveled to Mrs. Dutraw. She was looking at Baptiste and the twins. At that moment Dutraw took a step forward and Bill's rifle was leveled instantly.

"You come along of me, and don't ye stop to arger about it, neither!"

Dutraw opened his mouth as though to speak, and closed it again. The twins joined in a shriek from Baptiste. Mrs. Dutraw sank to her knees, her hands outstretched.

"Don't take my mans!" she pleaded. "We have hungry—and nossing! No bread, no potac, only the flour I borry! Don't take my mans!"

"Stop your bawling!" barked Bill. "And make them young 'uns dry up."

He stepped aside and signed to Dutraw with a wave of his gun-barrel. The Frenchman walked stolidly out. Mrs. Dutraw, sobbing, crouched on the floor. Bill followed his captive and slammed the door.

"March your boots right straight over to my house," he commanded. Dutraw, hatless and mittenless, plowed silently through snow and darkness. He halted at the Braisted back door as the hounds gave tongue.

"Open the door and go right through the shed into the kitchen!" ordered Bill. "Shut up, Spot! Hunter!"

Blinking at the sudden change from darkness to light, Dutraw stood in the middle of the kitchen. Lib considered the occasion of enough importance to neglect her dish-washing. Bill tossed the sparerib on the table.

"Get the meat-saw and a butcher-knife, Lib," he commanded. "They ain't got nothing to eat over there but gravy!"

"Gravy!" Lib's voice was nearer to being streaked with emotion than it had been in half a score of years. "Gravy!"

She took the saw and a knife from the cupboard, and carefully measured off four ribs from the small end of the pork. The saw bit in. Bill wriggled.

"That ain't enough fer them hungry young 'uns!" he protested.

"Shut up, you old fool!" growled his wife. "I know what I 'm a-doing."

Dutraw did not move. Snow melted from his leggings and formed little pools on the clean floor. The burr of the meat-saw stopped. Lib picked up the big piece of pork, shortened by only four chops, and held it toward Pete.

"Be ye paralyzed?" she demanded, thrusting it into his limp hands. "Want me to hold it all night?"

Bill, who had been fumbling in the cellarway, backed into the room dragging a large sack.

"Here 's half a bushel of pertaters," he mumbled, looking anywhere but at Pete. "They 's a cabbage and some almighty nice winter beets on top."

Dutraw, comprehending slowly, opened and closed his mouth, but made no sound. Lib glared at him as she filled a ten-quart pail with fresh doughnuts and butter, and crammed a loaf of bread on top.

"Pretty note to go hungry right under a body's nose!" she snorted. "Christmas, too!"

Bill, uncomfortable to the point of misery, piled sack and pail into Pete's arms and shoved him toward the door.

"You go and cut a young fir-tree the fust thing in the morning!" he roared. "And tell them young 'uns Santy Claus is a-coming hell-bent fer 'lection!"

Pete found his voice. The words came in jerks, and he breathed hard.

"*Le bon Dieu* bless—"

"You need n't swear about it!" sputtered Bill. He pushed Pete through the door and turned back into the room, mopping his forehead with a coat-sleeve.

"Gosh, Lib!" he said fervently, "I ain't ben so mad since I was treed by a bear up on old Hurricane!"

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The Parents' Share of Responsibility

By FRANKLIN CHASE HOYT

Justice assigned to the New York Children's Court

Pictures by Maginel Wright Enright

TO the average person a mention of the Children's Court calls to mind a tribunal dealing solely and simply with the offenses, some of them serious, but most of them trivial, which have been committed by children and by children alone. If theirs were the only faults with which we had to deal, our work would be much simpler and our problems far less complex. In reality, as it has been truly said, three classes of offenders stand morally arraigned before its bar in almost every case, the child, its parents, and the community, and I have no hesitation in saying that of these the child is generally the least responsible.

As between the parent and the community, it is the latter undoubtedly which is the most to blame; but because the community has grievously offended, we cannot absolve the parents from their burden of responsibility for the transgressions and evil habits which too often are nominally charged against the child. This statement is founded upon the conditions disclosed in the general average of our cases. Of course we continually find a number wherein the sins of the child do not in any way reflect upon the parents, and in which they deserve nothing but the greatest praise for their efforts in providing for the physical and moral welfare of their children.

It must be borne in mind that the particular type of delinquent parent that we are discussing is the one with which we have to deal in the Children's Court. It goes without saying that there are parents of other classes and kinds whose responsibilities are just as great and whose delinquencies are as serious, but whose faults are not usually complained of in the juvenile court. The subject of parental responsibility, however, is a very large one, and can hardly be covered in all of its phases in an article as limited as this must be.

In the year 1912 there were brought before the Children's Court of Manhattan and the Bronx alone about ten thousand children. Of these approximately five thousand were arraigned in what we call improper guardianship proceedings, and in the great majority of such cases the specific charge was that they were exposed, neglected, or abused by at least one of their parents, if not by both. The other five thousand children, it is true, were charged with personal delinquencies; but even in these cases a large amount of the trouble was directly chargeable to the parents, as for example, in cases of truancy, peddling, begging, violations of the child-labor law, and others of a like nature.

In placing the responsibility for many

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of these offenses upon the parents we must recognize that the sins of the community are very often the contributing cause. The child errs or suffers because of the acts of its parents, while the parents often sin because of the conditions under which they have to live. Yet were these same parents stronger in withstanding the adverse influences surrounding them and less derelict in the discharge of their parental duties, we should eliminate a large majority of our cases altogether. In fact, it is safe to say that over fifty per cent. of the children were arraigned in the court not because of their own transgressions, but because of the direct acts or influences of their parents.

Of the remainder who shall say how many were led into the ways of error either through the evil conditions of their homes or through the indifference, neglect, or bad example of their parents? Who shall say how many with shriveled mentality and imperfect moral control are doomed to lives of wretchedness and criminality because of a heritage of disease and sin and the denial of their birthright of health?

At the end of a long and somewhat trying day in the court a short time ago three cases were brought up one after the other. They presented no distinctively novel features, but coming up as they did in succession, they furnished a striking commentary on the subject of parental responsibility. The first was that of an attractive-looking boy of about eleven years of age who came before the court on crutches. He had lost one of his legs, and the offense which led to his arrest was begging in the street at midnight. His mother told me at great length of his ambition to get together enough money to buy an artificial leg, and how her sympathy had led her to allow him to remain out at night for that reason. At first I was inclined to warn the boy and let him go, but through a preliminary investigation I learned that the boy had been arrested only a few months before for a similar offense during my absence from court. I was then informed that the facts of the case had been laid before the Big Brother Organization, and that it was more than likely that the artificial leg had already been procured. In the course of my conversation with the mother I told her that, were her story true, certain and immediate aid could be obtained for her son, but that this being their second appearance in court, I could hardly believe that they were wholly without friends. Then to verify my growing suspicions of the woman's credibility, I turned to her suddenly and said:

"Madam, please tell me where is that artificial leg." At which, somewhat to my own surprise, she lost her assurance completely, and almost whispered:

"It is home in the closet."

A thorough investigation was then ordered, in which it developed that there was no reason whatever for the boy to beg; that besides a wooden leg, he had $1400 to his name in the bank, and that the only reason for his having been sent out was to supply his mother with luxuries. The boy is now doing well, I am glad to say, under the supervision of a probation officer assigned by the court, and has no further occasion to injure his weary mind and body by begging on the streets at midnight.

The next case was typical of the avaricious and heartless father who is more concerned with the earning capacity of his offspring than with their moral and physical welfare. A child, a boy apparently of about twelve years of age, had been taken out of school and placed at hard work by his father, who stoutly maintained that he was over sixteen. He had no proof of this, and the school record, the only guide in the absence of a foreign birth-certificate, showed the child to be just thirteen. The father was simply trying by stupid falsehood to commercialize the earning power of his weak and helpless son some years before he would gain even the legal right to do so under the statute.

The last proceeding was far more pathetic and heartrending. It involved a mentally deficient boy and his equally feeble-minded mother. The woman, who

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never possessed the slightest moral right to become a mother, appeared before the court somewhat under the influence of liquor and with a baby a few months old at her breast. What little intelligence she had ever had was clouded over completely, and it was difficult to understand her rambling statements. She was wholly unable to look after her son, for whom it was necessary to make some provision. The boy was twelve years of age; he could neither read nor write, and proved, after an examination, to be a hopeless case of mental deficiency. Physically, he showed no apparent defect,—in fact, his face bore a rather wistful expression, as if it were seeking for more light,—but for him the normal light of reason is to be denied throughout his life because of the sins of his parents.

It would be easy to give instance after instance arising in the court to show that a great deal of our trouble actually arises from the actions of parents; in fact, a whole history and biography of the delinquent parent could easily be written from all the testimony as presented before the court on almost any one day. Sometimes it has its humorous side, as in the case of a parent who desired to place his son Salvatore in a training school, technically upon the complaint that he was a disorderly child, but in reality because he wished Salvatore to get the opportunity of practising with its orchestra, which he said he had heard was a very good one. Salvatore's only disorder, as far as I could learn, was predicated on his rather violent and constant practice of the violin. Sometimes the case presents a darker picture, like one I remember a short time ago of a mother conniving at the betrayal of her daughter, with the result that the child is now an inmate of the city hospital, the victim of a dreaded and hideous disease.

It is not only downright viciousness with which we have to deal. Often the parent at heart has the best of intentions, and yet may do great harm through ignorance and utter lack of appreciation. The mother who in the face of positive evidence refuses to admit that her child has committed any offense is a big stumbling-block in the way of reformation, and an indulgent father who has a thousand and one foolish excuses to offer for the errors of his son is not going to be a great aid in effecting a change for the better. Many and many a time have we found the children far quicker than their parents to realize their responsibility for wrong-doing and to have a keener appreciation of their faults. Then, again, a lack of sympathy between parent and child often leads to difficulty. In some cases it would almost seem as if the parents had forgotten that they themselves were ever children and had lost all understanding of the child's point of view. I remember one case in which a mother complained of her nine-year-old son who undoubtedly had been misbehaving himself.

"Judge," she said, "his father and I have done everything we could. We keep him in all day Sunday reading tracts to him, and then use the strap, but it does not seem to make him any better."

Possibly a closer bond of sympathy and understanding between some mothers and their daughters might serve to prevent the occurrence of a tragedy. A lively, sympathetic interest in the every-day affairs and amusements of a girl will do much to keep her from evil associations and contaminating influences.

In justice to the parents coming before the Children's Court it must be admitted that many are the victims of circumstances. As their offenses are greater than those of the child, so are the sins of the community more serious than theirs. Sometimes their excuses for failure and neglect are based upon sound reason, for they have much to contend with. Indeed, it is often to be wondered at that some do so well. I have known parents to give up their old friendships, as well as their business and move to a strange locality in order to give their children a fresh chance in a new environment. Some parents whom I have talked to in the Children's Court, although poor and unfortunate from a worldly point of view, have seemed to me about as fine, as clean, and as

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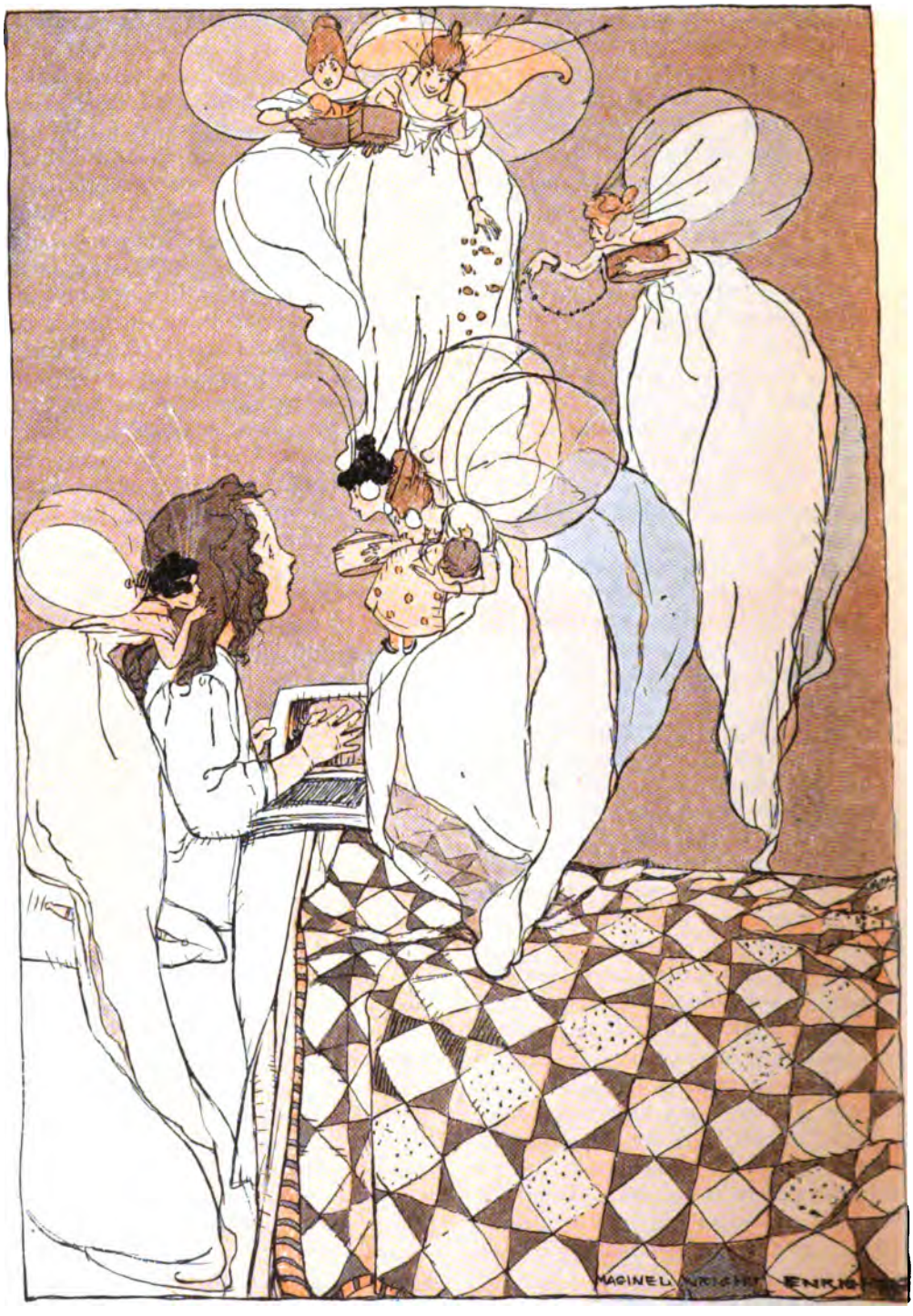

Imagination

Drawing by
Maginel Wright Enright.

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straight as any men or women I ever had the fortune to meet.

The court has been called by some "The world's largest life-saving station." Others have likened it to a clinic for the treatment and care of neglected and delinquent children. It might also be regarded very properly as a school of instruction for those charged with the duty and responsibility of child-training, for scarcely a case arises which does not have something to teach us in this respect. Taken collectively, the experiences of the children prove to us that we still have much to learn in regard to their proper guidance and correction; but there is one lesson or principle which forces itself upon us insistently, and that is the absolute need of individual treatment for each and every child. A course of correction which might prove effective in the case of one might easily result, on the other hand, in positive harm for another. Take, for instance, the application of corporal punishment. Occasionally it may be beneficial under certain conditions for a child of healthy animal spirits as a punishment for an inexcusable outbreak of disorder, while it would be worse than useless as a preventive in the case of a morbid or misunderstood child who had committed a grave moral offense.

The feelings of a child are generally more acute than those of a man, and he can be led very often where he cannot be driven. I am no advocate of sentimentality in dealing with a child. It is a fearful mistake to think that sometimes a reproachful lecture and a little sentimental talk will alone be sufficient. A short time ago a small boy was discharged by a judge in a children's court. In walking out he was asked by a companion how he got off, and was heard to reply in his lingo:

"Say, it was dead easy. I piped a few tears for the old guy, and he fell for them."

Very often it is necessary that the discipline or course of correction to be followed should be serious, but at least let us make it a kindly, intelligent, and consistent discipline. How can a parent or teacher possibly deal effectively with a case until he discovers the child's point of view, the underlying causes for his offense, and his capacity for understanding. The apparent enormity of the offense is no index for classifying the motive or the responsibility of the child. One of the most serious cases of larceny which ever came before me from the point of view of the amount involved appeared to me less serious in a measure than some other offenses committed on the same day which were simply styled disorderly conduct. The boy charged with theft had absconded, it is true, with over five hundred thousand dollars' worth of securities that had been intrusted to his care for deposit; but an investigation showed that the act was one of impulse, because the child suddenly found himself placed in an unexpected position, and that apart from this one act his character was excellent. After the securities had been returned, his employers, I am glad to say, acknowledged that they were much to blame for intrusting the child with a mission for which he was at the time untrained and unfitted, and asked that he be given another chance. Probation was then employed as the means of correction, and the boy has since justified the opportunity granted to him.

How many children undergo an agony of fear because of the commission of some act for which they are in no way really responsible? The loss, perhaps, of some money or the accidental damage to some household article brings more suffering to a child than the breaking of a moral law; and this is due to the fact that the child rightly or wrongly feels that he will be misunderstood, and that its parents will probably be quicker to punish for an accident than for a real transgression. Rest assured that unless the character of the child and the causes for his action are thoroughly understood the proper means for correction cannot be employed.

Then, again, as has been said, the same methods cannot be used for every child. A person who clings to one set of precepts and imagines that they will fit every case

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Sorrow

Drawing by
Maginel Wright Enright.

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has no right to be engaged in the business of child-training. The maxim that "one man's meat is another man's poison" might well be paraphrased in connection with the proper methods for dealing with children.

Herein lies the greatest danger of our institutional system. The institutions undoubtedly do the best they can, but many are forced to deal with children as a class instead of as living, sensitive organisms with individual needs. From time to time we come across types of the thoroughly institutionalized child, from whom all individuality has been flattened out and who seems devoid of all initiative and self-reliance. Perhaps it is the fault of the child rather than of the institution, but cases of this sort give one an uncomfortable feeling that our present system is not all it should be. I do not wish to be considered as condemning the splendid work performed by our institutions in the cause of child-rescue and child-saving. The value of their services in this respect can hardly be overestimated. But it is generally conceded that the institution must be made more like a home, and the treatment accorded to the children must be individualized, if its work is to be carried to the highest plane of efficiency. The truth of this is, most fortunately, nowhere more generally recognized than among the institutions themselves.

Vocational training is only another phase of individual treatment, the vast importance of which we are just beginning to comprehend. It is a subject which deserves the earnest consideration of our entire nation, for only by its practice and development can we succeed in making the occupations and future careers of our children congenial and interesting to themselves as well as useful and beneficial to society at large. Heretofore, we have been content to find the child a "job," not caring in the least whether he was at all fitted for the position in question, or whether the work would be congenial to him.

It is no wonder that under such a system many young people have turned out to be failures, and have been absolutely unable to make good in one position after another. A boy who might develop into an excellent carpenter may probably make a wretched clerk, while another whose real taste is for farm life may prove a hopeless failure in a mercantile career. As some one has pointed out, in the best farm-schools the boys' tastes are studied carefully in order to discover their natural bent; it may be found, for example, that the talent of one will lie entirely in the direction of crop-raising, while perhaps another will show only interest in the management of live stock.

Furthermore, instruction should be continued while children are first engaged in occupations. At present, in many instances, we allow all education to cease for children from fourteen to sixteen years of age, and then expect them to progress in their assigned vocations without further aid. In those countries, however, where special instruction is given as a corollary to the work that is being pursued, extraordinary results have followed, not only in raising the efficiency of the work itself, but in so developing the talents of the children that they take great interest in their occupations. To be just to our children, those charged with the responsibility of their training must carefully consider their tastes and their abilities, and give them every opportunity to study and discover the work for which they are best fitted by predilection and natural capacity. Until this is done we have no right to condemn them for discouragement and failure.

In the general classification of the children that come before our court for various offenses we are growing to use the term "bad boys" less and less. Children there are of vicious habits and propensities whose anti-social acts need instant checking, but it is often hard to say where the blame really lies. Some, in fact, a great majority of them, are victims of environment, others of a degenerate inheritance. Using the term "environment" in its broadest sense, which includes not only the conditions of the home and the fam-

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ily, but also the companionship, associations, and contaminating influences to which a child may be subjected, I venture to say that it is responsible for a very large majority of all the offenses committed by children. Given a normal child, with average faculties and instincts, and placing him amid evil surroundings, there will be little or no restraint to keep him from offense; place him, on the other hand, among happier and healthier conditions, and his selfish and more brutal impulses will be easily and naturally controlled. It would be the same with most of us, I think, in like circumstances.

A very much smaller class consists of those who offend because they find themselves placed suddenly in a position where unexpected and often overwhelming temptation presents itself. With such children, if their environment is good and their instincts are normal, we need look for but little trouble in the future.

The third and last group, presents a problem vastly more complex and distressing. It is composed of those children who used to be classified as "young criminals with degenerate instincts," but whom we are now beginning to recognize as merely mental or moral defectives, made so in most cases by reason of vicious inheritance. How to treat these unfortunates, and what to do with them, is the greatest problem with which we are faced at present in this particular line of work.

Some progress is now being made in the ability on the part of experts to measure their responsibility by scientific tests, whereas, up to a very short time ago it was a matter of guesswork. Furthermore, we have learned that in most cases a real cure is impossible, and that adequate provisions must be made for these children not only for their own sakes, but for the welfare of the community. To-day our facilities are pitifully inadequate. It is the imperative duty of the state to furnish colonies and training-schools where such cases can be placed and kept under observation. Some of these defectives—those that approach near to a normal standard, —in all probability can be fitted by a careful course of manual training for some useful occupation, so that eventually they may become self-supporting and not remain a constant drag upon the community.

The word defective, as we now understand it, does not necessarily mean that the child is dull or apparently half-witted. On the contrary, some of the moral defectives appear exceedingly bright in certain respects, but the utter lack of responsibility exists just the same. Very often it is next to impossible to make parents realize the existence of these conditions. They usually object strongly to the commitment of such children to institutions, and although they are quick to perceive the defects of other children similarly committed, they will invariably claim that their own particular offspring should not be included in such a class. There are some who consider that too great an emphasis is laid on the existence of these conditions, but when we consider that at times as many as four or five such cases appear before the Children's Court in one day, it can hardly be said that the situation is being exaggerated.

The general progress that is being made in the work of child-training and child-saving deserves the intense interest not only of all parents, but of every decent man and woman in the nation. It has been said that this is an age of service. Can one conceive of any direction in which real service is so needed and in which it can secure more inspiring results? There is no room in this work for the faddist or the sentimentalist, nor is there any place for those persons who refuse to take the delinquencies and tribulations of children seriously, and simply divide them into two parts, "the good and the bad." The problems to be met are pressing and vital ones and they must be solved with common sense and with understanding. When it is discovered that a child is somehow out of balance with the world, the soundest, kindliest, and most efficient means must be employed to restore that balance, and to do this we must labor on until we get down to the primary cause of the trouble, and then destroy it.

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"Thank You"

By WINIFRED ARNOLD

WHEN every last list has been canceled,
And each present is ribboned and tagged,
When the very last shop-girl has fainted,
And the toughest expressman is fagged,
You shall rest? What a silly suggestion!
Lie down for an eon or two?
Nay, nay, 't is the Christmas "Thank-you"
Will put you to work anew.

For those that had gifts must be grateful,
Sit down in your straight-backed chair
And labor o'er suitable gushes
Till you babble and tear your hair.
Send thanks for the what-d'ye-call-'ems
Of which you can't figure the use,
And eke for the thing-um-bobbys
That have n't e'en friendship's excuse.

And the word "attractive" will help you,
And 't will often give you a lift
To write of "your thoughtful present,"
And "your dainty Christmasy gift."
Then add, " 'T is just what I wanted!"
For off to a separate star
Would be banished such truthful persons
As spoke of gifts as they are!

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Ballad of Monsters

By WILLIAM ROSE BENET

Illustrated by John Sloan

SINCE, aflap o'er some dim Jurassic prairie,
Pterodactyl seized on pelagosaur;
In heraldry-book and bestiary
Have been limned the beasts of the days of yore.
Then where is that reptile King Pellenore
Fought all of one autumn by field and fen?
Where the dragon of Wantley and thousands more?
For these once were the monsters that haunted men!

The hippocentaur or sagittary,
The salamander that Pliny knew;
More strange birds than ever the volucrary
Of Francis Willughby named in the blue;
The firedrake, and the remora, too
Who foundered deep galleons by ten and ten;
The great roc that flew over Kanbalu:
Where are all of these monsters that haunted men?

I swear by the chickens of Mother Carey,
I would there survived some cockatrice,
Some basilisk with its great eyes glary,
The Nemean lion of Argolis,
Or that Scylla, where Glaucus gat no bliss,
Were not rocks and waves, but true marvel. Then
I should hear her hounds howl and her serpents hiss,
"Lo! we once were the monsters that haunted men!"

But these days are divided, these times contrary.
Our singers are crows, who were merle and mavis.
We belabor the faun and begrudge the fairy,
Till old Triton trembling beneath the wave is.
Who can tell me now where the watery cave is
Of Proteus, or the hydra's den?
And the phœnix? I' faith, 't is a *rara avis,*
Yet, these once were the monsters that haunted men!

Oh, fain would I find in Time's reliquary
Old Python that was by Apollo slain,
Or Jormungandar, the legendary
Norse snake, that 'neath Yggdrasil hath lain
For ages, they say, and gnawed amain
This world's live roots; or, if any ken,
That great Gargoyle who laired in the River Seine:
For these once were the monsters that haunted men!

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Nay, the gorgons fade, and the snarling, hairy,
Black dog of Pluto we pelt with stones.
Neither werewolf nor warlock Lord Time will spare! He
Hath tombed them with Rawhead and Bloodybones.
As an outcast their mother Echidna moans;
And no giants may ever stride forth again!
Jötunheim is a mist, and Mount Etna groans,
"I have buried the monsters that haunted men!"

For, though winds may veer and our days may vary,
Both Antæus and Anak have passed from man.
And the times have changed since, superb and airy,
Genii builded Baalbec for Jan ben Jan
In the hush of the world before time began,
Since "ye gyant Angoulaffre" (some clerkly pen
Well notes) was outwitted by Roland's plan,
When these once were the monsters that haunted men.

Yes, the milk is spilled in the goblins' dairy,
The Colossus of Rhodes is a jest instead;
Of weird chimeras our brains grow wary;
But St. Michael, who lifteth high overhead
Scales weighing the souls of the risen dead;
St. George on horseback, St. Etienne,
How the dragon was slain, and the stone was sped,
They recall—and the monsters that haunted men!

ENVOY

So let us pray heaven's luminary,
As her virgins could tame the unicorn,
'Gainst the wrongs of this world incendiary
To give grace to our hearts in the teeth of scorn;
Against swollen oppression, the nations torn
With red war, and, for Lazarus' evil case,
Against Mammon and Ignorance, all things born
Of hell—we pray for her newer grace!

Till her heart, for the whole world lacrymary,
Shed right valor and virtue on man again,
That her knights may lift swords to the Virgin Mary,
Crying, "These were the monsters that haunted men!"

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Oppressors of the Meek

By LAWTON MACKALL

Illustrations by Thelma Cudlipp

I AM not afraid of bloated bondholders. I know that they are just humans like myself, only that they have more money. They laugh at the jokes I laugh at, and give vent to their feelings with the same profanity: why should I be daunted by their plutocratic veneer?

But I am afraid of their servants. *They* are not human. No one ever saw them eat or sleep or even smile. They are not *veneered* with plutocracy; they are awe-inspiring sumptuousness itself.

Ordinary mortals feel emotions, make mistakes, lose their tempers. These supermen are oppressively serene and infallible. It is always I who am at fault.

My millionaire host may overlook the fact that I am using the salad-fork for the fish; not so his English butler. This austere personage takes note of my error in silence, and, when the salad course arrives, steals up behind me like Nemesis, and lays by my plate the fork that correct form demands. I feel chastened.

His eye is always upon me. I can't even take a sip of wine without his calling attention to it by rushing up and refilling my glass.

If he did n't watch me so closely when I am helping myself, I would n't be so nervous. As it is, my hand trembles under his grueling stare. Just at the critical moment when my tongful of asparagus, conveyed like a hot coal, is poised in mid-air between the serving-dish and my plate, I flinch, and there is a green-and-white avalanche. I make a frantic slap at it as it falls, and by good luck it lands on the plate. To be sure, some of the stalks are craning their necks perilously over the edge, but that is a small matter compared with what might have happened. I rake them into the middle of the plate, and sit gasping at the thought of my narrow escape.

There is an awkward pause. The bon mot I was about to utter apropos of an opera I had never heard has left my mind entirely. I can't think of anything to say. Finally, in desperation, I remark idiotically to the dowager at my left, "I love asparagus; don't you?"

The next time he passes a dish, I lose my nerve. I lift my hand to help myself, and then, as I catch his eye, draw back, shaking my head. No, I won't take any chances.

After that I keep to a strict diet, eating only the things that appear on my plate when it is put down in front of me. If the plate arrives naked and empty, naked and empty it remains, even though the course consist of my favorite delicacy. I suffer the pangs of Tantalus.

Alligator-pear salad—more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold—is offered to me. I covet it. Everything gastronomic in my nature craves it, but cowardly fear restrains me (it looks slippery), and I refuse it. I could almost weep.

As the dinner proceeds and my modified hunger-strike continues, I begin to regain confidence. I feel that my abstemiousness, implying as it does a jaded palate and an aristocratic indigestion, is highly fashionable. I fancy that in refusing ambrosia I am showing a godlike superiority.

I expand with self-assurance. Just watch me startle these plutocrats with my scorn of their costly food. I 'll make myself the lion of the evening.

"May I help you to shortcake, sir?" asks a low, ironically respectful voice.

My pride collapses. The butler has seen through me to the cowardice in my heart. From his lofty pinnacle he stoops to succor me. But I rebel.

"I 'll help myself, thank you," I retort, for I am on my mettle now, and boldly prize off a towering segment of the dessert. Would *I* let a menial reveal to the whole table that I was afraid to help myself? Never! Why, I 'd sooner—

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Dizzily the creamy thing totters, keels over, and falls with a sickening flop, a mushy sound, as of the impact of a wet sponge. Juicy red berries gambol hither and thither.

For a moment the shortcake lies helplessly on its side like a jellyfish that the tide has left. But only for a moment; for a wrecking-crew, made up of the butler and his assistant, comes hurrying on the scene. With crumb-tray and scraper they remove the debris, while I turn purple and clutch at my collar for air. Then, after a mortifying amount of crumb-gleaning and cream-mopping, they spread a napkin before me in the presence of my swell friends, as if to shield the cloth from further depredations. I draw back to allow them to put it there, and in so doing squash a hidden strawberry against my waistcoat. As a final humiliation, a fresh piece of shortcake is brought to me *already on a plate.*

If there is anything more formidable than an English butler, it is an English

valet. Somebody else's valet, I mean; for I suppose that if a person had one long enough, he could get so that he would n't be afraid of him. But as for a perfectly strange English valet!

"Your key, please, sir," demands Haw-

kins upon my arrival at my friend's summer palace. He bows slightly.

"What key?" I ask uneasily.

"The key to your traveling-bag, sir."

I am just stopping overnight on my way home from a house party in the woods, and all my spare raiment is soiled and bedraggled.

"Yes, sir, so I can unpack your things, sir," continues the Great Mogul.

"Never mind, thank you," I stammer. "I 've lost the key."

"Very good, sir," he replies and goes.

But not permanently. When I return to my room at midnight, elated over having trounced my host in countless games of billiards, I am met at the door by my oppressor. In his hand is a small object.

"I fetched a locksmith out from the city, sir, and 'ad 'im make this for you, sir. It fits quite correctly, sir."

And one glance about the room—from the snaggle-tooth comb on the dresser to the frayed pajamas the mussiness of which no festive laying out can hide—makes me aware of my utter ignominy.

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The Cuckoo

(A fable for the diffident)

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Drawings by Oliver Herford

A CUCKOO, winging toward the Town
Of Tutinghorn,
Espied a Wren that fluttered down
Upon a thorn;

And, lighting near, the silence broke
With eager words
Demanding how the village spoke
Of other birds.

"How talk they of the Nightingale?"
The Cuckoo cried.
"Her fame resounds through all the vale,"
The Wren replied.

"The Lark," the Cuckoo hinted then,
"Wins equal praise?"
"Why, half the village," chirped the Wren,
"Extol *his* lays."

"Perhaps they laud the Robin, too?"
Quoth April's bird.
"The Robin? Well, perhaps a few,"
The Wren averred.

The Cuckoo paused. "What share have I
Of praise or blame?"
"Ah," laughed the Wren, who cannot lie,
"None breathe your name."

The Cuckoo huffed in wounded pride;
Away he flew.
"Then must I praise *myself*," he cried;
"Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

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The Obligation of Courtesy

[On Sunday, October 4, the Sunday appointed by President Wilson as a general day of prayer for peace, President Arthur Twining Hadley of Yale delivered this address in Woolsey Hall. It was specifically called the "matriculation" sermon, the address annually made by him as a kind of spiritual admonition and welcome to all new-comers in the university; but something in its sanity, its breadth of human charity, its call to a higher Christian sense of responsibility, its seasonable appeal for peace on earth, good-will toward men, demands for it a wider audience—the audience of thinking men and women of our whole land.]

TO-DAY has been set apart as one on which prayer for peace is offered throughout the churches of the land.

To make this prayer more than a mere ceremony three things are necessary—sincere desire, intelligent thought, and unselfish readiness to take our own share in the work to be done.

The first of these things—sincere desire for peace—we all have. Whatever may be our several opinions as to the right and wrong of the contest now raging, we unite in the wish that it may come to an end as speedily as possible. War is a terrible and a hateful thing. We hate it for the wounds and the sickness it brings to those who fight. We hate it for the yet greater pain which it brings to those whose homes are broken up by the death of men and the untold misery of women and children. We hate it because it turns gentle and courteous nations back into savagery. We hate it most of all for the violence which it does to our ideals of humanity and Christian duty.

We had fondly hoped that the era of wars between civilized nations was past, and that hand in hand with the material progress of the nineteenth century there had been a corresponding spiritual progress toward the realization of Christian ideals of peace. All this hope is suddenly blasted. The most enlightened nations of the earth are caught in the same passion of war as the veriest savages, less indiscriminately cruel, but just as blind in their frenzy of patriotic love and hate.

With our allusions shattered and our very ideals shaken, we crave helplessly for peace; and as far as the mere craving goes, we are ready to pray for it.

But how little this mere craving amounts to! What effect will it have on Englishman or German, Frenchman or Russian, each desperately convinced of the righteousness of his own cause, for which he has already suffered and is prepared to die if

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need be, that prayers for peace are offered by members of other nations, comfortably distant from the fray and from the passions that evoked it? No direct effect whatever. It is wrong to dignify this profitless expression of desire by the name of prayer. Unless we follow up our prayers by intelligent help in promoting peace on earth, they are but the "vain repetitions" of the heathen. They may have a certain use as a public recognition of the controlling power of God over the affairs of men; otherwise they are no better than the peace parades and the children's peace cards, and other similar manifestations of misdirected zeal with which we are now familiar. People think they are doing their duty when they are simply indulging the luxury of expressing their own emotions in public. To expect such prayer to be answered is folly on the part of the ignorant, and blasphemy on the part of those who should be wiser.

No; the mere expression of our wishes, however fervent and often repeated, will not stop this war or prevent another. To pray effectually we must take thought. We must find what were the causes at work in men's minds which led them to forget themselves in their zeal for fighting. When we know how the trouble arose, we can know how to make our thoughts and sentiments effective to prevent its recurrence, and can rely on God's help in so doing. We may not be able to stop this war, but we can bear an honorable part in preventing the next one.

To any one who looks at the present European crisis dispassionately, the striking thing—I may well say, the pathetic thing—is the failure of the different nations to understand anything about one another's point of view. Each is so fervently convinced that it is right that it credits its enemies with being hopelessly and wilfully wrong, either deceived by their rulers or animated by the lust of conquest. It believes all good of itself and all evil of its neighbors. It can no more see the truth in international affairs than an individual man can see the truth of a private controversy in the midst of blind rage of passion. Under the impulse of such emotions each people does deeds of good and evil, of devoted self-sacrifice and mad destruction, of which in times of peace it would be incapable. This is what makes war; the outward acts of violence are but the symptoms of the nation's mental state.

Now this blind "animosity," if I may use a word whose derivation gives a subtle clue to its meaning, is not a thing of sudden growth. The mind of England and the mind of Germany have been slowly working apart for a whole generation. Misunderstandings, slight in themselves, give rise to suspicion. Suspicion breeds further misunderstanding. Each year as it has passed has found the two nations less able to appreciate one another's needs and aspirations. What to one people appears an act of self-preservation appears to the other a wilful policy of hostility directed against itself. The public press voices this hostility. Unscrupulous politicians use it for their own purposes. Gradually the emotions are so aroused on each side that when some crisis arises in international politics neither side can reason with the other, because neither can see facts as the other sees them.

But this want of mutual understanding, bad as it is, would hardly be sufficient to cause a war. The evils of modern warfare are so colossal, and the results to be gained so uncertain, that no mere intellectual differences would bring peoples to the fighting-point. But it too often happens that want of understanding is aggravated by want of courtesy; that difference of opinion is made intolerable by bad manners. One nation may think that it owns the sea, and another may believe that it can beat everything on land; but as long as the respective nations keep these opinions to themselves they do comparatively little harm. The danger comes when these views are obtruded on others. It comes from boastfulness and arrogance, and half-truths uttered as if they were the whole truth. Out of this grow the differences of thought and feeling which make men ready to kill one another.

The effective way to stop war is to stop

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these misunderstandings and discourtesies in their inception. A situation like the one which I have described can seldom be cured, but it can often be prevented. In fact, a large part of the work of diplomacy is concerned with the prevention of just this kind of misunderstanding. Each nation has trained representatives at the capitals of the others, to see how people feel, to inform the home government what has caused offense or what may conciliate, and to explain to the foreign government the real meaning of transactions harmless in their intent, but liable to be misunderstood. Few of us realize how much both the diplomats and the governments are engaged in this work of pacifying emotions before they have reached an intractable or incurable stage.

And not only sovereigns or diplomats, but a large part of the organized agencies of civilization itself, are occupied with the prevention of these misunderstandings. Courts of arbitration like the Hague tribunal; the whole set of usages and customs which we call by the name of international law; the yet wider form of comity which has been introduced by international trade and international credit; the interchange of ideas which goes with modern travel—all these are means to bring the peoples into closer contact and better harmony. The whole ordered system of life which we call by the name of civilized society is so dependent on peace for its maintenance, and so shaken by war or by the threat of war, that it puts into operation whatever machinery it can command in order to prevent outbursts of feeling like the one which has to-day overwhelmed Europe.

But all machinery fails, and all machinery must fail. The question of peace or war rests not with the diplomats, but with the people. To bring about peace on earth, men must develop the Christian virtues of fairness and courtesy. They must try to see things as others see them; to speak and act with a view to the feelings of others as well as themselves. This appreciation of others' point of view is the essential element both in fairness and in courtesy. They are not really different things; they are different sides of the same thing. Fairness is consideration for others as shown on the intellectual or subjective side. Courtesy is consideration for others as shown on the social and practical side.

I spoke of them a moment ago as distinctively Christian virtues. You will perhaps be surprised at this; for we can all remember instances among non-Christian peoples of singularly fair men and singularly courteous ones. But in spite of these many instances, I think it is true that Christianity was the first religion to insist on the application of these standards to all mankind; to demand fairness or objectivity of judgment by all and courteous consideration for all, low as well as high, people as well as kings.

If we look in the works of the ancient moralists we shall be struck by the fact that the knowledge necessary to virtuous conduct is assumed to be the property of the few. These few must learn to judge things rightly, to form their opinion dispassionately, to provide for far-sighted management of the community. The great body of the people are not to do thinking for themselves, but to take the standards set by others; to accept their opinions and lines of conduct ready made. Against this monopoly of moral intelligence Jesus Christ speaks out with all his voice. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." It is not enough for the multitude to follow popular tradition and popular prejudice. Each man has the responsibility of judging for himself. It was for this teaching that the priests had him crucified; it is this same teaching that has made him the prophet of modern democracy.

And if we look at the courtesy of ancient times, we find that it meant courtesy to men of your own class. Of the duty of courtesy to other classes we hear comparatively little. While there were many individual acts of kindness to dependents and to slaves, dependents and slaves were regarded in the same general light as horses or cattle. Thou shall love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy, said the

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old moral code. It was left for Jesus Christ to ask, Who is thy neighbor, and who is thine enemy? With men and women of every walk in life he exchanged courtesies on the basis of human equality and human brotherhood. If we read the gospel carefully, we shall find that this was another reason why they crucified Jesus; and it is another reason also why he is the prophet of modern democracy in its best meaning.

He is a prophet whose message is overwhelmingly needed in this age, when the people guide the policy of their rulers and when the question of peace depends on the people's fairness and courtesy. A prayer for peace is a prayer for these virtues. If our own prayer for peace is to be sincere and effective, it must be accompanied by daily and hourly effort on our own part to develop these qualities in ourselves and exercise them in our daily life. If we have them, we are contributing to peace on earth, and our prayers will mean something. If we have them not, we are retarding peace on earth, and our prayers are mere hypocrisy. Any government which, while professing to seek peace, gives an example of arrogance to its neighbors; any newspaper which, proclaiming the evils of war and the desirableness of stopping it, repeats mean insinuations against its opponents and shapes its editorials to suit its own prepossessions without regard to the facts; any individual who, condemning militarism among nations, nevertheless nurses his own prejudices and harbors unjust suspicions against his fellow-men, is to-day belying its prayers by its actions.

This is not a time for thanking God that we are not as other men are. This is a time for each of us to exercise close self-examination. How do we stand these tests? Are we trying individually to be fair in the controversies that actually come before our attention? Do we read the newspapers that tell us the plain truth, or do we choose the ones that tell us what we wish to believe? In the athletic discussions of the day do we try to get our rival's point of view, or are we content to confirm our own prejudices? When somebody says that another college is going to play unfairly, do we say that the men in that other college are gentlemen like ourselves, and would be no more guilty of intentional unfairness than we are; or do we harbor suspicion and possibly repeat it, until the unproved gossip of yesterday becomes the settled belief of to-morrow? You may say that these are little things. But they are little things that count; little things out of which will grow our mental attitude to the larger things of business and politics.

Do we accept the Christian obligation of courtesy to all mankind, or do we limit our obligation to the narrow circle of our own immediate friends? This question means something vital not only for our own development, but for the history of America. The man who according to his opportunity is considerate of every other man or woman, independent of questions of social class, is making himself like Jesus Christ and helping to make the American nation a Christian nation. The man who follows the crowd in its thoughtless shouts and jeers is making himself like the worst of the Pharisees, and is increasing the danger of that unchristian hate between classes which is America's greatest menace to-day. Thoughtless rudeness from a street window to an honest man or woman may seem a small thing at the moment; but the man who countenances it is training himself and encouraging others toward social war instead of social peace.

Men of Yale, we call ourselves students. Let us study to see things as they are. We call ourselves democratic. Let us recognize the obligation of courtesy to every man and woman. We mean to be leaders. Let us learn so to lead that people will work together instead of working apart. Let us show this in our conduct toward the town in which we live. Let us show it in our conduct toward our rivals in every line of collegiate activity. Let us show it, above all, in our honest, straightforward, whole-hearted pursuit of the truth. Then will our prayers for peace mean something; then will they be heard —and answered.

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Coming home for Christmas

Painted by Anna Whelan Betts.

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The Web

By VIRGINIA TRACY

Author of "Merely Players," "Persons Unknown"

Illustrations by William D. Stevens

WHEN the proprietor of the cabaret had said to Larimer, "Lonely, after all, in the straight and narrow?" Larimer had smiled, with that affectionate leniency which he was capable of according to his own follies as well as to those of other people. But when the head waiter was unable to restrain a grin in his "Glad to see you back, sir," the young fellow flushed to perceive that on the previous night he must have made rather a considerable fool of himself.

Even though taken unaware, the proprietor, indulging Larimer as every one indulged him, had unearthed an extra table and sent it straight in among the crowded chairs, till it was wedged close to the coveted silken rope that marked out the space for the dancers. Larimer, perhaps the tallest man in the room, dropped into his chair the center of many smiling, fondly mocking glances. He was dog-tired, and he rather hoped that he would not fall under the somewhat claimant attention of either Florrie Follis or Mrs. Groveland Huyshop.

Well, there was Florrie, but surrounded. Florrie, in her own way, was a very honest girl, and Larimer waved a much happier response to her signaled "Hallo, Larry!" than he could have given Mrs. Huyshop. That great lady's life, as all the world knew, had been tragically embittered. But the bitterness of the married was a thing Larimer still had scruples, or perhaps only a strong distaste, against approaching.

What was he doing here to-night? Why? Why did everybody come? He lit a cigarette, and his intelligent eyes loitered among the crowd in search of those faces ablaze with pleasure that one was expected to see.

Faces enough, of course. Above his head, between the shimmering curtains of the little golden gallery which ran round three sides of the restaurant, peered faces which should have gleamed with delicate seduction and fiery secrets; but what they really suggested was that people would go to sleep up there if something did n't happen. Round about him the floor was covered with groups packed tight together, compressed, jammed; all waiting an intermin-

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able time to have slung before them expensive and tepid food which they did not want; all drinking more wine than they desired because you had to do something to show yourself you were having a devilish gay time; all the women conscientiously struggling to look exactly like the Queen of Sheba, and all the men living with the one ambition of looking exactly like one another. And everywhere and all the time, through all the heated, heavy, trammeled, overfed assemblage, simmered the ingenuous desire, the piteous hope, of having got to the place where you could find *excitement,* or at least stunning vice, combined with the ability to achieve vice, but not to get any excitement out of it. Finally, walls made of mirrors reflected, for Larimer's scrutiny, other faces and still others, repeated in doubled, in quadrupled number, with a hundred glints of accidental, revealing angle, all reiterating the same look of industrious animation, of resolute hilarity. But of impulse, of mystery, of delight, not one throb, not one gleam.

There had been a pause in the music. But now a girl in a spangled dress came forward and began to dance; the hard, bright blare of the instruments clattered in after her. Half-attentive, Larimer's eyes followed her movements, which slowly began to lull his speculations into a mesmerized drowse. Then he came wide-awake again, with the consciousness of a riddle solved.

That was it—that mesmerized drowse. That was what the place gave to these poor souls: simply a focus for their attention; a revolving-light to gather them in from the vast, dark void of pleasure-seeking, in which somehow they were never able to find the path they had heard about. That glittering, gyrating figure relieved them, like a peg upon which they hung their poor, flapping, dangling minds. And the music—the music, above all. In the series of rhythmic little blows which it beat regularly, faster and faster, upon the brain, the music formed a kind of pattern for their vague gropings after gaiety, and wove them into a regular and definite web. They trotted contentedly in it, like a circus horse in his ring, no longer threatened by the disappointing struggles of initiative and imagination in the search for happiness. Yes, that weakening, confused, hypnotic spell was the essential function of the noise of the town. It made its listeners certain that *something was going on.* And this was vital, in order to conceal that in themselves there was n't much of anything going on. Poor dears! Poor creatures! Larimer, in the pride of having formulated his discovery, suddenly broke into a confidential twinkle, and buried his nose in his glass. For what other reason was he there? In what did he differ from the poor creatures?

Grinning at himself, he conceded the likeness. Well, then, was n't that the pity of it? That, long ago, they, too, taking the seal of the metropolis for their Holy Grail, had come to some now dead equivalent of the cabaret, flushed and quivering with young fire, and seeking for the great adventure? And had not he in good faith set himself, before all things, to become one with the children of the metropolis, that nothing might hamper him in that search? Had n't he subdued and restrained and imitated and nullified until now, as he slightly lounged there in magnificently correct garments guiltless of one trace of individual choice, sending out his cigarette smoke in the most approved fashion, his linen just radiant enough and not too radiant, his nails polished just enough and not too polished, his head and his hair correctly combined into the proper, flat, mouse-colored slab, Larimer was more like the smart young men about town (those priests of the metropolis) than they were themselves? Save that he had never been able to get quite all the expression out of his face. This was his misfortune. Save, also, that he knew now that there was no adventure.

Ah, that, after all, was the blessed difference between him and the poor creatures: he saw through the thing. He was waiting only for the grounds of a definite occasion to withdraw. Not being dazzled any longer by revolving-lights or lured by

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the music of a metropolis, he could at any moment clear out; could, for instance, easily enough have kept his resolution of last night if only there had been some valid reason for it, any provocation of something better. Ye gods! he did not mean to flounder for life in the hypnotizing pattern of that web, which offered him nothing but to weave him in and in with the bright pattern. But what provocation? what something better? Success, money, tender smiles, all the things you could struggle to win—they all only landed you deeper in. He had tried them all. There remained nothing but the ideal reality, the impossible possibility, the mirage of some one on the outside—some one different. He asked himself, amusedly, was he clinging to his boyhood's favorite fairy-tale—the fairy-tale of the salvation by woman?

It was the only fable of her sex incredibly persisting in him from the many that, in his strutting calfhood, he had gaped to realize here. And Larimer's cynical interest examined, with a certain diverted tenderness, this curious clinging to the illusion that there existed somewhere the perfect comrade, the best beloved; that he should know her by finding again, in "the dawn in her eyes and the sun on her forehead," those lost fairy-tales, that lost boyhood. So easily, then, in the taking of her hand, in one perfect moment of adventure, should he win out upon a hilltop! Fancy believing in *that* great adventure! How could Larimer help smiling to remember? And lifting those smiling eyes he saw that he had been mistaken a while ago. There was in that room one face of joy. There was one person whose glance reflected it in all mystery, throbbing with impulse, gleaming with delight. Her lifted face was faintly flushed, and it brimmed like a thirsty rose, drinking in gladness. She was very young; and sitting at a table as conspicuously favored in position as Larimer's, at that hour and in that place, she was quite alone.

LARIMER'S heart opened and shut, with exactly that boyish gasp and clutch, before he remembered his world. Even then his interest did not go out. What on earth was she doing there and what was she up to? The ingénue make-up was done to perfection. He saw the smooth brown hair folded close to the little head; the wide radiance of those unshadowed eyes, as alively blue as sunny waters; the old white mull dress, freshly done up, with its modestly circling neck, above which the little throat rose strong and slender to the chin, which showed round as a baby's till you had fathomed a vixen squareness in it; the small, quiet hands in gloves clean, but not new, folded properly on the edge of the table; the thin, gold chain with its pendant heart of seed-pearls; the soft mouth, full of dimpling dreams and smiling fire, a hair's-breadth open to breathe delight. Larimer wanted to ask her, in the ironic misery of his incurably chivalrous nerves, whether she herself did n't think it was just a little too well done. And how did she hope to blend it with the splendidly conspicuous isolation in which she had staged herself? Nothing had excited him so much for a long time as the bitter-sweet of the sight of her.

Was she expecting some one? No; there was nothing attendant or neglected in those happy eyes. But there was some one coming toward her. Larimer became sensitive of an advancing presence, and then, at sight of the new-comer, that too expressive mouth of his sagged into a sickly, groaning smile, to bury which he drained the last drops of his high-ball. His waiter came up and reported some mistake in the order he had long since forgotten having given, and he corrected it absent-mindedly, with his eyes on the bottom of the long glass. Of course he had known well enough that she— But that girl and Grovey Huyshop! Good God!

The older man advanced slowly with an easy, deferential amiability. He had had too much to drink, but not much too much, and would have been perfectly presentable anywhere. His dignified, middle-aged presence of the moneyed family man needed something more than the marsh lights of a cabaret to upset its respectability. A Broadway figure of unique renown,

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"Huyshop said something to the girl, with a smile which Larimer knew well, and she lifted to that look a candor of questioning which Larimer thought rather overdone"

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if, as he went up to the girl, many eyes followed him, even at the cabaret many looked away.

He bent over her, inclining his head in his solid, fatherly fashion, and she slipped to her feet with a little tranquil, expectant smile, as if she were welcoming a partner to a quadrille. Her pantomime of a tender shyness fluttered faintly, rosily, within her pantomime of a gladly bounding heart, and Larimer's amused scorn raged against her poor little tricks and necessities with an intolerance which he would have been the first to condemn. Huyshop said something to the girl, with a smile which Larimer knew well, and she lifted to that look a candor of questioning which Larimer thought rather overdone. Surely, after her successful ambush of a Groveland Huyshop, she knew better than to lay it on as thick as that! The next instant there crept a shadow over that soft bloom. It was not fear; it was more a puzzled goodwill: but in another minute it might be fear. Then Larimer, having at once acknowledged and dismissed Huyshop with the briefest of nods, found himself bowing stiffly before the girl; and lifting his head again, "I 'm awfully sorry," he said, "to have kept you waiting. Our table 's over here."

He stood before her verdict, having risked a good deal; for he, as little as any man, enjoyed being made ridiculous. She probably knew her environment, and he was a poor man beside Huyshop, a beggarly partner. But for himself he made no bargain, and he burned with an immense desire that she should prove true at least to youth.

For the half of a second the girl looked away from his tall fairness, strangely young and earnest beside Huyshop's sedentary and greedy bulk, then inclining her head, she stepped forward. Larimer, with a boy's bursting heart of pride, led her away.

"Had he been—drinking?"

"A little."

"Ah," she said kindly, in a pleased tone of relief, "that was it."

They were sitting at Larimer's table. He had ordered champagne and, flanked with awful prophecies if it were not speedily served, an elaborate extension of his earlier demands. His guest had shown no demure shrinking toward a sandwich and a glass of milk. Drawing off her gloves, she revealed the adorable softness of pale, fair arms and pretty, ringless fingers. The unformulated desire, more an ache than a desire, filled Larimer's heart that somehow, inexplicably, miraculously, hers had been a real surprise, a real fright. Oh, but of course, good heavens! what would she have been doing there like that? "But," Larimer broke out, "if he had n't been drinking, you would n't have minded his speaking to you? Nor his asking you to dance?"

She lifted again the questioning candor of her eyes, and Larimer choked something down in order to persist patiently:

"If his manner had been all right, you 'd have danced with him—a man you 'd never met?"

"Why, is n't it the rule of the place?"

Larimer felt floored.

"Not the rule, exactly; there 's no rule. Later on, of course, people dance. Then you 've never been here before?"

"Oh, no," she replied rapturously. Her gaze began to wander again, absorbing that gilded paradise. "But I hope to be here every night now."

He stared at her, stupefied.

She added:

"The friend I came with told me that the gentleman would ask us to dance. And I don't want you to think he said anything so very dreadful—at least for an old gentleman. It was only, 'How pretty you are, my dear!' It was his horrid expression. I wanted dreadfully to dance. But of course I should expect them to be nice about it."

Larimer watched her while the waiter poured their wine. Indeed, she was made to dance. She was cool as a flower, but all her slender body was one desire of vital motion. The music poured through her like sunshine through delicate-hued glass, brightening and flushing the air about her

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" 'Don't speak!' she implored him, holding up her glass. 'I want to make a wish' "

and thrilling it with a happy trouble, like the mounting of a bird's song. She seemed to be made of light, of swiftness and air; rhythm dwelt in her; and as she sighed and stirred, and the thin tissue of her gown stirred, too, it seemed as if she were about to float off in some airy maze, like a petal borne on a breeze. She had the right to dance.

"Don't speak!" she implored him, holding up her glass. "I want to make a wish."

She thrust her little face forward to the brim, sniffing as at a nosegay.

"Oh!"— It was a sigh of fathomless content—"Oh, I 've always wanted it, and here it is! It does get up your nose, rather. But it 's wonderful, is n't it? It 's wonderful! Like horseback! It 's like flying! 'No weights upon you, anywhere!' It 's being set free! Oh, my wish is, I wish to fly! I wish to fly!"

Larimer drank to her wish. He felt as if he were dreaming, except for that ache in his heart. He could not ask for what flight she thought there was room here without the singeing of her wings. His rebellious brain scurried continually in search of some legitimate reason, however improbable, for her being there. He thirsted for some theory, however far fetched, of how and why she could have achieved, by the unlikeliest accident, that exposed and empty table. And all the while his senses drank in her sweetness, her pure, clear joy, her eyes made of light. What was that? "The dawn in her eyes and the sun on her forehead." Good Lord!

"It 's all stepping into fairy-tales tonight," she said. "I read something in a story once that was like me: 'I always wanted to walk through a wood at night, and meet a goose-girl, and lose my way, and find a diamond crown.' Of course you 're not a goose-girl,—I 'll do for her, myself,—but it is like walking through a wood at night and—and meeting some one very exciting, and finding a diamond crown. It 's just as magic and almost as mysterious. It 's the coming true of what one 's always wanted, and all one's fairy-tales." She turned her head, looking from

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"She thrust her little face forward to the brim, sniffing as at a nosegay"

the golden gallery to the crystal walls and back again, to inspect the throng. "Don't you believe in adventures? The goose-girl always did well in the fairy-tales. She had no jewels, and she was n't like the proud sisters; but she got her diamond crown all the same, and the witches had no power over her. She proved to be the king's daughter, and she always found her prince. Oh, luck! luck! luck! If they 'll only like me! If they knew how I longed for it all, if they knew how I loved it—oh, they would, they would! And if I can only get my chance! If dancing will do it! But I 'm so unknown and so shabby, and in my heart, 'way down, I 'm a little frightened! This had been my best street dress for three summers, and I lugged it around all last season—"

"Last season!" Larimer checked his impulse to spring up. "Your street dress!" He looked at her, open-mouthed, with earthquake and exultation tumbling broadcast in his face. "Last season! You 're an actress?"

"Why, yes," she said; "but I don't belong here in New York. I 'm from 'way out west, and I 'm out of work. And I *can* dance. If only I can get some dancing here—"

In the exquisiteness of relief the tears rose to Larimer's eyes, and stretching out his hand, he covered both hers.

"My dear girl," he laughed, "I 'm a damn' fool! Forgive the epithet, and don't think me crazy. We 're a pair of yaps. I don't belong to New York, either. I 'm an actor myself."

"BUT you 've never told me," said Larimer, leaning back so that the waiter might remove the grape-fruit, "how on earth you came to reserve a table."

"I did n't. Miss Belmont just set me down there until she could get the proprietor to look and see if I would do—do to make a trial, you know."

"That 's odd."

There was a changed atmosphere between them. She had lost all her ambiguous veil and of her glamour certainly a little. She was simply a working-girl,

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and in his own shop; she might almost as well have turned out to be a boy. Larimer, light of heart, was glad he had ordered nearly everything on the bill of fare for a comrade out of work.

She had informed him:

"My name is Ives—Cecily Ives." And then, with a fine smile: "You need n't try to think if you 've ever heard of me. Nobody has."

He had shattered that courageous bravado. He had said:

"And my name 's Larimer—David Larimer."

He was to remember for many a day the stricken silence, the staring flash, and then the lowered eyes, the color burning up over the girl's neck and face and brows and the breath catching and beating in her throat. Then he had made out to hear a little whispering voice that said:

"I was pretending so all along. You looked enough like you, anyhow, for everything to be—all right. But I could n't hope it was true."

Years before, when Larimer's entrance on an opening night had first brought him the applause of a reception, he had suffered from a happy rush of blood to the head, from a sense of a hand, sacredly beloved, touching the very center of his heart. That forgotten sense, that outlived flush, rose in him then. The girl herself was absorbed in her hour, in the details of her magic wood. Whatever was to come, at least she could never again be one who has not had her fulfilled and perfect moment. And in an astonishingly short space of time she had consumed an extraordinary amount of pheasant.

Going back now to his grievance and his curiosity, he asked:

"You were n't sent, then, by any agency?"

"No; no regular agency would even look at me, because they 'd never heard of me before. Since I 've been in New York nobody has ever done anything for me except Miss Belmont. She lives at my boarding-house."

"And what 's she like?"

"That 's she singing now."

Larimer perceived a pleasingly plump woman, aged, to the experienced eye, about thirty. She was discreetly arrayed, and her effects were created mainly by side-glances. To Larimer she appeared incomparably more ominous than the frankly sensuous type.

"She went out of her way to be nice to you?" he asked.

"Yes, almost directly. When I was getting to be—oh, I must say, pretty scared, she planned this. She said I could n't do anything to-night until very late, after the crowd had thinned and the regular turns were over. It 's more informal then, and I can do a solo on trial as well as not. I 've brought my music. But, Mr. Larimer, I want to tell you about my being willing to speak to that man. Because I can see you don't think it was quite all right."

"Would you mind telling me how old you are?"

"I 'm nineteen. But, surely, a convention 's just a convention. If it 's the custom, it 's the custom. You know how low and sickening you 'd think anybody was who would n't kiss anybody in a love-scene, or who was stupid about wearing tights? Why, in some stocks they give receptions after the matinée, and the whole audience flocks up all over the stage. You have to stay and let them ask, oh, such silly questions! Ah, I—I 've a friend who hates and loathes all that. He wants us never to know outsiders; never to let them in. He says they corrupt us, there 's such a lot of them. But I 'm tired of his feeling like that. Miss Belmont says the regular patrons here come in by and by, where the ropes are now, and dance with each other just as if it were a party—that that 's one reason for the popularity of the place. That 's the rule, is n't it?"

"Perfectly true."

"And that the professionals are a good deal like hostesses. You don't wait for people to be introduced; you just make it go off well. It 's all understood. Is n't that true?"

"I think not."

"Oh, Mr. Larimer, are you sure? She said it just showed how the age moved to-

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ward agreeable, polite customs; it was a real effect of civilization. I thought that was a lovely thing to say."

"She sounds clever," Larimer had the air of agreeing.

"She is clever, and she 's awfully kind. She 's trying to arrange something so wonderful that I hardly dare breathe it. Well, I will. Did you ever hear of a man named Huyshop — Mr. Groveland Huyshop? He 's awfully rich."

Larimer's fingers folded themselves round the stem of his glass.

"I 've heard of him."

"He 's a sort of professional backer of musical comedies, is n't he?"

Larimer took a deep puff of his cigarette and exhaled the smoke with a very long, slow smile.

"I suppose you might say he 'd made a business of it—a certain kind of musical comedy."

"Is n't it successful?"

"Oh, very."

"Well, Miss Belmont 's a friend of his; at least she used to work for him a long time ago. He got interested in her, and had her voice cultivated; but she did n't turn out to have much of a voice, poor dear, so he just dropped her. She says he 's like that. He 's willing to develop talent at any price, but if you can't deliver the talent! He 's a business man, after all, Miss Belmont says, even if he is a patron of art. But I don't mind that in him; I think it 's quite interesting. And there 's something so nice and *straight* about it; it 's so much more self-respecting to be an investment than a hobby. Miss Belmont says he 's done more for struggling young people in New York, particularly for more young girls! She says he 's well known for it."

"Yes, he is."

"And she says, if I can only tide over here for a while till she can get him to come to see me work, she would n't wonder but he 'd give me an understudy in his new piece and have me trained besides. Miss Belmont thinks my dancing 's very —very important, and that, if I turned out by and by to do anything remarkable, he might even send me out in a dance of my own. But in the meantime that girl I 'd understudy is getting two hundred dollars a week, and she 's not—not very responsible, poor girl! Do you think," with a nervous laugh, "Miss Belmont 's crazy?"

"Crazy? Not a bit of it."

"Oh, I could bless and bless her! For I must get something, and I must get it right away; I—I 've got to."

"You don't know who that man was who spoke to you?"

"No. Do you know him?"

"Very well."

Larimer turned to see what had become of Huyshop. He was sitting at the table from which Larimer had conducted Cecily Ives. He was being served there; it was his table. When he reserved it, he must have had an understanding with that old friend of his, Miss Belmont. The last bit of Larimer's puzzle was fitted in. It was not for the inspection of the proprietor that the girl had been seated at that table; it was not the proprietor who was to decide if she would do.

OFTEN and often afterward Larimer wondered if his impulse to keep her for the moment happily ignorant was simply the kindliness of a host, or if even then he dreaded that the instant he told her he would lose her.

She no longer seemed like a boy to him. Even his fury at Huyshop seemed to have fallen from him, as if it had, after all, nothing to do with him and her. With him and her! It had come to that? "I 'd been pretending all along that it was you." The sweet glow of the words dwelt in him; but at his pleasure in them something nibbled, and began to gnaw.

"Who is your friend who says outsiders corrupt us?"

"Oh, John Meiners." Her eyes had been wandering from the cheese to the salad and from the salad to the truffled stuff. "I *can't* eat it. But there 's a perfectly beautiful swagger in just leaving it." She leaned to him with dancing eyes. "Oh, Mr. Larimer, it 's so gay not to look

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"'She does n't seem in any danger of lacking a protector.

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I myself shall always welcome the young lady ' "

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down the bill of fare to see what there is under fifty cents! All my life, all my parties even, have had to be *in reason.*"

"Won't you order your sweet now?"

"Yes. Let 's order everything!"

He seemed to look after the retreating waiter. "Meiners?"

"Oh, you may just possibly have heard of John Meiners—if you read the one-night-stand dates in the dramatic papers. Well, you will hear of him."

"Oh, then he can act?"

"He 'd die if he could n't; or, no, he 'd keep on fighting it till he could. One can't think of him without his acting."

"And may one ask what he acts?"

She flashed:

"Oh, just some old plays you don't much care for in New York; just 'Macbeth' and 'Cæsar' and 'Richard' and 'Romeo.' And 'Hamlet.' "

"On one-night stands?"

"On one-night stands. With a *Laertes* at twenty-five a week, and *Juliet* making her own dresses. In little halls over railway stations, where the trains toll in and out. Over a fair once, where a cow lowed whenever *Hamlet* said 'Swear!' With people doubling parts, and trebling; yes, and more. With dressing-rooms made of sheets in the wings, and oil-lamps, leaking in puddles upon the stage, for footlights. Denmark without a court, and *Richard* without an army, and paper in the soles of our shoes."

"You played with him?"

"Oh, 'lisped in numbers.' *Juliet* in water-color, yes."

Larimer, his arms folded on the table, looked up at her from under leveled brows. He broke the long silence on a deep, questioning note.

"May I sympathize with your reason for leaving his company?"

She caught her breath.

"Yes?"

"You felt it rather too exacting a fate to be the wife of *Hamlet.*"

Another silence.

"Yes," she breathed, "that was it."

Over the coffee Larimer went back to this checking off for her.

"You wanted to be sure of yourself. You wanted to get a perspective on things. You did n't want everything cut and dried for you, nor to be caught before you 'd flown. You—" he mused it out with a wistfully tender tolerance—"you were brave enough to come here almost without a dollar, was n't it? Have you even one left?"

"Two," she told him. "Borrowed."

"Because you wanted to find out what life is," he concluded.

"Oh, yes!" she cried. "How did you know?"

"Once I, too, came here to find that out. But you did n't play *Juliet* in the beginning?"

"No; but I 've never been in any other company. Mother was with him. She used to star in *Lucretia Borgia* and *Nancy Sykes* and *Camille;* then, when they sent John out—he was almost an infant prodigy—as the boy *Hamlet,* mother was featured with him in the queen when she was quite old—much older than father, who used to be a minister in the country and fell in love with her and went to stage-manage for her. He stage-managed for John, too. So it 's not strange if I 'm a queer sort of girl in some ways. You see, my beginnings were just a little—mixed. I used to go on as pages and things when I was a baby, almost; and when they got to *Richard,* first I did the little prince and then the big one."

"Oh, then, Athene, did you spring full armed—"

"From little kids to *Juliet?* No; when mother died, father sent me to school, and kept me there till I was sixteen. Then he caught cold, changing from the *Ghost* to the *Grave-digger* behind a sheet, one night when they had the scenery doors open so the sheriff could take out each set as they finished with it, and he died, too. Sometimes I think if John had been to school more he would n't be quite so *cracked.* He gave me all the small parts right away, and then the seconds, and then the leads. You must n't ever dream he tried to keep me back or that sort of thing. No, never John. He could n't ever think of such a

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thing. The trouble is, he 'd never think distinctly enough about anybody for that. All he ever thinks of is his *darned* casts. That 's all he cares for on this earth—*to put the piece through.*" She paused; then in a tone beautifully softened and ringing with an emotion not far from tears: "I suppose if you care very terribly, you 're bound to be rather disagreeable about it. And when he is n't disagreeable—ah, he 's not like other people! But, oh, indeed, don't think that I don't care about the big things: I care a lot—a lot." She heaved a long sigh and sat silent. She concluded in a very little voice, "Only I like the other things, too."

LARIMER signaled for his bill, but, settling it, continued to study the girl's face. It seemed to him that many things much more difficult to settle were humming and whirling inside that little head. His responsibilities did not appal him as they should have done; they simply interested him to the last fiber of his consciousness. A hint, scarcely recognized, suggested that for him, too, the settling might be profoundly important. He said suddenly:

"And what 's to become of you?"

She was genuinely startled.

"Why, you don't think I 'll succeed, then?"

"Succeed?" Then he remembered that she was still building her house of cards.

"If I do, if Mr. Huyshop ever puts me out as a dancer, and I 'm a big success, the first thing I 'll do will be to send John a lot of money to do things better with."

"But if you won't marry him, he can't take your money."

"Can't he? *For his productions!* He 'd grind our bones to make their bread. Why, do you know how I came to study dancing? John went without sleepers to pay for the best lessons in the town where I went to school because he had n't a chance to take them himself! He wants to learn how to move better; that 's it. He used to talk about a streak of luck when we 'd have money enough to come to New York for our honeymoon after the season closed. But, goodness! if we 'd ever got the money, it would all have had to go for the next season's costumes. Do you think he wants to be thrilled at the beautiful performances here? No, he wants to find out about them. He knows he 's provincial and he 's afraid of getting behind the times; he wants to suck them dry. When he looks at your pictures in the magazines, do you think they make him happy?" She frowned down Larimer's sudden laugh. "No, he 's groaning about how far he could go if he looked like that! He says, 'My God! what would n't I give to have that fellow for my *Mercutio* and my *Macduff!*' Of course that sounds presumptuous, ludicrous to you, but he means it for a compliment. Oh, he *means* it! Would n't he just enjoy feeding you into his *Macduff* and his *Mercutio!* He 's always been watching for you to star, and when you were announced to this year, he was crazed to know what you were going to do next, whether you could get hold of a Rostand, whether you 'd do Maeterlinck—all the things you can do with money and position, with the whole world in the hollow of your hand. He hopes that you 'll o'ertop Pelion, and he 'll come from the ends of the earth to see you—so as to eat you up!" Flushing, she paused.

And Larimer, tingling with astonishment and pride and shame, put them all aside to ask her:

"Forgive me. But if I 'm to be of any use—do you love him?"

"I don't know. That 's really why I came away."

"I see."

"I 'd scarcely ever seen anybody else. And—for life! And such hard terms! It frightened me. Oh, you could never understand yourself while you were near him. He makes such wonderful love to you—when he remembers about you at all."

"And he?"

"He took it terribly hard. And he 'd got a lot better leading woman, too."

The crowd was beginning to thin out, and Larimer could plainly see Huyshop still seated and still drinking. Miss Bel-

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mont came up and spoke to him, and he answered her with a savagery that made Larimer wonder if she would be driven to the indiscretion of interrupting her friend's tête-à-tête with a man.

"But if he 'd really loved me," continued the girl, "would n't he have been willing to come here with me? Just for a while? To give up Shakspere and give up starring just till he 'd made a success here? Is n't that the way, to conform for a little while to what the public wants till you 're great enough to do what you want?"

"The old trap!" Larimer cried.

"What? I 'm not so narrow, that 's all. I want the mountains as much as he does. But I want the flower-shops, too."

"You can't have them."

"What?"

"At least not *too*. You 've got to choose."

"Why—you—yourself—"

"I—oh, yes, I began by wanting them both. Mr. Meiners is n't the only one who thinks *Hamlet* a good part. I conformed for that; it was for that I did what the public wanted, and I 've caught the popular taste. I 've made good in evening clothes. The season before last I played 'Sir John Arrives,' and last season 'Lady Margaret's Bracelet.' But this year, the last of my contract with Engle, when I came to be starred, the public taste had changed to romantic drama (the kind that 's like cheap stained glass), and so now I 've made good in 'The Chevalier.' Only the *Chevalier* and *Sir John* and the gentleman who found *Lady Margaret's* bracelet —they 're all the same person. If that person is ever called *The Hermit,* he does n't wear a beard because the matinée girl does n't like that; if he 's ever called *The Devil,* he never does anything really not quite nice, or my managers give him to some one 'more in that line.' I 've given two performances of him to-day. He 's a pleasant soul. Only, I shall never get hold of a Rostand, I shall never do Maeterlinck, I shall never play *Hamlet.* I shall play always that same part—the part the public likes. But it 's very warm and very bright in the florist's shop, and very pretty. I 'm not advising you to keep out of it."

"Oh!" she breathed, "you—oh! oh! but why don't you—"

Larimer smiled.

She had grown a little pale; after all, she had been brought up to believe in the mountains. Her eyes went round the room, and then came back to him scared, but still full of their exultant light.

"Oh, Mr. Larimer, no; you won't be like that! It 's getting near time for me to dance. Wish me luck! Wish that Mr. Huyshop believes in me!"

"If he does n't, you 'll get your job here. Or, failing that, you must let me lend you something till you find work. Perhaps, after a while, I can find you a little part. But only perhaps, and only a little part, and after a while. And maybe some day you 'll succeed on your own."

"No, 'there is a tide,' you know, 'in the affairs of men.' And this is my one chance for a real success."

"Choose it! Only understand that you 'll never send any money to John and his productions. And you 'll never go back."

"I will!"

"Ah, then you 're sure you want to?"

"One does n't want to dance all one's life."

"Only the music never stops. Some people find your fairy wood a real one, where one goes round and round in circles, and only bangs oneself against the trees."

"I shall be different."

"That 's what we all think."

"Dear Mr. Larimer, you don't know me."

"I know the web."

"But why? Why?"

"Oh, what does it matter? Not that kind of a world, I suppose. They catch us too young, perhaps. Or maybe to stay and yet push ahead, one needs to be blind of one eye. You and I, the broad-minded ones, we should have to make a clean bolt."

"But now, when I 'm beginning to feel the ball in my hand! These last five months—I could n't go through them

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"She drew his hand toward her till she had folded it for a second to her heart.
'I'll thank you out there! You'll come?'"

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again. You don't know. This dance—surely it 's time. And I feel as if I were on fire. Oh, and John Meiners! I 've been nowhere; I have n't met any one nor scarcely seen any one even to try to compare with him—not until to-night."

Larimer felt his heart jump. Her candid gaze was seeking coolness.

"Could we stand near a window?"

"Come out on the balcony, if you 're not afraid of the air. Quick!" He saw her friend Miss Belmont approaching.

He held the curtains of the long window for her to pass out. And she said to him as she mounted the three little steps, "My one chance!"

THEY were far above the earth, incredibly. The effulgent moon had them in her power, folding them into her world and separating them by a lake of light from the stone cañons of the streets. In that late stillness the streets themselves lay, washed with moonshine, in a gray peace. It had been one of those warm, damp winters in which the air seems scarcely even to freshen till the New Year comes in; and, sure enough, there was to-night a movement in the luminous heavens. The great lamp was borne with steady swiftness through gulf after gulf of immensity, the moving continents of clouds reflecting it in billowing silver; and on the little earth a light wind had just begun to breathe. From some chink of the sidewalk or cranny of a sill it carried against Larimer's coat a few tiny scraps of colored paper; and he was somehow amazed to recognize in them fragments of last night's confetti, a shred of tickling feather from the bedlam where now a toy trolley broke the stillness. A marionette policeman, or a stray footstep on some fabulous errand, failed to humanize an empty world. From far away, in a forgotten tawdriness of heat, there came to them a faint, swift music.

Larimer put his hands on the girl's shoulders.

"I 've got to tell you—"

"Oh—this! Is n't this like the battlements at Elsinore?"

"Is it, indeed? I 've got to tell you. That man who spoke to you was Huyshop."

For a second there was no change in her face. Then he could n't look at her any longer. He looked over her head. It seemed centuries before she asked:

"And—Miss Belmont—"

"Yes."

She sprang backward against the balustrade, pressing against it with her outstretched palms, as if she would press through and away at any cost. "John!" she cried. There was no mistaking that one word. It was a call for help.

Larimer's arms dropped to his side. He turned his back upon her, and from the balcony's other end stood looking downward, cursing all things and with a heart of gall. He forgot everything—the situation, all question of the future, or the girl herself—in the painful fury of his resentment. How dare she? And what did she mean by it? How had he betrayed the completeness with which she had placed herself in his hands, and how would she have fared, with her innocent boldness and greed, in the hands of other men? She—she who had seemed to recognize him at a glance, who had seemed to understand without a word the essential difference, to class him with that—scum! Who had come to him, yes, with "the dawn in her eyes and the sun on her forehead," and made an eager boy of him again! And now to dare, to have the heart—

He felt her fingers on his coat-sleeve; then he became aware of her getting her breath to speak, and leaning slightly against him, with a new weariness, as she might have leaned against some great dog guiding her to refuge.

"Will you lend me the money to get home?" she said.

In the violent reaction he turned, laying his hand upon both of hers. Reproach welled to his lips, and died there at sight of the bowed little head drooping almost against his sleeve. With his free hand he fumbled for a wad of notes; unthrifty, he thanked Heaven that New Year's had come on a salary day that year.

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"Got a handkerchief to wrap it in? Come, now, pin it in your dress."

She did as he bade her, still shaking from head to foot and the tears beginning to roll down her face. "Good Lord!" he said, with one of his unmetropolitanly expressive smiles, and supplied another handkerchief himself.

She dashed her face into it and out again. And, still holding to him, said:

"I 'll go in the morning. I was a fool. If it were n't for you, I might have to die here. But you," she cried—"you? How about you?"

"Me?"

"Oh, Mr. Larimer, you 're not a bit happy here! You said so."

"Wh—"

"Yes, yes; in there at supper, when you said you 'd always play the same part. You said it was a trap. Well, then, you must want to get out of it. You can't stand it, you can't breathe in it—"

"Yes, I can. You 're idealizing me."

"I 'm not. I know you love it all in a way. I did, too. Oh, I did, too! I 've been a fool, but I 'm not very old, and I 'm not a fool all through. And it 's the other part of me—the part that 's like you; yes, it is—that knows. Don't you remember you said to me, 'We 're a pair of yaps.' You said to me in the very beginning, 'I don't belong here, either.' Of course you don't; of course. Well, if *I* was a fool, anyhow, *I* don't matter. But you matter. A trap! And not to play *Hamlet!* Do you remember my saying 'I want to fly'? Well, so do you, too! That 's the one thing you want. That 's what you were made for."

He looked out grimly over her lifted head into the bright, pure night.

"And where to?"

"To all the things that you could do. To being—great. Listen! This is the last year—you said so—of your contract with Engle. I know it 's crazy, but—when you did n't laugh at *Macduff* and *Mercutio,* I thought—I thought even then—if— Why, even this money you 've given me here, it would pay for all the new billing and stuff. If you split the parts—if you alternated in them—oh, I know—that 's wild, but—it 's been done. Maybe you think I can't speak for John, but indeed, indeed, I can. He 'd say, 'With Larimer's name, we could jump the next step higher, and book in the Burrows circuit.' Why, he 'd simply swim in watching you act, and you 're not afraid of his eating you up. Would n't it all pay? Would n't it? And would n't it be something to win out in? Oh, wild! But everything 's wild to-night."

"Yes," he said, "wild; but everything 's wild to-night. And there 's a moon."

"Oh, then you 're thinking of it! Mr. Larimer, do, do!"

Her face was straining up toward his, her hands clutched him as though to draw him from drowning waters; but all unconsciously to her quick heart, it was not only for Larimer she pleaded.

And Larimer would have been something else than human if it had not been sweet to him that she did not beg him to take his chance in other company. It had not occurred to her that he as well as John Meiners might make a run alone. All round them the silver air, drenched through with light, lay hushed and waiting for his answer. The changed and solemn city had no sound or motion in it but the deep, absurd, swift hurry of his heart—that irrational outcry of his youth for life and wings and for the great adventure. It had sought him out. It had come to him just in time, crazy as hope and wild as all desire, in a rough cloak and very humble guise, but far above the streets and houses, under great spaces and a speeding sky. And it had been brought to him by his very dream, who spoke with the voice of the ideal comrade, and shone with the eyes of the best beloved, and had never met her hero and compared him with John Meiners till that night! Art and poetry and struggle, the dear faces of incomparable parts, nearing him with welcome in that fairy light! And to contend foot by foot in honor for one's very love—He looked down into her lifted face.

"Cecily," he said—and then she felt him not so much start as stiffen, and then relax

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again—"Cecily," he said in another voice, "listen to me. Whatever you do, don't move. There 's somebody behind that curtain watching us. It 'll turn out to be a joke, of course. Ah, I thought so," he added. "Hallo, Huyshop!"

A FIELD of yellow glare showed for a moment behind Huyshop until he had slowly drawn the curtains together again without turning the pasty whiteness of his face from Larimer; he stepped outside the window, and drew that shut in the same way.

It was all rather like the entrance of the husband at the end of the third act. Larimer had sometimes entered like that himself, and he had an amused sense of being drawn back from the invigorating realities of passion and Shakspere and moonshine to the unauthentic and unreal shadow-pictures of every day. Then he saw that Huyshop had his right hand in the pocket of the ulster, in which he had evidently turned back again for a final word. He had something in that hand which he held with such an intense exactness that its mouth pointed the cloth of the pocket, and on the instant in which Larimer guessed what this was he saw that Huyshop was horribly drunk. A perfectly authentic chill crept through his veins.

"You need n't worry about the young lady," Huyshop said. His voice was guttural, and it dragged; but he spoke distinctly, with preternatural precision, and his ominous bulk swayed so slightly that its wavering might have been only the flicker of the consuming volcano of sick rage which lit up his inflamed, swimming eyes and moistened the looseness of his mouth. "She does n't seem in any danger of lacking a protector. I myself shall always welcome the young lady."

The sound in Larimer's throat died in a growl of wrathful helplessness.

Huyshop only swung his head slightly, as though he had water in his eyes.

"I applaud her taste. But you don't expect me to thank her for it."

"Let her pass, then!"

Instinctively Cecily leaned to Larimer's side and stretched one arm across his breast.

"No," said Huyshop, and smiled; "she does n't want to go. She wants what she chose. Young lady's will is my law."

Larimer ungraciously thrust the girl back against the balustrade and held her there, with a hand over her wrists.

Huyshop said to her:

"You 're not the only one, my dear. He 's a great favorite with the ladies—almost too great for his own good. Who was that other girl, Larimer, turned down my motor ride for yours? That was a sort of warning-bell, Larry, for both of us. You 're too charming, my dear fellow. There are those glances Mrs. Huyshop does you the honor to throw you. Oh, I know you don't pick them up any too quickly. But does that make it any pleasanter for me?"

"Don't be a beast, Huyshop," Larimer interrupted. "And don't be a fool."

"No; you made a fool of me once tonight, and now I intend to spoil your joke. When I 've seen other men grow into old gray rats and lose their girls to the young fellows, I 've said that before I let it come to that with Grovey Huyshop—but, by God! I never thought I should be done by a damned actor! I thought I was more of a man than that. I may be a beast and a fool and an old fool, you matinée beauty, but I can't have you commiserating the confidences of Mrs. Huyshop. And though I 've always said when it came to the decline of Huyshop he 'd have sense enough left to blow his brains out, I think the laugh 'll be more on you if I blow out yours."

Over his shoulder Larimer told the girl:

"Don't cry out. It can't help." All sorts of ideas were flaring through him, and the sight of the little point of cloth tilting upward at him seemed to hypnotize them into a whirling wheel. Some recollections of Huyshop's reputation for putting shots through tame pigeons; mad anger at the completeness of the trap, at the indifferent world, too far, for all its nearness; a wildness of desire for life and

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vengeance, hitherto undreamed of in his peaceful circumstance; stark bewilderment at the end, the real blank finish, facing him so close and so incredibly; and, through everything, that mocking sense of the climax of an act, the only place where he had ever found that much of anything happened; and then, the tingle of the girl's helpless nearness. He saw a slight stiffening grow through Huyshop's muscles. He knew it for the end; and in that second of passive fury, as the world went black before his eyes, catching at an old, old "situation," he lifted his head with a start that made Cecily start, too, and called out, sharp and high, over the other's shoulder: "No, don't! He 's got a gun on us!"

Huyshop turned with a snarl, and on the instant Larimer leaped. The two men went down upon the stone floor of the narrow balcony with a thudding impact—jar, but no noise. They rolled there for an instant without a sound save the scuffling of their limbs. Then Larimer rose, with the revolver in his hand.

"Gee!" he said inelegantly. Flushed, rumpled, and dirty as he was, his eyes sparkled, and he laughed. It had been no easy matter to throw Huyshop between the rival perils of the balcony railing and of the steps back into the restaurant, and his body exulted in having done well. His brain seemed clear with oxygen and his blood racing. In that moment he was happy.

But the intolerable thing was if the girl, who for a life-and-death instant had stood bravely by him in the moonlight, should be falsely colored by the glare from that room, where surely now some ears were pricking, or by the search-light of the yellow press.

"Go in quick and get your things! They may begin to guess in there. You can't be seen with me. Look at me! All this—" he touched Huyshop with his foot—" 'll get out. Oh, for heaven's sake keep sweet and clean of it! Make a bolt—the first morning train! Don't forget me!" He caught the hand that she held out to him, and he felt it thrilling in his and clinging to him. "Oh, my dear! my dear! my dear!" he cried.

She drew his hand toward her till she had folded it for a second to her heart.

"I 'll thank you out there! You 'll come?"

"I 'll come," he told her. He could not in that instant have conceived a Broadway life.

After she was gone he was still smiling, and he said to Huyshop:

"Come, get up, get up! You don't need lifting."

He nevertheless helped the fallen warrior to his feet, a little surprised at the simplicity with which Huyshop made use of him as a mere post to clamber up by. The sunken body stood still there breathing hard, but otherwise like a stuffed figure, and in his high good temper Larimer stooped for his handkerchief, which Cecily had dropped, and began striking the dust from Huyshop with light blows.

Buttoning the neck of the man's ulster over his disarray, "My word!" Larimer laughed, "this is a darned flat climax! Wish a poor actor had experience of wilder ones. What does the hero do for a curtain? Oh, surely!" He clicked open the revolver, and shaking out the cartridges into the handkerchief, "My souvenir," he grinned. He extended the empty weapon. "Your property, old man."

Huyshop, having slid his property biddably into his pocket, remained stock still. Larimer gave him a whacking push.

"Come, you stagger off, you know. You need to sleep it. No, wait!" They stood there till Larimer could descry a girl's cloaked figure speed down the side street and disappear. When it was well gone, "Clear out!" he said. And Huyshop obediently, and still silently, departing, Larimer remained alone upon the balcony, reluctant to go in, all tingling yet with successful life, and with the cool air that was still the brilliant and deep air of the deep night in that beginning of a fresh day.

He still felt the hold of the girl's hand on his over the beating of her heart. Now he knew himself indeed young with the

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young year, and he exulted, half laughing, to the moon:

"I salute you. I am yours. Remember our appointment. Next year! On the battlements of Elsinore!" Half drunk with the luminous flood from that high chalice, his brain rang to a music like the poured libation of past folly. "All 's lost! All 's saved! All 's saved to-night!"

Then down there in the dim world another figure, a manikin this time, appeared and started to cross the street. And Larimer sang out cheerily to him: "Huyshop, here!" He held up the captured ammunition in a ball of knotted linen. "Here are your lozenges. No regrets, and good luck to you down there! But for me—"

He never knew if the manikin on the pavement heard the words. It looked up and saw the victor, in his tall youth, fling down the white wad of the handkerchief with the call of his tolerant and scornful joy, "Forever and forever farewell, Cassius!"

On a New Year's eve three years later, Larimer, who had replaced "The Chevalier" by his even more overwhelmingly successful "The Knight-at-Arms," escorted the Florrie Follis of the moment to that season's equivalent of the cabaret. It was a new thing, holding forth in the cellar, instead of under the roof.

He had in his hand an envelop that contained, as well as a newspaper clipping, an old type-written copy of a poem. Across the table, his companion laid hold of the latter, and saying, "Oh, Kipling!" read some of the lines.

They ran:

> Ere yet we loose the legions,
> Ere yet we draw the blade,
> Jehovah of the Thunders,
> Lord God of Battles, aid!

"That 's lively."

As though in explanation, Larimer passed her the clipping. It bore, above the printed paragraph, a minute woodcut of a man's face. "Some friends of mine, opening to-morrow night in 'Hamlet.' It 's a big hope, a crisis, for them. They 've scraped up their last cent for something like a real production."

"Hamlet!" she laughed. "Oh, the Burrows circuit. That 's pretty good, is n't it?"

"Yes; the best popular-priced houses out there."

"'Mr. Meiners is supported by Miss Cecily Ives, who in private life is Mrs. Meiners.'"

"To-morrow night!" Larimer thought. He had resumed possession of the verses and he read:

> "Cloak thou our undeserving,
> Make firm our shuddering breath,
> In silence and unswerving—

So much as that to her!"

"Golly!" said his companion, "what a hair-cut! He 's got a regular little knife of a face. He is n't much the type of your friends, I must say."

For a moment they sat idly attending the premature calls and tootlings to the New Year. The young lady said:

"Do you remember one New Year, Larry, when you swore you 'd never come back to the old cabaret. You did break your swear, though, fast enough."

Larimer shuddered. But then very slowly he said:

"Thank God I did!"

Yes, they were on the threshold of their opening in "Hamlet" in the Burrows circuit.

> Fulfilled of signs and wonders,
> In life, in death made clear,
> Jehovah of the Thunders,
> Lord God of Battles, hear!

His eyes were tired, and the lights, dazzling, seemed to revolve before him, and his brain struggled against the numbing raps from the swift shuttle making its pattern of battering music; the lights and the music that together wove their changeless web.

Jehovah of the Thunders—

"And to think that it 's all going on somewhere!" Larimer said.

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In the Path of War

Four pictures by

Joseph Pennell

Amiens Cathedral as seen over the market-place

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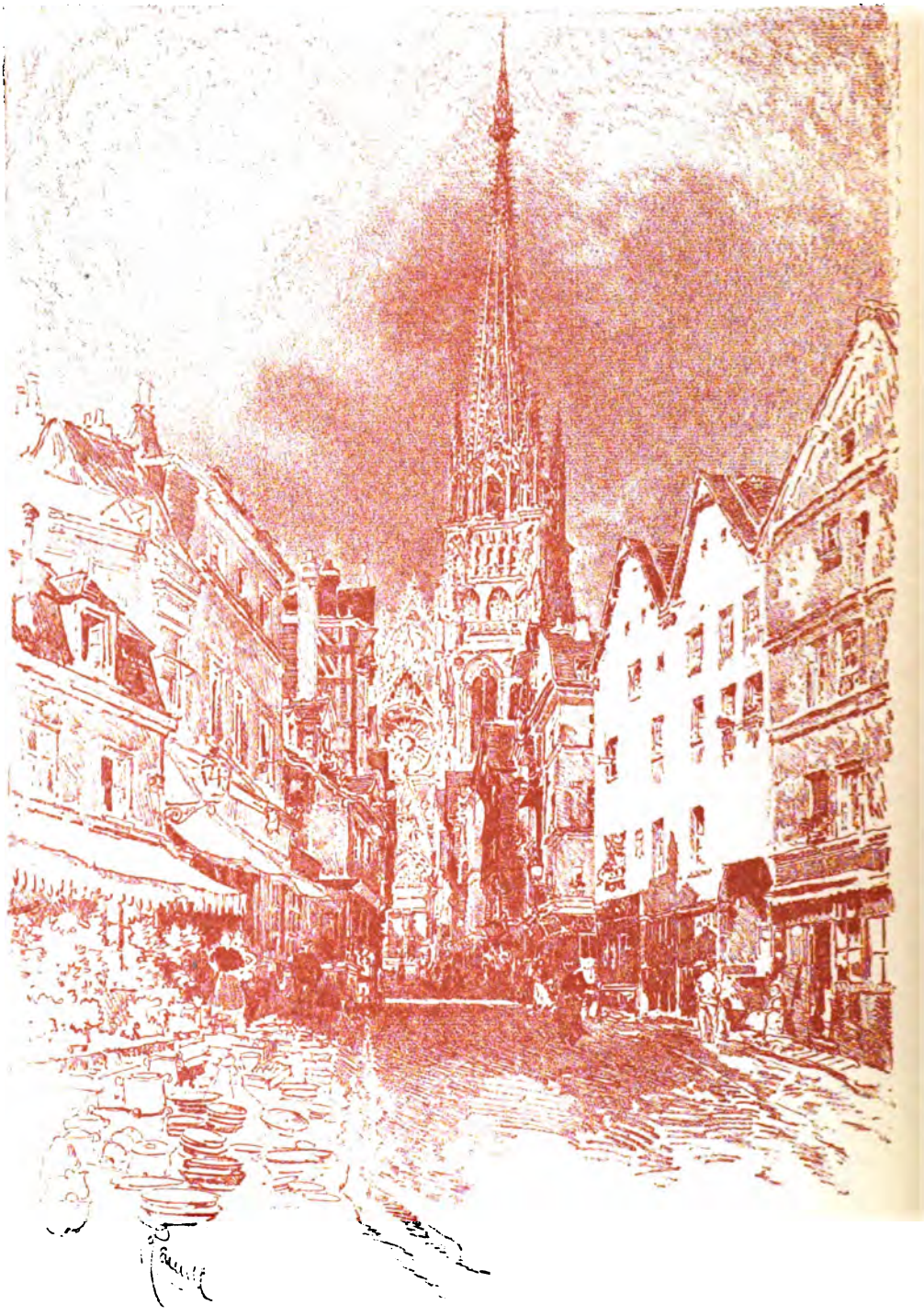

The spire of Notre Dame of Rouen,
from the old streets

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Chartres. The east end

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Beauvais Cathedral, seen at night from the market-place

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Russia and the Open Sea

By EDWIN DAVIES SCHOONMAKER

Author of "The Saxons," "The Americans," etc.

WHATEVER may happen to the other nations whose swords are crossed in the great conflict that is now waging, no one expects that the destiny of the colossus of the North will be seriously interfered with. France may be overrun or a similar fate may overtake Germany, Austria may disappear from the map or the British Empire may be broken up; but between Russia and any great harm still lie those impenetrable spaces where the armies of Napoleon lie buried—those armies that Europe has not forgotten. When the swords that are now clashing are put up and the game is over, Germany and Austria or England and France may divide the present, but the future belongs to Russia.

Let us look for a moment at the history and aspirations of this great people, and see how she lies with relation to things that are happening and to things that will happen when the wounds that are now opening are healed, and the children of fathers that are now dying have become the masters of Europe.

For centuries the Slav has lived and, so far as the rest of the world is concerned, still lives just beyond the horizon. There is about him something of the wonder with which our forefathers regarded the hyperboreans, something of the awe with which dwellers in valleys look upon high mountains, upon the Alps or the Himalayas. He appears and disappears, strikes or is ever about to strike. He is the Apache of Europe and Asia, the Ishmael of the Caucasian race. To the south of a ragged line touching the civilizations ancient and modern of virtually the whole earth, eyes are eternally fixed upon the North, wondering where he will appear next. Indeed, this anxiety is a kindred bond uniting the heterogeneous peoples of the temperate zone of the two continents. To find anything like it we must go back to the days when along borders much less extensive the people of the Roman Empire looked toward the north, where a similar menace was gathering. While the Swede is out on his watch-towers in the west, the Japanese is patrolling his coast, and between them what motley sentinels move to and fro, what strange tongues are naming the common fear! Where will he appear next? In what numbers will he come? And how much land will he seize? Not a year passes, not a month probably, that the matter is not up in some cabinet or other of Europe or Asia. And a good guess is fame for any statesman.

But what scant material to work upon! One could take a map of the earth, and in nine cases out of ten lay his finger upon those spots where England or France or Germany or any other of the leading commercial nations will appear, provided he knows where, in unappropriated regions, rich mines or timber or reservoirs of oil will be found. But what of the Slav, who is still almost wholly outside the pale of the commercial age? With him it is enough if it is only land. There are times, of course, when even England will pick up a piece of territory that is not too dangerously attached to a strong nation—a piece that has none of the allurements I have mentioned. But if you will look closely, you will see that it has at least population. For a market for finished products is quite as essential as sources of raw material. But Russia, stupidly unmoved, it would seem, by these refinements, gathers up with the same avidity the mountain fastnesses of the Caucasus and the cities of China. This it is more than anything else that makes it difficult for the statesmen of commercial nations to understand Russian diplomacy or to predict with any certainty just where along her interminable borders the Cossack will appear. To know, as every one

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knows, that Russia is seeking always an outlet to the sea, to the open sea, is of little help. For experience has shown that she is quite as capable of moving upon one a thousand miles away as upon one within sight. And coupled with the capacity for a quick stroke, like the cobra, what glacier-like patience! Other nations must hurry or stand still, choose either the present or the future; Russia can do both. Hence the wonder and the perplexity, the eagerness to thwart her, and yet the certainty of ultimate defeat. For while other nations are obliged to conquer peoples, Russia can seep out from her own land and absorb them.

RUSSIA NEITHER EUROPEAN NOR ASIATIC

WHAT is it that has made Russia the great enigma, the stranger both to Europe and Asia? Beyond doubt the fact that she is herself neither one. To the Asiatic she is something of a European; to the European she is something of an Asiatic: yet to both she is not wholly either the one or the other. She is like a great tree with her ancient trunk rising up out of the Caucasus, the early home of the Slavic people, and towering up into the ices of the North, and with her branches extending east and west into the sunrise and the sunset. And yet her leaves are neither of the East nor of the West. She is white like the European, and yet the brown man and the yellow man understand her. And under her immense shade what multicolored garments, what a strange cluster of tongues! People of the older races of Asia have often observed that the cosmopolitanism even of the Briton, the European world-man, is a matter of manners, the affected suavity of the drummer, whereas the Slav, certainly that type which the great mother throws out in inexhaustible thousands along her borders, is *bon vivant* with all the races and classes of the earth. The other nations of Europe have made the acquaintance of alien peoples, but Russia—Russia, it would seem, has always known them. Their small lives find comfortable places in her vastness, their children are at home in her great lap.

It behooves the nations, especially those that expect to travel the road of the future, to learn something of Russia, as it behooved the Roman to learn something of the Gaul. They cannot afford to go on drawing the sword whenever she appears. But right now, when new alinements are being made for the future, they should begin that *rapprochement* which will admit Russia into the family of nations not as a menace, but as a friend. At least we here in America, aloof, it is to be hoped, from the prejudices of the Old World—we, young as Russia is young, heterogeneous as Russia is heterogeneous, and entering upon our world life as Russia is entering upon hers, should certainly turn with open mind to this great stranger. We should not be satisfied with a report of her crimes delivered to us over the cables of other nations, or even with the reading of her novels, or the viewing of her dances. We ourselves would not be satisfied with a judgment of our own country based upon such materials. We should try to find out something not only of what she is, but of what she is trying to be. And to understand her, three things at least are indispensable: first, a general knowledge of European peoples and institutions; secondly, a similar knowledge, smattering at least, of the great peoples of the near East and the far East, who for generations have felt the push of this human glacier along that ever-southward-moving line between the Black Sea and the China wall; and thirdly, a knowledge, if one may call it knowledge, of what two such ingredients will produce in the way of a third. It is this last, of course, that has made Russia the despair of travelers and psychologists. For human chemistry, while it may be, as some claim it is, a science, is as yet a science of the future. "Scratch a Russian and find a Tatar" is a formula too evidently drafted for the convenience of those who contemplate a summer sojourn in this immense land, a reed too slight at least for statesmen to lean upon.

But let us "scratch" this Russian, and this Tatar, too, and see if we can discover what it is that has made him the world

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figure he is and that threatens to make him the figure of the world, though at present he is scarcely to be seen behind the towering shadows of Germany and France and England that fill the horizon.

Looking first, then, into his past, we find during the short thousand years that, properly speaking, he has occupied the stage of history three events stand out as of prime importance. One of them is a call to Europe, another a call from Asia, while a third has tied him to that unsettled region between Europe and Asia, that boiling-pot of the races where the sword for centuries has never dried and which has at last set all Europe aflame.

THE MAKERS OF RUSSIA

THE first of these events is an invasion, if we may call it so—an invasion of that same Scandinavian race whose vikings at about the same time were pouring down into England and France, down even into Sicily and southern Italy. But upon these latter lands they came as brigands, sword in hand, at first for booty, and then for permanent homes in the comfortable sunshine which they found there. But into Russia, so the story goes, they entered not as robbers, but upon invitation, and that, too, not as the Saxons were invited into Britain, to help stem the rising tide of rapacious neighbors, but to aid in the establishment of an orderly government. It was an extraordinary procedure, certainly, and one which should not be forgotten; for here we see for the first time, and that, too, far back in the twilight, the hand of the Slav held out in brotherly friendship, asking help. "Our land is great and fruitful, but it lacks order and justice; come and take possession and govern us." Significant appeal!

Just how much of the subsequent history of Russian conquest is due to this fiery drop of viking blood which, infused in a somewhat larger quantity into Britain, has goaded her out over the seas into every corner of the globe, it is of course impossible to say. In Russia the Northmen never acquired that complete and permanent control which they secured in Britain. For the expanding Scandinavian race, instead of following in the path of Rurik, preferred to turn their ships to the south, and Russia was again cut off.

When next she appears, it is again with hands outstretched, not this time for governors, but for teachers. The Dark Ages, which had come over Europe with the fall of the Roman Empire, were giving way in the South to the light of civilization, and missionaries, who were wandering everywhere, finally reached Russia. But when they came, they came, unfortunately, not from Rome only, but from Constantinople also. For this great schism was already a fact, and there was now an Eastern as well as a Western church.

Probably nothing in all the history of Russia has so affected her destiny, and possibly also the ultimate destiny of Europe and Asia, as this great schism in the South. For more than anything else, possibly more than all other things combined, this it is that has opened the chasm between Russia and the rest of Europe. For when once the ambassadors whom the ruling prince Vladimir sent out to canvass the religions of the world with a view to determining which was best for the Russian people, returned and reported in favor of the Orthodox, or Greek Catholic, with its seat at Constantinople, and the prince indorsed this recommendation, from that moment the face of Russia was turned toward the East. From that moment she began to be a stranger. Henceforth her music, her architecture, her government, her whole national character indeed, began gradually to be molded not after the models of Europe, but after those of Asia. Henceforth there was to be misunderstanding between the rest of Europe and their Northern neighbor—a misunderstanding which is utterly incomprehensible without this explanation. For the Slavic people are full brothers of the German, of the French, of the English, of all the great peoples of Europe; for all these, including the Slav, are Aryan.

This, then, is the seed out of which have arisen those tremendous complications which to-day embroil the world.

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The last event, second only in importance to the one I have just mentioned as far as its effect upon the character and institutions of Russia is concerned, came as the result not of a peaceful sending of ambassadors among the civilized nations to inquire into and report upon things which might be of value to the Russian people, but as a sudden and irresistible deluge of wild barbarians from the East, the horde of that greatest of all conquerors and autocrats, Jenghiz Khan. To Europe, waking to the first rays of the Renaissance, the coming of these savages was as though the mineral kingdom should suddenly rise and attack trees and grain and grass. In the South, however, thanks to the knowledge and practice of Roman arms, the plague was stayed and finally beaten off; but over Russia, disorganized and cut off from this advantage, the horde swept on, and for more than two centuries raped and pillaged and oppressed at will. And all this while the rest of Europe, to which at this time a half-Christian was more execrable than a heathen, looked on with unconcern, possibly with gratification that God at last was punishing the heresy of her neighbor. During these centuries of outrage such as Italy never experienced in the darkest days of the Goths and the Vandals the spirit of the Russian people was broken. Little wonder that among these brothers of the Gaul, the Saxon, and the German, revolutions rise and spend themselves in foam.

This was the call from Asia—a call that has since been answered even to the shores of the Pacific.

RUSSIA'S ISOLATION

WITH the ebbing of this dark tide that had overwhelmed her, at last Russia awoke to the fact that she was cut off from the rest of Europe; or at least one man awoke and, looking about him, became aware that during the long night of his country's enslavement a new day had dawned in the South, while in the North all was torpor and darkness. What Alfred the Great is to early Britain, that Peter the Great, in his crude way, is to Russia. If ever a race of people found adequate expression in one person, that race was the Slavic race in their great czar. As an acorn enfolds an oak, the type of a great forest, so Peter the Great enfolded the Russian people. Into him they have flowed from the twilight of time, and from him they have gone out to the ends of the earth. And this was one of his dreams, that his country might have ample boundaries.

But wide boundaries are not greatness. Had Peter imagined that they were, he would probably have taken his place in history among those secondary men whose names are known simply as conquerors. But it was primarily of the Russian people he was thinking, of the Russian people taking their place and marching in the van with the other peoples of Europe. Former czars had made pilgrimages to Asia, to prostrate themselves at the feet of their Tatar masters; Peter's pilgrimage was in the opposite direction, to Prussia, to Holland, to England. Here, then, we have a third instance of that Slavic hunger for higher things and that willingness to learn from her more advanced brothers, uttering itself in this case not in invitations to a neighboring people for "order and justice," or in ambassadors seeking the fittest religion, but in a journey of the czar himself for the purpose of bringing back to Russia the much-needed civilization of Europe.

Only the keenest realization of the immense chasm that yawned between these countries and his own can account for the tremendous energy with which this man, single-handed and in the face of such opposition as few reformers have ever encountered, set to work to dispel the barbarism of his people. Having discovered civilization and having tasted its sunshine, he determined that his country should share it and that never again should she go back into the darkness. Soldier, statesman, absorber and disseminator of knowledge, builder, captain of industry, brutal, of course, as his age was brutal, but mainly with a brutality aimed at the great goal toward which he was striving, it is exceedingly doubtful if there can be found in all

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history another ruler who wrought so strenuously and persistently for the elevation of his people as did this great czar. St. Petersburg, that "window into Europe" which he built, and through which he expected the sunlight to shine forever —St. Petersburg, rising out of the filled-up swamps of the Neva, is only a symbol of these gigantic labors. No wonder the Russian people think of his spirit as still with them, shaping and directing their destiny.

Unfortunately, the work so energetically begun has not been carried on. With the exception of the great Catharine, who introduced into Russia the arts of Europe, as Peter the Great had introduced the mechanics, subsequent czars have, for the most part, been cast in a different mold. Russia is still the backward brother of Europe. The short day has given place to twilight. The "window into Europe" has been closed. There is probably a wider gap between the Russia of to-day and those enlightened lands which Peter visited than there was before he began his work.

RUSSIA'S UNEQUAL DEVELOPMENT

WHAT is the reason for this? Why is it, for instance, that Russia is shoulder to shoulder with the most advanced nations in rifles and behind the most backward in schools? Along her borders, where her armies mingle with the armies of other nations, she seems one of them. But pass into the interior that the great Peter labored so long and so prodigiously to waken and transform, and you have passed, as far as the great mass of the people is concerned, from a world of stir into a world of slumber, from the age of the biplane into an age not far removed from that of the early Gauls. What, I repeat, is the explanation of this tragedy, this retarded growth of millions upon millions of people?

It is easy enough to lay it upon the czars, upon the bureaucracy, that wide-reaching, never-relaxing hand within whose grasp generation after generation has lain benighted and helpless; but there is another cause, one of which possibly even czarism and bureaucracy are results.

Peter the Great had a third dream, one which lay as close if not closer to his heart than either of the other two, and one which his country has ever since labored with vast zeal and patience to fulfil—a dream of the open sea!

It is astonishing that this inland-born man should have heard almost from his birth the call of the distant oceans. It is pathetic to watch him in his early boyhood, like some interior-exiled viking, groping for his native waters. If one can tell him something of the sea, with what hunger he clasps him to his bosom! A toy boat upon a canal near his home, and he is restless until a whole flotilla is launched; and even this only adds to his hunger. He must have larger boats that he can manage and sail. And once he has learned this upon a neighboring lake, there wakes within him the call of the seas.

Immediately upon attaining his majority, he starts for the north, to Archangel, and is the first of all the rulers of his land to look upon wide waters. And having looked upon them, he resolves that his country, too, shall look upon them; shall, like other nations, have ports and ships and commerce. For even then Peter divined the meaning of the sea; and straightway he set to work to learn the art of the sea, the construction and management of ships. And how like a modern American he began, this czar of all the Russias! Just as before, in learning the new art of European warfare, he had begun, this autocrat, as a drummer-boy in the regiment, that he might master the whole thing from top to bottom, so he began again at the bottom, sweeping the deck, serving in the cabin, fetching coals for the skipper's pipe. Then, and then only, up the masts. And in learning to build them it was the same, not with guides, but in a workman's blouse, in the shipyards of foreign lands. And from here came memorable words, which he wrote back—words which have ever since been the cry of his country, "It is not land I want, but water." Within a few years after his return home he had

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won for his people ports on the Baltic, the Black, and the Caspian.

But why did Peter dream of the open sea? For the same reason that, from the dawn of time, humanity has dreamed of the sea. Land is existence, but water is life. The open sea is the open mind. The oceans are civilization.

Watch the movements of the progressive races. It is from land to water, from water to wider water. First there are the rivers, like the Euphrates and the Nile, and the civilizations upon their banks are vastly superior to the civilizations of the interiors. But once the seas are discovered and mastered, the civilizations of the rivers sink into second place, and nations like Greece and Rome wake into life. Then the oceans. And once the oceans are conquered, you have France and Germany and England.

THE CALL OF THE SEA

SUPPOSE, back there in the long ago, a naked sword had been laid across the mouths of the Euphrates and the Nile. And suppose humanity, having discovered an overland route to the southern peninsulas of Europe, had found barring their further march another sword across the Strait of Gibraltar. And suppose that thereafter all overland routes to the oceans had been blocked, say, with long lines of cannon. If the democracy of Greece never arose on the Euphrates, and the strong type of the independent Roman never developed on the Nile, or if, in the second case, that sane, stable constitutional government that is the pride of England never bloomed in Greece, and the splendid educational system that is the pride of Germany never flourished in Rome, upon which lands would the blame lie, upon those on the inside or upon those on the outside, upon those that found the sword across their path or upon those that laid it there?

Almost from the day that Peter the Great set forth to blaze for his country a way to the open sea Russia has found across her path the swords of virtually all the nations of Europe and Asia. And the sword most often confronting her in her march toward the open sea, toward freedom, commerce, civilization, has been the sword of England, mistress of the seas. In the West, in the South, in the East, as a silent menace or a sweeping blade, leading the way or urging others on, but always there with unwavering purpose, is the sword of England—England, the Enlightener!

And what have been the consequences of this "caging the bear," as it is facetiously called in the chancelleries of Europe, this shutting out of Russia from intercourse with civilized nations and compelling her to be eternally the companion of barbarians? Within a little more than half a century, to go back no further, there have been four great wars, every one of them, if we will only look behind the mask of diplomatic pretext, clearly traceable to this one cause, this arresting of a great people in its march toward civilization.

First, there are the Crimean War and the Russo-Turkish War. Though the professed reason of these was to protect the Christians and put an end to Turkish atrocities in the Balkan States, no one familiar with the eternal pressure behind Russian diplomacy can fail to see that the underlying motive of these two wars was the acquisition of Constantinople. In the Crimean War this ambition was thwarted by England, who, with the help of France and Sardinia, clasped hands with Turkey against Russia, with the Moslem against the Christian, with the brown man against the white man. And all for the purpose of laying her sword across the Dardanelles and preventing Russia's exit to the Mediterranean.

In the Russo-Turkish War, after she had won from Turkey, by the Treaty of San Stefano, a protectorate over the Slavic Balkan States, whose liberation from Turkey she alone had secured, Russia was forced by the European powers, at the Berlin Congress, to withdraw, whereupon the spoils of the war were very largely seized by Austria, a power that had no racial connection whatever with the Bal-

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kan peoples and one that had lifted no hand to put a stop to the outrages of the Turk.

It would be interesting to know what England thinks to-day of the statesmanship which she displayed in these two wars. Does she think it was a good bargain to exchange Russia for Germany in Turkey and Asia Minor? Is Germany, seeking land, a safer neighbor to India than Russia would have been, seeking the open sea?

If Russia had been allowed to take Constantinople, which, had Europe not interfered, she could undoubtedly have done, there is no question that Europe would have escaped many of those troubles which have plagued her in the intervening years. For there is little doubt that Russia would have policed Turkey on the one hand, and, on the other, who will say that she would not have kept peace in the Balkans? Not England, not Germany, but Russia is the natural bridge between Europe and Asia, and by every consideration of race and religion and character is the logical power to keep order in the near East. For be it remembered, that not only the Balkan States but many of the provinces of Austria itself, are old Slavic territory and the people there are full brothers of the Russians. But for the meddlesome interference of powers that had no rightful claim upon this territory, Russia would here have had her harbor, a small price, it would seem, for the elimination of those crimes which for more than half a century have shocked the civilized world.

But with all the powers of Europe arrayed against her from the very beginning in the West, and now shut out in the South, Russia, as a last hope, was obliged to set forth on that long journey across Asia to the far East. And there, strange to say, she was allowed her heart's desire —allowed, that is, to spend millions in the construction of her great harbor. Is England asleep? Are the nations of Europe aware of what is going on? Or is it that they have come to see that perhaps Russia has the same right to civilization as themselves? Not at all. The sword is a little late in appearing, that is all. And again we have a war, this time not with England, but with England's ally, Japan.

And now we are in the midst of a fourth war as clearly traceable as are the other three to this fatuous determination to keep Russia from the open sea. Or let us rather say this present war is the aftermath of the other three, the inevitable aftermath. If Russia were a less powerful nation than she is, or if the spirit of liberty were dead in the Slavic race, these three wars would probably have been sufficient. But with a territory three times as large as all the rest of Europe, with a population larger than that of England, France, and Germany combined, and of kindred blood with those nations that, despite every obstacle, have won their way to the oceans and a world life, it would have been strange indeed had the Russian people resigned themselves to the barbarism of the steppes. Instead, she turns back to that old pass where for more than two centuries her dreams have centered and where, as we have seen, she logically belongs, and with a vigor and determination worthy of her Aryan blood and the high aim for which she is battling she begins once more her struggle for the open sea. And that which happens is what always happens when every safety-valve through which a great people can express itself is closed. There is a rushing of mighty forces toward those weaker seams in the Balkans, and—the explosion!

It is fortunate that circumstances have again drawn Russia Europeward, for Europe needs Russia as Russia needs Europe. Especially is it fortunate not only for Russia and England, but for the world, that England has found it to her advantage to join hands with Russia. England, whose life is a world life, can, if she will, become the great door-opener for the Russian people. England, the advanced, can become the tutor of Russia, the backward. It is to be hoped that England realizes her great opportunity.

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"That Day" in Paris

By ESTELLE LOOMIS

PARIS, yes, but not the Paris you ever knew. Opera gone, theaters gone, museums gone, art—all that made it famous. A city with the foreigners left out is Paris now; tourists, artists, business men, students, all have fled. And with them the golden butterflies have flown. Why stay in Paris?

"Paris is like some dead, old country village now," grumbled the disappointed pleasure-seekers, as trunks were hustled off to Biarritz or passages mournfully booked home

Yes, the city *is* hushed and sobered now, and as we trudge along its dejected streets, carrying our own groceries and provisions home (all auto-busses are at the front now, painted a battle-gray, loaded with supplies and wounded soldiers), as we pass the thousands of blue-white-and-red labeled shop shutters, "Closed on account of the mobilization," there surely is a kind of peaceful village quiet; especially when at night, on the dark boulevards and bridges, we long for that country lantern as we stumble and bump from "Beg pardon, Monsieur!" to "Beg pardon, Madame!" Still, we are willing to have the electric street lights out, for, if the truth be told, we are a little nervous about those German aëroplanes that are seeking the Eiffel Tower.

True, every day *is* like Sunday now in Paris. The church bells of Paris! Day and night calling across the muted city from Montmartre to Montparnasse! No more Baedeker-studying and whispering about Byzantine and Gothic styles in the stillness of those dim, venerable churches; for the whisperers now are the women of Paris, kneeling before the Virgin, praying each for a loved one out at the front in the trenches.

Yes, this muffled atmosphere *is* everywhere; we walk block after block listening to our own footsteps.

"Attention!" I heard a *sergent de ville* call out one evening to a boy who was only whistling along the street! At nine o'clock up comes the concierge, apologetically.

"I know you are with us," he says, "but you don't quite understand how we feel. After all, you are foreigners, you know." The piano is stilled. And that old man, how he scowled at us as we gaily clattered down the stone steps at Montmartre! "You laugh? What is there to laugh at now?"

Yet it is still Paris, but a new Paris; it is the real Paris now, the human Paris —Paris in war-time, the throbbing, aching heart of France.

The theaters are closed, but everywhere on the streets there are dramas more thrilling than were ever performed on those stages whose curtains now are down. Are you for comedy? Watch that hilarious, cigarette-smoking corporal, lolling in his speeding taxi-cab, waving, throwing kisses at the girls, and shouting, "To Berlin!" Tragedy? The little corporal is silent now, and behind his modest coffin—no caisson, no flag—walk only three women and two boys, heads down, along the boulevard. *"Halt! Present arms!"* A detachment of glittering dragoons rein in their horses; their sabers

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flash in salute. They stand like statues till the hearse and five mourners have passed. No more kisses, no more cigarettes. Good-by, little corporal! The cavalry trots on.

Yes, the treasure-houses of art are closed as well; but oh, the sights at the stations when the wounded soldiers come in! Do you know what a broken bone feels like? Well, I do. Worse than the pain is that "wrong" feeling all over one, that "for heaven's sake! don't touch me! don't even come near me!" sensation. So, with heads bandaged and arms in slings, hobbling on crutches and borne in litters, they come, weary, hollow-eyed, with unkempt beards. Shrinking, moaning? Not always; the greater part of them laughing, making fun of one another, joking over the junk of lead they show you, dug out of their wounded legs with jackknives, after crawling miles on hands and knees to avoid capture by the *"Bosches."*

Is n't there, in that universal sentiment—patriotism, or whatever you call it—that can lift a common peasant boy so high above calamity, a beauty more vital than that in any of those pictures now hidden behind the locked doors of the Louvre or the Luxembourg, stored in bomb-proof cellars under bags and bags of sand?

So what does it matter if the chocolate does come up a little watery at breakfast? If those flaky, delicious crescents (now abolished by law, so that the few bakers left can feed the city) have been supplanted by tough, coarse bread—prison bread, and if our washing *is* five or six days late? We don't mind it, not when we are hustling for the Red Cross all day long. If you are not wearing the only style in Paris this year,—black crape,—what 's the use of clothes, anyway? We have n't made very many calls since "that day."

What transformations in Paris since "that day"—that day when Paris received the announcement of the mobilization! That tragic, historic Saturday, that first day of August, 1914, when I saw Paris change from its bright, high beauty—change in a single hour—to the wreck and frenzy of a Cubist picture, distraught, distracted, by the ominous threat of war!

Now, I was never one who had been looking forward all my life to my trip abroad. Neither was I one who prated I had rather see the wonders of my own country first. I admit I was a provincial, and sang in the chorus with the Manhattanites, "New York is the only place in the world." But when I did think of sailing, I suppose, yes, in a vague sort of way, I did anticipate a few faint revelations; but if I thought of Europe at all definitely, it meant Paris, where possibly I might run across that particular shade of wildish blue in a scarf like that which Nannie May McCracken used to flaunt before my envious eyes.

French? Well, yes, I supposed in that same vague way that they did speak French in Paris. And so, when I was persuaded that I was actually going abroad, I was glad that I had taken that course of lessons where one said "Cat" for "four" and "Personne" meant "nobody." Such an ingenious language!

But, after all, it was only a fantastic accomplishment, like crystallography or the sailor's hornpipe, though I struggled hard for my *très biens.* And at sunset, as I walked up Fifth Avenue, it gave me no little glow to know that I could say, by means of those queer, guttural words, "If you mount on the chair, can you touch at the gas?"

And, thus equipped, I reached Paris. Shall I ever forget that first shock at the Gare du Nord, with everything suddenly bursting into French, bustling into French! Oh, there were no waxed mustached, pink-faced professors bowing and smiling *"très bien"* at that station! Rough, hustling-baggage French, shouting, angry cab-driver French, chauffeur French, policemen French, swearing, protesting, quarrelling passenger French—a French hailstorm! Until it sent flying every irregular verb and *"Touchez au gaz"* back into the remotest recesses of my mind—frozen up tight. And with it, I froze, too.

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In a sheltering taxi-cab I resigned myself to the thought that I should indubitably hear more French than I had expected; much more. So I had just settled back to look about when *"CHOCOLAT"* met my gaze. What had happened to my eyes? Astigmatism or what? Chocolat without an "e"! Another *"Chocolat,"* and then *"Tabac,"* just missing it, too; *"Parfumerie,"*—half-English, wrong, drunken English, foolish, like "Scrubway" for Subway. Now, even worse than hearing French was *seeing* it. And then *"Postes et Telegraphes!"*

It made me positively angry. I could almost forgive the out-and-out French words, but that ubiquitous *"Chocolat!"* Why in the world did they leave off that "e"? As we whizzed along in that taxi-cab, I felt just as I did one memorable boarding-school night when (little idiot) I dosed my eyes with belladonna to look pretty at a dance, and saw nothing for three days but blurred, all-run-together things. But now, with everything growing more and more upside-down, I realized that I was in for a good deal longer siege than those three days.

"Is n't Paris wonderful? Why, just look at"— The enthusiastic gesture of my companion suddenly fell. "Why, what 's the matter?"

I smiled a defeated smile.

"Why—why, the signs are in French—all of them—are n't they?" That was all I could say about Paris. For all I could understand, I was on a new planet. It was probably Mars.

Now, for the benefit of those who have been many times abroad, do let me say that, to be frank, this picture of my bewilderment is perhaps a bit too cruel. Then, I hope you may see my meaning as a kind of second cousin once removed from what I have so factitiously described. Intellectually, of course I did know that in Paris people were French and undoubtedly spoke French, yes, even had French signs; but as a picture of my inner mood, pray let my innocent confessions remain as true. Subconsciously, I had a feeling of annoyance; I felt unexpectedly alien, and I wanted to go home. Let me proceed, then, with the story of those emotions by which alone I learned to know Paris. Let me proceed, still in that flying taxi-cab, to the *pension.*

That *pension!* Where I heard only French, *"Madame va mieux?"* ate only in French—*haricots verts* and *pommes de terre;* and was pounced upon in French until I froze up tighter than ever, apparently deaf and dumb. Of course I had expected to meet French people and all the shoulder-shrugs and temperamental gestures that went with them; but I must say I had never anticipated being reduced to the defenseless age of five. For when at last I did thaw out into weak little French drops of *"Oui"* and *"Non,"* behold! I was to them an infant. Baby's first tooth! How they petted me! How they patted me, and smoothed my American-arranged collar into straightened French effects! Oh, those patronizing smiles one to another! They seemed like ogres, Martians. And that little twelve-year-old, black-haired daughter! Why, she seemed at least a hundred, chattering her French so fluently.

Well, there was at least one thing that was the same in French as in English, and that was *air.* They pronounced it right, they spelled it right—good old "a-i-r." It even breathed right. How often it took me to the street! There, however, the strange, fascinating shops lured me again and again into that strange foreign world, only to get into worse perplexity.

Oh, that ridiculous money! Why, I was perfectly ready to buy anything in the place, for all those queer little pale-blue, printed slips they called money meant to me. I could n't count it; I did n't even want to. I resented it, like the *"Chocolat,"* and I felt poor, no matter how much I had of it, and for all the handfuls of silver and copper change they gave me in return.

But when that blue scarf, exactly like Nannie May McCracken's, was actually delivered to me, it did almost seem as if that funny money was really real. It worked.

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Everybody seemed to have it, too. Why, I remember when we first sat down at one of those crowded sidewalk tables of the Café du Panthéon, I thought I was in—well, perhaps some sort of new China-town. It was so promiscuous! Here an unshaved soldier and there a clown-powdered girl of the streets; huge men, with square black beards, dallying with tumblers of pink syrup, reading newspapers by the hour; fantastic students writing letters. Nobody with any style, at least to my American thinking: a girl with a desperate yellow fur rug draped over a white shirt-waist, for instance! "How much is the bill?" I would ask. And then, "Good gracious! if it is as much as that, then where in the world do *they* get the money?"

I could n't understand it. I could n't understand the strange people who passed —that bent old woman who stooped here and there, picked up cigarette-butts, put them in a bag, and wandered on mumbling; and innumerable other types, all differently colored, as strange as tropical insects.

I hated Paris. I hated it more and more. I was disgusted at the almost animal-like abandon, the careless independence of everybody. Nobody cared for anything that I had always cared for. And such manners! The way they wiped up the gravy on their plates with scraps of bread, the napkins tucked in the necks, and all on top of such excruciating, unnecessary politeness.

I could n't get away from the strangeness of this life, even in my own room. That was n't right either; it was as wrong as *"Chocolat."* It was only a *"chambre."* But, still, it was there, in that *chambre,* that I found Annette.

Think of not knowing Annette! But think of describing Annette! Why, every one knows some beauty with chestnut hair and wonderful skin, perhaps even with laughing-sad gray eyes. No matter, then, about her slender figure, her expressive hands. Like a flower, before you examined leaves and petals, you got the perfume first. Annette's beauty came upon you like the whiff of fragrance from a lovely lilac-bush. Annette *was* lilacs!

No fetching and carrying or making of beds could ever diminish Annette's charm. No lingering in the doorway with that chocolate-tray could detract from her loveliness as she gossiped of Alphonse and her baby. No, the exquisite incongruity only made one wonder why Annette was there. Oh, you dewy, delicious springtime personality! How many times I have rung your bell, just to breathe those lilacs!

And how the scent of those lilacs awoke my dormant interest in French! Why, it was wonderful! Annette and I actually laughed at the same things; even the same little secret things whose subtle humor I had thought no one could appreciate, least of all these queer Parisian people. Perhaps, I thought, there *was* something in their unnatural jargon, after all.

And so it was Annette's laughter that gradually loosened every frozen word I had learned in that absurd New York school, and what I had n't learned was pieced out with shrieking pantomime. It was Annette's laughter that made French idioms, yes, even *y* and *en* almost comprehensible. It was Annette's laughter that translated *occasions* into bargains and made probable even those awful *quatre-vingt-dix-sept centimes* at the *solide* Bon Marché and the *chic* Galeries Lafayette.

So daily my confidence increased. But one Friday, alas! a dish of fried veal unsettled it. What! ill in French? Oh, French was all right perhaps, when you were well, but when it came to swallowing a mysteriously French-labeled liquid *huile de ricin* (was *that* what I had asked for, with a name like that?), it took more than six Parisians to make an American.

Madame, monsieur, mademoiselle, and paying guests were lined up and interrogated. But no! "Where 's Annette?" I demanded. Surely Annette would know. Had Annette ever given that mystery to her baby?

Again Annette's laughter emboldened me. And instead of dying in French, I was restored to confidence. Indeed, I was

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restored to greater confidence than ever; for, the language now having stood the test not only of humor, but of ptomaines, I was quite reconciled to live in French. On my walls "The Last Cartridge" and Napoleon III gave way to long paper ribbons of irregular verbs; francs and centimes were no longer translated into dollars and cents; a franc was a franc now, and a street was a *rue* with no quotation-marks. And the Madeleine, ceasing to be an "object of interest," became just a Corinthian church.

Proud of my growing knowledge, I essayed longer, more elaborate sentences at the *pension* table. I even interrupted deep discussions about Servia and Austria and Russia with glibly prepared anecdotes of my favorite shop-window cats.

Every day those Frenchmen were getting more and more interested in Servia and Austria and Russia and ultimatums and treaties and Triple Alliances. Struggling as I was with the first mysteries of French subjunctives, those gesticulated arguments on European politics were quite over my head. Sir Edward Grey and ambassadors and mobilizations and naval bases, to be sure! And they were all so serious about it, too, so sober, solemn!

But how serious Paris had grown, too, all over! *Was* it really different,—or did I imagine it? Men's heads together over the tables of cafés, their cigarettes burning to the end, forgotten—why? Why did those little threes and fours form everywhere on the street in eager discussion? Had Paris become a city of conspirators—or what?

Why, even when I came back for a laugh with Annette I heard nothing but anxiety about Servia and Austria and what was Emperor William going to do, and would Russia intervene? What in the world the *entente cordiale* had to do with her Alphonse I could n't understand. She talked so fast now that I caught only a word here and there—not nearly enough, even with her flashing eyes and excited gestures, to comprehend how the murder of an Austrian archduke could in any possible way affect her baby.

But the French newspapers soon enlightened me. What amusement we had had, my little red dictionary and I, picking easy sentences out of those smudgy sheets! But now their head-lines grew bigger and bigger until they reached across the sheet, and suddenly I saw that what I had considered merely European politics was threatening to turn into European war. But of course war was impossible.

I flew to the plain English of the Paris "New York Herald" and found that it was not only possible, but probable. The cloud grew darker every day. Every day the situation was more strained. Every day anxiety in Paris grew more tense. It was not only Servia and Austria and Russia now; it was Germany and France and England. All rested with the German chancellor, and he made no sign. The nervous suspense grew unbearable.

But still there were optimists who believed that war was an anachronism, that Germany was not mobilizing, that England would never fight. Had n't Sir Edward Grey said that very morning that there was still a hope for peace? "What shall we do?" Americans telephoned to one another. At their bankers they met for anxious gossip, and despatched *pneumatique* special-delivery letters. Stay or go home? that was the question. Wait and see. No doubt it will all be settled; surely some way will be found out of it War is absurd; why, there 's the question of finance, and all that.

On Friday night there was rejoicing in our *pension*. A spruce young Frenchman, Wilde by name and mild by nature, a sub-editor of *"Le Gaulois,"* called and brought us reassuring news Said the Gaulois: "Don't worry any more. From private sources we have learned that an arrangement has been made. You can go right on with your vacation; there will be no war. Oh, don't mention it; very glad to give you the tip. Good evening." Exit Gaulois, leaving hope behind. Feeling myself now an adept in European politics, I wrote a long cheerful letter home, and went to bed.

The next day was perfect; everybody

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At the Gare de l'Est

was out of doors, everybody seemed to be in a much happier mood. Was it only the effect of the glorious sunshine after weeks of rain, or had Gaulois spread the good news, like Paul Revere? How brilliantly the geraniums and white roses shone in the Luxembourg! Almost as brilliantly as the rouged lips and floured cheeks of the accordion-pleated girls who laughed and chatted in holiday spirits.

How the cafés bustled and rustled! The little round, marble-topped tables seemed to overflow the sidewalk! Oh, gay sparkling Paris! Oh, effervescent boulevards, with the laughing, cavalier, devil-may-care animation of a musical comedy scene! This was on Saturday, the first of August, 1914. Yes, Paris was almost gay again.

Stimulated by this buoyant atmosphere, courage came to me to sally forth, for the first time really alone; to explore those foreign *rues,* each labeled so plainly with their blue-and-white enameled signs.

As I cheerfully hastened along the narrow, sloping, uneven sidewalks, why my spirits should begin gradually to go down I could n't possibly imagine. Still, as I went on, lower and lower they fell, until —oh dear! what *was* the matter with me?

But the farther I went, the more depressed I became. I was unaware of everything about me. I was aware of nothing but my own inexplicable unhappiness. How it did keep on deepening!

I stopped (I suppose to collect myself) at the window of one of those attractive *parfumerie* shops, when, in the doorway, I noticed a woman crying. I remember glancing back at her, and thinking that the sight had n't cheered me up very much; then I hurried along and tried another shop window, stopped and smiled. Blue as I was, I could n't get past *that* shop without going in.

But hardly had I stooped to stroke a gorgeous, velvety-black cat when a queer sound—was it a voice?—arrested my hand, and I looked up. Through a step-ladder in the middle of that cluttered *pâtisserie* I could see a woman clinging with both arms around a man's neck;

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Americans in Paris besieging the American Express Company office for funds for their daily bread

clutching into his shoulders, crazy almost, and running her nervous hands through his hair; weeping bitterly. And at her side a small child, weeping too, tugged at her skirt. Hurriedly I turned, opened the door, and walked out; but only to turn again and quickly, too, staring amazed over at a big tree, where another woman leaned distracted, wringing her hands and moaning. What in the world was the matter with every one? I gazed in a sort of stupor at that short, stout man in corduroys as his red-cotton handkerchief devotedly wiped away her tears.

I was wandering rather than walking now in a sort of dismal day-dream. I recall stopping at one of those benches in a little triangular place, and had reached down to tie a loose shoe-lace when—oh, I can hardly bear to recall it!—such a sound, such a sobbing as came from that poor, bent-to-the-ground old woman! I started to go to her, but the utter despair in her voice not only prevented me, but quickened my footsteps to escape from hearing it.

But I could n't escape; there was misery all about me. By the time I had reached the next corner, here was more crying. Now it was a man, now it was a girl going by, and across the street, in the doorways, in shops, everywhere, some weeping silently, some staring out into the street with hard eyes like glass. What in the world *was* the matter?

I quickened my steps to reach the happy, open boulevard. But if those little streets had seemed unnaturally woeful, even agonized, the Boulevard St.-Germain appeared actually distracted. All along the tree-bordered sidewalks and in the doorways there were knots of people talking loudly; and how excitedly they gesticulated! From the windows faces looked out; they leaned over the balconies. What were they looking for, this way, that way? Why were they so agitated? Why was *I* so agitated? All of a sudden I was almost running,—I did n't know why,—but others were running, too. Where were they going?

I stopped a little old man hurrying past. "What is it?" He brushed me aside without looking at me. In desperation I seized a girl.

"C'est la guerre, la guerre!" she sobbed.

"War!" I stopped and gasped. War?

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Rush to enlist at the outbreak of the war in Paris

War? Could it mean really war? I ran on, following the crowd.

Round the corner, up that curving street, there was a long, high wall, and a big double doorway to the military barracks, with a flag hung out. In front of it was a packed crowd, with people running to it incredulous, and people walking away stunned. I saw a coachman stop his horse, jump down from the box, and leave his fiacre in the middle of the street while he pushed in. A chauffeur was standing up in the front of his taxicab, looking over the heads of the crowd.

Before I knew it, I was in that crowd, too, hustled, jostled, craning my neck with the others to look at that large white placard nailed to the door.

So that 's what it was, a *general* mobilization! No wonder Paris was distracted.

A general mobilization! Oh, I knew by that time what that meant in France, a thing so terrible that no American could possibly comprehend its terror; it meant that every able-bodied man between the ages of twenty-one and forty-eight, that very week, or next week, or within twenty days, must go to the front and be shot at by German machine-guns. Not as volunteers; *must* go! No delaying, no excuses—*MUST!* He must march all night and fight all day, hold trenches and starve, sleep in the rain, suffer intolerable fatigue, cold steel, and hot lead, lie wounded, be captured, go shoeless, freeze, see his best friends mangled or perhaps killed, his country's villages shelled, laid waste, destroyed, burned to ashes.

Oh, if it had only been an earthquake, a flood, or a conflagration—anything that would have brought forth some audible outbreak of emotion!

But that silent weeping, those fixed, gray faces, staring faces, each with a hidden character now sharply revealed in a flash-light picture of human emotions! Fear, anger, despair. Men in shirt-sleeves, working-girls, the women of the quarter, with their work still in their hands, shocked dumb. They could n't seem to believe the catastrophe was possible. I saw some pull out dirty little note-books and stubby pencils and copy down the notice word for word, to take home in proof that the long-dreaded summons had come:

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ARMÉE DE TERRE ET ARMÉE DE MER

ORDRE
DE MOBILISATION GÉNÉRALE

Le premier jour de la mobilisation est le

1° L'ARMÉE DE TERRE ; compris les TROUPES COLONIALES et les hommes des SERVICES AUXILIAIRES.

2° L'ARMÉE DE MER ; compris les INSCRITS MARITIMES et les ARMURIERS de la MARINE.

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Mobilization notice

EXTREME URGENCE!
Circulaire Recommandé.
ORDRE DE MOBILIZATION GENERALE.
Le 1er Jour de la Mobilization est le Dimanche, 2 Août, 1914.

One big man in a blouse, a butcher, I suppose, shouldered his way out of the press, met a friend, and looked at him as in a dream, shook hands. *"C'est ça!"* he said, as one who might say "Amen," and then walked off, still shaking his head.

That day, with the million people suffering simultaneously, proved to me that mental vibrations could surely be felt. Indeed, I was fairly submerged by them; there was no escape.

But wait a minute. War is big, too big for words. So is a sunset gorgeous, but a description of it is a bore. So let me say merely that Paris was in a panic; and, superlatives always being unconvincing, let me try the comparative degree.

Well, the atmosphere in Paris was n't like that of a lynching, with angry radiations, as hot as flames. The panic of Paris was n't like the fear which strikes men icy cold. No, the air of Paris, at six o'clock that Saturday night was thick; it was more like a fog. I could scarcely breathe. It bore down on me so heavily that I felt as if the sky were coming down lower and lower over my head.

So in that fog I groped my way down another street, another. I did n't know where I was going; but wherever I did go, I came upon those miserable creatures weeping. And how silent it was now! It was as if the fog were changing to slowly falling snow, muffling every noise. I recalled dimly passing a doorway and seeing a girl, a bright English girl, come out. She stopped, gave one look, and exclaimed, "Why, what 's *happened?*"

Why was it so unnaturally still? I had to stop and think. Oh, that was it! Not an auto-bus on the streets! Here, where only yesterday I had been all but run over by one of those great hurtling, thundering, top-heavy chariots that charged laboriously through the streets, wildly up and down, now hardly a sound. Only an occasional scuttling taxi-cab, tooting an important, urgent horn, bearing a white face thither; or a hurried fiacre, its bony horse paddling along under a lashing whip, *jingle, jingle, jingle* up the street, fainter and fainter.

Paris seemed fading, dying, already doomed, and I felt sad almost to faintness. Perhaps that was why I suddenly stopped at one of those revolving-post-card racks. I know I had a feeling that I must make sure of something tangible, some of the wonderful things in Paris; and so in my excitement, whirling it round and round, I flipped out picture after picture—the Panthéon, St. Etienne-du-Mont, the Tomb of Napoleon, the Arc de Triomphe, Pont-Neuf, and others, and more and more. It almost seemed as if I must in some miraculous way save Paris; as if it were slipping from me, and would be gone before I knew it, and—well, I would have the post-cards, anyway. And when I forced my money into the hand of the tranced old man in the doorway, I thought that he himself might have been figured on a post-card as an image of Grief.

Up the rue de Rennes—oh, those

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Reservists off to the front

stricken faces everywhere, those broken-hearted women!—and into the rue d'Assas; the wide, double doorway of a courtyard stopped me. No, this woman was n't crying. In fact, I hardly saw her at first, except as a part of the picture.

No, she was not crying; but coming down a broken stone stair, she stopped and stood, thinking; just thinking, as if suddenly gripped by some hideous thought. She gazed straight ahead at nothing. She looked out at me without a smile.

"C'est triste!" she said, and closed the doors.

Paris, old, old Paris, magnificent and drear! Oh, oh, if those weeping women, instead of crouching under those crumbling, historic walls, could have looked up our fresh, new, lusty avenues, to inspiring white skyscrapers, might it not have lifted the gloom a little, that dreadful Saturday? But instead, the pathos was augmented; the stage was set for sorrow; and, as those heartbroken spirits passed, the huddled, careworn mansions and proud, decrepit palaces seemed to say: "Don't bother me with your troubles; I 've had mine. I 've seen the Commune and the Terror. Pass on! pass on!"

And soon I had come to the Boulevard St.-Michel. I had been wondering if even war could ever change that gay and irresponsible "Boul' Miche'," the student's rendezvous, the merry heart of the Left Bank. But what a change an hour had wrought in that once care-free thoroughfare! For the second act of that day's drama had begun. It was the realization now, the adjustment.

Do you see what I mean? Well, this: the first crash of war was a blow. No pain at first, they were stunned, lost. But now had come the awakening to intolerable suffering, and in that adjustment the million individual private pangs had begun. A million lives had been suddenly uprooted; and, to me, as I made my way among those men and women, how much more poignant was the pathos now!

The shock was over; they had accepted it. *"C'est la guerre!"* Now on the women's faces I read, "Are you going to your death?" On the men's, "Oh, what will become of *you!*" Affection was the dominant emotion on that boulevard. I never saw such a sincerity, such a surrender to feeling, expressed with absolute unconcern for any one who saw or heard.

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Here was a tall blond-bearded man kissing a weeping girl in a doorway; on a bench was a gray-haired old lady, bent over, one hand on her son's shoulder, just watching, watching the smoke of his cigarette without a word. Then came a couple arm in arm, looking into each other's faces, he fumbling her ring.

Oh, what expressions! What pantomime! Such snuggling up, such never-let-you-go gestures, poses of despair, hungry, last looks! An absorbed couple walked right into me without knowing it, without stopping their conversation; and walked on, still oblivious. I saw a woman picking so nervously at a chain about her neck that she could n't unfasten it; her man unfastened it for her, and kissed it, and put it round his own neck. It was a big bearded man in knickerbockers; he looked like a professor.

There were so many pictures! I know I am choosing the wrong ones, but I take them as they come up before me again—that young fellow who was counting out bank-note after bank-note to a girl on a bench till she dropped them all on the ground in a sudden fit of weeping. And that handsome, dashing chap with the brown canvas haversack over his shoulder, with a loaf of bread sticking out. How he kissed that girl, and gave her a look, and walked away, and came back to kiss her again and again, and then broke off and hurried away, pulling his hat down over his eyes. Handkerchiefs everywhere. Shopkeepers standing in doorways, watching, shaking their heads, and saying, *"C'est triste! c'est triste!"*

Never, I must confess, since my arrival in Paris had I quite got used to the frankness of the French—that is, of the French one sees in public, the *bourgeoisie* off guard. Always thoroughly themselves, one felt sure that there was never a whispering: "Oh, my dear, do be careful!" in their ears. "Don't talk so loud. Some one will hear you!" Polite? Oh, *surely!* Well behaved? Why, yes, I suppose so; but, well—they were always French, never, never Anglo-Saxon. Never afraid to do just *what* they wanted to, just *when* they wanted to. And so now, when in this great calamity they were stricken to the very depths of feeling, their intimate revelations were so unconscious that I felt like an intruder as I passed. Why, they might have been in their own homes, so absorbed was every one with his own desperate problem—a problem that must be solved immediately, solved that very night.

"'La Patrie!' 'Le Bonnet Rouge!' 'Le Matin!' 'La Presse!'" With the screaming of the newsboys racing up the street, their papers fairly fought for, torn apart by frenzied snatchers, the note of emotion leaped up into a high, excitable soprano. *"'L'Intransigeant!' 'Le Temps!' 'Le Soir!'"* The kiosks were fairly mobbed for the latest extras.

So many things were happening simultaneously, with every one on the boulevard, electric lighted now, shop shutters coming down hours too early, cuirassiers galloping up the street with horsehair plume streaming from helmet, tricolor flags appearing by magic, that it was not until, encountering some friends, I had dropped into a chair outside the Café du Panthéon, that I noticed—Good heavens! did you ever turn over a stone in a country field and watch the ants scurrying in every direction? Well, that was the taxi-cabs in Paris at seven o'clock that night.

Oh, those loaded taxi-cabs and fiacres! Those honking automobile horns and the rattling of carriage wheels upon the pavement!

Trunks, trunks, trunks, roped on, held on, piled in, with bags and baskets crushed in between, with a box jammed in here and a portmanteau that just *would* be squeezed in there! Oh, those chauffeurs, trunked in till there was nothing to be seen but a cap! Fiacres, with the coachmen balancing trunks like jugglers, and spilling things.

Where were they all going? Up the boulevard to the Gare Montparnasse, down the boulevard to the Gare de l'Est, and to every other station in Paris.

Who were they? Heaven knows. That gaunt, tall woman in crape urging the

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Departure of Belgian and Holland volunteers

cocher on with her umbrella, might be the wife of some petty bureaucrat of Tours or Orleans, desperate to get back before her husband left for the front next Tuesday. Every provincial who had come to Paris must get back home and pack and bid farewell and go. I saw American girls with their fathers and trunks, and English women with their daughters and trunks, and officers with leather impedimenta piled about them, and Frenchmen of all sizes making for their *casernes* to report, to jump into their uniforms, and hurry on to the first line of defense at the frontier.

"Voilà les Allemands! Là bas!" I looked. Need enough had those Germans to hurry, with every Frenchman jeering at them, and only a day now to escape. Shut and locked would be the gates of Paris by Monday night, and the city under martial law. And then no exit without a permit, and no getting to Berlin for them! Prisoners of war!

Dazed by the confusion all about me, I sat at that sidewalk café, marveling at the progressive changes in the mood of Paris within three hours. From andante to allegro it had gone, and, as the café filled, the movement was fast rising to presto.

"Have n't you got any cheese? You 'll be all night on the train, you know. Here take some of mine."

I turned, to meet a new scene of the ever-changing dramatic nightmare that I seemed to be in. There was no sadness to this group just entering, or, at least, it was not visible. Instead, congratulatory whacks on the back, handshaking right and left, friends hailing them all over the café. Three of them, in flannel shirts and old clothes, wore haversack-looking things of brown canvas, *"musettes,"* hanging from their shoulders; and the man who had spoken was emptying his out on a table—woolen socks, handkerchiefs, toothbrush, package of chocolate, piece of soap, huge junk of bread, and finally the cheese, wrapped in newspaper.

These three musketeers, leaving tonight, were the heroes of the tumultuous café until a real *"piou-piou"* in complete regimentals, blue coat, red trousers, knapsack, tin pans, and rifle, paraded grinning triumphantly down between the tables, followed by two girls waving little flags, bringing up a *"Vive la France!"* to his feet and another and more and more, rousing everybody to an echoing chorus of the "Marseillaise" till he dragged the whole café with him, escorting him to his

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Scene at the Gare de l'Est; departure of the reservists

taxi, waving him adieu, throwing him kisses and cigarettes, and messages for the Kaiser Wilhelm.

We jumped up and followed him. How could we help but follow him? Everybody was going that night to see the first men depart, those who could n't get taxis going afoot, singing all the way to the station.

The Gare de l'Est! Tired as I was, I was glad I went that night; I am glad I saw what was to me the third and greatest act in that day's drama. Can you imagine a cruel, high iron fence, shutting off the stone paved area in front of the station? Can you see three gates guarded by soldiers, where the *militaires* enter, to take trains to their respective barracks—Toul, Belfort, Verdun, or wherever they have to report next day? Those three gates were where the farewells took place —the last words, the last kisses.

Outside the fence a thousand people were gathered, two thousand, more and more every minute; and pushing through this throng, the reservists coming up on foot, coming in cabs and taxis, coming in trams and carts, coming in their old clothes, with their haversacks slung over their shoulders, coming with their wives and mothers and sisters and all they loved.

"Oh, look over there! Oh, quick—look at *her!* D' you see that one at the gate? At the *gate,* see?" Oh, how my friends annoyed me!

Yes, of course I saw those partings at the gate, those kisses and embraces; I saw those men show their little military books, and disappear, many of them forever. Yes, I saw that it was often the husband who broke down, not the wife; and I did n't miss that woman who clung to the lips of that man till she had to be pulled away. And I watched that mother, too, crowding her way back to the fence to call out "Charles! Charles!" and hand her son his forgotten medicine. And the lady who pulled off her ring and screamed, the prostitute who wept down her paint, and fainted. Yes, but what interested me most was not those dramatic scenes at the gate,—such sights I had witnessed before that day,—I was now watching just two women, strangers to each other, who had turned away, both weeping. One was a motherly-looking old soul, gray; the other

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was a smartly dressed Parisienne. A movement in the crowd—a big man elbowing his way in—brought them together, face to face. The big man passed by me. When next I saw them, the girl's arm was round the old lady's waist. And the look on their faces! Why, was n't it the same look that passed between that pretty young girl in crape and that tawdry, tear-stained creature of the streets? And now, as I watched closer, was n't it about me everywhere? Was n't it knitting those suffering people closer and closer together with a glorious, inspiring bond of sacrifice? Oh, if I had seen Paris shattered into atoms that afternoon, with its myriad sufferers each oblivious of the others, now it was wonderful to see how those individual lives were brought together by their common grief, just as if they were one big, sympathetic family!

Somebody nudged me and brought me back.

"Say, look at that old codger with the medal on, over there, will you?" "Veteran of 1870" said some one somewhere. I looked. Dear old man, God bless him! Mounted upon that cart, he jabbed with his umbrella, enthusiastically delivered bayonet-thrusts one after another,—*"Comme ça! Comme ça!"*—showing the boys how *he* used to repel cavalry charges in "the terrible year."

But again it was not he that interested me most; it was the faces that were watching him—the faces that were, despite their tears, kindling and beginning to burn with a newer and higher emotion—patriotism. *"Vive la France! Vive l'Armée!"* till the stirring chorus of *"La Marseillaise,"* marching five hundred strong up the Boulevard Sebastopol, swept through that whole throng in a conflagration of idealism—an idealism that was to make of this catastrophe not merely a war, but a war against all war.

As we were leaving, I suddenly caught my friend's wrist—a woman's agonized shriek! Another one had gone through the gate. Oh, how many, how many more would go before the war was over!

All the way home we met the men, and more men, tramping singing to the station. Late as it was, the streets were crowded all the way up the Boulevard St.-Michel, all the way to the *pension*.

As the great door swung open in answer to my ring, and I entered the quiet of the charming court, Paris seemed left behind. The garden, with its trees and shadows might have done for the parting scene of *Romeo* and *Juliet*. But in the halls the rows of corded trunks and bags showed that the war had come even here.

"C'est triste!" said madame, as she promised to send me up something to eat. "By to-morrow there will not be many left."

In my room I switched on the light; then just as quickly switched it off. Somehow I could n't bear that glare—not to-night, anyway. So I lit a candle, and sank down on the sofa. Presently there was a rap. I jumped up.

Have you ever known what it was to go out into your garden, and find that your favorite bush was now nothing but green leaves, except—"Oh, yes, here *is* one!"—that little pale spray of lilacs way in under? And you know that spring is gone. Well, that was all that was left of Annette's beauty. "Annette, Annette!" I cried, "what is the matter?"

She set the tray down. Never a smile, never a word; she turned and walked out of the room. I did n't know what to make of it; I did n't know what to do. I only remembered that she had said that it was the prettiest thing she had ever seen; so I snatched that blue scarf from the *armoire*, and ran to the head of the stairs.

"Annette! Annette!" I called down, "take it, take it! It 's yours, Annette! It 's the blue scarf!" She caught it; and, with her expressionless face turned up to me, answered mechanically, *"Merci, Madame, merci!"* and went right on down the stairs.

I returned to my room and sat down. I just looked at that candle, thinking. I know I thought of Annette's baby, and then I thought of the day. And then I

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would think of Annette. Faintly, I could hear the far-off shouting on the boulevard, and occasionally the honking of taxi-cabs. In a few minutes, my door being still open, I heard a sound that I did n't just like; it frightened me. I ran into the hall, and from a window there looked down into the courtyard.

I remember wondering—it was so dim—who was that over there by the flower bed? Somebody clasped in the arms of a man with a haversack hung over his shoulder. And then—I knew it all. Poor, poor Annette! Why, that must be her husband! Oh, how she was crying!

I suppose I should have gone away, but I sat down on the stairs and watched; I could n't help watching. Her voice was dreadful, dreadful, and how she clung to him! Suddenly he pulled away from her, and I heard her cry, "Alphonse! O Alphonse!" But he only gave a hopeless gesture, and walked away rapidly. Then I heard the big door click, and then Annette was on the ground,—she had fallen,—and I could n't move. Then some one was running, and I heard them call, "Annette!" and I tried to run, too. And that 's all I remember till I heard a door slam somewhere, and two French voices, men's voices, were coming nearer.

I told them I was all right, only just tired; and I thanked them. There was something about Annette—I did n't quite get it—something about seeing her in the morning; and I went to my room. There it came back to me that they had said something about crying, too. It could n't have been I—I know I had wanted to all day, but I could n't. Nothing but that parched, choked feeling tight in my throat.

After a while I went over to the window. I remember drawing aside these clumsy curtains, opening the double casement, and pulling up the massive slat shutters; and I must have stood there a long while, thinking, just thinking about things.

Now it was somebody I really knew! How different everything was now. *Somebody I knew!* Yes, that 's the way. We *think* we feel, we think we understand; it affects us so dreadfully that we even weep. But do we really suffer, we who are merely in the audience, and not actors in the play? I wondered, for I was thinking of Annette. Somebody who had been a friend to me in this new, foreign world—Annette who had taught me, Annette who had laughed with me, and now *she* was suffering! Oh, how different it seemed to me now!

And to think that after all I had seen that day, it was n't till now that I had the faintest idea of how those people felt—those mothers, and oh, how that shriek at the station came back to me now!

O Annette, if it had not been for you, I never would have known what that day meant! Just one of the spectators I might have been, like one of the crowd that, after seeing Duse or Bernhardt, stroll out, and even while saying: "Was n't it wonderful? Why, I 'm crying yet!" come back to realities with, "What 'll you have, dear, chocolate or vanilla?"

And so I stood, thinking it over by that window. Something was turning over in my mind. And then, suddenly—why, it was n't Mars any more, it was *Paris*—Paris for the first time!

Annette, you made me laugh; Annette, you made me cry. You brought me all the way—all the way from the old Paris to the new; from the Paris I hated to the Paris I love!

The clock in the Luxembourg struck twelve.

Three priests silently crossed the street and turned into the Rue Vaugirard.

I watched them listlessly, watched them till my eyes fell upon that little advertising kiosk on the sidewalk. There it was again—*"CHOCOLAT."*

And then before I knew it the tears were pouring down my cheeks. "Chocolat!" How could I ever have the heart to spell it with an "e" again!

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"Swept and Garnished"[1]

By RUDYARD KIPLING

Illustrations by John A. Williams

WHEN the first waves of feverish cold stole over Frau Ebermann, she very wisely telephoned for the doctor and went to bed. He diagnosed the attack as mild influenza, prescribed the appropriate remedies, and left her to the care of her one servant in her comfortable Berlin flat. Frau Ebermann, beneath the thick coverlet, curled up with what patience she could until the aspirin should begin to act, and Anna should come back from the chemist with the formamint, the ammoniated quinine, the eucalyptus, and the little tin steam inhaler. Meantime every bone in her body ached; her head throbbed; her hot, dry hands would not stay the same size for a minute together; and her body, tucked into the smallest possible compass, shrank from the chill of the well-warmed sheets.

Of a sudden she noticed that an imitation-lace cover which should have lain mathematically square with the imitation-marble top of the radiator behind the green plush sofa had slipped away so that one corner hung over the bronze-painted steam-pipes. She recalled that she must have rested her poor head against the radiator top while she was taking off her boots. She tried to get up and set the thing straight, but the radiator at once receded toward the horizon, which, unlike true horizons, slanted diagonally, exactly parallel with the dropped lace edge of the cover. Frau Ebermann groaned through sticky lips and lay still.

"Certainly I have a temperature," she said. "Certainly, I have a grave temperature. I should have been warned by that chill after dinner."

She resolved to shut her hot-lidded eyes, but opened them in a little while to torture herself with the knowledge of that ungeometrical outrage against the far wall. Then she saw a child—an untidy, thin-faced little girl of about ten, who

[1] Copyright, 1914, by Rudyard Kipling in the U. S. A.

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must have strayed in from the adjoining flat. This proved—Frau Ebermann groaned again at the way the world falls to bits when one is sick—proved that Anna had forgotten to shut the outer door of the flat when she went to the chemist. Frau Ebermann had had children of her own, but they were all grown-up now, and she had never been a child-lover in any sense. Yet the intruder might be made to serve her scheme of things.

"Make—put," she muttered thickly—"that white thing straight on the top of that yellow thing."

The child paid no attention, but moved about the room, investigating everything that came in her way—the yellow cut-glass handles of the chest of drawers, the stamped bronze hook to hold back the heavy puce curtains, and the mauve enamel, new-art finger-plates on the door. Frau Ebermann watched indignantly.

"Aie! That is bad and rude. Go away!" she cried, though it hurt to raise her voice. "Go away by the road you came." The child passed behind the bed-foot, where she could not see her. "Shut the door as you go. I will speak to Anna, but—first put that white thing straight."

She closed her eyes in misery of body and soul. The outer door clicked, and Anna entered, very penitent that she had stayed so long at the chemist's. But it had been difficult to find the proper type of inhaler, and—

"Where did the child go," moaned Frau Ebermann—"the child that was here?"

"There was no child," said startled Anna. "How should any child come in when I shut the door behind me after I go out? All the keys of the flats are different."

"No, no; you forgot this time. But my back is aching, and up my legs also. Besides, who knows what it may have fingered and upset? Look and see."

"Nothing is fingered, nothing is upset," Anna replied as she took the inhaler from its paper box.

"Yes, there is. Now I remember all about it. But—put that white thing, with the open edge—the lace, I mean—quite straight on that—" She pointed. Anna, accustomed to her ways, understood and went to it.

"Now is it quite straight?" Frau Ebermann demanded.

"Perfectly," said Anna. "In fact, in the very centre of the radiator." Anna measured the equal margins with her knuckle, as she had been told to do when she first took service.

"And my tortoise-shell hair-brushes?" Frau Ebermann could not command her dressing-table from where she lay.

"Perfectly straight, side by side in the big tray, and the comb laid across them. Your watch also in the coralline watch-holder. Everything—" she moved round the room to make sure—"everything is as you have it when you are well." Frau Ebermann sighed with relief. It seemed to her that the room and her head had suddenly grown cooler.

"Good!" said she. "Now warm my nightgown in the kitchen, so it will be ready when I have perspired. And the towels also. Make the inhaler steam, and put in the eucalyptus; that is good for the larynx. Then sit you in the kitchen, and come when I ring. But first my hot-water bottle."

It was brought and scientifically tucked in.

"What news?" said Frau Ebermann, drowsily. She had not been out that day.

"Another victory," said Anna. "Many more prisoners and guns."

Frau Ebermann purred; one might almost say grunted contentedly.

"That is good, too," she said, and Anna, after lighting the inhaler-lamp, went out.

Frau Ebermann reflected that in an hour or so the aspirin would begin to work, and all would be well. To-morrow—no, the day after—she would take up life with something to talk over with her friends at coffee. It was rare—every one knew it—that she should be overcome by any ailment. Yet in all her distresses she had not allowed the minutest deviation

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from daily routine and ritual. She would tell her friends—she ran over their names one by one—exactly what measures she had taken against the lace-cover on the radiator top and in regard to her two tortoise-shell hair-brushes and the comb at right angles. How she had set everything in order—everything in order. She roved further afield as she wriggled her toes luxuriously on the hot-water bottle. If it pleased our dear God to take her to Himself, and she was not so young as she had been,—there was that plate of four lower ones in the blue tooth-glass, for instance,—He should find all her belongings fit to meet His eye. "Swept and garnished" were the words that shaped themselves in her intent brain. "Swept and garnished for—"

No, it was certainly not for the dear Lord that she had swept; she would have her room swept out to-morrow or the day after, and garnished. Her hands began to swell again into huge pillows of nothingness. Then they shrank, and so did her head, to minute dots. It occurred to her that she was waiting for some event, some tremendously important event, to come to pass. She lay with shut eyes for a long time till her head and hands should return to their proper size.

She opened her eyes with a jerk.

"How stupid of me," she said aloud, "to set the room in order for a parcel of dirty little children!"

They were there,—five of them, two little boys and three girls,—headed by the anxious-eyed ten-year-old whom she had seen before. They must have entered by the outer door, which Anna had neglected to shut behind her when she returned with the inhaler. She counted them backward and forward as one counts scales—one, two, three, four, five.

They took no notice of her, but hung about first on one foot then on the other, like strayed chickens, the smaller ones holding by the larger. They had the air of utterly wearied passengers in a railway waiting-room, and their clothes were disgracefully dirty.

"Go away!" cried Frau Ebermann at last, after she had struggled, it seemed to her, for years to shape the words.

"You called?" said Anna at the living-room door.

"No," said her mistress. "Did you shut the flat door when you came in?"

"Assuredly," said Anna. "Besides, it is made to catch shut of itself."

"Then go away," said she, very little above a whisper. If Anna pretended not to see the children, she would speak to Anna later on.

"And now," she said, turning toward them as soon as the door closed. The smallest of the crowd smiled at her, and shook his head before he buried it in his sister's skirts.

"Why—don't—you—go—away?" she whispered earnestly.

Again they took no notice, but, guided by the elder girl, set themselves to climb, boots and all, on to the green plush sofa in front of the radiator. The little boys had to be pushed, as they could not compass the stretch unaided. They settled themselves in a row, with small gasps of relief, and pawed the plush approvingly.

"I ask you—I ask you why do you not go away—why do you not go away?" Frau Ebermann found herself repeating the question twenty times. It seemed to her that everything in the world hung on the answer. "You know you should not come into houses and rooms unless you are invited. Not houses and bedrooms, you know."

"No," a solemn little six-year-old repeated; "not houses, nor bedrooms, nor dining-rooms, nor churches, nor all those places. Should n't come in. It 's rude."

"Yes, he said so," the younger girl put in proudly. "He said it. He told them only pigs would do that." The line nodded and dimpled one to another with little explosive giggles, such as children use when they tell deeds of great daring against their elders.

"If you *know* it is wrong, that makes it much worse," said Frau Ebermann.

"Oh, yes; much worse," they assented cheerfully, till the smallest boy changed his smile to a baby wail of weariness.

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"They had clambered down from the sofa and

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gathered round the bed with eager, interested eyes"

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"When will they come for us?" he asked, and the girl at the head of the row hauled him bodily into her square little capable lap.

"He 's tired," she explained. "He is only four. He only had his first breeches this spring." They came almost under his armpits, and were held up by broad linen braces, which, his sorrow diverted for the moment, he patted proudly.

"Yes, beautiful, dear," said both girls.

"Go away!" said Frau Ebermann. "Go home to your father and mother!"

Their faces grew grave at once.

"H'sh! We *can't,*" whispered the eldest. "There is n't anything left."

"All gone," a boy echoed, and he puffed through pursed lips. "Like *that,* uncle told me. Both cows, too."

"*And* my own three ducks," the boy on the girl's lap said sleepily.

"*So,* you see, we came here." The elder girl leaned forward a little, caressing the child she rocked.

"I—I don't understand," said Frau Ebermann. "Are you lost, then? You must tell our police."

"Oh, no; we are only waiting."

"But what are you waiting *for?*"

"We are waiting for our people to come for us. They told us to come here and wait for them. So we are waiting till they come," the eldest girl replied.

"Yes. We are waiting till our people come for us," said all the others in chorus.

"But," said Frau Ebermann very patiently—"but now tell me, for I tell you that I am not in the least angry, where do you come from? Where do you come from?"

The five gave the names of two villages of which she had read in the papers.

"That is silly," said Frau Ebermann. "The people fired on us, and they were punished. Those places are wiped out, stamped flat."

"Yes, yes, wiped out, stamped flat. That is why and—I have lost the ribbon off my pigtail," said the younger girl. She looked behind her over the sofa-back.

"It is not here," said the elder. "It was lost before. Don't you remember?"

"Now, if you are lost, you must go and tell our police. They will take care of you and give you food," said Frau Ebermann. "Anna will show you the way there."

"No,"—this was the six-year-old, with the smile,—"we must wait here till our people come for us. Must n't we, sister?"

"Of *course;* we wait here till our people come for us. All the world knows that," said the eldest girl.

"Yes." The boy in her lap had waked again. "Little children, too—as little as Henri, and *he* does n't wear trousers yet. As little as all that."

"I don't understand," said Frau Ebermann, shivering. In spite of the heat of the room and the damp breath of the steam-inhaler, the aspirin was not doing its duty.

The girl raised her blue eyes and looked at the woman for an instant.

"You see," she said, ticking off her statements on her fingers, "*they* told *us* to wait *here* till *our* people came for us. So we came. We wait till our people come for us."

"That is silly again," said Frau Ebermann. "It is no good for you to wait here. Do you know what this place is? You have been to school? It is Berlin, the capital of Germany."

"Yes, yes," they all cried; "Berlin, capital of Germany. *We* know that. That is why we came."

"So, you see, it is no good," she said triumphantly; "because your people can never come for you here."

"They told us to come here and wait till our people came for us." They delivered this as if it were a lesson in school. Then they sat still, their hands orderly folded on their laps, smiling as sweetly as ever.

"Go away! Go away!" Frau Ebermann shrieked.

"You called?" said Anna, entering.

"No. Go away! Go away!"

"Very good, old cat," said the maid under her breath. "Next time you *may* call," and she returned to her friend in the kitchen.

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"I ask you—I ask you, *please* to go away," Frau Ebermann pleaded. "Go to my Anna through that door, and she will give you cakes and sweeties. It is not kind of you to come into my room and behave so badly."

"Where else shall we go now?" the elder girl demanded, turning to her little company. They fell into discussion. One preferred the broad street with trees, another the railway station; but when she suggested the emperor's palace, they agreed with her.

"We will go, then," she said, and added half apologetically to Frau Ebermann, "You see, they are so little they like to meet all the others."

"What others?" said Frau Ebermann.

"The others—hundreds and hundreds and thousands and thousands of the others."

"That is a lie. There cannot be a hundred even, much less a thousand," cried Frau Ebermann.

"So?" said the girl, politely.

"Yes. *I* tell you; and I have very good information. I know how it happened. You should have been more careful. You should not have run out to see the horses and guns passing. That is how it is done when our troops pass through. My son has written me so."

They had clambered down from the sofa and gathered round the bed with eager, interested eyes.

"Horses and guns going by—how fine!" some one whispered.

"Yes, yes; believe me, *that* is how the accidents to the children happen. You must know yourself that it is true. One runs out to look—"

"But I never saw any at all," a boy cried sorrowfully. "Only one noise I heard. That was when Aunt Emmeline's house fell down."

"But listen to me. *I* am telling you. One runs out to look, because one is little and cannot see well. So one peeps between the man's legs, and then—you know how close those big horses and guns turn the corners—then one's foot slips and one gets run over. That 's how it happens. Several times it has happened, but not many times; certainly not a hundred, perhaps not twenty. So, you see, you must be all. Tell me now that you are all that there are, and Anna shall give you the cakes."

"Thousands," a boy repeated monotonously. "Then we all come here to wait till our people come for us."

"But now we will go away from here. The poor lady is tired," said the elder girl, plucking his sleeve.

"Oh, you hurt, you hurt!" he cried, and burst into tears.

"What is that for?" said Frau Ebermann. "To cry in a room where a poor lady is sick is very inconsiderate."

"Oh, but look, lady!" said the elder girl.

Frau Ebermann looked and saw.

"Au revoir, lady." They made their little smiling bows and curtsies undisturbed by her loud cries. *"Au revoir,* lady; we will wait till our people come for us."

When Anna at last ran, she found her mistress on her knees, busily cleaning the floor with the lace-cover from the radiator, because, she explained, it was all spotted with the blood of five children,—she was perfectly certain there could not be more than five,—who had gone away for the moment, but were now waiting round the corner, and Anna was to find them and give them cakes to stop the bleeding, while her mistress swept and garnished that our dear Lord when He came might find everything as it should be.

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A Minuet

By LOUIS N. PARKER

Author of "Disraeli," "Drake," "Joseph," etc.

TO ELSIE LESLIE WINTER

Illustration by Everett Shinn

PERSONS

THE MARQUIS THE MARCHIONESS THE GAOLER

Time—During "The Terror"

SCENE: *The living-room in the Gaoler's quarters in the prison of the Conciergerie. There is only one door, and that is on the spectator's right. Opposite the door is a truckle-bed. At the back is a window, heavily barred inside and out. Through this the upper stories of houses can be seen. These are lighted up now and then with a wavering glare as of passing torches. The room is but sparsely furnished. There is a rickety table toward the spectator's left, with a straw-bottomed chair beside it. There are two or three other similar chairs. In one corner is a small iron stove, with a chimney which meanders deviously, and finally goes out through one of the top panes of the window. In another corner is a minute metal washing-apparatus. It is night. The room is lighted by a hanging-lamp with a green shade, suspended from the ceiling, and there are two tallow candles. On the walls are caricatures of the king, Revolutionary placards, and a pleasing picture of the guillotine.*

The marquis, elegantly, but soberly, dressed, is seated at the table, reading in a small, calf-bound book, and sipping claret out of a tumbler.

The Marquis:

[*Reading.*]

"Is there an after-life, a deathless soul,
A heaven, to which to aspire as to a goal?
Who shall decide what nobody may know?
Science is dumb; Faith has no proofs to show.
Men will dispute, as autumn leaves will rustle:
The soul is an idea; the heart, a muscle."

[*He leaves off reading.*]

Well said, Voltaire! This philosophic doubt
Has ruled my life, and now shall lead me out;
'T is this has helped me to a mind serene
While I await the gentle guillotine.

[*He closes the book and lays it aside.*]

What 's to be hoped for, what is to be dreaded,
Whether I die in bed or be beheaded?
I 've lived, I loved, enjoyed; and here 's the end.
I 'll meet my death as I should meet a friend;
Or, better, as a nobleman of France
Salutes his mistress in a courtly dance.

[*He rises and walks to and fro, with his hands behind him.*]

I am alone; no soul will sorrow for me;
My enemies dread me; and my friends—abhor me.
For all I know, my wife—the ugly word!—
Is in Coblenz, attended by absurd
Perfumed and mincing abbés. She and I,
I 'm proud to say, lived as I mean to die,

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"'Ah, me! what happy days were those!'"

Drawing by
Everett Shinn

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With never a trace of middle-class emotions,
I went my way; she followed her own notions;
And when she hears I 'm dead, so fine her breed,
She 'll arch her eyebrows, and exclaim, "Indeed?"

[*The door is flung open, and the gaoler appears.*]

The Gaoler:

[*Brutally.*]
Citizen!

The Marquis:

Joseph?

[*He sits.*]

Is the tumbril here?

The Gaoler:

Not yet, aristocrat; but have no fear.
The widow never missed—

The Marquis:

The—widow?

The Gaoler:

Aye,
The guillotine.

The Marquis:

[*With a shrug.*]

The people's wit!

The Gaoler:

I say,
She never missed an assignation yet.
One down, t' other come on! She 'll not forget.

The Marquis:

Yet she 's a woman! Wonderful!

The Gaoler:

You seem
As though you thought your doom was but a dream.

[*Roughly.*]

Aristocrat, you are to die!

The Marquis:

[*Calmly.*]

How true!
And so are you, my friend, and so are you,
Sooner or later. In your case, I think
It will be sooner, owing to the drink.

The Gaoler:

[*Coming at him threateningly.*]

You dare—

The Marquis:

[*Warding him off with a delicate hand.*]

Oh, please, let 's have no vulgar quarrel!
And I apologize for seeming moral.
You 've been so courteous as to—*lend* your room
In which to await my, as you call it, doom,

[*Handing him a coin.*]

Take my last louis, friend, and go away.

The Gaoler:

I spit on it!

The Marquis:

And pocket it. Good day.

The Gaoler:

[*Pointing to the door.*]

I came to tell you that a woman 's there,
Asking to see you.

The Marquis:

What?

The Gaoler:

She 's young and fair,
And, judging by the richness of her dress,
Some heretofore aristo, nothing less.

The Marquis:

[*With grave reproof.*]

All women are aristocrats by birth;
No old or ugly woman treads the earth.

The Gaoler:

Ho! you should see my wife!

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The Marquis:

I should be proud.

The Gaoler:

Shall I admit her?

The Marquis:

Yes.

The Gaoler:

It 's not allowed.
Nevertheless—

The Marquis:

[*Handing him a jeweled snuff-box.*]
My snuff-box. From
[*He springs to his feet and kisses it.*]
The king!

The Gaoler:

I spit on it.

The Marquis:

[*Deprecatingly.*]
You spit on everything.
That 's low.

The Gaoler:

The widow will spit out your head.
[*He stumps out, leaving the door open.*]

The Marquis:

[*With disgust.*]
And that 's my equal! Pah!
[*He picks up a hand-glass and arranges his jabot, etc.*]
Why do I dread
This meeting? Who can be the fair
Who ventures hither to this loathsome lair?
The Duchess of Saint-Maur? A heart of ice.
The Countess of Durance? A cockatrice.
The Marchioness of Beaurepaire? Alas!
Her love and faith were brittle as this glass.
The Lady of Bougency?
[*He laughs.*]
But she had
Three other lovers, while she drove me mad.
Not one would risk her head to say good-by
To a discarded lover soon to die.
Can it be Jenny of the Palais Royal?
I never met a woman half so loyal.
She brought her innocence into my life;
She almost loved me—for a while.
[*In the glass he is still holding he sees the Marchioness, who now appears in the doorway.*]
My wife!
[*The Marchioness comes in, and the door swings to with a clang. She makes a magnificent and elaborate curtsey.*]

The Marchioness:

Marquis!

The Marquis:

[*With an equally elaborate bow.*]
Ah! Marchioness!

The Marchioness:

[*Brightly.*]
Milord O'Connor
Kindly escorted me.

The Marquis:

Oh, too much honor!

The Marchioness:

[*Looking round the room, with a dainty sigh.*]
Ah, what a world, where gentlemen are treated
Like vulgar criminals!

The Marquis:

Won't you be seated?

The Marchioness:

[*Ceremoniously taking her seat.*]
I greatly fear I must cut short my visit;
Time is so precious nowadays.

The Marquis:

[*With a whimsical smile.*]
Ah, is it?
How did you hear that I must soon—go hence?

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The Marchioness:

A charming abbé told me in Coblenz.

The Marquis:

[*Leading her on.*]
What did he say?

The Marchioness:

I scarce gave any heed.
I arched my eyebrows, and exclaimed,
"Indeed?"

The Marquis:

Ah, I 'm distressed you chose to undertake
A long and tiresome journey for my sake.

The Marchioness:

[*Volubly.*]
Oh, I had charming company. Time passed away
Quite quickly, thanks to ombre and piquet.
[*With a pretty pout.*]
I lost a deal of money.

The Marquis:

My regrets.
I 've squandered my last coin.

The Marchioness:

And then at Metz
A charming man, an Irishman—such grace!
Such wit! Such—

The Marquis:

Never mind.

The Marchioness:

Begged for a place
Beside me in my coach.

The Marquis:

His name?

The Marchioness:

Milord
O'Connor.

The Marquis:

To be sure. He—touched a chord?

The Marchioness:

[*Enthusiastically.*]
Oh, yes!

The Marquis:

[*Insidiously.*]
And you were—kind?

The Marchioness:

[*Roguishly.*]
To him or you?

The Marquis:

[*With a polite protest.*]
Oh, dying men don't count.

The Marchioness:

[*Thinking it over.*]
That 's very true.

The Marquis:

No doubt he 's waiting for you now?

The Marchioness:

[*Carelessly.*]
No doubt.

The Marquis:

You must not strain his patience; 't will wear out.
[*With great courtesy, but a dangerous gleam in his eyes.*]
And when you join him, tell him I regret
I 'm not at liberty. We might have—met.

The Marchioness:

You would have liked each other very much.
Such conversation! Such high spirits! Such—

The Marquis:

[*Rises.*]
This prison is no place for you. Farewell!

The Marchioness:

The room *is* ugly. I prefer my cell.

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The Marquis:

[*Arrested as he is moving toward the door.*]
Your—cell?

The Marchioness:

[*Matter of fact.*]
Of course. I am a prisoner, too.
That 's what I came for.

The Marquis:

What?

The Marchioness:

[*Very simply.*]
To die with you.

The Marquis:

To die with me!

The Marchioness:

[*Rises.*]
A Beauclerc could not fail.

The Marquis:

But—

The Marchioness:

Yes?

The Marquis:

The guillotine!

The Marchioness:

[*Brushing it aside as of no consequence whatever.*]
A mere detail.

The Marquis:

[*Recovering.*]
Pardon me, Marchioness, but I confess
You almost made me show surprise.

The Marchioness:

What less
Did you expect of me?

The Marquis:

We 've lived apart
So long, I had forgotten—

The Marchioness:

I 'd a heart?
You had forgotten many things beside—
The happy bridegroom and the happy bride.
And so had I. At court the life we lead
Makes love a frivolous pastime.

The Marquis:

And we need
The shock of death to show us we are human.

The Marchioness:

Marquis and marchioness? No, man and woman.
Once you were tender.

The Marquis:

Once you were sincere.

The Marchioness:

So long ago!

The Marquis:

So short a time!

The Marchioness:

Oh, dear!
Our minds are like a potpourri at dusk,
Breathing dead rosemary, lavender, and musk;
Things half forgotten, silly things, sublime;
A faded ribbon, withered rose, a rhyme,
A melody of old Provence, whose lilt
Haunts us as in a dream, like amber, spilt
God knows how long ago!

The Marquis:

Do you remember
How first I wooed you by the glowing ember
Of winter fires?

The Marchioness:

Ah, you were passionate then!

The Marquis:

I was the proudest, happiest of men.

The Marchioness:

I, the most innocent of maids.

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The Marquis:

Alas!
How the years change us as they come and pass!

The Marchioness:

[*Very tenderly.*]
Do you remember, by the Rhone,
The gray old castle on the hill,
The brambled pathway to the mill?
You plucked a rose. We were alone;
For cousins need no chaperon.
How hot the days were, which the shrill
Cicala's chirping seemed to fill:
A treble to the mill-wheel's drone.
Ah, me! what happy days were those!

The Marquis:

Gone, with the perfume of the rose.
I called you Doris, for I own
Meg on my fancy cast a chill.

The Marchioness:

I called you Amadis! You will
Admit no knightlier name is known.
We were like fledglings newly flown.

The Marquis:

Like little children, Jack and Jill.

The Marchioness:

With many a scratch and many a spill
We scrambled over stick and stone.

The Marquis:

Ah, me! what happy days were those!

The Marchioness:

Gone, with the perfume of the rose.

The Marquis:

Over lush meadows, thickly strown
With daisy and with daffodil,
We ran at dawn to catch the trill
Of larks on wild wing sunward blown.

The Marchioness:

In orange-groves we heard the moan
Of love-lorn nightingales, until
You pressed my hand. A tender thrill
Was in your touch and in your tone.
Ah, me! what happy days were those!

The Marquis:

Gone, with the perfume of the rose.

The Marchioness:

Marquis, might we not yet atone
For all our errors, if we chose?

The Marquis:

But—Doris, all the perfume 's gone.

The Marchioness:

[*Producing a withered rose from her bosom.*]
But—Amadis, I 've kept the rose!

The Marquis:

You 've kept the rose! But will it bloom again?

The Marchioness:

Perhaps in heaven.

The Marquis:

[*With a shrug.*]
Is there a heaven?

The Gaoler:

[*Appearing at the door.*]
You twain
Aristocrats, the tumbril waits!
[*He disappears.*]

The Marchioness:

[*Swaying a moment.*]
Ah, me!

The Marquis:

[*Eagerly.*]
Is there a heaven, Doris?

The Marchioness:

[*Recovering, smiles bravely, and holds out her hand.*]
Come and see.
[*As the Marquis takes her hand and they move to go out*]

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

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Half-tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by R. Varley

On the outskirts of war

Drawn by
A. B. Frost

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The clock-tower on the Ile de la Cité in the sixteenth century

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The Soul of the French

A Picture of Old Paris and New France

By SAMUEL P. ORTH

Author of "Germany's Destiny," etc.

Pictures by J. Hoffbauer

AGAIN all eyes are on Paris. No other modern city is so much the center of the world, or has commanded so frequent and general attention; for here was the throne of Bourbonism, here occurred the cataclysm which will remain an eternal admonition to statesmen and reformers, and, above all, here is Paris, the Paris which powerful kings meant to be merely a world capital, but which the genius of a remarkably facile and unusual people transformed into a universal atmosphere. The Paris which to Balzac was an "unfathomable ocean," to Goethe a "universal town," to Sainte-Beuve a place "to live and die in," and to Richard de Bury "the paradise of the world," this Paris to our day is the capital of individualism, the one city where a man is what he is, not what he buys or what he advertises himself to be.

It is not difficult to understand Bourbonism; it was merely an extravagantly ornate despotism. It is not easy to understand the Revolution, its chaos was so sudden and appalling. It is almost impossible to understand Paris, especially for an American, so intangible are the sources of its influences, so different the point of view, so apparently unstable the center of gravity, so dramatic and constant the shifting of events, ideas, and assumptions.

It is necessary to know old Paris, in order to understand the new, for the heart of this city of sentiments is ancient; it is only the mannerisms that are modern.

Let us roughly divide the growth of old Paris into three eras, corresponding with the three stages of French culture. The first era we will place between the reigns of Clovis and Philip Augustus. It was Clovis who first made the town a capital and instituted a municipal history that soon became a national history, and which presents to our gaze a constant procession of sieges, calamities, victories, revolutions, *affaires,* events. You find everything in the story of this joyous city except repose. For Paris, like the Parisian, never reaches a resting-place in its thought or action, but revels in change and novelty.

This was the formative period in which the two elements which make the foundation of French character predominated. These were symbolized by the two styles of architecture then established, the first, the sedate and solid Norman, and later, under Louis VII, the agile, ambitious, pointed Gothic. The fine old church of St. Germain-des-Prés, with its Norman nave and Gothic choir, survives as a symbol of this early Paris which accomplished the blending of the hard-headed, sensible Frenchman with the artistic, temperamental Frenchman. To-day one still finds these two Frenchmen under every jacket and blouse.

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The Palace of Justice, on the Ile de la Cité, in the sixteenth century. Beyond the spire of Sainte-Chapelle may be seen the towers of the Cathedral of Notre Dame

A new epoch began with Philip Augustus, sometimes called the second founder of Paris. Now learning was exalted, the university was incorporated, and under Charles V the National Library, one of the three largest in the world, was endowed. This French Augustus thus added an imperishable glory to his Northern Rome; for, no matter what vicissitudes have overcome the French nation, they have never lost their love for the arts and their deep respect for learning. Now, also, was laid the foundation of the commercial prosperity under the wise directorship of Etienne Boileau, whose municipal ordinances remained unto the day of the Revolution, attesting his wisdom and the prosperity of the tradespeople.

Thus old Paris was prepared for the third and final period of its development. This was set in motion by Francis I, a patron of the ornate. Embellishment was the passion of the day. The elaborate Italian Renaissance, under royal stimulus, yielded easily to the deft touch and lavish imagination of the Parisian artist.

The simplicity and naturalness of the first epoch, the learning and the prosperity of the second, were forgotten in the riot of artificiality that now reigned over literature, art, manners, and religion. Now began that march of splendor and folly which has been at once the curse and glory of Paris. In his extravagant zeal Francis demolished the Louvre of Augustus, and commanded that master of architects, Pierre Lescot, to design a new one four times as large and a hundred times as costly. This was soon followed by the impressive Hôtel de Ville, the Château de Tuileries of Catharine de' Medici, the Palais Royal of Richelieu, the Palais de Elysée, the Panthéon, the Palais Bourbon, the Invalides, and then Versailles. These were merely the leaders in that impressive architectural parade of luxury and glory. Hundreds of minor buildings of scarcely lesser costliness sprang up about them.

It was indeed a magnificent Paris, that old Paris of the day before the judgment. Nowhere else since ancient Rome were seen such palaces and residences; nowhere else such paved avenues presenting such dazzling vistas; nowhere else had the hard

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The Palace of Justice in the sixteenth century. Seen from the towers of the Cathedral of Notre Dame. The origin of the Palace of Justice is lost in the obscurity of the past. Among its first guests were the proconsuls that Rome sent hither to govern her conquered Gallic province. Two fires have devastated it, the first in 1618, the second in 1776

sense and noble aspirations of a primitive town ended in such overpowering luxury.

And while this metamorphosis from Norman simplicity to Bourbon extravagance was taking place, a threefold Paris was growing up around the Ile de la Cité. It was on this island that the Franks built their first Paris. Here they erected a castle, a chapel, a mill, and a market—everything needful for a feudal stronghold. This island, like many of the primitive traits of the Franks, is now almost lost in the swirl of the modern metropolis. But it survives not only as a memory, but in a noble symbolism: purple Notre Dame and the spiritual Sainte-Chapelle, souvenir of the first religious establishment in Paris; the Palace of Justice and the Hôtel de Ville, representing the older halls of government.

But mill and market have long since disappeared. They were early pushed to that other Paris, the right bank, where greater markets soon flourished, and where now the larger portion of the population dwells.

The third Paris moved from the Ile in the opposite direction, to the left bank. It was very distinct from commercial Paris; for here flourished the university, and here, in the cool, shady retreats around St. Germain and the Luxembourg, the aristocracy of the realm built their splendid houses and laid out their refreshing gardens.

So both the inner and the outer development of old Paris was threefold. Fancy loves to trace its history in three great strides from simplicity and lofty aspiration, through learning and piety, into extravagance and splendor, and to picture the old city as a trifoliate town the center of which was the island, representing government and aristocracy, the right wing commerce and trade, and the left wing learning and culture.

It was a city that represented power and splendor at its full orb, granting protection to learning, to art, and to trade. Prosperity gleamed upon it despite its spectacular history. Time and again it outgrew its walls. Every effort on the part of kings to restrict its growth and keep it as a residence city failed. In his

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The Ile de la Cité in 1913

long reign, Louis XIV tried six times to check it. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries ordinances were issued to bind its bounds. New houses and factories were forbidden, or their cost made prohibitive, or only unattractive sites made available.

All was of no avail. Paris constantly outgrew its older walls, annually seeking new chambers for its expanding life, like a vast and radiant nautilus.

It is no wonder that this romantic city absorbed the national thought of France. In 1740 the observant Montesquieu said, "Nothing is left in France but Paris and the distant provinces, because Paris has not yet had time to devour them," and "While activity everywhere prevailed, the motive principle was no longer anywhere but in Paris."

Arthur Young, a frank and open-eyed English traveler who spent several years in France just preceding the Revolution, wrote that the French "people do not venture an opinion until they know what is thought in Paris."

When Paris became mistress of France, she became mistress of the king. It was more than a whim that prompted him to curb her growth; it was a fatal premonition. For here was a mistress who refused to be beguiled by gifts and purchased by favors. Woe to the king whose mistress is a mob!

II

LOOKING beyond the walls of old Paris, we see old France. It is out of the patient heart of this old France that the spirit of the new has come. Old France was a land where aristocracy had achieved its greatest height, its most exclusive assumptions, and therefore suffered its deepest fall. The *noblesse oblige* remained exclusive until the end. Their châteaus were inaccessible, and their city *hôtels* and beautiful gardens were secluded behind high walls, with embrasures reaching to the highest shrubs.

Arthur Young said that nowhere in France did he find that solicitude of the nobility for the peasantry which has always characterized the British aristocrat. Even the largest farmers and squires were never allowed to enter the front door of the château.

Aristocracy dined and talked, danced and sinned, exclusively with themselves, in mimicry of that absolutism which ex-

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The Palace of Justice in 1665, with the Pont Neuf in the foreground

claimed, "I am the state." In other countries feudalism assumed a splendid feeling of class responsibility; in France both feudal and legal conceptions of class obligations seem to have entirely vanished.

In the towns lived the middle class, a new class, who had early acquired that characteristic which always has distinguished them the world over—a snobbish aping of the upper class and a contempt for the lower. And finally, beneath these widely separate layers, was spread that vast and necessary stratum, the peasantry, upholding all the other social formations, like the "basement complex" of the geologist, upon which all the other layers of the globe are superimposed. Historians have minutely described the oppression, the misery, the degradation of those patient peasants. It was Richelieu, who lived in the Palais Royal, who said, "If nations were well-to-do, they would hardly keep within the rules." Poverty was a national policy. Burden after burden was heaped on the peasant, tax upon tax, forced labor upon forced labor, until even contemporaries "marveled at the multiplicity of the shackles which kept them poor and depressed."

Only half of the soil was tilled, and that only half tilled. People soon learned that it paid to be poor, and when in 1767 the minister ordered all the beggars to be arrested, 50,000 were gathered in, the able-bodied sent to the galleys, the rest to some forty almshouses. In 1697, Vauban, the great engineer, maintained that one half the people were reduced to beggary, and that not more than 10,000 families were left in comfortable circumstances.

So you have here a social structure unique in the annals of Europe: an aristocracy whose royal gravitation kept it from contact with life; a middle class who could neither pity the poor nor attain gentility; and a peasantry who were serfs to the land, chained to an unending poverty.

But even more astounding than this lack of social sympathy and interest was the physical separation of those groups. The nobility abandoned the country and lived in Paris. In the stately Faubourg St. Germain they built their great houses, wishing to be near the king, so

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Bird's-eye view of the palace on the Ile de la Cité in 1350

A Pont aux Meuniers
B La Tournelle
C La Conciergerie
D La Tour de l'Horloge
E La Grande Salle des Fêtes
F La Tour de Mongommeri
G La Cour du Mai
H La Galerie des Merciers
I Le Palais de St. Louis
K La Chambre des Comptes
L La Sainte-Chapelle
M Entrée du Palais
O Entrée du Palais
P Pont Saint Michel
Q Moulin de la Monnaie
R Ile de la Gourdaine
S Maison des Elèves du Palais
T Jardin du Roi
U Ile de Buci

that they could grace his court and practise daily those grand manners and delicate sayings that were the badge of their station. The middle class lived in the towns; the peasant alone was left on the soil. It was a forsaken peasantry.

This is the characteristic of old France that must not be forgotten. We can forget the splendor of the gilded palaces, the show that bears scarcely any relation to new France; but we must not forget this forsaken peasantry. It was the only time in European history that the tiller of the soil had been completely neglected. Old France forgot its soil and the tillers of the soil while it played, like a wilful child, with that colossal, iridescent bubble of folly, Versailles.

For a hundred and fifty years the people had been kept out of responsible positions. Nobody believed they had any political capacity; they were considered deaf to reason, blind to beauty, insensible to pleasure, possessing nothing but hands, and these only for the sake of toiling for the king.

This separateness of the social elements was not unknown to French observers. They frequently called the attention of the king to it. In 1785, Neckar spoke of "the immense distance which exists between the common people and all other classes of society," and that neither understood the other.

Turgot, the greatest French statesman of his day, told his master, Louis XVI, the truth:

> The nation is a community, consisting of different orders, ill compacted together, and of a people whose members have very few ties between themselves, *so that every man is engrossed exclusively in his personal interest.*

Where, then, was the French nation? Not in the nobility; that was soon to vanish. Not in a collective consciousness of the people; that had not been called into being. It reposed in the ideals of individualism, which three centuries of hard experience had woven into the tissue of every French toiler.

The development and persistence of this individualism is revealed in the remarkable literary movement that reached its height in the eighteenth century. This France, while preparing for social chaos, was unconsciously producing philosophers, poets, and orators who were emancipating the old while preparing it for the new. Here, as perhaps nowhere else, we see the outstanding characteristic of the French

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nation. A galaxy of writers possessing neither offices, wealth, honors, nor experience addressed themselves to political idealism, and this amazing application of theory to inexperience brought a new out of an old France.

III

But while it is true that the thinkers who proved so powerful had not been experienced in governments or revolutions, they had, however, seen the ever-shifting kaleidoscope of French politics turning constantly before their gaze. From Henry IV (1610), who became king on the assassination of his predecessor, to the Revolution, the court was nothing so much as a living kinematograph of intrigues. The will of Louis XIV that a council of regents act while the heir, his grandson, remained in his minority was violated by a parliament that preferred the notorious Duke of Orleans. Three of the reigns were preceded by long regencies: Louis XIII became heir at ten years of age, Louis XIV and Louis XV at the age of five. This added to the opportunities for intrigue. Favorite succeeded favorite in rapid succession; to the petulance of childhood and senility were added the whims of the mistress. The people saw the never-settled policies of state vacillating between the influences of courtiers and courtezans.

And while they were beholding these innumerable shifts in the personnel of their government, the people were being slowly and firmly brought under the sway of the most centralized and permanent administration in Europe. From Philip Augustus to Louis XIV monarch and minister endeavored to combine all the diverse historical units of France into what they called an *état unitaire,* a state, namely, which bound the governmental routine of the humblest functionary to the throne; a state, therefore, in which local autonomy, liberty in neighborhood matters, such as we know and Britain knows, is impossible.

When the Revolution came, there were two governments, the outward, or the king and his court, constantly playing favorites, who changed from day to day; and the inner, or permanent and real government, which with almost inexorable routine looked after the every-day drudgery of the state.

When the king's head was cut off, all that the mob needed to do was to put a political camarilla in his place. An attempt, made in 1789, to abolish the whole centralized system and grant local self-government failed. The old regimen remained; and with few changes it remains to this day.

So old France was the breeding-place of a colossal individualism. The thinker saw that politically France had no background; it had only a rapidly shifting panorama of royal vicissitudes. But he realized that underneath the flux of favorites and princes was an administrative stability which was beyond personal loyalty; it was a machine. He saw further the whole fabric of society disintegrated, the woof and warp separated; the social instinct, the neighborhood feeling, the medieval trait of class responsibility, all forsaken and every one taught by the most terrible experience to rely on himself.

And of old France, old Paris was the soul. It looked upon the gorgeous monarch and his show, and remained indifferent. It worshiped in Notre Dame or assumed a skeptical nonchalance. It flocked to the university lectures, read the quips of the wits, the wisdom of the philosophers, and the effusions of the poets; delighted itself with the foibles of fashion and the deeper significance of the arts, but never surrendered to any of these things. Through it all the Parisian, like the peasant afield, was busy with his own affairs. He learned to smile at the passing show, even to take part in it; but his heart, his task, that he kept to himself. The words that fell from his lips, the laughter, the tears, the exciting gesture, were the outward signs of—nothing. To himself every Frenchman was impersonal, which is merely another way of saying that to himself every Frenchman was a personage.

For a nation of individualists pays homage only to personal achievement, and seeks only for personages who can amuse,

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interest, stimulate. No one, therefore, has ever been able to lead these people merely because he had power. The French follow a leader only while he is interesting. I believe this is true even of Napoleon, who craftily used the well-known stimulants, pride, excitement, and glory.

IV

THE cataclysm which ended old France did not change the Frenchman. It merely produced shocks and excitements that accentuated his characteristics.

All the Revolutions of France have been Parisian. Paris stormed the Bastille, Paris tore into Versailles, Paris dragged the king and queen to the Tuileries, Paris established the Convention, and Paris ushered in the new era, not by destroying a dynasty,—that only needed a knife,—but by declaring the church lands national property and selling them to the peasants for assignments. And so land-hungry were these new freedmen that in one year a thousand million francs' worth was sold.

The Revolution shows the limitations of the blend of individualism and intellectualism that characterizes the Frenchman. This child of reason suddenly deserted his postulates and resorted to action, and revolution became the apotheosis of logic. Other peoples, when reason fails, find solace in faith; the French then long for violence.

The second Revolution also belongs to Paris. It was the first "social" revolution, an uprising of laboring-men, instigated by Louis Blanc, an "intellectual," whose vibrant phrases were the trumpet-call that raised five hundred barricades in Paris, the red flag flying over most of them. Sixteen thousand men were killed and wounded before this forerunner of strikes, sabotage, and other labor orgies was put down by the republic.

The third revolution, the commune of 1871, was also a working-men's uprising. The veterans of this revolution—*communards* they call themselves, and proud they are of their distinction—still show you the wounds it left on the trees in the Tuileries. But the burning of public buildings, the needless sacrifice of human life, all the rash folly of victorious discontent, have long since been forgotten and forgiven.

So within one century Paris has mothered three revolutions on her bosom. Little wonder that new France has not found political tranquillity. From 1793 to 1873 there have been three republics and three empires as well as three revolutions. This excitable throng of the boulevards has been "governed" by the Convention (1793–5), the Directory (1795–1799), the Consul Napoleon (1799–1804), the Emperor Napoleon (1804–14) and his two successors, Louis XVIII and Charles X (1814–30), the ephemeral republic of 1830, the restoration under Louis Philippe (1830–48), the republic of 1848, the third Napoleon, the Commune of 1871, and the third republic, which still survives.

Of the three kings of this century, Napoleon I died in exile, Louis Philippe and Charles X were both compelled to flee. Since the setting up of the present constitution ten presidents have lived in the Palace of the Elysée.

And who shall count the ministries? The French have a saying, "The ministry has slipped on an orange-peel." Well, Delcassé or Clemenceau or the lamented Jaurès always had fresh orange-peels in their pockets, and when dread ennui overcame the populace, they tossed one under the soles of the prime minister. An average of two or three a year, in times of special excitement a ministry a week, records the seesaw of momentary personal power. Not of political principle, however, for ministries in this land of personages are not shunted on principle.

To these shifts must be added the grand excitements, an average of one a decade. In the eighties the Boulanger *affaire,* in which the handsome general, who sat his horse so magnificently that the boulevards by sheer admiration of his art were moved to cheer him, threatened the third republic. In the late nineties the Dreyfus *affaire,* which served to revive all the old issues, religious, political, and social, fol-

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lowed by the excitements of church disestablishment and the driving of all suspected royalists from army and navy.

And interspersed between the grand affairs and the innumerable changes in the ministry, all the little excitements: Mme. Steinhal or Mme. Caillaux are tried for murder, and political eminence is threatened; "La Gioconda" is kidnapped from the Louvre, and a ministry falls; a coterie of admirers forces Rodin into greater public notice, and immediately the Government is in a swirl of excitement. The Parisian never lets an event pass without in some way connecting the Government with it. Not that the Government is important: to him it is entirely secondary, and can be shifted or overturned with impunity. It 's the event that interests the Frenchman.

No, the political kaleidoscope never rests on the banks of the Seine. Guizot, who served as minister to Louis Philippe, exclaimed, "Have we the monopoly of all the impossibilities!"

V

THE century of revolutions and commotions has brought forth a new France. And its foundation is the peasantry: the stone which Bourbon builders discarded has indeed become the head of the corner. The emancipation of the church lands and the breaking up of the feudal estates are the enduring results of the great Revolution. They formed a new departure for population, wealth, and patriotism.

New France is a land of peasants and artisans. Of her 207,218 square miles, eighty-five per cent. are cultivated, employing over 6,000,000 of her 40,000,000 inhabitants.

The average area of the French farm is 32 acres. In the United States it is 134 acres; in Great Britain 390 acres; in Denmark 115 acres; in Holland 45 acres. About 500,000 landowners hold an average of 7½ acres; another 500,000 an average of 75 acres. While in Russia one per cent. of the families own forty per cent. of the land, in France estates of over a thousand acres are comparatively rare.

France is a land of small farmers. This means independence. It means political independence. Hamerton remarked as early as 1876 that neither priest nor politician could pocket the peasant vote. It means financial independence. These peasants are wonderful gardeners; their intensive farming has paid. They have over 4¼ million acres in grapes, and all the world knows that they know how to extract the divine flavor from every cluster. Their cabbages and potatoes formed a more substantial *entente cordiale* with England than any necromancy of the genial Edward.

While these peasants were making a vast garden out of the land that Louis XVI abandoned to weeds, the artisans of the towns were perfecting those crafts in which the Frenchman has long excelled. About 5,800,000 are engaged in manufacture. But this is not the massive manufacture of Germany, England, and the United States. There are a few large iron industries in the mining region, but otherwise there are no great manufactories.

But the French people are the creators of those articles requiring individual skill and that deft, inimitable quality called "chic." Cotton, silk, and wool, gold, silver, and iron they transform into the dainty and luxurious necessities of modern life.

These peasants and artisans are thrifty. They may, to the hurrying tourist, seem gay and indolent, but they are hard workers and small spenders. They are rich. How rich they are no one seems to have been able to calculate. It is a sort of mysterious wealth. It appears and disappears as by magic. But they are, I believe, the richest peasantry and artisans in Europe.

Here is an example of the stowed-away wealth of the French people. A few years ago Paris offered for sale $41,000,000 of bonds for enlarging the city gas plant. Following the French custom, these bonds were offered in fraction lots, so that a workman or peasant could buy half a bond or even a fourth of a bond. The amount was oversubscribed eighty times. This means

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that $3,280,000,000 had been in the stocking. As a deposit of ten per cent. was required for each bond subscribed for, you have the surprising result of $115,000,000 actually deposited for the privilege of subscribing for $41,000,000.

I was told that this is not considered remarkable. Where else could it occur? Certainly not in our country. This year, in six months, workmen deposited 6,000,000 francs in the postal savings. An American relates that after the war was declared a French friend of his who owned a château, yacht, and automobiles could not raise a loan from any of his acquaintances. But he got 500 francs in gold from his milkman through the intervention of his cook!

Everybody knows that modern France is the home of art, where the freak, such as the Cubist, has his opportunity, as well as the genius. In fact, everything which encourages personal achievement flourishes in the France of to-day. Here the monotonous process of factory production has found only a few victims. These individualists, to whom creation is a passion, have brought the day of hand skill into the heart of the machine age. Here the workers are individuals, not unions. Organized labor exists, and boasts of its strength; but the French *syndicat,* or union, is an odd mixture of rebellious individualists.

What the Frenchman lacks in discipline he makes up in distinction.

By the side of its agriculture, its art, and its industry, the new France has its new learning; it is also steeped in the conviction that the highest achievement of a race is a rare personality. The Frenchman of to-day believes that mere energy is futile. So he elevates accomplishment above strength and sets out to cultivate taste rather than to develop force. Attainment, not assimilation, is therefore the goal of his learning.

Complete freedom of expression is the life of this ideal. When you close the avenues of personal expression to a Frenchman, you kill him. His overruling ambition is to live his own life, and the aim of his education is to enrich that life and make it capable of complete self-expression.

When democracy permeated this ideal, it threw wide open the doors of elementary schools and lycées to the people. Children of poor and rich sit side by side in the school-room. Opportunity beckons to talent, and France to-day is a nation of self-made men. Even the language is democratized. All children are taught to speak the French tongue with beauty and precision. There are no lingual class distinctions such as in London separate the costermonger from the lord.

There is a nobility in France. It is the nobility of learning. In Paris intellectual achievement is respected as in no other world city, and to be an "Academician" is still the highest honor in the nation. I imagine the average Frenchman would like nothing better than to make of the whole world one vast Latin Quarter, with its true bonhomie of intellect.

The Englishman lauds the athlete, the German the soldier, the American the business magnate, the Frenchman reserves his laurels for the intellect. Everything else, even character, he places secondary to this. Paris will not immolate a man of brains on the altar of moral standards. The fate of Sir Charles Dilke would not have been possible in France.

VI

WHAT sort of government have these people reared upon the shifting foundations of French temperament and spectacular experience? At times one is almost inclined to the belief that they have no government. I visit the Chamber of Deputies, which, constitutionally, is the strongest factor in the Government, for it sustains or wrecks the premier, and I behold parliamentary chaos. The member addressing the assembly mounts a tribune several feet above the floor. No sooner has he made a statement than a score of members rush down the aisles, chattering objections and shaking their fingers up at him. The President of the Chamber rings a big bell and shouts "Silence!" at the top of his voice; but there is no silence. There

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can be no silence among a group of Frenchmen, each one fully bound to express himself on the spur of the moment.

After an unusually tumultuous meeting, which resembled a mob in noise and behavior, I asked a deputy, a well-known barrister, if excitement always ended in such seeming indecorum.

"Have you, then, no enthusiasm in your Congress?" he replied.

But you soon learn that these people do not take government as seriously as we do. To them it is not the great abiding necessity it is to Teuton or Anglo-Saxon. It is an incident, a large incident, perhaps, but only an incident, in the living of an individual's life. Rousseau's maxim is never forgotten: "A people, like a person, belongs to itself." What, then, is the function of government to such a people? Not to "govern," but merely to make it easy for every person to find himself.

In France the Government is not the object of worship or of solicitude or, I am tempted to say, of respect. Ministries and dynasties come and go; the peasant, the craftsman, the artist, and the savant return to their inner cares from barricade and battle-field with almost as much unconcern as from a market, and certainly with less ecstasy than from a new play or the première of the annual Salon.

Where every one is busy living his own life, government is a game. We have been told that Frenchmen have no genius for government. What is meant is that they have no aptitude for team-work.

The government which they have devised presents one of the greatest anomalies of modern politics. It is a republic, governed without parties and without responsible leadership. "We have no real parties except the unified Socialists," said Yves Guyot.

"How, then, do you maintain political equilibrium?" I asked.

"We do not care to maintain it. Our ideals guide us."

After the election of the present Chamber, last spring, the factions were so confused that scarcely any two classifications were alike. "Le Temps" enumerated them as follows: first group composed of Independent Socialists, Independent Radicals, Republicans of the Left; second group composed of United Radicals and moderate Socialists; third group consisting of extreme Socialists, United Republicans, and United Progressives; and the Right consisting of Conservatives, Royalists, Bonapartists, Catholics, and Independent Conservatives. Where there is such a hodge-podge of political opinion in the ruling Chamber, it is no wonder that every ministry rests on a precarious foundation. Even these groups are not fixed. They change at the whim of every individual component.

You visit the Senate, in the old Palace of the Luxembourg, and hope to find stability there. Instead, you find only inanity. The Senate has a veto power on the Chamber. It is conservative, and can force itself upon public attention only by overruling the vehemence of the radical deputies.

And finally, there is the president. If the republic is not governed by parties, surely it is by a personage? No. The French sedulously avoided centering responsibility in their Government. The president, by the constitution, is only a sham king housed in a palace and surrounded with uniforms. President Poincaré is the first to hold the office whose personality has challenged continuous attention.

Deputies, Senate, president,—none of them vested with sole responsibility,—this is the ostensible Government; but back of it, running silently and unnoticed, revolves the machinery invented by old Paris, the vast centralized administration.

"Behind the superficial authority of the ministers, an anonymous power is secretly at work whose might is constantly increasing in the Government. Possessing traditions, a hierarchy, a continuity, they are a power against which the ministers quickly realize they are incapable of struggling." Le Bon, who thus describes the administrative machine, is an unfavorable critic; but he has not overstated the influence of this army of permanent officials who view

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the constant changes in the ministry merely as an opportunity for self-advancement.

Here is an anomaly indeed, the most unstable of political contrivances coöperating with the most adamant of administrations for the government of a republic that repudiates personal responsibility in office and knows nothing of party fealty!

For practical purposes we may omit the president and the Senate. The Chamber of Deputies is the pivot of the revolving ministry. There are 602 members in the present Chamber. This means that there are 602 pivots. We recognize the caucus as a stabilizer in our legislative assemblies. But where there is no party loyalty, the individual becomes the dictator. So it works out that the ministry is constantly dickering with the individual deputies, not with a party caucus. The deputy trades his influence for favors, and he is constantly sought by the administrative officers to exert his powers in their behalf.

Thus has arisen a modern clientage as disgusting as that of ancient Rome.

A French lady, writing with full knowledge of the facts, has described her experience:

> There are so many more applicants than vacancies—that it is the best *"pistonne,"* or "protected" candidate, who ultimately obtains the much-coveted appointment. These "protections" seem to be indispensable for the advancement of the careers of all state employees. Really excellent state servants who have no powerful friends may remain for years forgotten in some small post without getting promotion. . . . Some years back one of my own relatives was in the cabinet and it was perfectly incredible, during the whole length of time he remained in power, the number of letters I received every morning from various people whom I knew either slightly or not at all, begging me to intercede in their favor. From such humble state servants as policemen or railway porters to the more magnificent officials who sought to fill some of the higher posts batches of letters came each morning.

There are nearly a million of these employees, including all the functionaries high and low, the workmen on the state railroad and other government industries. They have formed a "freemasonry" which coöperates with the radicals and socialists. How powerful this coalition is was revealed after the Dreyfus affair, when all the suspected Royalists were weeded out of the army. General André's famous *"fiches"* revealed a nation-wide espionage, which hounded every suspect in the remotest commune. It recalled the days of 1789.

There are constant reminders that the spirit of Revolutionary Paris is not dead. A few years ago there was a revival of the doctrine of the "unconscious masses" led by the "conscious minority." Syndicalism (the mother of the I. W. W.) revived the old anarchism under the cloak of labor-unionism, and France was nearly terrorized by the flare-up. Georges Sorrel, Professor Lagardelle, and other keen intellectuals incited to violence by their subtle writings. Flaming posters bade the populace to "Rip up the bourgeois" and to "Cut buttonholes in the skins of the rich." Strikes were called, sabotage practised, railway servants and post-office employees stopped work; for the Revolutionists had found a leader. It was none other than a mild-eyed country schoolmaster, Gustave Hervé, who with Gallic swiftness had risen to eminence on the wings of an epithet, "The flag is born of dirt." This became the slogan of the new anti-patriotism and anti-militarism, which for the moment threatened to disrupt the army.

Then arose in the Chamber of Deputies a resolute minister. He ordered the railroad strikers to join the reserves. They had to put on the uniform or be deserters! This clever minister was Aristide Briand, the socialist, who a few years before had thrilled his audiences by denouncing the use of the army in labor matters and said that workmen soldiers need not always fire in the direction the officers meant when the command was given.

This is typical: the ancient anarchy of violence, proclaimed by professors and

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journalists, eagerly responded to by the mob, checked by a minister of state who yesterday preached disobedience to soldiers and held aloft the red flag.

And to-day? Gustave Hervé, after serving four years in the Prison de la Santé for writing incendiary, anti-military editorials, is a super-patriot, dedicating his newspaper to war, army, and the Marseillaise. There are five socialists in the war cabinet, headed by Viviani, a socialist. Even Jules Guesde, the Communard of 1871, an exile for years, vehement leader of the most revolutionary socialists, irreconcilable, fiery in his denunciation of capital and government, eagle-eyed, shrill-voiced, hawk-faced, the very embodiment of Revolution—even Jules Guesde now sits in the cabinet!

Wonder of wonders! No, it is no wonder at all. It could all be foreseen by the student of old Paris. France has never changed heart. The shouting, discontented one of yesterday always was the *rouge coulotte* who to-day cracks jokes in the trenches of Belfort and Verdun.

The Revolutionist was first a patriot. Every Frenchman is always a patriot. And, moreover, in a land of individualists, a man's heart need not be bound to his opinions and even to his actions. His heart is true to an ideal; all else is pivotal, shifting with the impulse of the moment.

So you have this boulevardier who is the greatest of home-lovers; this intellectualist who loses himself in revolution; this revolutionist who is consumed with patriotism; this bravado who flaunts his vices while he carefully conceals his virtues; who is simple, yet long ago ceased to be "naïve enough to be conceited"; a man who has, in a word, learned to laugh at himself while the world takes him seriously, and who has learned to take himself seriously when the world laughs at him.

VII

MANY have been the doleful predictions that this Frenchman is a degenerate who cannot survive the conflict of arms. It is true that militarism is nowhere such a curse as in a land of individualists, who have an instinct for art and a passion for thrift.

The French have been great soldiers; that was many years ago. To-day the stunted men tell the tale of the cost of Bourbon and Napoleonic wars. I asked a little Parisian schoolmaster once why Frenchmen were so small.

"Ah," he cried, "all our large ancestors died in the glorious wars."

In fine spirit, courage, and fervor the Frenchman can defy the world; but in the clockwork precision, in the obedience which makes masses powerful, he is deficient.

Despite this natural ineptitude, he has kept up a vast standing army, inspired by the black ribbons that have dangled from the Strasburg statue in the Place de la Concorde since 1871. In this terrible war, the motive of the Frenchman is the easiest to explain. He is not fighting for conquest or glory or economic supremacy. He is fighting for revenge, a very childish, but a very human, motive.

If his fighting qualities have surprised Germany, it is not only because he had an army of stolid Englishmen to steady him. French soldiers told me three years ago that France would not seek war with Germany; but should the Kaiser ever attempt to invade France, they would show him a new kind of Frenchman.

He no doubt overestimated his own fighting capacity, and left to his own fate, the inexorable German machine would have crushed him.

And if he is finally overwhelmed, if his sunny land, the land of bonhomie, the land whose prosperity bodes evil for no one—if this land is finally overrun by brute force, what shall be our verdict on a "civilization" that permits the test of the barbarian to be made the measure of its survival?

In these days of "efficiency"-hunting, it will be worth untold fortunes to have one nation of individuals left, an oasis of artistic intuition in a desert of socialized machinery. In these days of cant and insincerity, it will be worth even more to preserve the one people who are not afraid of inconsistency.

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A Woman to Shakspere

By STEPHEN PHILLIPS

MY days are beyond reproach or breathing of scandal
In the placid inland town;
No man I owe; as I pass, all stand bareheaded;
A tale will empty my purse.
Each Sabbath I rustle soft to the seat set apart for me;
All eyes in the church are fixed.
Faultlessly, dimly attired, my lavender rarest,
About me voices are hushed;
And sweet is my little garden just after sunrise,
Sweet in the coming of night.

Yet, ah, my God! I am lone, lonely forever,
Am well, but wither within;
And in dead of night I lack the cry of a boy child
Or the struggling lisp of a girl.
Must I linger on and languish among the townfolk,
Who guess not the ache at my soul?
Must I drift away to the everlasting lumber
That cumbers a thriftless world?

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And the young wife dies in my street, but really survives me,—
At least she has felt in the sun,—
And the girl deceived by her lover and thrown from the house-door,
Her tears are richer than mine.
Yes, better the plunge in Thames, the sudden seeking,
Than a death which was never a death.

O Shakspere, of women confessor, from whom no secret
Of a woman's bosom was hid!
Thou from an ancient page, my comforter, comest,
Leaping from print to my life.
No woman so understood, or sang of a woman,
As a man with a poet's heart.
Spite of this placid, speckless, reproachless dungeon,
Thou understandest; enough!

As I read, I am wafted afar, am backward wafted,
To the gorgeous-dreaming East.
To be young in Egypt, to lie with *Cleopatra,*
To have some *Antony's* kiss!
She drank of a heaven by Nile, a world in the balance;
Even with the asp at her breast,
She gave as a mother her breast to a mortal baby,
For a long immortal kiss.

Have centuries past? Shall centuries, then, oppress me,
This dimness in place of the glow?
This soul can love as they loved, whose stars were huger,
This dim town is for a time.
For the bare passing of time can touch not my spirit,
Though a moment may mar it quite.
And often the glimpse of a moon on an ebon night-sky
Hath wildered a boy and a girl.
For a while I am pent from life, am hindered from living;
For a while and but for a while.

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"He burst from his bed and went flying through the woodland"

Foot-notes from the Book of Nature

By WALTER KING STONE and
CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

A TOO-PREVALENT idea among nature-lovers is that the season for field-study begins with the bluebird's note in early spring, and ends when the first snowflake comes floating down to the brown earth. To the winter enthusiast, however, one of the most interesting pages of the book of nature is turned to view as the great blank snow sheet over field and woodland becomes inscribed with foot-notes telling of the adventures of little folk in fur and feathers. In these foot-notes the doings of the small wild creatures are told in hieroglyphics discernible by all, but understood only by those who study the ways of the inscribers.

The snow has descended in the night, covering all the wood. Here the grouse, sitting on the limb of a tree, nestled to escape the biting wind, and the snow blanket was tucked about him. With the morning he burst from his bed and went flying through the woodland, making a graceful design as he touched the snow with one wing in his sweep to alight. From this point his wanderings are easily traced, as he has gone in an apparently aimless way through the underbrush. Here he has taken a few buds from a bush, for bits of twigs lie on the snow; here, under a bank, he has found a few exposed wintergreen-berries; and a little beyond he has made a wide detour around a stump, and then flown. Who knows but that he detected a weasel lurking in this spot, ready for a spring? From here it is a considerable distance before he alighted and walked down to a spring-hole that never freezes, where all the wood-folk come for water. On the damp edge is his print in the mud as he drank. Then he turned and went back, and his trail is

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"From the edge of this creek a curious track winds here and there"

"It is the track of a crafty hunter"

muddy for a few steps. Here he hopped upon a branch and preened his feathers, for several bits of down lie in the snow. In this way his course can be followed a long distance through the wood; then suddenly his speed increased, as is shown by the greater distance between the foot-prints, and the track leads under thick briers, where he crouched on the snow. He was not escaping from a four-footed creature, else he would have flown; evidently his foe was from above—a hawk, perhaps, or possibly

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"She has been through a brushy pasture and across an old lane"

a great eagle had winged silently through the wood on the lookout for some unwary snow-walker. From here for a little distance he followed along a fence, grown into a hedge-row. Under an old apple-tree he found a frozen apple which the provident red squirrel had hidden in a nook for his own future use. This he picked greedily.

"Molly Cottontail"

Along this hedge-row we come upon a medley of foot-notes. Many creatures seem to love old hedge-rows. Here, in the refuge of briers and alders, sparrows find food and shelter. The whitethroat, whose spring whistle is

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"In a corn-field, beyond the hedge-row, we find the tiniest of foot-notes"

"Here the white-footed mice have gone by tiny leaps"

occasionally heard on winter days, has made many delicately recorded excursions from a brush-heap into the weeds in search of seeds. A weed has been pulled down by the weight of the birds, and its print is engraved on the snow. The fine-lace effect in this protected corner was made by a flock of juncos and tree-sparrows hopping about. A squirrel has dined from the seeds of a frozen apple on the top of an old fence-stake, for bits of the apple are seen on the snow beneath. From this stake in the fence he has gone in long leaps out into

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the snow, his tail making its record now and then. There he has stopped and dug a little hole in the snow, from which he extracted an acorn. This he ate, sitting up on his haunches.

An odd track in the shape of a triangle, two large marks at the sides and two smaller marks at the apex, is Molly Cottontail's record. She has been through a brushy pasture and across an old lane, which shows, now that the snow has obliterated the wheel-tracks, only by the lack of bushes along its course. She has come back by the same way and disappeared in a brush-heap, which probably covered her burrow.

In a corn-field, beyond the hedge-row, we find the tiniest of foot-notes. The reading of them is not easy; but when carefully spelled out, the reader is repaid by the interest of the story told. About the corn-shocks in every direction are the delicate traceries made by the smallest of the wild creatures—the field-mice. From their snug retreat among the corn, how many excursions they have made into the white world! Here are the little, closely stitched seams of the common field-mouse, one line made by the tail and on each side of it a line of dots made by the feet. Here the white-footed mice have gone by tiny leaps across the snow. Among clumps of ragweed they have run hither and thither as if in frolic. One track becomes a series of long leaps toward the shelter of the corn. Ah! a tragedy! The record stops in a great blur. The screech-owl has swooped down; the print of his wings and tail is left on the snow.

Overturn a corn-shock, and you have an exhibition of how the foot-notes are written: the mice run here and there; one strikes off boldly to a clump of stubble, making a pretty line across the snow; others burrow into the snow to escape. Under the shock are the little openings to their subterranean galleries, also bundles of fine chaff where they keep house. It is so warm a retreat from the bitter cold that it seems a great shame to turn them

"The skunk is one of the few animals the tracks of which are seen in the open"

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"The eye sweeps a wide view of snow-clad country"

out; but they can move without difficulty to the next shock.

Over the fence from the corn-field a broad expanse of snow stretches away down a hill. The eye sweeps a wide view of snow-clad country. Across this sheet runs a long line of the stitch-like marks, showing the track of the common skunk. Most persons, at mention of this animal, think at once of unpleasant odor and uncleanliness; but the skunk is one of the neatest of animals. There is no offensive scent about his burrow, and I do not doubt that his characteristic odor is almost as distasteful to him as to the object he is repelling, for it is his last resort in self-defense.

His long, straightforward track has a great deal of character. It turns neither right nor left. The skunk is one of the few animals the tracks of which are seen in the open, going straight across wide

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fields, for he is fearless, relying upon his great defensive powers. Other animals, depending on alertness for safety, keep close to the possible cover, so that in a moment of peril they may fly. I recall an instance of a sleighing-party being held up by a skunk. As the party was passing along a road that was cut through drifts of snow, the little animal was sighted ahead. The driver slowed up. The pretty black-and-white creature trotted along in no apparent hurry, unable to leave the road because of the walls of snow at the sides. He stopped occasionally to scratch his ear with his hind foot, much as a cat might. He did not appear to see the humor of the situation, and finally he trotted up a lane leading to a farm-house, perhaps on his way to pay a visit to a chicken-roost.

Taking up this track again, we find that it leads along the fence and goes into the underbrush at the foot of the hill. Here the skunk has circled among the bushes and brush-heaps, probably picking up a mouse now and then, or possibly a small bird roosting in the brush, for the skunk takes his walks abroad at night. His worst enemy is the great horned owl, who does not appear to mind the pungent odor of his prey. Rarely is this bird killed without finding the scent clinging to its feathers.

Below the hill a little stream not quite frozen over wanders away through the bushes and swamp-grass. From the edge of this creek a curious track winds here and there through the weeds. It is the track of a crafty hunter. It pries into the crannies, explores under the bank, and steals along the margin of the stream. Here it has terminated upon the brink, emerging farther down; and we see a few tiny scales and a fin, showing where the mink has dined on a small minnow. In summer we might see where he had crept stealthily up to the spot where he could leap on a bullfrog basking in the sun. As the track winds through the weeds and rushes, it reveals much character, showing the sinuousness of motion common to all the weasel family. Here he circled an old, lichen-grown stump, sniffing eagerly for some chipmunk- or mouse-hole, in the hope that he might find the occupant at home. How palsied with terror would a small animal be to awake and find such cruel eyes peering into his retreat!

There are many other foot-notes in the woods and fields. This circle drawn with such precision on the snow is a trace of Nature at her geometry, with a grass-stem for compass and the wind for directing hand.

These little dots and dashes across the snow are made by dry leaves running before the wind. Often a tumbleweed—or "bushel basket," as the farmer calls it—will roll across a broad field, making a queer string of hieroglyphics.

The moles run beneath the snow, making ridges over their galleries. The plantigrade track of the racoon, with wide-spreading toes, is often seen; and the track of the muskrat may be found occasionally in the swamp, though he keeps rather closely at home in his beaver-like collection of rushes, which he uses as winter quarters. In the woods the owls leave pellets of indigestible fur, feathers, and bones, giving an idea of their kill of the previous night. The crows, too, are great walkers. In the fields and pastures they go about inspecting the exposed hummocks of earth for the scanty fare they are able to pick up in the winter. They resort also to little rivulets in swales, where they turn fishermen and pull crawfish out of the mud. They make a great mess along the snowy margins of these little creeks, pushing the mud out in their search.

Thus all non-hibernating animals write the story of their doings, to be read by their contemporaries. But, unlike a great deal of literature less deserving, it is soon lost to the world.

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"Branches and briers rusty-brown
Caught back my hair and rent my gown."

(See poem, "The Haunted Wood.")

Painted by Arthur Rackham

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The Haunted Wood

(One woman speaks)

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I STOOD above a deep-blue sea.
The sky around and over me
Was the pure blue of constancy,
And a chaste wind swept by like snow;
But, oh, I passioned to be free!

My hair was red-gold in the sun:
Through me I felt the rich blood run
Like wine; my gown, all silken spun,
Was golden as the gathered wheat.
The Orient knew no lovelier one.

My lips were parted, and I ran
Swift from the heights, and for a span
Full speed, until my breath began
To clutch my heart; for I had come
Into the haunted wood of man.

Branches and briers rusty-brown
Caught back my hair and rent my gown;
The yellow leaves came pelting down
Like jeering laughter, jingling gold,
Or trinkets of the tawdry town.

The cynic ravens of the place
Flapped croaking in my very face;
Down winds the path; and still I race,
Frantic to find my sky once more,
Through deeper tangles of disgrace!

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The Native Races

South of Panama: *Third Paper*

By EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

Professor of Sociology, University of Wisconsin; Author of "The Changing Chinese," "The Old World in the New," etc.

CUZCO, more than two miles aloft, once city of Manco Capac, center of the Inca culture, and capital of a great aboriginal empire, with its many furlongs of ancient walls, its Temple of the Sun, its splendid churches, and its megalithic fortress of Sacsahuaman, is, to lovers of the past, the most fascinating spot in the New World. One day, surely, it will be a great goal of pilgrimage, like Rome, Jerusalem, or Cairo. Within a decade or two Cuzco will possess comfortable hotels from which parties of "see-America-first" travelers will tour in automobiles, visiting within thirty leagues the greatest monuments and the most impressive mountain scenery in the Western Hemisphere. A Cook who should organize a good tourist service, make known the wonders of the region, and turn in this direction a stream of appreciative travelers, would make his fortune, while at the same time giving encouragement to American archæology.

Since the uncovering by the Yale expedition, led by Professor Hiram Bingham, of the wonderful stone city Machepicchu, perched two thousand feet above the brawling Urubamba at a point about two-days' journey from Cuzco,—a relic of the pre-Incan period of which the Incas themselves knew nothing,—the intellectuals of Cuzco have been in a ferment over aboriginal America. At every social gathering you hear animated discussions of ancient walls and monuments, prehistoric conquests and migrations, Kechua language and customs. Dr. Giesecke, the American rector of the University of

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Indian women of Chinchero

Cuzco, has traveled more than ten thousand miles visiting and searching for the relics of the past.

"Do you expect more finds?" I asked him.

"Many," he replied emphatically. "Why, as yet we have n't more than scratched the surface."

Portions of fourteen palaces of Inca rulers line the streets of Cuzco, and much of the walls of the Temple of the Sun has been incorporated into the Church of San Domingo. These walls are of finely cut blocks laid in courses without cement. It has often been said that the joints in this wall will not admit the point of a knife-blade. Not only is this true, but a needle, or even a hair, cannot be inserted between these great blocks. No doubt this is the finest mason's work in the world; yet the microscope shows that these stones were wrought not with iron or steel, but with tools of *champi,* an alloy of copper and tin!

The front of the wall inclines a little away from the street, and the corners are beautifully rounded. The Incas were ignorant of the arch, so a gateway or doorway is spanned by a single great beam of stone, giving the effect of an Egyptian portal. On certain adjacent blocks in the temple wall the mason left little knobs, which seem to be grouped in a definite order. The prior of the convent suggested that these projections represent *quippus,* or writing by means of knots in strings, and give the date and builder of the wall. In some stones there are many holes, drilled for the purpose of attaching the plates of gold forming the great image of the sun, which later were removed in order to make up the ransom of Aatahuallpa.

Not only are there thousands of square yards of Inca wall visible in Cuzco, but unknown stretches of such walls have been plastered over. Some day they will be reverently restored by men more capable of appreciating that wonderful indigenous civilization than the avaricious adventurers who brutally destroyed it. Although the laws of Peru protect Inca remains, vandalism continues. Poking about the inner courts of Cuzco, I came upon masons, red-handed, pulling down a fine old wall, with stones as big as a bureau, in order to get cheap material for some mean construction of their own.

But the stupendous stonework of the vast fortress above Cuzco belongs to a period long before the sun-worshipers. Of the origin of these walls the Incas knew nothing. They are monuments, perhaps, of the same civilization that, at Tiahuanacu, a few miles south of Lake Titicaca, at an elevation of 12,900 feet, left the ruins of a city of a million inhabitants, which the archæologists can account for only by supposing it dates from a period when the Andean plateau was thousands of feet lower than it now is and enjoyed a milder climate. At the fortress of Ollantay-tambo, a day's ride from Cuzco, there is a row of six porphyry slabs ranging in height from eleven to thirteen feet, five to seven feet wide, and three to six feet thick. Another block is fourteen by five by three. These stones must have been

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Reed canoes on Lake Titicaca

sawed out, for at the bottom of certain cuts one finds the thin groove left by a stone saw. Half-way up the slope from the Urubamba lie the "Tired Stones," which for some unknown reason the ancient workmen abandoned on their way to the fortress. One appeared to be nine feet by seven by five, another fifteen by ten, with three feet of thickness visible above ground. All these came from a quarry across the river, and three thousand feet up the mountain. How such monoliths were brought to their present resting-place beggars the imagination.

In a large museum of Inca relics collected by a Cuzco barrister,—battle-axes, hammers, combs, needles, utensils, pottery, ornaments, etc.,—one's attention is fixed by a dozen mummified creatures, apparently prisoners of war that were buried alive in a sitting posture. The agony and despair expressed in the faces and in the position of head and hands haunts the beholder for many a night. That any fellow-creature should have suffered so! The mouth is open and the head thrown back, while the hands clutch the face, the fingers sinking into the flesh or the eye-sockets. In some cases the finger-nails have torn deep into the cheek. One poor wretch had had his abdomen opened and his knees brought up and squeezed inside his ribs. From the torture-twisted face it is inferred that the fiendish operation was inflicted on the living man. In the Pompeian Museum at Naples there are certain hideous casts of

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Indian before an Incan wall, Cuzco

petrified agony, but nothing to match the desiccated horror on the faces of these shriveled victims of prehistoric ferocity.

Nowhere in the world has cranial deformation prevailed so extensively as it did in ancient Peru. In this collection are skulls elongated by pressure during the growing years till they became like the head of a dog, or even assumed the form of a fat cucumber. A "cradle-board" applied at the back of the head, caused the skull to flare out behind into two lobes. The owner could have donned one of our stiff hats, only he would have had to wear it crosswise. We know that there were "styles" in head deformation, and that the style changed from time to time within the same tribe. Several crania show successful trepanning, and in one skull a second operation had been performed within the healed-over orifice left by the first trepanning. The finder of this curiosity wanted $7500 for it, but finally accepted $4.

In the skeletons of pre-Columbian Indians with which the energy of Curator Tello, Harvard doctor of philosophy, and pure-blood Indian, has recently enriched the museum at Lima, one comes on vestiges of diseases quite strange to us. One malady, often fatal, left coral-like growths in the roof of the eye-orbit, or ate the bones of the cranium into a sieve-like condition. Many skulls show the ear canal nearly closed by little pearl-like bony growths. Very frequent, also, was a queer alteration of the "ball" of the femur, which fits into the pelvic socket. The neck was shortened to almost nothing, while the head was flattened and broadened till it resembled a mushroom. Such a malformation must surely have spoiled the swing of the leg, but luckily the mountain Indians seem to have been exempt from it.

These skeletal traces of strange diseases stir the imagination like tusk-marks of the saber-tooth monsters of the Carboniferous era. What consuming of living flesh, what horrid defacements, what frightful pain, may have accompanied these unknown diseases that recorded themselves in bone, one can only conjecture. Cuvier reconstructed an extinct animal from a single bone,—not very accurately, it afterward appeared,—and there ought to be some way of reconstructing from its osseous traces an extinct disease which may have made the life of our vanished fellow-mortals a horror.

AN INCA COUNTRY SEAT

THREE hours in the saddle from Cuzco is Chinchero, a town of almost pure Indian population. Its plaza occupies the site of a great Inca palace the niched side wall of which is still standing. Terraced fields as even as a billiard-table, sustained by laborious walls of cut granite, line the slope below the palace. Royal gardens they must have been, tilled to perfection, for no mere hind would rear such walls for his fields. Then comes a granite knob, with a great number of seats, stairways,

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Row of porphyry slabs at Ollantay-tambo

and passages cut with beautiful precision in the living rock. Here, no doubt, were wont to sit the Incas while they took their ease and feasted their eyes with the sight of the land they had blessed with peace and prosperity. On the one side they could see verdant vales and slopes, bearing shelves of abundance, against a remote background of red ridges, and beyond that a glorious amphitheater of purple, snow-capped mountains. On the other side a wild glen drew their glance down into a darkling cañon leading precipitately into the Urubamba, thousands of feet below. One longs to enter into the feelings of these chiefs as, followed by attendants, they descended from their common hall to lounge in their lookout seats through a bright afternoon and watch the living panorama pass through its ever-changing phases of light and color and shadow.

We entered the church on the terrace above the plaza,—a church older, perhaps, than the landing of the Pilgrims,—and found it packed with seven hundred Indians, every woman in her striped home-spun shawl, every man in his striped poncho. Not this side the Llama Temple in Peking have I come upon a spectacle so weird and outlandish. The eyes of the kneeling worshipers followed the chanting procession as it wound its way about the church, and at the supreme instant of the mass they lifted their hands, pressed palm to palm, and yearned toward the altar in a mute, but passionate, adoration. The music, bearing no kinship to any church music I know, combined with the high-colored frescos which lined the walls, the strange aspect of the worshipers, and the ecstasy of their manner, made me feel that I was witnessing some pagan rite in Tibet rather than Christian worship in Peru.

After services we met the *gobernador,* sole representative of the central government among four thousand souls; the *alcalde,* or mayor, likewise a Peruvian; and the twelve Indian *alcaldes* who aid him in preserving peace. Each of these bears with pride his *vara,* or silver-mounted staff of office, the symbol of his authority.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE NATIVES

THERE could be no more eloquent testimony to the barbarities of Pizarro and his ruffians than the timid, propitiatory attitude of the Indians toward all white men. Every man, woman, or child we met on the road doffed the hat when we passed, and respectfully wished us *"Buenos dias"* or *"Buenas tardes."* In the remoter districts an Indian who sees a white man coming toward him along the trail will make a long and toilsome detour to avoid

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Native woman at Puno, Peru

meeting him. If you approach an Indian abruptly to ask him a question, he will fall on his knees, put up an arm to shield his face, and cry, "Don't hurt me, master!" The Indian never thinks of chaffering over the price of his services. The patron pays a porter what he chooses, and if the Indian murmurs, a harsh "Begone!" causes him to shrink away.

From a certain break in the bank of the road that leads down into Cuzco from the high country behind one gets a wonderful view of roofs, domes, and towers lying a thousand feet below in an incomparable setting of glens and foot-hills. Coming or going, there is no sight of Cuzco to be had other than this single shining vision. Now every native who passes this way stops, removes his hat, and, gazing at the sacred capital of his forefathers, murmurs in Kechua, "O Cuzco, great city, I greet thee!" What must be the strength of the feeling that thus expresses itself after ten lifetimes in which to forget the old independence!

In Cuzco I met a gentleman of education and travel who is said to be the only living lineal descendant of the Incas. He has great influence with the native element and voices their bitterness and their aspirations. He declares that the politics of Peru is a struggle between the Spanish mestizos of Lima and the coast and the natives of Cuzco and the interior, and predicts an uprising unless Cuzco is made the capital of the nation. He even dreams of a Kechua republic, with Cuzco its capital and the United States its guarantor, as she is guarantor of the Cuban republic. "No wonder Lima intends at all hazards to keep control," he exclaimed. "Peru is about to make a new foreign loan of $35,000,000. Of the proceeds certain families in Lima will contrive to absorb $15,000,000, leaving only a little over half to be expended for the good of the nation."

THE SACRED VALLEY

A DAY from Cuzco brings one down into the deep, romantic valley of the Urubamba, which for about a hundred miles —until the river breaks through the main Cordilleras and descends through the forested *Montaña* to become the Amazon— constituted the heart of the old native civilization. In western China I supposed I had found the climax of man's endeavors to extend by a limitless toil the food-bearing area; but the prodigies of earth sculpture along the Urubamba surpass even those of garden-like Szechuen. The valley floor, from half a mile to a mile in width, has been molded into beautiful terraces, each of some acres in extent, and from six to nine feet above the next lower one. The line of drop of these fields is a diagonal between the direction of the river and the slope from the sides of the valley toward the river. The making of these

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Natives coming from church, Chinchero

regular terraces was a work for Titans; yet it was completed before the Spaniard appeared on the scene.

Scarcely less wonderful are the narrow terraces, the *andenes,* which make a staircase to the height of a thousand or even fifteen hundred feet up the slopes, in places where some stream from the snow-fields can be captured for irrigation and led gurgling down from terrace to terrace. The walls of the *andenes* are made of rough-fitted stones, and are from four to fifteen feet high. The *andenes* narrow as the slope becomes steeper, until you find a wall twelve feet high built in order to gain for cultivation a strip of earth not over a yard wide. No doubt in many cases the earth was brought in baskets from pockets among the distant rocks. Surely nowhere on the globe has so much sweat been paid for a foot of soil as here. Nowadays the population is much sparser than of yore, the food struggle is less dire, and the upper terraces have therefore been left wholly to the weeds.

The earth sculpture of this valley could have been produced only under three conditions. First, a population multiplying at a natural rate. Even to-day among the Kechuas reproduction begins soon after puberty; "proving" precedes marriage, and the unmarried mother of a couple of boys is a particularly desirable person, because boys are an asset. Second, lack of opportunity to expand. The Kechuas must have been bottled up between the warlike Aymaras to the south and the savage wielders of the poisoned dart to the north of them in the jungles along the lower Urubamba. Third, a long period of occupancy. Only the toil of several generations can account for such prodigies of earthwork as we find in this region.

So one imagines a people of few wants, unwarlike, unadventurous, home-loving, as industrious as the denizens of an ant-hill, who, clad in two garments, bore earth on their backs, dressed stones, reared walls, and opened ditches, content if the day's work brought a fistful of beans or a double handful of parched corn. Only the occasional religious festival, with dance and a *chicha* debauch, brightened the gray of a toilsome existence. So that this remote valley is a peep-hole into the old simple life of mankind before the advent of trade and wants and letters—the life of Egypt and Babylonia, of Hittites and Etruscans, before ever there was Jew or Greek or Roman.

Even to-day the life of the Kechuas retains the stamp of the primitive. They live in low, grass-thatched, one-room huts of mud or rough stone, without windows.

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A part of the uncovered stone city Machepicchu

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House and stable are apt to be con nuous, although they are distinct buildings. The one-handle plow, innocent of share or mold-board, is drawn by big slow-moving oxen. Women are in the field as much as the men, although they do not hold the plow or guide the oxen. Always the woman's hands are busy working wool into yarn or thread and winding it on the spindle. She it is who bears the produce of this garden to distant markets. Whatever she has to carry she puts into her shawl, lifts it to her back, and ties the corners of the shawl across her bosom so that her hands may be free for the distaff.

The wife earns as much as she costs, so in the garb of the maidens there is no preening or prinking, no sex lure. Bright color is the only adornment, and this is worn no more by girls than by old women. The maiden's face is rarely washed, and there is no effort to make of her hair an adornment.

Sunday is drinking day, and every third farm-house is a place of public refreshment. A bunch of gay flowers tied to a pole sticking out over the road announces *chicha* (maize beer) for sale; a white banneret as big as your hand signifies that *pisco* (sugar-cane alcohol) is to be had. By the middle of the afternoon most of the liquor is gone, and the signs of drunkenness in the wayfarers multiply. But however tipsy the Indian becomes, he never loses his awe of the white man or forgets to doff his hat.

Now and then we would hear the sweet and plaintiff notes of a shepherd's pipe, and soon would pass an Indian blowing in a hollow joint of cane with several stops. Or we would meet a girl pursued by swains, who, with their pipes, were trying to make an impression on her.

It is estimated that more than a third of the Indians of Peru belong to agricultural communities, which, like the *mark* of our Germanic forefathers and the *mir* of Russia, hold common lands that are distributed afresh every year to the members. As if to heighten its resemblance to the *mark,* the Kechua *ayllu* lets part of the common land lie fallow each season while another part is cultivated. Here, as everywhere else, the communal system makes for indolence, unprogressiveness, and soil-robbing; but it is found that as soon as the common land is broken up into individual properties and the *ayllu* dissolved, the Indian is pounced upon by the Peruvian, who swindles him out of his land or robs him of it outright.

LAKE TITICACA AND BOLIVIA

THERE are no rock-ribbed conservatives like the Indians about Lake Titicaca. With steamboat whistle in their ears, they insist on living as their fathers lived. Women weave ponchos outdoors on their knees as our Navajo squaws weave blankets. The shops display factory fabrics, but the woman sitting in the plaza, beside her stock of onions and mutton or knitted socks and caps, plies the spindle while she waits for customers. The Spanish introduced the ass, the horse, and the cow, but to these late-comers the Indian denies the care he lavishes on his dear llamas and alpacas. Señor Belon, a gentleman of Arequipa who has been in the United States, is trying to introduce better breeds of merinos, but his fellow-stock-raisers laugh at him, and keep on with their small, run-out sheep, good for neither mutton nor wool. This same gentleman is Burbank enough to have crossed alpacas with wild vicugnas in order to get a finer wool. He has two hundred such hybrids, allows them to breed only among themselves, and promptly removes from the herd every coarse-wooled lamb.

The slopes of Titicaca up to fourteen thousand feet grow barley, potatoes, and *quinua,* which looks like a glorified breakfast food. In the markets the staple is *chuño,* or potato desiccated into something about as light and toothsome as cork. The potatoes are frozen, trampled after they have thawed, in order to press out the juice, then dried in the sun. Repeated several times, this yields the black *chuño.* The "white" *chuño* comes from potatoes that have lain for weeks in water under straw. Nobody could tell me whether or not potatoes thus treated retained their

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power to cure scurvy. If so, we may yet see *chuño* in the kit of travelers, prospectors, and soldiers all over the world, and this food, known only to the highlanders, may become an important article of commerce.

No wonder these plateau-dwellers worship the sun. The waters of Titicaca have a temperature of from 40° to 60°, and the denizens of the numerous islands in the lake never learn to swim, although they navigate the lake in balsas made of bundles of light reeds. In summer a lowering sky shrouds the mountains. In winter the great glaciers of Sorata glisten in the sunshine, but the water is gray, and the sky has the pale, unsmiling blue that suggests the chill of steel.

Certain parts of the plain beyond Titicaca are dotted for miles with piles of stones picked out of the soil by the cultivator in order to make the ground fit to till. It is like a meadow filled with haycocks. A single sweep of the eye takes in perhaps ten thousand of these monuments of toil. In some places the area covered by the stone-heaps equals the soil between. Much of the land thus laboriously won is so poor that it lies fallow the greater part of the time.

LA PAZ

CERTAIN cities seem as if posed in a tableau. Naples is as theatrical as an opera-dancer, Hong-Kong is as stagy as a geisha-girl, La Paz is as sensational as a bull-fighter. For leagues you have been gliding across a table-land toward the huge mass of Illimani, which resembles a crouching dromedary—a white dromedary, for the mantle of snow is of such depth that scarcely anywhere do the black bones of the mountain peer through the shining cover. Without warning you come suddenly to the edge of the plain, and behold, a third of a mile below you, a city of sixty thousand people, the red of its tiled roofs girt with the intense green of the market gardens. It lies in a basin from which a valley twists down toward the lowlands of eastern Bolivia, and the bare mountains on the other side of the basin recall, in the richness of their mineral hues, the cañon of the Yellowstone.

La Paz is the loftiest capital in the world, higher even than Lhasa, in Tibet. For a city with a large Indian population it is very clean. It is gay with natty cavalry officers caracoling on mettlesome Chilian horses and regimental bands playing on the Prado. Fine mansions line the Prado, and the aristocracy dash about in smart turnouts. I saw one team worth four thousand dollars, which had taken first prize at the Santiago horse-show. The upper-crust pride themselves on being a lap ahead of Lima and Santiago in dressing *comme il faut*. They leave a standing order with their Paris dressmaker or New York tailor to send on at once any new style that comes out. Thus they contrive to keep within a month of Fifth Avenue and the Rue de la Paix. There is a great display of jewelry, and the American minister told me how at a banquet he sat opposite a lady wearing precious stones to the value of $150,000.

But the ultra-Parisian styles on the Prado seem simple and natural beside the costume of the *chola*. The lower part of her body is ballooned out with a great number of short skirts. On her feet are high boots with exaggerated French heels. A fringed silk shawl, draped from her shoulders, obliterates her waist-line. Her ears carry large pendants, while her head is surmounted by a high, bell-crowned, narrow-brimmed, enameled straw hat. One must ransack a century of fashion-plates to find anything so grotesque.

Not in northern Africa or in China does one meet with such love of intense color as in La Paz. Startling indeed are the naïve color combinations—a salmon shawl over a deep-green skirt, pink over ultramarine, cream over lavender, orange over magenta. Nor are the men far behind. The *cholo* in a white collar will drape himself in a poncho of solid saffron, pink, cerise, or vermilion.

The Aymaras are a stronger and ruder race than the mild-tempered Kechuas. In the course of generations this breed has become fully adapted to the cold and the

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thin air of this American Tibet. They look with contempt on the soft inhabitants of the warm valleys and make mock of their sufferings in crossing the bleak Andean steppes. Tending alpacas and llamas, they grow up rugged amid bitter winds and lashing hail and, if they complain, it is never of the climate, but only of a grasping master, a squeezing *cura,* or a tax-gatherer without bowels.

THE UNPATRIOTIC AYMARA

THEY make far better soldiers than the recruits from the warm valleys, but never do they join the colors of their free will. Of the Republic of Bolivia the Aymara has no notion whatever. Province and canton are to him but names. When only two or three out of a hundred can read, how are they to arrive at a mental picture of "my country"? Nevertheless, political factions contrive to draw the Indians into their quarrels, and the participation of these peasants, without the faintest notion of the issues involved, but men enough to fight till they drop, is one reason why civil wars in Bolivia have been so stubborn and bloody.

In these altitudes land is the very breath of life, and quarrels over land often give birth to sanguinary feuds. The stronger peasant removes the landmarks and nibbles away his weaker neighbor's field. If the robbed has friends, the land-grabbing provokes bloody strife, involving perhaps the whole district, and resulting in the annihilation of one of the parties, for the Indian is pitiless with his beaten enemies.

For all his ferocity, the Aymara lives in a strange sympathy with his live stock. He warms the new-born lamb with his own body, and will go to any trouble for a sick animal. The death of a ewe plunges him into grief, and he will weep more over the loss of an ox than over the loss of a son. The sick man will rather die of weakness than let a fowl be killed to make him broth. "Where I live," observes a missionary, "the Indians are so fond of their sheep that they will not bring them to market. So the *corregidor* of San Pedro sends out his men and commandeers the needed sheep, paying the owner fifteen or twenty cents a head. With the latter price the Indian is perfectly satisfied, although he would have refused a dollar for the same sheep if you had tried to buy it. Yet this Indian will sell his child of five to a townsman in need of a servant!"

Although nominally Christian, the Indian is an idolater at heart and will worship rough effigies of clay or any arresting natural object. In time of drought he worships lakes, rivers, and springs. If frost threatens, he adores the stars, lights bonfires on the hill, or buys masses. In trouble he consults sorcerers, practises witchcraft, or peers into the future by opening animals and inspecting their entrails. His deity is St. Iago (St. James), as the church portrays him, on horseback, putting the heathen to flight. The Aymaras have never forgotten that St. James was the patron of the *conquistadores,* that "Santiago!" was the battle-cry of these irresistible Spaniards, and in their hearts they suspect that this saint is more powerful than God.

Every pueblo has its chapel, the abode of an overdressed effigy of the patron saint. Every year the saint is commemorated with a great eight-day feast, which is an occasion for wild dancing, carousal, and beastly drunkenness. Alcohol loosens the Indian's tongue, and on such occasions, with tears running down his cheeks, this taciturn and unsocial being chants the story of his sufferings and his wrongs.

Lately there has been a general movement of the Bolivian Indians for the recovery of the lands of which they have been robbed piecemeal. Conflicts have broken out and, although the Government has punished the ringleaders, there is a feeling that, so long as the exploiting of the Indian goes on, Bolivians are living "in the crater of a slumbering volcano." Last spring "El Tiempo" of La Paz, in an editorial under the heading, "How they rob them! How they kill them!" said:

The condition of the Indians has changed all too little since the times of the Spanish domination. They continue to be pariahs,

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exploited by provincial authorities and brutalized by alcohol. The state has entered into a kind of partnership with the church; the former to sell alcohol to the Indians (having a monopoly of its sale), and the latter to provide in her festivals the occasion for its consumption.

The moral, intellectual, and material condition of the Indians is the worst possible, and hinders the progress of the nation, at the same time bringing us face to face with very many and very grave problems which must be solved, the tranquillity of outlying districts being meantime in constant danger.

Any one analyzing the stagnant and miserable life which the Indian leads, cannot but wonder at the strength of that race, which, badly fed, ignorant of hygiene, decimated by diseases, exploited by everybody, and poisoned by alcohol, does not disappear or at least lose its vigor.

When, filled to the full by that condition of semi-slavery in which he lives in a country at once free and liberal, the Indian protests, then, as the only remedy, as a supreme argument, we apply fierce whippings to his back.

THE FUTURE OF THE NATIVE RACES

"WHEN you have filled up Korea and Manchuria," I said to Count Okuma in Tokio the day after the annexation of Korea, "whither will the increase of your people go? Your population tends to double every thirty or forty years, and Japan is crowded. Will you not be obliged to quarrel with France or Indo-China, with England for Australia, or with the United States for the Philippines?" "No," replied the veteran statesman and sage; "South America, especially the northern part, will furnish ample room for our surplus."

I recalled his prophecy when I noted how the Japanese are sifting into Peru. The statesmen of the West Coast lie awake nights dreading lest the Orient will overflow in their direction. They may exclude the Chinese for the present; but every one foresees that new China will in time launch a navy, and will then be able to exact for Chinese the same treatment that other immigrants receive. As for the Japanese, no South American government or possible combination of governments dares discriminate against them. Japan's navy is too strong for the South American navies.

This Asiatic anxiety is not confined to the countries fronting on the Pacific. The nations of the East Coast, from Venezuela to Argentina, realize that it will not be long after the opening of the Panama Canal before Oriental immigration becomes a problem for them, as it already is for the West Coast. Not long ago the immigration authorities at Buenos Aires, confronted unexpectedly with a shipload of Hindus, promptly turned them back as "undesirable." Their action was high-handed, for there is nothing in the immigration laws of Argentina to warrant discrimination against Asiatics, but it met with general approval.

Provided that no barrier be interposed to the inflow from "man-stifled" Asia, it is well within the bounds of probability that by the close of this century South America will be the home of twenty or thirty millions of Orientals and descendants of Orientals. To predict this in 1915 is certainly less rash than it would have been to predict in 1815 that before the close of the nineteenth century a single country in North America would receive nearly twenty millions of Europeans and that in 1900 the surviving immigrants, with their descendants, would number more than thirty-one millions! This, however, is precisely what has occurred.

But Asiatic immigration of such volume would change profoundly the destiny of South America. For one thing, it would forestall and frustrate that great immigration of Europeans which South American statesmen are counting on to relieve their countries from mestizo unprogressiveness and misgovernment. The white race would withhold its increase or look elsewhere for outlets; for those with the higher standard of comfort always shun competition with those of a lower standard. Again, large areas of South America might cease to be parts of Christen-

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dom. Some of the republics there might come to be as dependent upon Asiatic powers as the Cuban republic is dependent upon the United States.

In any case, an Asiatic influx would seal the doom of the Indian element in these countries. The Indians have excellent possibilities, but it will take at least three generations of popular education and equal opportunity to enable them to realize these possibilities. At present they are depressed, ignorant, and unprogressive. Outside the larger towns, virtually nothing is being done for their children, who will grow into men and women just as benighted and hopeless as their parents. As they now are, the Indians could make no effective economic stand against the wide-awake, resourceful, and aggressive Japanese or Chinese. The Oriental immigrants could beat the Indians at every point, block every path upward, and even turn them out of most of their present employments. In great part the Indians would become a cringing *sudra* caste, tilling the poorer lands and confined to the menial or repulsive occupations. Filled with despair, and abandoning themselves even more than they now do to *pisco* and coca, they would shrivel into a numerically negligible element in the population.

Strange to say, whether such is to be their fate depends upon the policy of the United States; for this is the only power in the Western Hemisphere strong enough to "speak in the gate" with the armed Japan of to-day or the armed China of to-morrow. When the South American countries, especially those of the West Coast, beseech the United States to back them up in discriminating against Asiatic immigrants, we shall face a decision of tremendous import to mankind; namely, whether or not the Monroe Doctrine shall not only protect the South American republics against the Old World powers, but shall also be held as a buckler between the South American peoples and the teeming Orient. Then we shall be obliged to consider, for one thing, whether the race possibilities of the millions of upland Indians are such as to warrant our shielding them for a time from the annihilating competition of the capable Orientals.

Audience

By EDITH M. THOMAS

WHEN I was a fledgling in the grass,
I ruffled and swelled my callow throat;
I could never let the traveler pass,
But I made him start at my shrill, new note.

Now it is summer, quite past the prime;
My pipe is learned, and my song runs clear;
I choose my singing place and time,
And care not at all if the traveler hear.

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An Explanation of the German Point of View

By JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

Author of "The Development of Modern Europe," etc.

IN our country thoughtful people are honestly anxious to be perfectly fair-minded; but many of us will frankly confess that Germany is still a mystery to us. She has taken more pains than any other of the belligerents to justify herself, but for some reason she has failed. It is the purpose of the following dialogue to suggest some of the reasons for this failure. It is written by one who is aware of no prejudice against the Germans. He received his doctor's degree from a German university, and has devoted no inconsiderable time to the study and exposition of the history and institutions of Germany. He also shows how the present terrible situation is by no means discouraging for those who ardently hope for the permanent disappearance of war.—THE EDITOR.

LATE in October I found myself in a humble inn at Jena, and as I was waiting for my sandwich and *seidel* of beer, I picked up an old local newspaper. It contained a leading article on "England's Blood-guiltiness in the World War," by one of the chief ornaments of the University of Jena, Ernest Haeckel. The article brought up a vision of the distinguished biologist as I had seen him lecturing years before, looking, in his laboratory apron, like an uncommonly gifted shoemaker. I recalled the hubbub that his "Natural History of Creation" produced; how theologians had contended that man, with his divine reason, could never have sprung from an obscene monkey. Yet Haeckel had even worse things in store for them, for he proved that even the most eloquent opponents of the evolutionary theory had once been tiny eggs, less than a hundredth of an inch in diameter, and he furnished indelicate pictures of us in our early days, side by side with calves, pigs, and rabbits, from which at that embryonic stage the theologians themselves were quite indistinguishable.

Haeckel's attitude toward the war interested me. Before leaving the United States I had read the manifestos that he and his well-known colleague Eucken had issued with a view of gaining our sympathy, and had wondered if he talked to his townsmen in the same passionate spirit. I found that he did. The article in the "Volksblatt" was full of venom. "The treacherous policy of perfidious Albion," he declared, "represents ruthless nationalism and brutal national selfishness in the most exaggerated degree." He added that she emblazons Christian altruism on her banners, but pursues her ambitions regardless of the weal or woe of all the rest of mankind, and has now committed the supreme crime of all the ages.

I had come to realize as I had traveled

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eastward from the Dutch frontier how general was the unspeakable bitterness toward England, but I was shocked to see that sixty years of exacting scientific research and reflection had left Haeckel as ready a victim of emotional logic as the humblest reservist.

The inn was deserted except for a scholarly-looking man in dark glasses who glanced at me from time to time. After some obvious hesitation, overcome by a desire to talk, he rose and, approaching with a characteristic German bow, introduced himself. I rose, too, imitated the bow to the best of my ability, and gave my name.

"You are an American, are you not?" he said in fair English. "No Englishman would be likely to choose this moment to honor us with a visit, unless perhaps as a prisoner of war."

"Yes," I said, "I am an American. Many years ago I studied in Munich, then in Leipsic, where I received my doctor's degree." I remarked that the war was a terrible thing, and that Haeckel—indicating the newspaper on the table—seemed to be loading all the blame for it on England. The German merely shrugged his shoulders.

"War," I continued, "seems to make it necessary to grant a moratorium to reason as well as to normal financial operations. At present it is obviously unable to meet its obligations. In ordinary circumstances Germans are thinking about a great variety of things in a great variety of ways. Haeckel and Eucken, for instance, had probably never been aware of agreeing upon anything until the war came. Now they forget their conflicting conceptions of man, God, and nature, and combine in a single-hearted abuse of England and unqualified claims for Germany's goodness and wisdom. A German scientist who has now become one of us tells us that a tankful of little crustaceans will swim about merrily and independently, but let a slight amount of acid be added to the water, and they will rush one and all in a single direction, toward the light. Freedom is gone, and all must do one and the same thing."

"I think I can see that we must seem demented to you," the German said, with a bitter little laugh. "For the moment we can think in only one way. And to think in only one way, you argue, is really not to think at all. I may as well confess that I belong to that rather small class who in the eighteenth century loved to call themselves philosophers. I try to keep my mind free. I find I cannot talk frankly with any of my countrymen now. Some of them used to be rather free-minded, but they have gone to the front with the rest, and I am left to play the philosopher by myself. Let me ask how Americans, like yourself, regard our attitude."

"Since you claim to be a philosopher, perhaps I may venture to tell you how we in America feel," I replied. "We have no prejudice against the Germans who settle among us; they are admitted to public office, and the second generation of immigrants has many representatives among our teachers. In our universities there are always a number of professors who received a part of their training in Germany. You doubtless are quite aware of these conditions. None of us realized that the European war was so near, for the papers had cried 'wolf' so often that we had ceased to heed the warning. The abrupt invasion of Belgium by the Germans was the first thing to attract everybody's attention. This filled us with genuine indignation, which was intensified by the burning of Louvain. The representatives of Germany tried to extenuate the outrage by claiming that Belgium was not really Germany's friend and that she had shown partiality for England and France. This seemed to us no argument at all."

"I can see that clearly enough," the German interrupted. "And I judge that these opening events have more than any other thing determined the attitude of thoughtful Americans toward Germany."

"Yes," I said, "and added to that is the incredible outburst of German hate for England. Except for a small group of Irish with retentive memories for Eng-

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land's unhappy treatment of Hibernia, we in the United States think England is, as we say, 'all right.' The German accusations of perfidy are unsupported by any specific allegations. England's crime seems to be that she has been able to create a vast empire and support an unrivaled fleet. She is perfectly decent in her treatment of her possessions. She permits the Canadian, Australian, and African federations to go each its way, and even hesitates to call them 'colonies' any more. England's success in doing just what Germany longs to do seems to be her sole offense."

GERMANY'S COURSE IN 1870

"It could hardly appear otherwise to Americans," Dr. Müller replied. "We had no Bismarck to see to it that we did not go to war until we had an obvious excuse that would appeal to every neutral observer. He was eager for conflict in 1870, but waited patiently until France 'gave herself away,' as you say in your country. Then no excuses on Germany's part were necessary. But last July our bungling diplomatists allowed us to get into a position which forced us to invade and occupy a country not concerned in the quarrel, whose neutrality we had guaranteed. They did not foresee the course of events and did not intend to harm Belgium, but they placed a burden of explanation on our apologists which they have found it difficult to carry. In order to hide our national mistake, we have been forced to talk by preference about the Slav peril, the perfidy of England, and French aggressions; but we are not supplied with proof of our contentions."

"You are right," I said. "You are paying the price for being so well prepared for conflict and for the advantage you had had in being able to strike first. Before leaving America I read an appeal 'To the Civilized World,' signed by many of your best-known savants and men of letters—Harnack, Koch, Eduard Meyer, Ostwald, Nernst, Röntgen, Wundt, and many others. It is a feeble defense for exactly the reason you mention. They have to elide the chief point, and invite our attention to the unmistakable virtues of the Germans and the notoriously wicked conduct and reputation of their enemies. How, above all things, could you expect to win the sympathy of other nations by your extravagant talk about German culture? We used to have a form of sport, reserved specially for the Fourth of July, known as 'letting the eagle scream.' It has gone out of fashion now, but, if you will forgive me for saying so, the Prussian eagle has made himself positively hoarse during the last three months."

"I suppose," said the German, "that you argue with some reason that if the whole Baltic plain were once more under the sea, the loss would exercise no perceptible effect in checking man's advance; indeed, it might greatly forward it, as things look now. You might claim that if all Europe were submerged, America knows everything necessary to play the game. And an optimistic citizen of Tokio or Auckland might look with hope to the future, if Europe, America, and even Australia were stripped off the earth as a result of a celestial collision. Come to think of it, the Germans have few secrets hidden from scientific men in the islands of Nippon and New Zealand."

"Germany," I replied, "has been the great teacher of the nineteenth century, it seems to me; but she has taught her many disciples from all parts of the world so well that she must expect them to grow to independence under her guidance. Science and art and literature are not personal secrets, like proprietary medicines or formulas for compounding the philosopher's stone. German apologists constantly urge that military supremacy and political strength are essential to the perpetuation of German civilization, which is in turn the only barrier against a speedy reversion into barbarism. This, I confess, I find it hard to believe. Germany is the best argument against the dependence of intellectual and artistic achievements upon armies. A feebler and more distracted country than Germany from the days of Walther von der Vogelweide and Wolfram von Eschenbach to those of Bismarck

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could scarcely be found. The fantastic constitution of the Holy Roman Empire, coupled with neighborhood warfare and the habits of dividing states for the benefit of several heirs, led to the disruption of Germany into two or three hundred virtually sovereign kingdoms, electorates, principalities, bishoprics, abbacies, free towns, and knights' holdings that none of your emperors was able to unite into a strong and stable union. At last came Napoleon, and in 1803 a partial consolidation was effected, which created a few states large enough for the emperor of the French to deal with satisfactorily. But what your emperor is wont to refer to as the 'glorious past' of Germany, from the point of view of military and political importance, set in when he was seven years old. Its first phase was a civil war between Prussia and most of the other German states, including Austria. This resulted in victory for Prussia, and additions to her kingdom."

GERMAN "KULTUR"

"THE historical facts are as you state them," the German admitted, "but you must see that we view them quite differently from you. Our popular text-books and historical manuals—which in this respect are like similar books the world over—are sympathetic and enthusiastic rather than critical in dealing with the past of our great country. An outsider may credit the beginnings of the unification of Germany to the Corsican and its consummation to an ugly civil war and a conflict with a neighboring country which was promoted by our leading statesman, but to us it is made to seem the unmistakable and steady unfolding of German destiny, with the Hohenzollern rulers as our appointed leaders."

"Quite so," I continued; "but this has nothing to do with the obvious historical fact that a great part of the most illustrious names in Germany belong to the period of Germany's political and military insignificance. And how many there are! To go back no further than the eighteenth century, Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Herder, Kant, the Grimm brothers, Hegel, Fichte, Beethoven, Wagner, Ranke, Giesebrecht, Helmholz, DuBois-Reymond, Marx, Heine, Schopenhauer, and dozens of others who did all their work, or a great part of it, before 1866. I wonder if a single one of the noted gentlemen who signed the appeal to the civilized world believes that the success of his life's work depended upon a big army and an invincible armada? Might not Harnack have written his 'History of Doctrine' and Röntgen discovered his rays under political conditions similar to those which surrounded Winckelmann when he wrote his epoch-making 'History of the Art of Antiquity' and Schwann when he first suggested the cell theory?"

"I see no reason why they might not have done so," my companion said. "And when one comes to think of it, the people of Athens did very well in the matter of art, literature, and philosophy without establishing an empire in the German sense of the term, and the same may be said of the Italian towns in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Machiavelli dreamed of Italian unity, but he managed to make his name immortal despite its absence, and so did Michelangelo, Raphael, Galileo, and others."

After a few minutes of thought my companion continued:

"But you must remember that we use our word *Kultur* in a different sense from that of the corresponding English word. You seem to think of poetry and music, philosophy and art, as constituting culture. To us *Kultur* means our whole efficient social organization; it is a summary of all our thoughtful and successful ways of doing things. Now, if any nation ever added a cubit to its stature by taking thought, it is the German. In 1870, compared with England and France, we had a very bad start. Now we are far ahead of them, and of all other nations, in the ordering of our cities, in the care of the poor, in the scientific development of our manufacturing and commerce, in the readjustment of education to meet modern needs. The perfection of our military

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organization, which is designed to protect our interests, is the most striking illustration of human coördination and scientific adjustment in the history of mankind."

"Ah," I said, "I begin to see now why you regard your so-called militarism as an essential bulwark of your *Kultur*. This has puzzled us a good deal. You do not mean that Germans might not continue to carry on Old Testament exegesis and isolate new pathogenic bacteria without any help from the Uhlans, but that your army is the consummation of your marvelous social organization and essential to its security?"

"That is what we mean," my companion assented. "I suppose we have not made the matter wholly plain to ourselves."

THE KAISER AND GOD

"Now pray explain another thing to me," I begged. "How do you tolerate the way your emperor talks about himself and God? How can you Germans treat that solemnly? His views would be appropriate enough to German East Africa, but are incongruous in Berlin. 'German infidelity' is a common phrase among the more rigidly orthodox of us, to whom Strauss and Haeckel seem to be the successors of Voltaire and Tom Paine. But your emperor talks like the heroes of the Book of Judges. He believes in a God of a chosen people, who goes forth with them to fight their enemies, and promises to cut off the nations of the earth and give his favorites their cities and their houses, that they may dwell therein. If you happen to be a Hivite or a Jebusite or a Perizzite, this seems a bad kind of religion. It has its practical dangers when backed up by the German army. We who do not happen to be Germans see no reason why God should love them and their ruler above all others of his creatures. To be frank, we think it a silly and disgusting assumption, unworthy of a supposedly enlightened ruler of the early-twentieth century."

"What would you like us to do about it?" my companion inquired.

"You cannot do anything now, of course. We can see that; but we have made various efforts, when considering the responsibility for the war, to separate the German people from their ruler and his army. We argued that the kindly and decent German citizen loathed the idea of fighting his fellow-men, but that he was betrayed by his emperor and the general staff. But we have waited in vain for any one in the Fatherland to take this view. All seem to love and honor their emperor as never before, and to agree that the army is the only thing that stands between Germany and annihilation. We hear over and over again from the Germans that they are fighting for their life."

"Just so," the German observed. "It is generally supposed that, should we be beaten, our enemies would so weaken our country that we could no longer hope to play the part which we have proved our right to play. We cannot help being monarchically disposed. There is a great contrast between your country and ours. Your newspapers and political periodicals support or attack the representatives and policies of political parties. None of them feels bound to stand by the Government as such. You may, if you belong to another party, satirize your President freely enough. No one supposes that on entering the White House the spirit of God descended upon him, and that he is essentially different from the general politician or university professor he was up to that moment. We, on the other hand, are taught that our emperor is the representative of the house of Hohenzollern, which, trusting in God and its sword, has welded Germany into a powerful and invincible state. William II is a very real monarch, with large powers and a kind of prestige wholly different from anything that the president of a republic can expect to enjoy. He is King of Prussia, and as such controls personally nearly one third of the votes in the federal council of the empire, and appoints the imperial chancellor, who presides over the federal council. He is our commander in chief in quite a different sense from your President. He loves his uniform and his sword. It is

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true that you have promoted several generals to the headship of your republic, but they laid aside the warrior's garb to assume that of the citizen. Our emperor and those whose business it is to defend his dignity and honor are sensitive. We have harsh laws directed against those who are guilty of the crime of lese-majesty, and many are the imprisonments for this offense on what seem to you slight grounds. So it comes about that ancient custom, a real veneration and respect for our Government and its achievements, and lastly personal apprehension, all stand in the way of our commenting freely on what might seem to us, if we lived in Italy, France, or England, a subject of satire."

"All the things to which you have been calling my attention help to explain why Prussia has so specialized in war and why one of her generals has produced a really classic defense of war."

"I suppose that you refer to Bernhardi."

"Yes," I replied. "Those of us who have read it have suddenly seen a great light. We are on our guard against assuming forthwith that the thoughtful classes in Germany accept it as gospel truth, but we are probably justified in feeling that almost all its contentions would be grateful to the professional military class, which is very closely associated through the emperor with the Government. It would seem as if only a German could write such a book, unique in the world's history. It may be read by the civilian with great reservations in time of peace, but it is precisely suited as a moral anodyne when the war comes. Germany gives the Belgian Government a few night hours to decide whether it will serve as a causeway for the German armies rushing on France. It refuses, and in consequence, within two months, a flourishing, peaceful, thickly populated, enlightened country is desolated, millions of its people are homeless. This might arouse some compunctions in a normal German heart, but he need only recall Bernhardi's assurance that war is Christian, that Jesus came to bring not peace, but a sword, and that Darwin's studies of the organic world show how truly Jesus spoke. 'The brutal incidents inseparable from every war vanish completely before the idealism of the main result,' Bernhardi truly says."

"You are quite right in assuming that most of us had not bothered our heads about Bernhardi before the war came, but he is quite right in saying that the brutal incidents which he confesses are inseparable from every war vanish completely before the idealism of the main result. Now, the main result for all Germans is to beat back the enemies of the Fatherland. These are first and foremost the Russians, whom we are taught to fear as a great danger to civilization; and the English, whom we are told are a greedy, thievish, cowardly, hypocritical people who in some dastardly way have come into control of no inconsiderable part of the earth's surface."

"It does not occur to you that the English have at least as much justification for regarding their empire as the result of their ability as Prussia has in taking credit for the unification of Germany?"

"No, we suppose that England's rule is based upon the most despicable intrigues of low-lived traders, whereas our present military and political importance is the outcome of idealism wedded to extraordinary political sagacity and military prowess."

"Yes," I said, "we are struck by that, and are under the impression that your notion that the Germans are a superior race serves greatly to reinforce this tendency."

"That idea is systematically inculcated in us. It has a long history, but in its modern form it dates from the Napoleonic wars. Then Fichte appealed to our national personality, and Hegel makes his philosophy of history culminate in the choice that the world spirit made of Germany as its final resting-place. He says that the German spirit is the spirit of the new world, and that the part assigned to the Germans in the service of the world spirit is the realization of absolute truth and the embodiment of spiritual freedom."

"It naturally seems to other nations a

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bit simple-minded to regard your own people as the highest embodiment of the world spirit."

"It doubtless does," the German continued; "but Hegel found an ally in the historian Treitschke, who cultivated our national confidence with equal success along somewhat different lines, and lastly came General von Bernhardi to put the whole thing together nicely in a contemporaneous setting. We have every reason to be proud of our extraordinary and varied achievements in scholarship, philosophy, science, music, painting, literature, mechanical inventions, commercial, industrial, governmental, and military organization. We inevitably are better aware of our own progress than that of other nations; it seems to us unprecedented and unrivaled. And you are not surprised, for you have been brought up to expect Germans to be leaders in all things good, and the natural teachers and guides of the world."

"Exactly. As an outsider and foreigner, I am ready to admit that you have made the most striking and essential contributions to modern thought and invention in the last hundred years. But so, too, have England, France, the United States, and a number of the lesser states. As you yourself admitted earlier in our talk, all these things are cosmopolitan now. We do not think it justifiable, and certainly not polite, for Germany to talk about herself as she does. If she were really as clear-headed as she imagines, she would realize that she was at best *primus inter pares* in the many fields of human endeavor."

The German remained unruffled, and after a few moments of silence he said:

"It seems as if we owed our strength to certain anachronisms, especially to an exaggerated national sentiment, at a time when the world is becoming cosmopolitan. We still have old-fashioned monarchial and military ideas that are the inevitable outcome of our history."

"Yes," I ventured to say, "and these particular ideas and ideals are proving a great nuisance to the rest of mankind. Do you agree with me that war, among other things, is a gigantic anachronism and that the development of the German military organization since the early sixties has done more than any other one thing to assure its perpetuation and to prepare the way for the terrible conflict in which Europe is now engaged?"

"Perhaps this may be the last one," Dr. Müller replied; "and if it should prove to be, then we shall know that it is already an anachronism. In the Middle Ages war was the main recreation of those who could afford a fortress and a few men-at-arms. It was carried on in a simple, neighborly fashion, and the so-called truces of God arranged that the military game might be played on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday (sometimes Thursday was included), but that it must be discontinued on the other days of the week. This indicates what a homely pastime war then was. This kind of war continued in Germany down to Luther's time and later. You see all over our country the remains of the castles of the gentlemen who indulged in the sport. War is no longer what it was three or four hundred years ago; it is now one of numerous departments of government, and avails itself of every branch of modern applied science. Soldiers rarely see those whom they are trying to kill. Personal valor is doubtless an element, but the scientific investigator. the chemical laboratory, and the steel foundry are the decisive elements nowadays."

"But why did you say a moment ago that this might be the last war?"

"Why, along with all these changes in the method of carrying on war have gone great changes in our attitude toward it. War as war was scarcely criticized before the eighteenth century. Then the English Quakers and a few French free-thinkers, like Voltaire, began to see through what Mr. Angel calls the 'great illusion.' The industrial revolution and the rapid intercommunication throughout the globe have made the world one economically. Popular education has made every man a self-appointed judge of public affairs and kings

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and generals. All sorts of rivalries and ambitions other than military have come in to supply elements of struggle."

"But you have not given any reason for the hope that is in you that this may be the last great war."

POSSIBLY THE LAST GREAT WAR

"My reason is that if war is to disappear, we may judge from the analogies of the past that it will disappear under conditions which prevail to-day. Three great illusions have been overcome during the last two or three hundred years: first, that it is essential to the welfare of the state to force every one to agree with the ruler upon religious matters. This proposition, which forms the opening passage of the Justinian Code, was maintained by cruel laws, massacres, and wars down to the end of the seventeenth century. Yet when the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes took place in 1685, an adherent of toleration might gloomily have reviewed the wars of religion which had come with the Protestant revolt and the excellently organized and active inquisition in Spain and the harsh laws even in England directed against non-conformity, and concluded that there was little hope of doing away with ideas which had so long been accepted and acted upon. On the contrary, however, the revocation marks roughly the end of religious intolerance in Western Europe."

"And what is the second illusion?" I inquired.

"The illusion that men and women can conclude compacts with the devil, and through his aid pester their neighbors. This goes back to savage reasoning, but was sanctified by the Hebrew Scriptures and the classical writers, and enthusiastically defended by Christian authorities. Instead of dying out with the advance of knowledge, it developed on a fearful scale in the sixteenth century among both Catholics and Protestants, and was defended by theologians, philosophers, doctors, and jurists. This defense reached its culmination about the end of the seventeenth century, and I believe you had a little flurry of witchcraft in your country at that time. In Europe tens of thousands of helpless women and some men had been executed, and the belief had been formulated in innumerable theoretical treatises reinforced by accounts of actual cases. And yet just at the height of its prosperity the doctrine collapsed."

"I suspect that your third illusion is the idea that one man may properly be the personal property of another. Am I right?"

"Yes, slavery was scarcely questioned in theory down to the eighteenth century. Our man of God, Luther, declared it a divine institution. Up to your Civil War it was elaborately defended, as I recollect, in your Congress and in Southern treatises on the subject. Yet there is no one to defend it any more."

"So you argue that such a book as Bernhardi's is a cheerful harbinger of universal peace?"

"Yes, because, when it becomes necessary to write such a book, the ideas which it defends are really no longer appropriate. To-day everybody is apologizing for going into the war. The only excuse that will pass nowadays is that of self-defense, just as in the violent encounters of private persons. This shows that war is 'on its last legs,' as you say in English. Bernhardi's plea that war is a holy thing, and that it is the greatest crime to discourage it, is as ridiculous to most Europeans and Americans to-day as the arguments of Glanvill or your Cotton Mather for witchcraft, on the ground that if men are permitted to give up their belief in the devil, they will lapse into licentiousness."

At this point it occurred to me to look at my watch; I had but ten minutes to make my train for Halle.

"Adieu, Herr Doctor," I said. "I am delighted to have met you. You are a true super-Teuton, and perhaps Germany, having shown the world how to do so many wonderful things, will some day become our leader in an efficient federation of mankind."

"Bitte," said the German. "Habe die Ehre. Adieu, Herr Doctor."

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James Pethel

By MAX BEERBOHM

Author of "Zuleika Dobson," etc.

Illustrations by Dalton Stevens

I WAS shocked this morning when I saw in my newspaper a paragraph announcing his sudden death. I do not say that the shock was very disagreeable. One reads a newspaper for the sake of news. Had I never met James Pethel, belike I should never have heard of him; and my knowledge of his death, coincident with my knowledge that he had existed, would have meant nothing at all to me. If you learn suddenly that one of your friends is dead, you are wholly distressed. If the death is that of a mere acquaintance whom you have recently seen, you are disconcerted, pricked is your sense of mortality; but you do find great solace in telling other people that you met "the poor fellow" only the other day, and that he was "so full of life and spirits," and that you remember he said—whatever you may remember of his sayings. If the death is that of a mere acquaintance whom you have not seen for years, you are touched so lightly as to find solace enough in even such faded reminiscence as is yours to offer. Seven years have passed since the day when last I saw James Pethel, and that day was the morrow of my first meeting with him.

I had formed the habit of spending August in Dieppe. The place was then less overrun by trippers than it is now. Some pleasant English people shared it with some pleasant French people. We used rather to resent the race-week—the third week of the month—as an intrusion on our privacy. We sneered as we read in the Paris edition of "The New York Herald" the names of the intruders, though by some of these we were secretly impressed. We disliked the nightly crush in the baccarat-room of the casino, and the croupiers' obvious excitement at the high play. I made a point of avoiding that room during that week, for the special reason that the sight of serious, habitual gamblers has always filled me with a depression bordering on disgust. Most of the men, by some subtle stress of their ruling passion, have grown so monstrously fat, and most of the women so harrowingly thin. The rest of the women seem to be marked out for apoplexy, and the rest of the men to be wasting away. One feels that anything thrown at them would be either embedded or shattered, and looks vainly among them for one person furnished with a normal amount of flesh. Monsters they are, all of them, to the eye, though I believe that many of them have excellent moral qualities in private life; but just as in an American town one goes

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sooner or later—goes against one's finer judgment, but somehow goes—into the dime-museum, so year by year, in Dieppe's race-week, there would be always one evening when I drifted into the baccarat-room. It was on such an evening that I first saw the man whose memory I here celebrate. My gaze was held by him for the very reason that he would have passed unnoticed elsewhere. He was conspicuous not in virtue of the mere fact that he was taking the bank at the principal table, but because there was nothing at all odd about him.

He alone, among his fellow-players, looked as if he were not to die before the year was out. Of him alone I said to myself that he was destined to die normally at a ripe old age. Next day, certainly, I would not have made this prediction, would not have "given" him the seven years that were still in store for him, nor the comparatively normal death that has been his. But now, as I stood opposite to him, behind the croupier, I was refreshed by my sense of his wholesome durability. Everything about him, except the amount of money he had been winning, seemed moderate. Just as he was neither fat nor thin, so had his face neither that extreme pallor nor that extreme redness which belongs to the faces of seasoned gamblers: it was just a clear pink. And his eyes had neither the unnatural brightness nor the unnatural dullness of the eyes about him: they were ordinarily clear eyes, of an ordinary gray. His very age was moderate: a putative thirty-six, not more. ("Not less," I would have said in those days.) He assumed no air of nonchalance. He did not deal out the cards as though they bored him, but he had no look of grim concentration. I noticed that the removal of his cigar from his mouth made never the least difference to his face, for he kept his lips pursed out as steadily as ever when he was not smoking. And this constant pursing of his lips seemed to denote just a pensive interest.

His bank was nearly done now; there were only a few cards left. Opposite to him was a welter of party-colored counters that the croupier had not yet had time to sort out and add to the rouleaux already made; there were also a fair accumulation of notes and several little stacks of gold—in all, not less than five-hundred pounds, certainly. Happy banker! How easily had he won in a few minutes more than I, with utmost pains, could win in many months! I wished I were he. His lucre seemed to insult me personally. I disliked him, and yet I hoped he would not take another bank. I hoped he would have the good sense to pocket his winnings and go home. Deliberately to risk the loss of all those riches would intensify the insult to me.

"Messieurs, la banque est aux enchères." There was some brisk bidding while the croupier tore open and shuffled two new packs. But it was as I feared: the gentleman whom I resented kept his place.

"Messieurs, la banque est faite. Quinze-mille francs à la banque. Messieurs, les cartes passent. Messieurs, les cartes passent."

Turning to go, I encountered a friend, one of the race-weekers, but in a sense a friend.

"Going to play?" I asked.

"Not while Jimmy Pethel 's taking the bank," he answered, with a laugh.

"Is that the man's name?"

"Yes. Don't you know him? I thought every one knew old Jimmy Pethel."

I asked what there was so wonderful about "old Jimmy Pethel" that every one should be supposed to know him.

"Oh, he 's a great character. Has extraordinary luck—always."

I do not think my friend was versed in the pretty theory that good luck is the subconscious wisdom of them who in previous incarnations have been consciously wise. He was a member of the stock exchange, and I smiled as at a certain quaintness in his remark. I asked in what ways besides luck the "great character" was manifested. Oh, well, Pethel had made a huge "scoop" on the stock exchange when he was only twenty-three, and very soon had doubled that and doubled it again; then retired. He was n't more than thirty-five now.

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And then? Oh, well, he was a regular all-round sportsman; had gone after big game all over the world and had a good many narrow shaves. Great steeple-chaser, too. Rather settled down now. Lived in Leicestershire mostly. Had a big place there. Hunted five times a week. Still did an occasional flutter, though. Cleared eighty-thousand in Mexicans last February. Wife had been a barmaid at Cambridge; married her when he was nineteen. Thing seemed to have turned out quite well. Altogether, a great character.

Possibly, thought I. But my cursory friend, accustomed to quick transactions and to things accepted "on the nod," had not proved his case to my slower, more literary intelligence. It was to him, though, that I owed, some minutes later, a chance of testing his opinion. At the cry of "Messieurs, la banque est aux enchères," we looked round and saw that the subject of our talk was preparing to rise from his place. "Now one can punt," said Grierson (this was my friend's name), and turned to the bureau at which counters are for sale. "If old Jimmy Pethel punts," he added, "I shall just follow his luck." But this lode-star was not to be. While my friend was buying his counters, and I was wondering whether I, too, could buy some, Pethel himself came up to the bureau. With his lips no longer pursed, he had lost his air of gravity, and looked younger. Behind him was an attendant bearing a big wooden bowl—that plain, but romantic, bowl supplied by the establishment to a banker whose gains are too great to be pocketed. He and Grierson greeted each other. He said he had arrived in Dieppe this afternoon, was here for a day or two. We were introduced. He spoke to me with *empressement,* saying he was a "very great admirer" of my work. I no longer disliked him. Grierson, armed with counters, had now darted away to secure a place that had just been vacated. Pethel, with a wave of his hand toward the tables, said:

"I suppose you never condescend to this sort of thing."

"Well—" I smiled indulgently.

"Awful waste of time," he admitted.

I glanced down at the splendid mess of counters and gold and notes that were now becoming, under the swift fingers of the little man at the bureau, an orderly array. I did not say aloud that it pleased me to be, and to be seen, talking on terms of equality to a man who had won so much. I did not say how wonderful it seemed to me that he, whom I had watched just now with awe and with aversion, had all the while been a great admirer of my work. I did but say, again indulgently, that I supposed baccarat to be as good a way of wasting time as another.

"Ah, but you despise us all the same." He added that he always envied men who had resources within themselves. I laughed lightly, to imply that it *was* very pleasant to have such resources, but that I did n't want to boast. And, indeed, I had never felt humbler, flimsier, than when the little man at the bureau, naming a fabulous sum, asked its owner whether he would take the main part in notes of *mille francs, cinq-mille, dix-mille—quoi?* Had it been mine, I should have asked to have it all in five-franc pieces. Pethel took it in the most compendious form, and crumpled it into his pocket. I asked if he were going to play any more to-night.

"Oh, later on," he said. "I want to get a little sea air into my lungs now." He asked, with a sort of breezy diffidence, if I would go with him. I was glad to do so. It flashed across my mind that yonder on the terrace he might suddenly blurt out: "I say, look here, don't think me awfully impertinent, but this money 's no earthly use to me. I do wish you 'd accept it as a very small return for all the pleasure your work has given me, and—There, *please!* Not another word!"—all with such candor, delicacy, and genuine zeal that I should be unable to refuse. But I must not raise false hopes in my reader. Nothing of the sort happened. Nothing of that sort ever does happen.

We were not long on the terrace. It was not a night on which you could stroll and talk; there was a wind against which

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"How easily had he won in a few minutes more than I, with utmost pains, could win in many months!"

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you had to stagger, holding your hat on tightly, and shouting such remarks as might occur to you. Against that wind acquaintance could make no headway. Yet I see now that despite that wind, or, rather, because of it, I ought already to have known Pethel a little better than I did when we presently sat down together inside the café of the casino. There had been a point in our walk, or our stagger, when we paused to lean over the parapet, looking down at the black and driven sea. And Pethel had shouted that it would be great fun to be out in a sailing-boat to-night, and that at one time he had been very fond of sailing.

As we took our seats in the café, he looked about him with boyish interest and pleasure; then squaring his arms on the little table, he asked me what I would drink. I protested that I was the host, a position which he, with the quick courtesy of the very rich, yielded to me at once. I feared he would ask for champagne, and was gladdened by his demand for water.

"Apollinaris, St. Galmier, or what?" I asked. He preferred plain water. I ventured to warn him that such water was never "safe" in these places. He said he had often heard that, but would risk it. I remonstrated, but he was firm. "Alors," I told the waiter, "pour Monsieur un verre de l'eau fraiche, et pour moi un demi blonde."

Pethel asked me to tell him who every one was. I told him no one was any one in particular, and suggested that we should talk about ourselves.

"You mean," he laughed, "that you want to know who the devil I am?"

I assured him that I had often heard of him. At this he was unaffectedly pleased.

"But," I added, "it 's always more interesting to hear a man talked about by himself." And indeed, since he had *not* handed his winnings over to me, I did hope he would at any rate give me some glimpses into that "great character" of his. Full though his life had been, he seemed but like a rather clever schoolboy out on a holiday. I wanted to know more.

"That beer looks good," he admitted when the waiter came back. I asked him to change his mind, but he shook his head, raised to his lips the tumbler of water that had been placed before him, and meditatively drank a deep draft. "I never," he then said, "touch alcohol of any sort." He looked solemn; but all men do look solemn when they speak of their own habits, whether positive or negative, and no matter how trivial; and so, though I had really no warrant for not supposing him a reclaimed drunkard, I dared ask him for what reason he abstained.

"When I say I *never* touch alcohol," he said hastily, in a tone as of self-defense, "I mean that I don't touch it often, or, at any rate—well, I never touch it when I 'm gambling, you know. It—it takes the edge off."

His tone did make me suspicious. For a moment I wondered whether he had married the barmaid rather for what she symbolized than for what in herself she was. But no, surely not; he had been only nineteen years old. Nor in any way had he now, this steady, brisk, clear-eyed fellow, the aspect of one who had since fallen.

"The edge off the excitement?" I asked.

"Rather. Of course that sort of excitement seems awfully stupid to *you;* but —no use denying it—I do like a bit of a flutter, just occasionally, you know. And one has to be in trim for it. Suppose a man sat down dead-drunk to a game of chance, what fun would it be for him? None. And it 's only a question of degree. Soothe yourself ever so little with alcohol, and you don't get *quite* the full sensation of gambling. You do lose just a little something of the proper tremors before a coup, the proper throes during a coup, the proper thrill of joy or anguish after a coup. You 're bound to, you know," he added, purposely making this bathos when he saw me smiling at the heights to which he had risen.

"And to-night," I asked, remembering his prosaically pensive demeanor in taking the bank, "were you feeling these throes and thrills to the utmost?"

He nodded.

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"And you 'll feel them again to-night?"

"I hope so."

"I wonder you can stay away."

"Oh, one gets a bit deadened after an hour or so. One needs to be freshened up. So long as I don't bore you—"

I laughed, and held out my cigarette-case.

"I rather wonder you smoke," I murmured, after giving him a light. "Nicotine 's a sort of drug. Does n't it soothe you? Don't you lose just a little something of the tremors and things?"

He looked at me gravely.

"By Jove!" he ejaculated, "I never thought of that. Perhaps you 're right. 'Pon my word, I must think that over."

I wondered whether he were secretly laughing at me. Here was a man to whom —so I conceived, with an effort of the imagination—the loss or gain of a few hundred pounds could hardly matter. I told him I had spoken in jest. "To give up tobacco might," I said, "intensify the pleasant agonies of a gambler staking his little all. But in your case—well, I don't see where the pleasant agonies come in."

"You mean because I 'm beastly rich?"

"Rich," I amended.

"All depends on what you call rich. Besides, I 'm not the sort of fellow who 's content with three per cent. A couple of months ago—I tell you this in confidence —I risked virtually all I had in an Argentine deal."

"And lost it?"

"No; as a matter of fact, I made rather a good thing out of it. I did rather well last February, too. But there 's no knowing the future. A few errors of judgment, a war here, a revolution there, a big strike somewhere else, and—" He blew a jet of smoke from his lips, and then looked at me as at one whom he could trust to feel for him in a crash already come.

My sympathy lagged, and I stuck to the point of my inquiry.

"Meanwhile," I suggested, "and all the more because you are n't merely a rich man, but also an active taker of big risks, how can these tiny little baccarat risks give you so much emotion?"

"There you rather have me," he laughed. "I 've often wondered at that myself. I suppose," he puzzled it out, "I do a good lot of make-believe. While I 'm playing a game like this game to-night, I *imagine* the stakes are huge. And I *imagine* I have n't another penny in the world."

"Ah, so that with you it 's always a life-and-death affair?"

He looked away.

"Oh, no, I don't say that."

"Stupid phrase," I admitted. "But"—there was yet one point I would put to him—"if you have extraordinary luck always—"

"There 's no such thing as luck."

"No, strictly, I suppose, there is n't. But if in point of fact you always do win, then—well, surely, perfect luck driveth out fear."

"Who ever said I always won?" he asked sharply.

I waved my hands and said, "Oh, you have the reputation, you know, for extraordinary luck."

"That is n't the same thing as always winning. Besides, I *have n't* extraordinary luck, never *have* had. Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "if I thought I had any more chance of winning than of losing, I 'd—I 'd—"

"Never again set foot in that baccarat-room to-night," I soothingly suggested.

"Oh, baccarat be blowed! I was n't thinking of baccarat. I was thinking of —oh, lots of things; baccarat included, yes."

"What things?" I ventured to ask.

"What things?" He pushed back his chair. "Look here," he said with a laugh, "don't pretend I have n't been boring your head off with all this talk about myself. You 've been too patient. I 'm off. Shall I see you to-morrow? Perhaps you 'd lunch with us to-morrow? It would be a great pleasure for my wife. We 're at the Grand Hotel."

I said I should be most happy, and called the waiter; at sight of whom my friend said he had talked himself thirsty, and asked for another glass of water. He

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mentioned that he had brought his car over with him: his little daughter (by the news of whose existence I felt idiotically surprised) was very keen on motoring, and they were all three starting the day after to-morrow on a little tour through France. Afterward they were going on to Switzerland "for some climbing." Did I care about motoring? If so, we might go for a spin after luncheon, to Rouen or somewhere. He drank his glass of water, and, linking a friendly arm in mine, passed out with me into the corridor. He asked what I was writing now, and said that he looked to me to "do something big one of these days," and that he was sure I had it in me. This remark, though of course I pretended to be pleased by it, irritated me very much. It was destined, as you shall see, to irritate me very much more in recollection.

Yet I was glad he had asked me to luncheon—glad because I liked him and glad because I dislike mysteries. Though you may think me very dense for not having thoroughly understood Pethel in the course of my first meeting with him, the fact is that I was only aware, and that dimly, of something more in him than he had cared to reveal—some veil behind which perhaps lurked his right to the title so airily bestowed on him by Grierson. I assured myself, as I walked home, that if veil there was, I should to-morrow find an eyelet. But one's intuition when it is off duty seems always a much more powerful engine than it does on active service; and next day, at sight of Pethel awaiting me outside his hotel, I became less confident. His, thought I, was a face which, for all its animation, would tell nothing —nothing, at any rate, that mattered. It expressed well enough that he was pleased to see me; but for the rest I was reminded that it had a sort of frank inscrutability. Besides, it was at all points so very usual a face—a face that could n't (so I then thought), even if it had leave to, betray connection with a "great character." It was a strong face, certainly; but so are yours and mine.

And very fresh it looked, though, as he confessed, Pethel had sat up in "that beastly baccarat-room" till five A.M. I asked, had he lost? Yes, he had lost steadily for four hours (proudly he laid stress on this), but in the end—well, he had won it all back "and a bit more." "By the way," he murmured as we were about to enter the hall, "don't ever happen to mention to my wife what I told you about that Argentine deal. She 's always rather nervous about—investments. I don't tell her about them. She 's rather a nervous woman altogether, I 'm sorry to say."

This did not square with my preconception of her. Slave that I am to traditional imagery, I had figured her as "flaunting," as golden-haired, as haughty to most men, but with a provocative smile across the shoulder for some. Nor, indeed, did her husband's words save me the suspicion that my eyes deceived me when anon I was presented to a very pale, small lady whose hair was rather white than gray. And the "little daughter!" This prodigy's hair was as yet "down," but looked as if it might be up at any moment: she was nearly as tall as her father, whom she very much resembled in face and figure and heartiness of hand-shake. Only after a rapid mental calculation could I account for her.

"I must warn you, she 's in a great rage this morning," said her father. "Do try to soothe her." She blushed, laughed, and bade her father not be so silly. I asked her the cause of her great rage. She said:

"He only means I was disappointed. And he was just as disappointed as I was. *Were n't* you, now, Father?"

"I suppose they meant well, Peggy," he laughed.

"They were *quite* right," said Mrs. Pethel, evidently not for the first time.

"They," as I presently learned, were the authorities of the bathing-establishment. Pethel had promised his daughter he would take her for a swim; but on their arrival at the bathing-cabins they were ruthlessly told that bathing was *défendu à cause du mauvais temps*. This embargo was our theme as we sat down to luncheon. Miss Peggy was of opinion

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that the French were cowards. I pleaded for them that even in English watering-places bathing was forbidden when the sea was *very* rough. She did not admit that the sea was very rough to-day. Besides, she appealed to me, where was the fun of swimming in absolutely calm water? I dared not say that this was the only sort of water I liked to swim in.

"They were *quite* right," said Mrs. Pethel again.

"Yes, but, darling Mother, you can't swim. Father and I are both splendid swimmers."

To gloss over the mother's disability, I looked brightly at Pethel, as though in ardent recognition of his prowess among waves. With a movement of his head he indicated his daughter—indicated that there was no one like her in the whole world. I beamed agreement. Indeed, I did think her rather nice. If one liked the father (and I liked Pethel all the more in that capacity), one could n't help liking the daughter, the two were so absurdly alike. Whenever he was looking at her (and it was seldom that he looked away from her), the effect, if you cared to be fantastic, was that of a very vain man before a mirror. It might have occurred to me that, if there was any mystery in him, I could solve it through her. But, in point of fact, I had forgotten all about that possible mystery. The amateur detective was lost in the sympathetic observer of a father's love. That Pethel did love his daughter I have never doubted. One passion is not less true because another predominates. No one who ever saw that father with that daughter could doubt that he loved her intensely. And this intensity gages for me the strength of what else was in him.

Mrs. Pethel's love, though less explicit, was not less evidently profound. But the maternal instinct is less attractive to an onlooker, because he takes it more for granted than the paternal. What endeared poor Mrs. Pethel to me was—well, the inevitability of the epithet I give her. She seemed, poor thing, so essentially out of it; and by "it" is meant the glowing mutual affinity of husband and child. Not that she did n't, in her little way, assert herself during the meal. But she did so, I thought, with the knowledge that she did n't count, and never would count. I wondered how it was that she had, in that Cambridge bar-room long ago, counted for Pethel to the extent of matrimony. But from any such room she seemed so utterly remote that she might well be in all respects now an utterly changed woman. She did preëminently look as if much had by some means been taken out of her, with no compensatory process of putting in. Pethel looked so very young for his age, whereas she would have had to be really old to look young for hers. I pitied her as one might a governess with two charges who were hopelessly out of hand. But a governess, I reflected, can always give notice. Love tied poor Mrs. Pethel fast to her present situation.

As the three of them were to start next day on their tour through France, and as the four of us were to make a tour to Rouen this afternoon, the talk was much about motoring, a theme which Miss Peggy's enthusiasm made almost tolerable. I said to Mrs. Pethel, with more good-will than truth, that I supposed she was "very keen on it." She replied that she was.

"But, darling Mother, you are n't. I believe you hate it. You 're *always* asking father to go slower. And what *is* the fun of just crawling along?"

"Oh, come, Peggy, we never crawl!" said her father.

"No, indeed," said her mother in a tone of which Pethel laughingly said it would put me off coming out with them this afternoon. I said, with an expert air to reassure Mrs. Pethel, that it was n't fast driving, but only bad driving, that was a danger.

"There, Mother!" cried Peggy. "Is n't that what we 're always telling you?"

I felt that they were always either telling Mrs. Pethel something or, as in the matter of that intended bath, not telling her something. It seemed to me possible that Peggy advised her father about his "investments." I wondered whether they

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had yet told Mrs. Pethel of their intention to go on to Switzerland for some climbing.

Of his secretiveness for his wife's sake I had a touching little instance after luncheon. We had adjourned to have coffee in front of the hotel. The car was already in attendance, and Peggy had darted off to make her daily inspection of it. Pethel had given me a cigar, and his wife presently noticed that he himself was not smoking. He explained to her that he thought he had smoked too much lately, and that he was going to "knock it off" for a while. I would not have smiled if he had met my eye, but his avoidance of it made me quite sure that he really had been "thinking over" what I had said last night about nicotine and its possibly deleterious action on the gambling thrill.

Mrs. Pethel saw the smile that I could not repress. I explained that I was wishing *I* could knock off tobacco, and envying her husband's strength of character. She smiled, too, but wanly, with her eyes on him.

"Nobody has so much strength of character as he has," she said.

"Nonsense!" he laughed. "I 'm the weakest of men."

"Yes," she said quietly; "that 's true, too, James."

Again he laughed, but he flushed. I saw that Mrs. Pethel also had faintly flushed, and I became horribly aware of following suit. In the sudden glow and silence created by Mrs. Pethel's paradox, I was grateful to the daughter for bouncing back among us, and asking how soon we should be ready to start.

Pethel looked at his wife, who looked at me and rather strangely asked if I was sure I wanted to go with them. I protested that of course I did. Pethel asked her if *she* really wanted to come.

"You see, dear, there was the run yesterday from Calais. And to-morrow you 'll be on the road again, and all the days after."

"Yes," said Peggy; "I 'm *sure* you 'd much rather stay at home, darling Mother, and have a good rest."

"Shall we go and put on our things, Peggy?" replied Mrs. Pethel, rising from her chair. She asked her husband whether he was taking the chauffeur with him. He said he thought not.

"Oh, hurrah!" cried Peggy. "Then I can be on the front seat!"

"No, dear," said her mother. "I am sure Mr. Beerbohm[1] would like to be on the front seat."

"You 'd like to be with mother, would n't you?" the girl appealed. I replied with all possible emphasis that I should like to be with Mrs. Pethel. But presently, when the mother and daughter reappeared in the guise of motorists, it became clear that my aspiration had been set aside. "I am to be with mother," said Peggy.

I was inwardly glad that Mrs. Pethel could, after all, assert herself to some purpose. Had I thought she disliked me, I should have been hurt; but I was sure her desire that I should not sit with her was due merely to a belief that, in case of accident, a person on the front seat was less safe than a person behind. And of course I did not expect her to prefer my life to her daughter's. Poor lady! My heart was with her. As the car glided along the sea-front and then under the Norman archway, through the town, and past the environs, I wished that her husband inspired in her as much confidence as he did in me. For me the sight of his clear, firm profile (he did not wear motor-goggles) was an assurance in itself. From time to time (for I, too, was ungoggled) I looked round to nod and smile cheerfully at his wife. She always returned the nod, but left the smile to be returned by the daughter.

Pethel, like the good driver he was, did not talk; just drove. But as we came out on to the Rouen road he did say that in France he always rather missed the British police-traps. "Not," he added, "that I 've ever fallen into one. But the chance that a policeman *may* at any moment dart out, and land you in a bit of a scrape, does rather add to the excitement, don't you think?" Though I answered

[1] The other names in this memoir are, for good reason, pseudonyms.

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"The road rushed furiously beneath us, like a river in spate"

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in the tone of one to whom the chance of a police-trap is the very salt of life, I did not inwardly like the spirit of his remark. However, I dismissed it from my mind. The sun was shining, and the wind had dropped: it was an ideal day for motoring, and the Norman landscape had never looked lovelier to me in its width of sober and silvery grace.

I presently felt that this landscape was not, after all, doing itself full justice. Was it not rushing rather too quickly past? "James!" said a shrill, faint voice from behind, and gradually—"Oh, darling Mother, really!" protested another voice—the landscape slackened pace. But after a while, little by little, the landscape lost patience, forgot its good manners, and flew faster and faster than before. The road rushed furiously beneath us, like a river in spate. Avenues of poplars flashed past us, every tree of them on each side hissing and swishing angrily in the draft we made. Motors going Rouenward seemed to be past as quickly as motors that bore down on us. Hardly had I espied in the landscape ahead a château or other object of interest before I was craning my neck round for a final glimpse of it as it faded on the backward horizon. An endless uphill road was breasted and crested in a twinkling and transformed into a decline near the end of which our car leaped straight across to the opposite ascent, and—"James!" again, and again by degrees the laws of nature were reëstablished, but again by degrees revoked. I did not doubt that speed in itself was no danger; but, when the road was about to make a sharp curve, why should n't Pethel, just as a matter of form, slow down slightly, and sound a note or two of the hooter? Suppose another car were—well, that was all right: the road was clear; but at the next turning, when our car neither slackened nor hooted and *was* for an instant full on the wrong side of the road, I had within me a contraction which (at thought of what must have been if—) lasted though all was well. Loath to betray fear, I had n't turned my face to Pethel. Eyes front! And how about that wagon ahead, huge hay-wagon plodding with its back to us, seeming to occupy whole road? Surely Pethel would slacken, hoot. No. Imagine a needle threaded with one swift gesture from afar. Even so was it that we shot, between wagon and road's-edge, through; whereon, confronting us within a few yards—inches now, but we swerved—was a cart that incredibly we grazed not as we rushed on, on. Now indeed I had turned my eyes on Pethel's profile; and my eyes saw there that which stilled, with a greater emotion, all fear and wonder in me.

I think that for the first instant, oddly, what I felt was merely satisfaction, not hatred; for I all but asked him whether, by not smoking to-day, he had got a keener edge to his thrills. I understood him, and for an instant this sufficed me. Those pursed-out lips, so queerly different from the compressed lips of the normal motorist, and seeming, as elsewhere last night, to denote no more than pensive interest, had told me suddenly all that I needed to know about Pethel. Here, as there,—and, oh, ever so much better here than there!—he could gratify the passion that was in him. No need of any "make-believe" here. I remembered the queer look he had given when I asked if his gambling were always "a life-and-death affair." Here was the real thing, the authentic game, for the highest stakes. And here was I, a little extra stake tossed on to the board. He had vowed I had it in me to do "something big." Perhaps, though, there had been a touch of make-believe about that. I am afraid it was not before my thought about myself that my moral sense began to operate and my hatred of Pethel set in. Put it to my credit that I did see myself as a mere detail in his villainy. You deprecate the word "villainy"? Understand all, forgive all? No doubt. But between the acts of understanding and forgiving an interval may sometimes be condoned. Condone it in this instance. Even at the time I gave Pethel due credit for risking his own life, for having doubtless risked it—it and none other—again and again

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in the course of his adventurous (and abstemious) life by field and flood. I was even rather touched by memory of his insistence last night on another glass of that water which just *might* give him typhoid; rather touched by memory of his unsaying that he "never" touched alcohol—he who, in point of fact, had to be *always* gambling on something or other. I gave him due credit, too, for his devotion to his daughter. But his use of that devotion, his cold use of it to secure for himself the utmost thrill of hazard, did seem utterly abominable to me.

And it was even more for the mother than for the daughter that I was incensed. That daughter did not know him, did but innocently share his damnable love of chances; but that wife had for years known him at least as well as I knew him now. Here again I gave him credit for wishing, though he did n't love her, to spare her what he could. That he did n't love her I presumed from his indubitable willingness not to stake her in this afternoon's game. That he never had loved her—had taken her in his precocious youth simply as a gigantic chance against him, was likely enough. So much the more credit to him for such consideration as he showed her, though this was little enough. He could wish to save her from being a looker-on at his game, but he could—he could n't not—go on playing. Assuredly she was right in deeming him at once the strongest and the weakest of men. "Rather a nervous woman!" I remembered an engraving that had hung in my room at Oxford, and in scores of other rooms there: a presentment by Sir Marcus (then Mr.) Stone of a very pretty young person in a Gainsborough hat, seated beneath an ancestral elm, looking as though she were about to cry, and entitled "A Gambler's Wife." Mrs. Pethel was not like that. Of her there were no engravings for undergraduate hearts to melt at. But there was one man, certainly, whose compassion was very much at her service. How was he going to help her?

I know not how many hair's-breadth escapes we may have had while these thoughts passed through my brain. I had closed my eyes. So preoccupied was I that but for the constant rush of air against my face I might, for aught I knew, have been sitting ensconced in an armchair at home. After a while I was aware that this rush had abated; I opened my eyes to the old familiar streets of Rouen. We were to have tea at the Hôtel d'Angleterre. What was to be my line of action? Should I take Pethel aside and say: "Swear to me, on your word of honor as a gentleman, that you will never again touch the driving-gear, or whatever you call it, of a motor-car. Otherwise, I shall expose you to the world. Meanwhile, we shall return to Dieppe by train"? He might flush (for I knew him capable of flushing) as he asked me to explain. And after? He would laugh in my face. He would advise me not to go motoring any more. He might even warn me not to go back to Dieppe in one of those dangerous railway-trains. He might even urge me to wait until a nice Bath chair had been sent out for me from England.

I heard a voice (mine, alas!) saying brightly, "Well, here we are!" I helped the ladies to descend. Tea was ordered. Pethel refused that stimulant and had a glass of water. I had a liqueur brandy. It was evident to me that tea meant much to Mrs. Pethel. She looked stronger after her second cup, and younger after her third. Still, it was my duty to help her if I could. While I talked and laughed, I did not forget that. But what on earth was I to do? I am no hero. I hate to be ridiculous. I am inveterately averse to any sort of fuss. Besides, how was I to be sure that my own personal dread of the return journey had n't something to do with my intention of tackling Pethel? I rather thought it had. What this woman would dare daily because she was a mother could not I dare once? I reminded myself of this man's reputation for invariable luck. I reminded myself that he was an extraordinarily skilful driver. To that skill and luck I would pin my faith.

What I seem to myself, do you ask of me?

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But I answered your question a few lines back. Enough that my faith was rewarded: we did arrive safely in Dieppe. I still marvel that we did.

That evening, in the vestibule of the casino, Grierson came up to me.

"Seen Jimmy Pethel?" he asked. "He was asking for you. Wants to see you particularly. He 's in the baccarat-room, punting, winning hand over fist, *of* course. Said he 'd seldom met a man he liked more than you. Great character, what?"

One is always glad to be liked, and I pleaded guilty to a moment's gratification at the announcement that Pethel liked me. But I did not go and seek him in the baccarat-room. A great character assuredly he was, but of a kind with which (I say it at the risk of seeming priggish) I prefer not to associate.

Why he had particularly wanted to see me was made clear in a note sent by him to my room early next morning. He wondered if I could be induced to join them in their little tour. He hoped I would n't think it great cheek, his asking me. He thought it might rather amuse me to come. It would be a very great pleasure to his wife. He hoped I would n't say no. Would I send a line by bearer? They would be starting at three o'clock. He was mine sincerely.

It was not too late to tackle him even now. Should I go round to his hotel? I hesitated and—well, I told you at the outset that my last meeting with him was on the morrow of my first. I forget what I wrote to him, but am sure that the excuse I made for myself was a good and graceful one, and that I sent my kindest regards to Mrs. Pethel. She had not (I am sure of that, too) authorized her husband to say she would like me to come with them. Else would not the thought of her, the pity of her, have haunted me, as it did for a very long time. I do not know whether she is still alive. No mention is made of her in the obituary notice which awoke these memories in me. This notice I will, however, transcribe, because it is, for all its crudeness of phraseology, rather interesting both as an echo and as an amplification. Its title is "Death of Wealthy Aviator," and its text is:

Wide-spread regret will be felt in Leicestershire at the tragic death of Mr. James Pethel, who had long resided there and was very popular as an all-round sportsman. In recent years he had been much interested in aviation, and had had a private aërodrome erected on his property. Yesterday afternoon he fell down dead quite suddenly as he was returning to his house, apparently in his usual health and spirits, after descending from a short flight which despite a strong wind he had made on a new type of aëroplane, and on which he was accompanied by his married daughter and her infant son. It is not expected that an inquest will be necessary, as his physician, Dr. Saunders, has certified death to be due to heart-disease, from which, it appears, the deceased gentleman had been suffering for many years. Dr. Saunders adds that he had repeatedly warned deceased that any strain on the nervous system might prove fatal.

Thus—for I presume that his ailment had its origin in his habits—James Pethel did not, despite that merely pensive look of his, live his life with impunity. And by reason of that life he died. As for the manner of his death, enough that he did die. Let not our hearts be vexed that his great luck was with him to the end.

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Making Over Mary

By ETHEL M. KELLEY

Illustrations by Everett Shinn

THE first glimpse I ever had of Mary Martin was at a tea at the Islingtons'. She was caught in the jam behind the dining-table, where the congestion on first and third Wednesdays is always most acute.

I, on the other side of the table, had just stifled a perfectly good impulse to go back to the drawing-room and try to arrest the crowd of tea-seekers till it had grown more manageable, when I caught sight of a girl's figure, crumpled and drooping a little in the crush, but with something distinctive about it that arrested my attention instantly. The girl's brown eyes were gazing at me steadily over the edge of her tea-cup. I saw that for some unaccountable reason she was interested in me.

"Do you think she is pretty?" Cornelia Frazer asked in my ear. "Mary Martin, I mean. Wonderful possibilities, has n't she—that coloring and those eyes? If somebody would only show her how to dress—"

But the line ahead of her beginning to give at that moment, Cornelia struggled on toward the tea that awaited her without so much as finishing her sentence for my benefit.

I slipped into a corner as I saw the girl in brown extricate herself and move on with the outgoing line. Behind her was a fresh-colored English girl in spectacles.

"The suit is quite all right," this girl was saying as they passed me. "The color 's awfully nice, but the hat—don't you think the hat is a little too French for a tailor-made?"

There was nothing French about the hat that I could see. It was patently a Sixth Avenue creation—a small, round hat trimmed with daisies badly placed, and a bow of a size and contour entirely incompatible with them.

"It was as nearly like what you described as I could find," Mary Martin answered.

"There is n't a good hat in New York," the Englishwoman stated.

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"She was the perfect type of the Paul Dwyer woman"

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The brown suit, concealing every graceful line of the girl's supple figure as she moved, passed on out of sight, the high, silverly English voice still exploiting the neat little hats one picked up on Regent Street. It was evident that if Mary Martin did not know how to dress, it was not because she did not improve her opportunities for anxious consultation on the subject.

One night about a week later when the Islingtons were not technically at home, I dropped in to see them. The chairs were back in the parlors, and so were the two couches. The ash-trays were all in their familiar places. The copy of the Rokeby Venus (an Islington aunt does not approve of Venuses) and Benson's sketch of a "Prude Descending a Staircase" were back again upon the walls.

Kitty was toasting cheese sandwiches over the grate fire, and the percolator was bubbling cheerfully amid the litter of the library-table. Tom, Peter Benson, Ned Bowles, and the Peterson girls were grouped at becoming intervals about the room, and in the clear space between the windows, before the mirror, Mary Martin was standing. She blushed at me from above the folds of some semi-classical material with which Cornelia Frazer was busily draping her.

"Is n't that effective, Billy?" Cornelia asked as she whisked the limp surplus of her material over the girl's left shoulder, and lifted the drooping chin with the tip of her index-finger. Then at a whispered word from her model she added formally: "Miss Mary Martin, Mr. Billy Prescott. I forgot that you two did n't know each other. I 'm designing a dancing-dress for Miss Martin, Billy. I 'm trying to keep simple Greek lines. I think simplicity is Miss Martin's note."

I was not surprised, knowing Cornelia, though I confess it shocked me a little, to realize that the quick color flushing along Mary Martin's cheek was surmounted by a blush of the more stationary variety. Cornelia likes all her effects noticeably and unmistakably heightened.

"I 've a friend from home," Miss Martin said,—she had a delicious voice, cool and low, with a little throaty tremor in it, —"who likes me in simple things, too; but he—I—I 've known him so long that I 've never quite trusted his judgment."

She blushed again, almost painfully. It took courage, evidently, to stand thus on exhibition before a whole roomful of people. It seemed almost too bad of Cornelia; but when she released her victim, and the stocky lines of the blue frock, threaded or piped or whatever it is you call it, with red, emerged from the Greek adaptation, I was forced to admit the superiority of Cornelia's effect to the one that had gone before. Better the Nike of Samothrace than the Albert Memorial.

Later in the evening I made a discovery.

"Miss Mary Martin," I said,—I was sharing with her the better part of a plate of sandwiches that Kitty had asked me to pass,—"you really are a *little* girl, are n't you? What with your hats and your heels and one thing and another, I 've always supposed you were tall. No, take that one on the edge of the plate."

She took it.

"Always supposed?" she faltered. "I 've —I 've only known you this evening." Then she added, "I 'm five feet three and three quarters."

"There was that day at the tea," I suggested.

"But I was n't introduced to you then."

"But you saw me; you can't deny that you saw me."

"Yes, I saw you," she said, and began blushing. She had managed somehow to remove the last trace of Cornelia's handiwork. I was thankful.

"Five feet and three and three quarters," I mused. "I 'm six feet one in my—" But I saw she preferred not to think of me in my stockings. "The dress was very nice," I added hastily.

"I 'm so glad you liked it. Miss Frazer is very kind to design it. I 've another friend, an English girl, who likes to help me choose my things; but I think perhaps Miss Frazer knows even better what suits me."

"I think perhaps she might," I assented.

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Then we talked of the war and the weather, until Kitty's urgent desire for me to go on with the sandwiches could no longer be ignored, and Peter Benson slipped into my chair the instant I vacated it.

"Must n't gild refinèd gold, Cornelia," I said as that young woman relieved me of all of the sandwiches at once. "Must n't—"

"Oh, I can supply the bit about the lily and the violet myself."

"Bet you don't know whether it 's the Song of Solomon or Shakspere."

"Well, I do, but I refuse to commit myself. Billy, I can make that girl one of the most-talked-about people in New York, give me a little time."

"Don't!" I said so shortly that Cornelia stared at me.

"She 's a mess now. Her clothes, you know, and her carriage—"

"She is n't quite right," I admitted, thinking of the hat with the daisies.

The next time I saw Miss Mary in evening dress was at the first of the subscription dances in Morgan Hall. Her attire was severely classical. She wore a chaplet of leaves over her soft, wavy hair, though I should very much have preferred it without ornamentation. She looked as if she were gotten up for one of Isadora Duncan's classes, and she was sitting behind a palm with Peter Benson. I approached from the rear, contemplating interruption.

"Eau de vie de Dantzic," he was saying —"clear color, you know, with little motes of light in it. You know what I mean. A kind of moonlight effect. You ought to dress imaginatively. These cold, draped clothes you affect, they don't suit you, Miss Martin."

"I 've a friend from home who always likes me—" But at the sound of that cool, low voice, with the familiar throaty tremor in it, I had the grace to move on.

"Who taught you to tango?" I asked her, after we had had our dance, and I had brought her back to Peter's palm. "You certainly do make the most of those five feet three and three quarters."

"I 'm glad that you liked it," she said. Then we smiled at each other. "The dress—you like that, too, don't you?"

"I do."

"Miss Frazer 's going away," she said, after a little. "To California, I think." She lifted her eyes to me suddenly. "Did you ever have any *eau de vie de Dantzic?*" she asked gravely.

"Clear color," I quoted wickedly, "with little motes of light in it," but she was too absorbed to notice.

"Do you think—would it be nice—could I perhaps have a dress of that color?"

So Cornelia was going away, and it was Peter Benson's turn. Peter was an artist, at any rate. Cornelia was merely one of those brilliant examples of the "artistic temperament that produces no art." What would Peter do, I wondered, with those soft, wavy tendrils of hair? I knew he would want a display of that sweet little space at the temple. Cornelia had missed it entirely. I signified my approval of *eau de vie de Dantzic.*

"You 'll think that my mind is always on clothes from the way that I ask you about them every time that we meet. But the real trouble is," she floundered, but began again bravely, "that I don't seem to get quite the right combinations. I 've never thought much about clothes, you know, before lately. I 've made them myself in some way that I liked, and not thought much about them. But recently my friends have been trying to reform me."

"Have they?" I encouraged.

"Not only in dress, but in behavior. They want me to cultivate a presence, you know, and a manner. I—I think they are right. I have n't lived long in New York."

"No," I said. I swallowed the "bless you."

"And of course it 's important here that one should be effective in some way." Shades of Cornelia! But it was interesting to realize that this was all she had been able to accomplish with her onslaught on Mary Martin's vanity. This modest young woman, with the bait of being the most-talked-about girl in New York, had

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got nothing more out of it than an increasing anxiety to please. It was at that moment, I think, that I woke to a sense of her value.

Peter confided the scheme of his campaign to Tom and me that same evening.

"The girl 's really a beauty," he said. "Cornelia is crazy. Greek robes and a Psyche! She ought to wear kerchiefs—flat Dutch-looking things like a Holbein. Oh, I 'll make her a wonder if she 'll listen to me."

Dutch! I could see what he meant. I could also see what little Miss Martin would do with a suggestion to dress like a Holbein.

"How about the *eau de vie de Dantzic?*" I asked. I could n't resist it.

Peter colored. I wondered how long before he would wake up to the fact that his interest in her was more than purely esthetic.

"I was thinking," he said, "of what Paul Dwyer would have done with her when I made that suggestion."

Paul Dwyer is the one American whose work Peter respects. He certainly stands head and shoulders above all the others. From the first moment I saw Mary Martin I had been haunted by the vague sense of her likeness to something or some one I knew—something that stirred my emotions. Paul Dwyer, of course! She was the perfect type of the Paul Dwyer woman.

In the months that followed I allowed Peter his innings. The moon-color dress, with the motes in it, was not ineffective, but I took it to tea only twice. The Holbein ensemble that followed was a little less pleasing, but I dined it at intervals when Peter was otherwise engaged. I grew less and less critical of her. The fine flower of Mary Martin's personality seemed more and more like a discovery of my own that I must keep sacred and inviolate. She had what I can only describe as a fragrance of spirit.

I suppose that was what Peter recognized in her in the six months of his experiment. Poor Peter! At the end of that time he had spent a great deal of thought on her, and had turned out what, from his point of view, must have seemed a very passable product. I suppose he felt himself condescending when he asked her to marry him, and was correspondingly depressed when she refused him, for refuse him she did.

"Turned him down cold," Kitty Islington said,—Peter was one of her favorites,—"that little provincial! How dare she, after all he has done for her?"

Cornelia wrote from California that she had discovered that Mary looked very much like a picture of Mme. Récamier, and when she came back she was going to make her dress to bring out the likeness. She was sorry for Peter, she said, but she 'd make her look like a duchess.

For the last of the Morgan Hall dances Peter captured Paul Dwyer, driven home from Paris by the rage of the powers engaged in mortal combat, a big, simple being who radiated good sense and good fellowship and great understanding. He danced as well as he did everything else, and was of course the feature of the evening.

Stepping outside for a smoke in the wait between dances, we got talking of the gowns of the women and the outrageous fashions prevailing.

"In Paris," Dwyer said, "they go to extremes, but it 's the extreme of simplicity, the single effect carried to its inexorable conclusion, and no two women alike. In New York there are never more than two types in a season. All the others are replicas or poor imitations. You can't imagine how extraordinary all this seems to eyes long unaccustomed to it. I have known only one perfectly dressed woman in America," he added musingly—"one of my friends from home, and she made her own clothes." But he did n't continue the subject.

His phrase had reminded me of Mary. She was the first person we saw as we again entered the ball-room. I was aware of the habit my heart had acquired of doing double time in her presence. She was gowned in cream white, with a lot of tulle and floating stuff about her. She

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"'When you 're married I hope you 'll—'"

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was absolute perfection. Every line, every curve, every fold was exactly as it should be. As she crossed the floor on Tom Islington's arm, every eye in the room was upon her, and I heard a little murmur of admiration go up from the women. I gathered my forces and prepared to present her to the lion.

"Miss Martin," I began, "Mr. Dwyer—" But there was no need to continue.

"Mary! Why, Mary!" he cried, "I was just talking about you. I was just telling Prescott that you were the only well-dressed woman of my acquaintance, if you *were* born in Dayton, Ohio. I did n't know you were to be here. Why did n't you tell me? Why was n't I allowed to come and get you?" His face had fallen into grave, older lines as we smoked, but now he was all animation and youth again. There was the look in his eyes of the man who had found what he sought. Tom surrendered her to him.

This, then, was the friend from home—the friend Mary had quoted so deprecatingly, admitting she mistrusted his judgment! I lingered beside them; I wanted to hear Mary's first words to him. I should know then, I thought, where he stood with her.

"Paul precious," she said, slipping her hand under his arm, "your tie is not straight. Take me off some place where I can fix it."

I shall never forget the way that room looked as long as I live—those pink plaster walls and gilt Empire wreathes, and that green V-necked dress of Kitty Islington's. I wanted to duck, but I stayed for my last dance with Mary.

I begged her to sit it out with me. I did n't like the notion of putting my arms about her just then. Perhaps I wanted the melancholy satisfaction of hearing from her own lips the truth of the matter.

"Not Peter's idea?" I asked, pulling the flounce, or whatever the floating end was, of her garment.

"No, not Peter's," she said. "You know Peter—"

"I know. Peter got his."

"There has n't been any one lately to help me," she owned, "so I 've had to fall back on myself. It 's more fun, you know, making your own things after your own ideas." She looked down at her frock apologetically. "Of course when Miss Frazer gets back I 'll ask *her*."

"Do you mean to tell me," I demanded, "that this is the way you always dress when you 're left to yourself?"

"Why, yes, just about; but Miss Frazer and Peter would n't approve of it."

I laughed. It was funny to think of Cornelia and Peter respectively remodeling an ideal of Paul Dwyer's.

"Don't listen to them," I said gently. "They don't know. Always ask Mr. Dwyer."

"I 've known Paul so long," she objected.

"Paul precious?" I said. "He 's a wonderful being, Miss Mary. I 'm glad for you both. When you 're married I hope you 'll—" I was going to finish up with some drivel about having second Wednesdays, and inviting me to them. I did n't care much what I said, so long as I got through it somehow.

She looked merely inquiring.

"When I 'm married?" she said. And I knew that it was n't Paul Dwyer.

"I was thinking of marrying you myself," I said. I raised my voice slightly. "I was thinking of marrying you myself," but she would not look up at me.

"I did n't hear what *you* said," I complained, "but *I* said, I was thinking of—"

"Why don't you?" cried little Mary Martin, with her eyes full of tears. "Oh, why don't you?"

"WHY did you call him Paul precious?" I asked in the cab going home.

"It 's his nickname."

"You little real thing, you!" I cried. "Don't you know, have n't you any suspicion at all, of your value?"

"I have now," she said, and then blushing, she put her head down where it belonged, where she could hear for herself the double-quick time that my heart kept.

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The Sword of Youth

A Romance of Love and War: *Part Third*

By JAMES LANE ALLEN

Author of "The Choir Invisible," "A Cathedral Singer," etc.

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

ON the great plateau of central Kentucky the twilight of a warm spring day was falling with its mutable lights and shadows—on grassy uplands of forest farms, mellowed brick homesteads set amid orchards of apple and peach, yards of sweet-breathed shrubs, and gardens for old and hardy and simple flowers.

Lucy Morehead had come out to the fields for her usual stroll in the coolness of the evening. Daily of late she had felt especial need of this hour away from the house. Her responsibilities with a frail mother and a group of healthy, rapidly growing children were always her first concern; and those were the days also, be it remembered, not only of a woman's mastery of her home, but of her servitude to the needle. For months, furthermore, her strength had been shared with the sinking household on the Sumner farm near by. The strain had impoverished her own exuberant vitality, and now, in order to be of service to the rest, she felt the frequent need to be alone. For there are other dews than those of the earth—the dews of solitude; there is an inner twilight for recovery and for rest after the heat and burden of the inner day. It was toward these dews also, toward this twilight, that she had issued forth.

Yet the motive of this self-withdrawal was not wholly generous. As she had quitted the house, she had brought away the secret of an exquisite selfishness; the incommunicable demand of her heart was to be alone with an incommunicable joy. From the hour of the despatch of her letters through the lines to recall Joseph Sumner to his mother's bedside her nature had stood on the tiptoe of a great expectancy. After nearly two years of following him afar in imagination from battle-field to battle-field, she was soon to see him again, standing before her in reality, matured and scarred by war

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"She sat and worked and **waited**"

Drawing by
John Wolcott Adams

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and heroisms. It was this mood, this emotion, that likewise had impelled her to seek separation from the other members of the family; and it was this that now made the twilight hour out on the meadows, with their thick-scattered buds and sprouting greenness, as the rosy hour of dawn to her—the dawn of her life.

Ample time for her grave summons to reach him and to bring him had lapsed. Before he could possibly have been halfway home, she had put on her most becoming frock; but, having condemned it before the glass, had exchanged it for another, which also disappointed; not one she had would do. The windows of her bedroom opened upon a range of country stretching toward the Sumner farm, and often she was at them, looking. Along the horizon a mile distant a little railway ran from the town to a smaller town. He might come that way and walk across from the station, and she would possibly catch sight of him on the far-off, treeless pastures. At the busiest hours of the day she had sometime slipped out of the house and hurried to the crest of the hill, with its little clump of trees, the old secret spot, and from that familiar lookout had searched the yard and lots about the Sumner place and the carriage road leading thence to town; if he arrived by that route, she might see him the moment he reached home.

Most of all at night, sitting beside her candle-stand, with its bedroom candle, the snowy sheet of her bed turned down from the snowy pillows, she, barefoot, in her snowy nightgown, slowly brushing her long, dark, downward-loosened hair, had wondered how it would ever be possible for her to be alone with him thus. Yet at the thought that never thus would she be alone with him she forgot to brush her hair, forgot the candle-light flickering in her face.

For the chestnut plaits did not hang down her back any longer; they were heavy braids now, looped this way and that way at the back of her head. Childhood was gone, maidenhood was come, and childhood had taken away with it its simple trust, and maidenhood had brought its tenderer doubts. Nature had finished her for marriage, finished her for men, and had thus early set within her the steadfast brightness of a great and noble love. But wherever there may be brightness, there must be shadows; and while she, gazing into the center of that brightness, beheld undimmed there all the glorious meaning of what a man is, off at one side in ominous obscurity she discovered the sinister image of what a man may be—faithless and forgetful.

Not one message from him had she ever received to let her know that he remembered and was unchanged. Letters from Southern soldiers to their sweethearts did somehow often get through the lines; friends of hers in town had received such letters. None had reached her from him: had he tried to send a letter? He must be well-nigh unrecognizably changed by all that he had gone through: was indifference, was forgetfulness of what had taken place between them at parting, one of the changes? She suffered her jealous imagination to brew bitter drafts from the thought that wherever the army had been, whether in Southern towns or out in the Southern country, it had never been beyond reach of Southern girlhood. He had lived amid patriotic idolatry of the soldiers. When he lay wounded in the hospital, had not some girl been everything to him as his nurse? Had she not bathed his face, bathed his body, smoothed his pillow, leaned low over to say good night, and, perhaps, yielding to a look in his eyes, kissed him?

Thus late at night when full tenderness came; when love as the forerunner softly entered without knocking and locked the door; when he approached so near that his breath was on her face and his searching arms were felt—late at night her doubts also stood around and wounded her. As with a little breath of woe she blew out her candle, she gave herself this solace, that soon she would doubt no longer; the instant she saw him she would know the truth. For her letter had left him with no uncertainty that she had been faithful; she had in effect trustingly offered herself

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"She forgot to brush her hair, forgot the candle-light flickering in her face"

to him in her only message since they had parted.

It was perhaps these wounds, self-inflicted during these days, that gave to her countenance its subdued and not unpathetic loveliness. The great war of the nation itself had for years been its plastic molder. For are not the most beautiful generations of the women of any race produced during its long heroic wars? Is it not what women think of distant fighting-men that alone carries their natures to certain loftiest ranges of human expression? Not such beauty as comes to other women from thoughts of God—women whose brows, dedicated to heaven, have the pitifulness of blanched flowers; whose eyes are ever turned toward the dust as though the bold, burning sun were too human a light, and these could be opened wide and unafraid only in dark places before the unsidereal radiance of silver lamps. But beauty which answers with frank and full understanding to all there is in the eyes of men, when these come home to them, as their saviours and lovers, from battle-plains where blood ran reddest and fiercest near the very wine-presses of death and the young vineyards of the slain. Is it nature's compensation to women for their passionate unfitness to carry on war that they can yet win its victories as the mates of warriors, who after the lapse of all Christian centuries are

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still to them the foremost and the fullest of men?

It was the nation's war also that for years had been the one supreme plastic influence on her inmost character. Prayers for hospitals and prisons and trenches and battle-lines, anxiety for two men among those desperate, unconquered thousands—first for a brother and then for a lover, too—had called forth a breadth of compassion, a steadfast facing of the terrible realities of life and death, along with strength and fortitude to meet life near at hand, that reared the structure of her nature almost into a kind of simple and innocent greatness. The consecration of herself to distant fighting-men had meantime been accompanied by an ever-increasing shyness of any man near by. For the farms of that neighborhood during that interval had almost a cloistered privacy: the male youth out of those mellowed brick homesteads were gone to the war. The very paths across the open fields, such as she now walked in, were hedged as with seclusion for virgin souls.

She walked slowly to and fro near the crest of the green hill beginning to darken in the twilight. Once as she was about to turn in her path she saw, appearing suddenly on the backbone of a long ridge situated between her and the deep-golden light of the sky, the figure of a man. She stopped instantly, arrested not by fear, but by her virginal shyness of men—the hidden rose of love's self-consciousness. There were no strangers to walk across those fields in those years. This was not a farm-hand, either: no farm-hand possessed the spirit of such a stride. The man moved along the ridge with a quick step and with what was plainly a definite purpose; he knew his own mind and, what is more, though crossing large, open fields, he evidently knew his ground and kept to his direction. That led him neither toward her nor away from her, but past her at a sharp angle. His course would about have been along the bee-line from the railway station to the Sumner homestead.

She watched him, and with each moment of watching there grew in her the feeling that the fulfilment of hope, the fulfilment of her life, was in that man. At the same time a double action set up in her brain: she recognized off there on the hill the familiar in the unknown, the strange in the remembered. It was as though a long-cherished object of memory had returned from the past in larger shape. The traveler moved swiftly forward, darkly outlined against the low gold of the night, and was about to descend a long slope. At that point he must have discovered her motionless figure some twenty yards off to one side of him, for he suddenly stopped, as an animal stops when it is rapidly following a trail and forgets the scent in the shock of discovery that it is observed. He stood still, looking intently toward her, and held in his tracks by what he saw. Then he started on again more quickly, as though he would put greater distance between him and her. A little farther on he stopped abruptly and wavered with indecision, then wheeled and hurried straight toward her. He advanced to within a few steps, and paused like a person checking himself at the limit of all that is to be allowed.

There could be no uncertainty any longer: recognize him she barely could, but recognize she must, so grown and soldier-like, so lean and hungry-looking, so weather-beaten, so anxious, and so sorrowful. She saw all this instantly in one complete impression. Definitely her mind first realized just his greater physical bulk, his heaviness. And definitely her heart went out on a mission of its own and made its choice of a single feature—the thick, short golden fringe on his lip. Beyond everything else her heart noted, against the background of his pale face, that gold of youth, that pledge of manhood on his mouth, the rush of life's springtime in him.

One swift moment sufficed for all this, and another swift moment sufficed in which to realize another change—the change of her forebodings and her dread: he was not coming forward to clasp her hand; he did not speak to her, but stood off at formal distance, looking at her in

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silence, though evidently troubled by his conduct. There was no greeting for her even in his eyes. Powerful emotions she did see in him; they were too powerful to be concealed. He struggled with them until he had attained enough of self-mastery to put the rest aside and deal with one. And to this one he gave utterance as though it explained the whole purpose of his presence there:

"My mother—how is my mother?"

For days she had considered how best to break the news to him, should she see him first and should that duty fall to her. But he had destroyed, along with the mood to sympathize, the very language of sympathy; and in what other language to announce to him what she must she did not know. The shock of her own wound broke down all her plans, and she hesitated from lack of presence of mind, of resourcefulness.

Upon her silence, as against a barrier causing delay, he threw himself with a kind of desperation:

"I received your letter. I started as soon as I could, the night after it reached me. How is my mother?"

"She who was kind and faithful to me," she said with noble dignity, "can be kind and faithful to me no more."

He understood only too well; he had arrived too late. The moment for which he had sacrificed himself as a soldier had moved on unmindful of his sacrifice. Old rude and angry words were never to be taken back now; regret for them would never reach their goal; forgiving eyes never look into forgiving eyes and say how false the worse part of life is to the better part.

"Is my mother dead!" he said with muted breath. In it was the baffled struggle to forestall the summons of mortality. And the years of his boyhood seemed to come forward into that moment; the years that seemed yet to be drained themselves backward into that valley of bereavement.

"Is my mother dead!"

He took off his hat and stood bared and reverent and stricken and remorseful, looking toward his home, now empty of all he had loved there. She waited in silence behind him, conscious of one tragedy that drove her from him and of another tragedy that chained her to his side. He turned to her and pointed downward:

"What is the meaning of that?" he asked. "What is the meaning of all that?"

From where they stood candle-lights could be seen in the windows of the house, up-stairs and down-stairs. Outside was the playful barking of dogs. From one grazing lot came the busier tinkling of bells, denoting the sharpened appetite of sheep as the grass cools after the day's heat and dews begin to freshen it. Around the stable sounded the whistling and singing of negroes, through with the feeding. In another lot boomed the mellow clamor of calves, just separated from their mothers for the night. From somewhere arose the miserly dissatisfaction of pigs about their troughs. The whole place, empty and desolate to him, teamed with alien life—people, servants, dogs, other domestic animals.

"What is the meaning of it all?" he asked, appealing to her in tortured bewilderment.

"Your uncle had moved to the place," she answered with a new quietness. "He is to occupy it with his family until you come." Then she added, with a final unselfish, womanly impulse to give him good news: "The will has been read, and everything is yours. Your uncle is to stay only till you come home from the war."

He turned again and stood looking down toward his birthplace, now his wealth. There must have swelled in him the fresh feeling of power, of stability in the world, of permanence in time and place, that come to us with the first ownership of property and the undisputed leadership of affairs. Such a moment liberates resources of character which invade even the coming years and attach their possessions to our present lives, our honors, and our peace. He fell into silent contemplation; perhaps for a few moments he may have passed into bright dreams; then with a slow motion of his hand he

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pushed the visions away from him and turned to her.

She had drawn a sealed letter from the bosom of her dress.

"Your mother left this letter with me for you," she said with the tone of fulfilling her duty, "and she asked me to tell you that she had written in it what she had wished to say. She felt sure that nothing would keep you from coming. I was to give this to you and to tell you that she was happy."

She walked over and handed the letter to him and stepped back from him, waiting for him to go. He received it and put it into his pocket and stepped back from her, waiting for her to go.

"Your kindness—your care, your sweetness to my mother— But I cannot say anything—" He broke off abruptly and then immediately began again: "I am to start back in the morning; there is no train to-night. I 'll sleep out here." He pointed as he spoke toward the clump of trees not far off. "Will you bring me some supper and leave it there for me? Just a ration: a little bacon, some corn-bread, a tin cup of coffee?"

He asked this as of a stranger; his tone implied that it was nothing that any stranger would not do for any other. Having so made his request, he left it plain that such was the end of their interview, and that he lingered for her to leave.

She did not go. She forgot to go. The reasons were understood by her of his not wishing to go for the night to his own house. But the inhumanity of his sleeping out on the ground in the bare field, the pitifulness of it in his condition, with his wretchedness! The old patient, supreme law of the hospitality of the land, which many a time had bridged so much, now bridged the alienation he had enforced.

"Won't you come to the house to spend the night?" she asked, letting it be known that hospitality only was what she offered. "Don't sleep out on the ground!"

He shook his head, and turned half round, and stood silent. She pleaded with him, rebuking him as out of a woman's common impulses and common sense:

"Come and sleep in Tom's room; in Tom's bed!"

He wheeled and walked off down the slope toward his house.

To a great love there may sometimes be a species of fascination in cruelty: at least it is not treachery. Cruelty can hurt, but it cannot disgust. It may be fought and ended, but it does not have to be tolerated and loathed. She stood looking after him; and if he left in her mind an angered desolate light, it was a clear light: he had been straightforward, clean-cut, above deception. In her letter she had revealed her feelings, had told him that during his long absence she had not changed. Now as plainly as possible he had impressed it upon her that he had become indifferent.

She watched him walk away unconcerned whether she stayed or went. His assumption must have been that she had gone, for he moved as though already given up to his other thoughts: his walk was a dirge. It began to break upon her that his being there might be an enormous tragedy of some further kind; she began to put together the little impressions he had made upon her in these few minutes, and she reached the conviction that somehow he felt himself worsted by having come. Repulsed, and shy of every man, she could hardly restrain herself from hastening after him. Her heart desired to break itself over him once for the sake of all he long had been and of what she had hoped he would some day be. But quite aside from this, she now desired not to abandon him on account of some vaguely apprehended tragedy which he had brought with him. She began to think of him as somehow an imperiled man and that his peril was now his foremost thought.

In due time she returned with his supper, not what he had asked her for, but what she thought he should have. Her response was not to his request, but to his need. On the grass near the clump of trees where he said he should sleep she spread a lavish banquet. She laid a small snowy cloth, and on the cloth set forth solid, sensible nourishment to give him immediate strength. A little coffee-pot,

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"He . . . hurried straight toward her"

closely wrapped, kept his coffee warm; there was a favorite pitcher for his cream. Farther away, but within arm's-reach, abundant sweetmeats that a woman wishes to see the man she loves eat as she would eat them. Lastly, his plate at the head of the table and by his plate his napkin, all as perfect as care could make it. She looked it over, and saw that nothing was lacking; then lest his coffee get cold, she started to go. With sudden impulse she unpinned her bunch of flowers and kissed them and let fall on them some misplaced tears, and came back and laid them on his napkin, then went away.

Late at night she sat at her window, looking out toward where he was. She had not undressed, she had no thought of going to bed—not with him lying out there in such sorrow, in such bodily exhaustion, so troubled with something he did not divulge. Her practical, womanly protective tenderness went out to him while she kept the vigil at her window.

The night passed slowly. That angelic self-oblivion which is pity for others began to take its form of an angelic courage. If she could but know that he had even come back as he had said he should; if she could satisfy herself at least that he had found his supper! She leaned far out on her window-sill. The night was warm and dry. Stars were thick over the heavens down to the horizon. There was no moon, but there was light. No cloud threatened him. When she should go out there in the morning, he would have gone. Whether to return or never to return, he would have passed beyond life's horizon to her. To have him as hers out there

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alone for one night! The joy of being beside him without his knowing!

The warm spring night, with its flashing stars and low south wind, became an inner voice: *"I understand, and I am to be trusted. The heart can show its secrets with me. I am the ear of all that is intimate and hidden, and I never betray. What I, in darkness, see, I curtain away into the most sacred privacy. He is here with me now. Come!"*

Noiselessly she opened her door and stood in the hall and listened for any sound, with her first fear of those she loved. Then she descended the stairway and slipped out of the house.

As she drew near the slope of the hill, having grown accustomed to the starlight, she became frightened that there was so much of it: if he were awake, he would see her coming. She glided within the shadows of the trees of the grove, trembling and glad to be swallowed up in the protective darkness. But a moment later, with the feet of a frightened hare and with her hands touching the trunks of the trees for support, she made her way to the opposite side and looked out from her concealment.

A little distance off he lay asleep on the ground. Nearer her was his supper. There was light sufficient for her to see that everything was as she had arranged it —his folded napkin, her flowers.

He lay flat on his stomach, sleeping as a man who from exhaustion has thrown himself down in the first easiest way. His arms were crossed under his chest. He had taken off his shoes and coat, and had rolled the coat about the shoes, making him his customary pillow. His face rested on one side. Camping and soldiering had taught the first great lesson of such a life: that whatever the day has brought, night must bring sleep, instant sleep, for the sake of what the day to follow may bring.

She looked at him a long time, and then she stepped out of the concealment of the grove and, softly drawing nearer, sat down behind him.

The starlight was so clear! She followed his outlines; she realized a kind of alien joy in his bulk. Beside all that he was in himself, she embraced all that he represented: he was the glory of battles; there was Southern agony in him, Southern sorrow. He lay there as the flower of the youth of half the nation. Thousands had measured their lengths thus in a sleep never to be broken.

And so, though he was not hers, still, she had her share in him; if he was not her lover, he was yet her soldier. She wanted to see his face. If he awoke, let her vigil be that of a girl beside a soldier who came into her life one day and went out of it the next. Had not some one else watched beside him in the hospital when he was wounded? Did he not lie worse wounded now? She rose and went round and sat down in front of him.

At arm's-length from his face there lay on the grass a little white thing; it was his handkerchief. She put out her hand just to touch something that was his. The handkerchief was wet—wet with his tears. She allowed her hand to touch his tears.

Once again her heart noticed what it had claimed first—the signal of manhood on his lip, life's springtime, its flame. There was flame in him for some one. His whole sleeping figure breathed love; it whispered that even now he might be wrapped in dreams of happiness with some one else; they mingled their kisses and caresses while she sat beside them both.

New violent impulses in her nature began to break down the old forces of restraint, of self-control. She moved nearer to him, with no sound of her breath on the still air. She bent over to fix in her memory the new look of him. Yet the old look was there; he was a changeless figure of memory, emerging into disillusion. So bending over, she discovered, along the edge of his hair, a gash-like wound. There had been fighting with cold steel against cold steel. A bayonet, aimed perhaps at his neck, at the jugular vein, had grazed his forehead. Love in her put on the mask of compassion: she yearned to lift his head to her lap, to pass her arms

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about it, and draw it against her breast—to feel his face against her breast.

Bitterly she recalled the words his mother had asked her to write. She had demurred, but that mother's imperious will had had its way—those words about the years that awaited him and her together. Was this what had offended him? Had he resented being held, as a man, to what had been a boyish pledge? If he awoke and saw her thus beside him out there alone in the night, would he not think that, though rebuffed, she yet claimed him?

She got up softly and went round behind him again and kneeled over him, looking at him. She bent lower and laid her lips on the edges of his hair. Time and again she kissed his hair. Then she kissed his shoulder.

When the sun was high in the empty day, shining on the empty world, she went back.

Everything was as she had arranged it—her flowers, his napkin. Then beside her flowers she saw some sheets of paper, little brownish-white leaves of paper, which might have been torn from some cheap memorandum-book, perhaps a soldier's diary. They were covered with writing in pencil:

"Lucy: It is daybreak. There is just light enough to write by. I am starting back, and before I go I must try to tell you everything.

"When your letter reached me in camp, I started as soon as possible. I reached here too late, but I came as quickly as I could. What I must explain is that I did not apply for leave of absence; it would not have been granted. If every soldier who has been called home by sufferings and privations had been granted leave of absence, there would have been no armies left in the field. I came without permission. But do you know what that means? It means desertion. And you know what desertion means? Court martial, military execution.

"If the army had been drawn up for battle, and I had been in the front rank, and if by some strange chance my mother had suddenly appeared twenty yards off; if I had seen her there, mortally ill and about to fall and beckoning to me, I should have rushed out of the ranks to her side. Instead of a few yards, I have come hundreds of miles, but the greater distance has not changed my act. To myself I have but stepped out of the ranks of the army, and the eyes of the army have been on me here. What I have done has been done in the open and on the battle-field. I came home for one duty only, and I have tried not to let the duty of a son tarnish honor. I have eaten only what I had in camp; I have slept as far as possible as I slept in the trenches.

"But, Lucy, I did not step out of the ranks to you. And now do you understand why I have not spoken to you, have stifled all feeling, have blinded my eyes, sealed my lips, nor taken advantage of duty to wrest from it a brief delight? I cannot do so even in this letter. Not here, not now, perhaps never.

"Even had I not had strength to do this, one other thing would have forced it. I could not say to you, 'I am a deserter,' and then have spoken of my love.

"When I left camp, the troops were on the eve of a great battle, perhaps the decisive one of the whole war. That battle has since been fought. If the despatches in the newspapers are reliable, my command has been cut to pieces, annihilated. And the army is broken and retreating. I am going to overtake it if I can and give myself up. They will shoot me as a deserter or they will give me my place back in the ranks. Which they will do I do not know. They will do as they ought.

"I tell you all this because I do not wish you to misjudge me. If I never come back, think of me as having tried to do what is right. Perhaps I may have tried too hard. Perhaps all of us, for the sake of one right, are often obliged to neglect some other right. Perhaps only God can always do right with all things. If we men take up one duty, we have to lay aside some other duty.

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"And believe—what I cannot here write—that I have lived with you devotedly and faithfully, with you only, every moment since we parted. I cannot write of that.

"Do you know how it was ever possible for me to reach here and how it is now possible for me to return? My tent-mate, a man I would die for, gave me all his money to bring and to take me back. Often I have seen that comrade half starved, half naked in the cold of winter, keeping his money for some greater need, and he gave it all to me. Through him I have some chance of reaching the army before peace is declared and the remnant of the troops is disbanded. If it is all over before I get there, life will be as good as over for me: I shall be the soldier who on the eve of the last battle gave out. Hope that I may reach there in time either to be pardoned or to be executed.

"If anything should befall me, and if hereafter this friend should ever write to you and you should write to him, tell him that the one thing I spoke to you about was his deed.

"And one thing more: my mother's letter brightens boyhood and opens a straight road to her across the world, whether that road be long or short.

"These last few moments here are so strange—the morning light beginning to spread over the fields, the housetops in the distance, the first leaves on the trees in spring, the earliest notes of the birds at daybreak. It was these that woke me. The noise of cannon and shell would not have meant anything. I should have slept through them. But the first notes of the birds woke me. At first I was back in the years gone by, and when I came to myself and found that I was here in Kentucky again—" The writing ceased.

He had reached Richmond, and it was early forenoon of the fourth of April. That fourth of April was one of the days when a nation reaps the sowing of long years and when the man, appointed by history to do the reaping, appears upon the field, facing the laborers of his country and the more distant laborers of mankind.

Joseph Sumner, faint with hunger and loss of sleep and destruction of mental calm, made his way from the station to the streets, and found himself under a pleasant sky and inside the smoke-vomiting, flame-vomiting crater of the volcano of the whole war—the ruins of Richmond.

He paid little heed to the ruins. If they affected him at all, they created within him the feeling that he was getting back to familiar scenes of horror. He was goaded by two pressing needs: to buy the first newspaper possible, for intelligence of where the armies were by this time; and with the few pieces of priceless silver left in his pocket to get him some food for strength to start out to overtake them. With his paper he hurried to the first near-by eating-place of poor enough character, suitable for him that morning, beggared as he was; and while he waited for his ration to be cooked, he devoured the news. The remnant of the Army of Northern Virginia, in desperate retreat four days' marches distant, hemmed in and harassed on each flank, hacked to pieces in the rear, cut off by scouting parties from its supplies in front—this remnant, while fighting infantry and cavalry and artillery on four sides at once, and dragging painfully forward its wagon-train of stores, was yet hurrying toward the place where it might make a stand, toward fastnesses of the mountains. As yet, then, no surrender had taken place. There was exhilaration in these tidings; he drank them in as help rather than his helpless coffee; he swallowed them into his very vitals as better nourishment than his bread and bacon. Only four days' march lay between him and his general.

He had not counted the war price of food in Richmond, and was forced to lay on the table of his eating-place nearly all his precious silver in payment.

In the street he asked his way to the river, and as he walked toward it through the surging crowd, time and again he saw amid other human refuse of the war skulk-

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"In council of war to determine whether at daybreak the carnage should go on"

ing gray-jackets, scoundrelly deserters. They were there in hundreds, the scampering rats of the army long hidden in their holes in Richmond, and now come timidly out into the open, all danger passed.

When he reached the river, he asked to have pointed out to him the place where the army had crossed; and his quest of this brought him to the bridge, there no longer. He did not know that it had been destroyed, that all the bridges were down; and he stood for a little while looking across at the opposite bank, where the last of the soldiers had moved, covering the retreat, vanishing down the Virginia road, vanishing down the road of history.

One new bitter necessity was making itself clear to his mind: that he could not start without money in his pocket; he might fall from starvation on the way. Money he must have, and he must find some way to earn it at once, and as he walked along the river-bank, he asked one man after another to give him work for the day. Every one told him that were he a hundred men, he could find work around the burned districts of the city, where merchants had carried their merchandise into the street, and now could find no one to move it to places of security. Negroes would not work. It was the downfall of Richmond, the downfall of the Confederacy, of their masters and mistresses.

He was about to leave the river for the town when something caught his eye as of possible use to him—a boat being rowed along; later that boat might be secured to row him. He halted and watched it.

Slowly along the river it came, a twelve-oared barge manned by twelve United States sailors. Sitting in the barge were a few men; but the sailors and the men save one seemed to have their respect fixed upon a single person in the barge—the only man for whom the boat was be-

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ing rowed. Even seated, he was seen to be long, awkward, pallid, and rough, an uncouth piece of human workmanship. He sat silent, taking no notice of the men who accompanied him; his piteous eyes were fixed on the city, on Richmond, which he had never seen.

A straggler who had come up from behind and was standing beside Joseph Sumner, suddenly gave a shout, and jerked off his hat, and turning to him as though he were a human brother, pointed at the barge and exclaimed:

"That 's Lincoln! There 's the President! There he is! There 's the man who has done it all!"

He ran down closer to the river's-edge, and stood waving his hat and hallooing. Others took up the cry, and voices and forms began to follow the barge.

Joseph Sumner did not move nor lift his hat nor shout—standing spell-bound; there was the man that of all the millions alive on the earth he had most wished to see. That man, too, was from Kentucky.

On this pleasant fourth of April of that year 1865, the reaper, appointed by the nation to reap the long sowings of the years, was there in view of his countrymen. The rowing sailors pushed the great, gaunt reaper with his piteous eyes toward Libby Prison.

Early in the afternoon Joseph Sumner was rolling a barrel along the sidewalk. He had engaged to roll barrels of merchandise from a half-burned warehouse to a place near by. He was rolling his barrel when in the distance he heard a roar of voices, a tide of voices rolling nearer like a multitude of waters breaking against the walls of houses and the stones of the streets—the crumbling waters of troubled but triumphant voices. Then he caught sight of a scene that even in the distance seared his eyes, scorched his mind.

A wild, disordered mob of black and white human beings, crowded from the middle of the street out to the sidewalk, against the walls of the houses, came sweeping on, carrying everything before it. This multitude surged and eddied and roared and sang in front of and on each side of and behind a splendid carriage, and sitting in the carriage was the man he had seen in the barge on the river. Still the same rough, plain, solemn, sallow man there on the rear seat of the carriage, with no smile on his face, no flash in his eyes, no triumph in his jaws, no sense of his own glory; but looking as though the inhumanity of centuries swarmed about his carriage, as though the mistakes of a young nation in a new world laughed and wept in those frantic and frenzied souls. He sat there as though on him rested the eyes of Washington and of Jefferson, the eyes of Cæsar and of Napoleon; and the eyes of Socrates and the eyes of Christ.

Joseph Sumner, as the mob swept past him, was pushed back against a doorway. He clung to it, leaving his barrel to its fate. A strange memory came back to him. When a little fellow at home often he had looked at four pictures in the big red morocco-bound Bible: one of the Garden of Eden, one of the deluge, one of Samson tearing down the prison, and one of Christ entering Jerusalem. He thought of this last picture now; the palm-branches waved around Christ in the old childhood pictures were the forest of black arms waved in the air around the carriage; the hosannas in the streets of Jerusalem were the cries of these Africans, such as were heard not long ago near the equator, now united around the saviour of slaves in the United States.

The reaper, the saviour, sat there in his triumphal carriage, with ten short days of his life to live, his doom being already writ as he rode in this procession.

Joseph Sumner watched, and his whole nature swung away from the scene before him to another distant scene—to the fragment of the army, and his idol, his general, his great American, retreating before this man in the carriage. He may have had some thought of how awful it was that the greatness of America could not be on one and the same side; but since that greatness was divided, with a kind of rage at what he saw, his heart turned toward his general, a great figure vanishing in the west like a sun of history going down in

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dark, colossal clouds. With the vehemence of rage, of loyalty aflame, he set to work again, that he might reach there before the sun of his great soldier set, leaving its shadows on the world.

Toward sundown he left off rolling barrels, and took what was due him, and went to a cheap eating-place and spent a large part of it for one more ration; then back to the river and across it and then on the track of the retreating army.

And never were miles under his feet so fresh and sweet as those he swiftly traversed. He had the freshness of unwasted strength; he all but ran as though pushed forward by the hands of dead soldiers, his comrades. Mile after mile, on and on through the gathering darkness; and then he began to realize that he was in truth in the track of ruined fighting-men, for the road began to be strewn with the wreckage and refuse of war and of things yet good to use, but thrown away to lighten the burdens of exhausted troops.

Some miles out he threw himself down at last, somewhere, anywhere, to sleep.

The sun rose on the next day, a long, long day, and set behind thick woods. It rose on the next, and sank gorgeously behind the rough tops of oak and pine. It rose on the third, the longest day of all, and went down somehow, somewhere. On the fourth day, as it was about to set, its slanting rays fell on the little county town of Appomattox Court House and on the last of the Army of Northern Virginia, about to go into camp for the last time, on that night of the eighth of April.

But hardly had night fallen when down at the station, among the wagon-trains where three batteries had been planted, as hot and furious a struggle as any of the entire war took place for possession of these guns and to prevent the enemy from striking an artillery-train on ahead and establishing a cordon around the camp. Down there, not far from the headwaters of the little river, knee-deep to a horse, it was fought to the muzzle with shells and grape and canister, with pistols and the bayonets and butt-ends of Spencers—a small, flaming inferno of slaughter.

The guns were saved for the night, and there was a lull, a retreat, until daylight; and by and by, on higher ground, in the woods around the village, scattered fires of brushwood began to gleam.

Late, around one of these bivouac fires sat five men. Upon one of the group the attention of the others was concentrated with more than respect, with reverence, veneration: a man six feet of stature, in a gray uniform, with three simple stars on his collar; in cavalry boots reaching about his knees; gray-eyed, gray-haired, gray-whiskered, a gray felt hat on his knees. A presence of massiveness and simplicity and calm, a Doric column in an American Parthenon never to be built. Uncrushed, unruffled, with leisure to give attention to the least detail of his desperate situation; in all things as a man who long before this night had counted the cost, and now had but to look on and survey the inevitable.

Distant eyes looked on and watched him meanwhile and all that he did: England, with its memories of Agincourt, of the Peninsular and of Waterloo, studied him; the military strategists of France, with their minds fixed on the sublime arch in the Place de l'Etoile, followed from afar his slightest move; the Prussians, with Frederick the Great behind them, mapped his campaigns for future use on other soils; Russia, with great Peter and great Catharine, took lessons.

The four other men at the bivouac fire were his corps commanders, in council of war to determine whether at daybreak the carnage should go on. At quick intervals their deliberations were interrupted; scouts, staff-officers, aides, came and went. The rough, wild spot, a flame of logs and brushwood, an army blanket thrown over a fallen tree, the great oak overhead, from the low boughs of which, as from a canopy, long yellow tassels were swinging in the April wind as in military unison in mockery of war—all made a picture of a chapter of history near its end.

A young staff-officer approached out of the surrounding darkness of the wood, and halted on the edge of the firelight op-

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posite the commanding figure in the group of veteran strategists there at bay; he waited to be recognized. Recognition reached him as a mere look of courteous inquiry. The officer saluted and explained:

"General, I am sorry to interrupt you, but I thought it would be better to do so. When the fighting was over down at the station, as the surgeons and ambulancemen were looking about in the darkness for the wounded, they came upon a young man lying beside a dead Union soldier and beside his own musket. He had been struck on the head with the butt-end of the soldier's musket and knocked senseless. When he was revived he began to ask to be taken to headquarters. He said he wanted to speak to you."

The officer paused, and waited for orders to go on.

"Who is he? What does he want?"

"He will not tell any of us who he is or what he wants. He refuses to answer any questions. He insists that he wishes to speak to you."

The story began to have the complexion of secret news. The unknown might be the bearer of special despatches, of oral despatches. The secret service of war had its desperate disguises.

"Where is he?"

"Down near the depot by the wagons and the cavalry."

"Have him come."

"I don't know, General, whether he *can* come. He must have been more dead than alive before he got mixed up with the fighting. He has n't the strength to come."

"Then aid him to come. Bring him."

They brought him. A soldier on each side held him up as he took steps but had no strength to stand on his legs. They halted with him as they reached the circle of firelight. Behind them, half-shadowed, could be seen the curious faces of other soldiers who had followed. As they halted with him, he put out his arms and not unkindly, but resolvedly, pushed away the soldier on each side, as though he declined to be helped and would stand on his own legs. They stepped aside, and he did so stand, there before his general, who had never seen him and now looked at him curiously.

The agonizing hope of these last few days had been realized; he had reached the presence of his captain and his judge. He stood for a few moments steadying himself on his strength, standing up on his will, and in his brain some words of the heroic quiet man before him began to whirl round and round: *"Human virtue must be equal to human calamity."* Those words waved before his weakened, dizzy brain like letters on a flag, flapping in a storm. Then all at once he pitched over head foremost and face down to the earth.

They lifted him, and he sat up and began again to push every one away from him as though he would get up unaided.

"Give him some brandy."

Out of the darkened group on the outskirts a soldier stepped forward with a half-empty canteen and held it to a comrade's mouth. The comrade swallowed some of the brandy. In a few moments he made another effort to stand on his own feet, and struggled up and did again so stand, with a ghastly face. The fresh bandage around his head had been displaced, showing the blood-clot in the edges of his hair: a little stream of blood trickled down. More than curiosity, than interest, than sympathy had by this time somehow met in him. There was fight in him; there was something of the great in him; and he plainly had something to say, if he could but say it, that was a matter of life and death to him. It was one of the moments, not uncommon in the theaters of war, when, amidst great and wide scenes, encompassing immense armies and the fate of nations, something wholly personal comes to the front, and everything else waits until it is heard. For in every man's mind and heart, deep down, is perpetual remembrance that armies and nations rest at last upon a man, upon the grit and troubles of the individual.

The questions began again, now in a voice more openly touched with innate humanity:

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"'Are you a soldier?'"

"What is it you would like?"

With a half-wild look the reply was returned:

"I don't know where my command is. I have just reached camp. I can't find what little there is left of my command. Everything is scattered about in the woods, and it is dark, and I can't find my command."

They thought he must be out of his head, standing there in citizen's clothes and foolishly rambling on about his command. Still, during those times a citizen's clothes might be worn for a purpose.

"Are you a soldier?"

The impetuous reply was terrific in its tragedy:

"I don't know whether I am a soldier or not."

Now in reality they began to think that his mind wandered.

The next question betrayed the grotesque stage the scene had reached:

"You were mixed up in the fighting. You killed a Union soldier. If you are not a soldier, and if you killed a soldier, you murdered a man. You would have to be committed and tried for murder in the courts of Virginia. You say you are not a soldier?"

The answer was returned in words that seemed to come out of the heart of a lost life, of vanished glory:

"I *was* a soldier. I deserted. I deserted at Petersburg before the battle of Five Forks. I went home."

He put up his hand and pushed the bandage a little back from his bloody head as though he desired that they should all identify him, get a good look at him. And they all did look at him now with the long fatal silence of soldiers. At once the council of war became in effect a court-martial. And the next question was in the tone of military routine:

"What is your name?"

"My name is Joseph Sumner. I am a Kentucky soldier—I *was*."

"What is your command, or what *was* your command?"

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His mind was not wandering now; he went about making everything clearly understood: he named his brigade, his regiment, his company.

At this point, if there had been present some intelligence higher than human, it might have noted that the questions to follow were asked with the same absence of emotion, yet with a kindlier difference of tone. Some higher intelligence might have remarked this; none there did.

"Why did you desert?"

He shook his head doggedly:

"I will not tell you; it would be like an excuse."

"How long were you at home?"

"One night."

"Then you started back?"

"Then I started back."

"Why did you come back?"

"What else was there to do but come back?"

There was a pause.

"How did you get here?"

"From Richmond?"

"Yes; how did you get here from Richmond."

"God knows; I don't."

There was another pause:

"You refuse to tell why you deserted?"

"I refuse."

"Then what was it you wanted?"

"I wanted to say that I am here to be shot or to be pardoned."

There was a pause.

"How did you get out of camp?"

"I walked out."

"How did you get the money to travel on?"

For a moment some hot, vital impulse leaped to his eyes to tell; then as though second thought brought a safer decision he answered:

"I 'd better not tell you."

"Which side of the camp did you escape by?"

He shook his head sorrowfully:

"I will not answer that question."

"Did you know who was on picket-duty when you escaped?"

"I 'd go to hell before I would answer that question."

There was a pause.

"How do you happen to come in now, at the very last hour?"

"I could n't catch up with you. You had the start on me."

The grim irony of it—a deserter trying to overtake his fleeing general. There were some who would have liked to smile, there were some who did.

The presiding officer of the court-martial quietly pointed to the log covered with a blanket on the edge of the bivouac fire.

"Sit down there."

He motioned to the staff-officer who had spoken to him first, and communicated with him in an undertone. The officer disappeared in the direction of camp, and the council of war went on with their deliberations. By and by the officer returned, bringing some letters. The great grave man stood up. All stood. The young accused staggered to his feet. His general walked out into the center of the group and, looking him steadily in the eyes, addressed him:

"Here are three letters. Two of them are the letters that called you home. You left them with your blanket and your arms when you went out. This other letter was written to me by the soldier who was your tent-mate and who was the picket that allowed you to escape. He sent your letters to me, and he wrote his own letter to me to say that he was on duty and that he had permitted you to pass. He had an idea—we all have—that the next battle he went into he would be killed. He thought that if you came back he might not be here to speak for you; he said you would not speak for yourself. He was killed at the battle of Five Forks, faithful gallant fellow! If he were here, his letter to me would be his pardon. Your letters and his letter are your pardon. If the nation is ever to be at war again, I hope the soldiers in its armies will be made of such stuff as were my soldiers. As soon as you can, join your command." He turned toward the waiting soldiers. "Help him."

A few hours later, at three o'clock next morning, the carnage began again; but as

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darkness lifted, there, hemming them in, were solid masses with reinforcements that had arrived in the night, and battle was butchery, the shambles of fighting-men.

A few hours later a great American, a great soldier, wearing his great white sword, quietly went to meet another great American, another great soldier, wearing his great white sword. The two spoke simply, briefly together, as was the habit of their natures—and there was peace.

Other generals with other armies were in the field, and for a while kept the field; but there was peace for the old nation, now become the new nation.

Messages from the front began to reach to homesteads scattered all over the land—homesteads beginning to be stirred to the gladness of another spring.

These were the words sent to Lucy:

"It is all over, Lucy. I am coming home to you."

The agony of suspense was over.

One day in May he came. She had been expecting him for many days, and her heart had pleaded that their meeting might take place somewhere outdoors, away from the house, where she would not betray herself to any eye, and where for the first hour they might be most alone. So she had brought her sewing, and sat near some white-blossoming brambles, and under the dappled shade of young leaves on the hillside, dear to her now by many memories.

It was the middle of the forenoon, and the atmosphere of the day was crystal, and low down over the earth the crystal quivered and palpitated with the sun's mighty warmth. All sounds of living creatures were marvelously rich and clear. The whistle of a quail on the fence of a field of young corn seemed to start beside the ear. The long flute-note of the meadow-lark was piercing—him of the yellow breast. Among the softly swaying boughs over her head a crimson-splashed oriole wove his hempen nest—of native Kentucky hemp—and warbled as he wove, singing to his work. The grass all about was thickly starred with low earth-lapped dandelions. Near the moist roots of the white-flowered bramble at her back curious-eyed, wild blue violets leaned from their green lattices—not too far.

Amid all this, the young leaves dappling her hair and her face and shoulders, she sat and worked and waited. She was white-frocked; her youth and innocence were like the whole blue of the sky. The heat of coming noon began to flush her skin; the long lashes were tremulous to hide her eyes lest he see too much. Often she lifted these and watched for him: he would be told at the house where she was to be found. Then indeed and in truth she did at last see him coming, swiftly, straight to her, his eyes fixed searchingly on the half-hidden spot where she must be.

There was no mistake now, no misunderstanding, no waiting, no obstacle; there he was, coming to her.

She dropped her work to the grass at her feet and rose and started away from him with some blind instinct in her that the ordeal of their meeting would be intolerable. She heard the march-like swish of his feet through the blue grass now rising to its seed. It came closer and closer, and she turned with love's terror to face him: white frocked, under the blue of the sky, finished by nature, waiting for life.

He came up to her with no smile, no motion of his hand, no play of the eye—he came and opened his arms and took her in his arms in silence. He passed one hand behind her thick, dark braids and folded his fingers about her head and turned her face toward him, and so held her, looking at her with the heart-hunger of years—with life's flame on his mouth. Across her waiting lips a quiver ran—their weakness, their strength, life's surrender, life's consecration.

In silence, out in the sunlight, under the whole blue sky of their youth and their innocence, their lives met.

Thus quickly over the exhausted old nation the union of youth for the long building of the new nation—mighty nation as it is now, with its greatness all on one side.

For there was peace.

THE END

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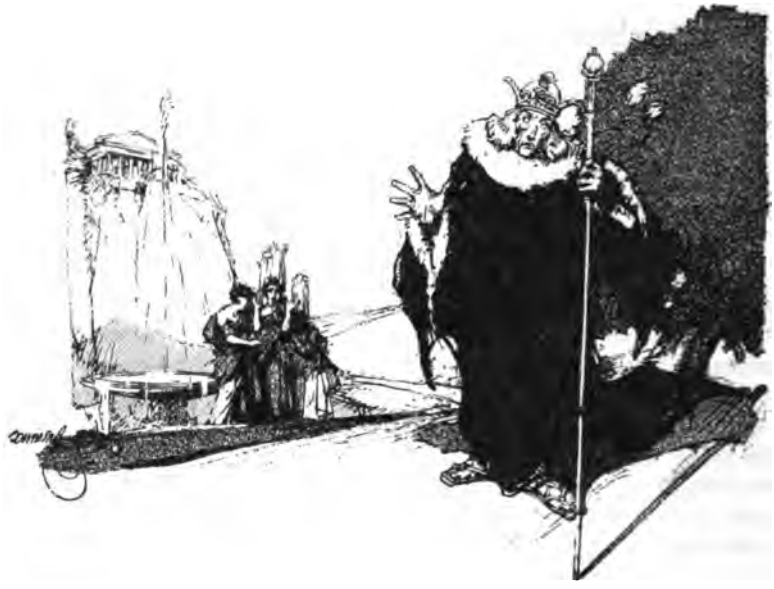

Escapes

By ARTHUR C. BENSON

Author of "The Upton Letters," "From a College Window," etc.

Illustrations by Harry Townsend

ALL the best stories in the world are but one story in reality—the story of an escape. It is the only thing which interests us all and at all times—how to escape. The stories of Joseph, of *Odysseus,* of the prodigal son, of the "Pilgrim's Progress," of the "Ugly Duckling," of *Sintram,* to name only a few out of a great number, they are all stories of escapes. It is the same with all love-stories. "The course of true love can never run smooth," says the old proverb, and love-stories are but tales of a man or a woman's escape from the desert of lovelessness into the citadel of love. Even tragedies like those of "Œdipus" and "Hamlet" have the same thought in the background. In the tale of Œdipus, the old blind king in his tattered robe, who had committed in ignorance such nameless crimes, leaves his two daughters and the attendants standing between the old pear-tree and the marble tomb by the sacred fountain; he says the last faint words of love, till the voice of the god comes thrilling upon the air:

"Œdipus, why delayest thou?"

Then he walks away at once in silence, leaning on the arm of *Theseus,* and when at last the watchers dare to look, they see *Theseus* afar off, alone, screening his eyes with his hand, as if some sight too dreadful for mortal eyes had passed before him; but *Œdipus* is gone, and not with lamentation, but in hope and wonder. Even when *Hamlet* dies, and the peal of ordnance is shot off, it is to congratulate him upon his escape from unbearable woe; and that is the same in life. If our eye falls on the sad stories of men and women who have died by their own hand, how seldom do they speak in the scrawled messages they leave behind them as though they were going to silence and nothingness! It is just the other way. The unhappy fathers and mothers who, maddened by disaster, kill their children are hoping to escape with those they love best out of miseries they cannot bear; they mean to fly together, as Lot fled with his daughters from the city of the plain. The man who

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slays himself is not the man who hates life; he only hates the sorrow and the shame which make unbearable that life which he loves only too well. He is trying to migrate to other conditions; he desires to live, but he cannot live so. It is the imagination of man that makes him seek death; only the animal endures, but man hurries away in the hope of finding something better.

It is, however, strange to reflect how weak man's imagination is when it comes to deal with what is beyond him, how little able he is to devise anything that he desires to do when he has escaped from life. The unsubstantial heaven of a Buddhist, with its unthinkable Nirvana, is merely the depriving life of all its attributes; the dull sensuality of the Mahometan paradise, with its ugly multiplication of gross delights; the tedious outcries of the saints in light which make the medieval scheme of heaven into one protracted canticle—these are all deeply unattractive, and have no power at all over the vigorous spirit. Even the vision of Socrates, the hope of unrestricted converse with great minds, is a very unsatisfying thought, because it yields so little material to work upon.

The fact, of course, is that it is just the variety of experience which makes life interesting,—toil and rest, pain and relief, hope and satisfaction, danger and security, —and if we once remove the idea of vicissitude from life, it all becomes an indolent and uninspiring affair. It is the process of change which is delightful, the finding out what we can do and what we cannot, going from ignorance to knowledge, from clumsiness to skill; even our relations with those whom we love are all bound up with the discoveries we make about them and the degree in which we can help them and affect them. What the mind instinctively dislikes is stationariness; and an existence in which there was nothing to escape from, nothing more to hope for, to learn, to desire, would be frankly unendurable.

The reason why we dread death is because it seems to be a suspension of all our familiar activities. It would be terrible to have nothing but memory to depend upon. The only use of memory is that it distracts us a little from present conditions if they are dull, and it is only too true that the recollection in sorrow of happy things is torture of the worst kind.

Once when Tennyson was suffering from a dangerous illness, his friend Jowett wrote to Lady Tennyson to suggest that the poet might find comfort in thinking of all the good he had done. But that is not the kind of comfort that a sufferer desires; we may envy a good man his retrospect of activity, but we cannot really suppose that to meditate complacently upon what one has been enabled to do is the last thing that a good man is likely to indulge in. He is far more likely to torment himself over all that he might have done.

It is true, I think, that old and tired people pass into a quiet serenity; but it is the serenity of the old dog who sleeps in the sun, wags his tail if he is invited to bestir himself, but does not leave his place; and if one reaches that condition, it is but a dumb gratitude at the thought that nothing more is expected of the worn-out frame and fatigued mind. But no one, I should imagine, really hopes to step into immortality so tired and worn out that the highest hope that one can frame is that one will be let alone forever. We must not trust the drowsiness of the outworn spirit to frame the real hopes of humanity. If we believe that the next experience ahead of us is like that of the mariners,

> In the afternoon they came unto a land
> In which it seemed always afternoon,

then we acquiesce in a dreamless sort of sleep as the best hope of man.

No, we must rather trust the desires of the spirit at its healthiest and most vigorous, and these are all knit up with the adventure of escape, as I have said. There is something hostile on our track: the copse that closes in upon the road is thick with spears; presences that do not wish us well move darkly in the wood and keep

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pace with us, and the only explanation we can give is that we need to be spurred on by fear if we are not drawn forward by desire or hope. We have to keep moving, and if we will not run to the goal, we must at least flee, with backward glances at something which threatens us.

There is an old and strange Eastern allegory of a man wandering in the desert; he draws near to a grove of trees, when he suddenly becomes aware that there is a lion on his track, hurrying and bounding along on the scent of his steps. The man flees for safety into the grove; he sees there a roughly built water-tank of stone, excavated in the ground, and built up of masonry much fringed with plants. He climbs swiftly down to where he sees a ledge close on the water; as he does this, he sees that in the water lies a great lizard, with open jaws, watching him with wicked eyes. He stops short, and he can just support himself among the stones by holding on to the branches of a plant which grows from a ledge above him. While he thus holds on, with death behind him and before, he feels the branches quivering, and sees above, out of reach, two mice, one black and one white, which are nibbling at the stems he holds and will soon sever them. He waits despairingly, and while he does so, he sees that there are drops of honey on the leaves which he holds; he puts his lips to them, licks them off, and finds them very sweet.

The mice stand, no doubt, for night and day, and the honey is the sweetness of life, which it is possible to taste and relish even when death is before and behind; and it is true that the utter precariousness of life does not, as a matter of fact, distract us from the pleasure of it, even though the strands to which we hold are slowly parting. It is all, then, an adventure and an escape; but even in the worst insecurity, we may often be surprised to find that it is somehow sweet.

It is not in the least a question of the apparent and outward adventurousness of one's life. Foolish people sometimes write and think as though one could not have had adventures unless one has hung about at bar-room doors and in billiard-saloons, worked one's passage before the mast in a sailing-ship, dug for gold among the mountains, explored savage lands, shot strange animals, fared hardly among deep-drinking and loud-swearing men. It is possible, of course, to have adventures of this kind, and, indeed, I had a near relative whose life was fuller of vicissitudes than any life I have ever known: he was a sailor, a clerk, a policeman, a soldier, a clergyman, a farmer, a verger. But the mere unsettledness of it suited him: he was an easy comrade, brave, reckless, restless; he did not mind roughness, and the one thing he could not do was to settle down to anything regular and quiet. He did not dislike life at all, even when he stood half-naked, as he once told me he did, on a board slung from the side of a ship, and dipped up pails of water to swab it, the water freezing as he flung it on the timbers. But with all this variety of life he did not learn anything particular from it all; he was much the same always, good natured, talkative, childishly absorbed, not looking backward or forward, and fondest of telling stories with sailors in an inn. He learned to be content in most companies and to fare roughly; but he gained neither wisdom nor humor, and he was not either happy or independent, though he despised with all his heart the stay-at-home, stick-in-the-mud life.

But we are not all made like this, and it is possible for only a few people to live so by the fact that most people prefer to stay at home and do the work of the world. He was not a worker, and, indeed, did no work except under compulsion and in order to live; but such people seem to belong to an older order, and are more like children playing about, and at leisure to play because others work to feed and clothe them. The world would be a wretched and miserable place if all tried to live life on those lines.

It would be impossible to me to live so, though I dare say I should be a better man if I had had a little more hardships of that kind; but I have worked hard in

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my own way, and though I have had few hairbreadth escapes, yet I have had sharp troubles and slow anxieties. I have been like the man in the story, between the lion and the lizard for many months together; and I have had more to bear, by temperament and fortune, than my roving cousin ever had to endure; so that because a life seems both sheltered and prosperous it need not therefore have been without its adventures and escapes and its haunting fears.

The more one examines into life and the motives of it, the more does one perceive that the imagination concerning itself with hopes of escape from any conditions which hamper and confine us is the dynamic force that is transmuting the world. The child is forever planning what it will do when it is older, and dreams of an irresponsible choice of food and an unrestrained use of money; the girl schemes to escape from the constraints of home by independence or marriage; the professional man plans to make a fortune and retire; the mother dreams ambitious dreams for her children; the politician craves for power; the writer hopes to gain the ear of the world—these are only a few casual instances of the desire that is always at work within us, projecting us into a larger and freer future out of the limited and restricted present. That is the real current of the world, and though there are sedate people who are contented with life as they see it, yet in most minds there is a fluttering of little tremulous hopes forecasting ease and freedom; and there are too many tired and dispirited people who are not content with life as they have it, but acquiesce in its dreariness; but all who have any part in the world's development are full of schemes for themselves and others by which the clogging and detaining elements are somehow to be improved away. Sensitive people want to find life more harmonious and beautiful, healthy people desire a more continuous sort of holiday than they can attain, religious people long for a secret ecstasy of peace; there is, in fact, a constant desire at work to realize perfection.

And yet, despite it all, there is a vast preponderance of evidence which shows us that the attainment of our little dreams is not a thing to be desired, and that satisfied desire is the least contented of moods. If we realize our program, if we succeed, marry the woman we love, make a fortune, win leisure, gain power, a whole host of further desires instantly come in sight. I once congratulated a statesman on a triumphant speech.

"Yes," he said, "I do not deny that it is a pleasure to have had for once the exact effect that one intended to have; but the shadow of it is the fear that having once reached that standard, one may not be able to keep it up."

The awful penalty of success is the hideous dread of subsequent failure, and even sadder still is the fact that in striving eagerly to attain an end, we are apt to lose the sense of the purpose which inspired us. This is more drearily true of the pursuit of money than of anything else. I could name several friends of my own who started in business with the perfectly definite and avowed intention of making a competence in order that they might live as they desired to live; that they might travel, read, write, enjoy a secure leisure. But when they had done exactly what they meant to do, the desires were all atrophied. They could not give up their work; they felt it would be safer to have a larger margin, they feared they might be bored, they had made friends, and did not wish to sever the connection, they must provide a little more for their families: the whole program had insensibly altered. Even so they were still planning to escape from something—from some boredom or anxiety or dread.

And yet it seems very difficult for any person to realize what is the philosophical conclusion, namely, that the work of each of us matters very little to the world, but that it matters very much to ourselves that we should have some work to do. We seem to be a very feeble-minded race in this respect, that we require to be constantly bribed and tempted by illusions. I have known men of force and vigor both

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in youth and middle life who had a strong sense of the value and significance of their work; as age came upon them, the value of their work gradually disappeared; they were deferred to, consulted, outwardly reverenced, and perhaps all the more scrupulously and compassionately in order that they might not guess the lamentable fact that their work was done and that the forces and influences were in younger hands. But the men themselves never lost the sense of their importance. I knew an octogenarian clergyman who declared once in my presence that it was ridiculous to say that old men lost their faculty of dealing with affairs.

"Why," he said, "it is only quite in the last few years that I feel I have really mastered my work. It takes me far less time than it used to do; it is just promptly and methodically executed." The old man obviously did not know that his impression that his work consumed less time was only too correct, because it was, as a matter of fact, almost wholly performed by his colleagues, and nothing was referred to him except purely formal business.

It seems rather pitiful that we should not be able to face the truth, and that we cannot be content with discerning the principle of it all, which is that our work is given to us to do not for its intrinsic value, but because it is good for us to do it.

The secret government of the world seems, indeed, to be penetrated by a good-natured irony; it is as if the Power controlling us saw that, like children, we must be tenderly wooed into doing things which we should otherwise neglect by a sense of high importance, as a kindly father who is doing accounts keeps his children quiet by letting one hold the blotting-paper and another the ink, so that they believe that they are helping when they are merely being kept from hindering.

And this strange sense of escape which drives us into activity and energy seems given us not that we may realize our aims, which turn out hollow and vapid enough when they are realized, but that we may drink deep of experience for the sake of its beneficent effect upon us. The failure of almost all Utopias and ideal states, designed and planned by writers and artists, lies in the absence of all power to suggest how the happy folk who have conquered all the ills and difficulties of life are to employ themselves reasonably and eagerly when there is nothing left to improve. William Morris, indeed, in his "News from Nowhere," confessed through the mouth of one of his characters that there was hardly enough pleasant work, like hay-making and bridge-building and carpentering and paving, left to go round; and the picture of life which he draws, with its total lack of privacy; the shops where you may ask for anything that you want without having to pay; the guest-houses, with their straw-colored wine in quaint carafes; and the rich stews served in gray earthenware dishes streaked with blue; the dancing; the caressing; the singular absence of all elderly women, strikes on the mind with a quite peculiar sense of boredom and vacuity, because he seems to have eliminated so many sources of human interest, and to have conformed every one to a type, which is refreshing enough as a contrast, but very tiresome in the mass. It will not be enough to have got rid of the combative and sordid and vulgar elements of the world unless a very active spirit of some kind has taken its place. He himself intended that art should supply the missing force: but art is not a sociable thing; it is apt to be a lonely affair, and few artists have either leisure or inclination to admire one another's work.

Still more dreary was the dream of the philosopher J. S. Mill, who was asked upon one occasion what would be left for men to do when they had been perfected on the lines which he desired. He replied, after a long and painful hesitation, that they might find satisfaction in reading the poems of Wordsworth. But Wordsworth's poems are useful in the fact that they supply a refreshing contrast to the normal thought of the world, and nothing but the fact that many take a different view of life is potent enough to produce them.

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So, for the present at all events, we must be content to feel that our imagination provides us with a motive rather than with a goal; and though it is very important that we should strive with all our might to eliminate the baser elements of life, yet we must be brave and wise enough to confess how much of our best happiness is born of the fact that we have these elements to contend with.

Edward Fitzgerald once said that a fault of modern writing was that it tried to compress too many good things into a page and aimed too much at omitting the homelier interspaces. We must not try to make our lives into a perpetual feast; at least we must try to do so, but it must be by conquest rather than by inglorious flight; we must face the fact that the stuff of life is both homely and indeed amiss, and realize, if we can, that our happiness is bound up with energetically trying to escape from conditions which we cannot avoid. When we are young and fiery-hearted, we think that a tame counsel; but, like all great truths, it dawns on us slowly. Not until we begin to ascend the hill do we grasp how huge, how complicated, how intricate the plain, with all its fields, woods, hamlets, and streams is; we are happy men and women if in middle age we even faintly grasp that the actual truth about life is vastly larger and finer than any impatient youthful fancies about it are, though it is good to have indulged our splendid fancies in youth, if only for the delight of learning how much more magnificent is the real design.

In the "Pilgrim's Progress," at the very outset of the journey, *Evangelist* asks *Christian* why he is standing still. He replies:

"Because I know not whither to go."

Evangelist, with a certain grimness of humor, thereupon hands him a parchment roll. One supposes that it will be a map or a paper of directions, but all that it has written in it is, "Fly from the wrath to come!"

Well, it is no longer that of which we are afraid, a rain of fire and brimstone, storm and tempest. The Power behind the world has better gifts than these; but we still have to fly, where we can and as fast as we can; and when we have traversed the dim leagues, and have seen things wonderful at every turn, and have passed through the bitter flood, we shall find—at least this is my hope—no guarded city of God from which we shall go no more out, but another road passing into wider fields and dimmer uplands, and to things more and more wonderful and strange and unknown.

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"He perched himself like a monkey on eminences above the stony valleys"

Drawing by
Frederic Dorr Steele

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The Battle-Film

By HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

Author of "Spektor in Search of a Model," etc.

Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele

"PERCE" BLANDERS sat in a dilapidated tent, his arms bound behind him. He stared at a great brownish-red blot upon the side of the tent. It looked as though it had been made by a ripe fruit dashed against the canvas. Little streams had trickled down from it. He knew that it had once been bright red; and he also knew that he would be shot very shortly. He had not understood the words of those begrimed devils, the Turkish soldiers; but their gestures had been vivid enough.

Percy Blanders had been sent down by his firm to Adrianople at the first flare of the guns in the Balkans. He was the nimblest and cleverest of all the staff of the Solar Film Company, and had an expert eye for "pictures." Those he snatched from the swift-flowing pageant of war and sent back to London were masterpieces of action and selection. The Solar Film Company made tremendous profits.

Little Blanders, with his sharp eyes, quick tongue, and nimble wits, was the unmistakable product of Dille Road in Kentish Town. A Londoner might have had some difficulty in placing him, but a Kentish-Towner would infallibly have recognized him as a native of Dille Road.

He stole in and out among the murderous squadrons, carrying his varnished, brass-bound cinematograph camera upon his shoulder by the folded tripod legs, and a box of fresh films in a leather case swinging in his hand. Sometimes he was found among the vanguard; at other times he brought up the rear. He would take up a position in abandoned, shattered houses to photograph the victorious and defeated troops. He perched himself like a monkey on eminences above the stony valleys and narrow black defiles. One day he climbed a tall tree, hugging the branch while the bullets flicked the leaves all about him. There he captured a striking picture of a Turkish assault upon a village, which reached London after a long delay, and was "released" by his enterprising firm as a "war-film taken from a war-balloon." Some of his films were, however, too ghastly for the public eye, especially those that showed the atrocities of which Turk and Bulgarian mutually accused each other. The firm marveled at Blanders's cold-blooded nerve. "He ought to have been a surgeon," said the general manager.

Blanders, except for a few words which he had mastered, spoke no Turkish and no Bulgarian. His mysterious instrument aroused the suspicions of everybody—army officials, peasants, and civilians. They regarded it as some new engine of destruction, some miniature machine-gun, small, but murderous. So Blanders had a large red cross in a white circle painted upon one side of his box, and on the other the word "photographer" in Bulgarian and Turkish. He also carried a red-cross pocket-case of medicines for emergencies, as well as a red-cross band for his arm, made with a spare handkerchief and a bottle of red ink. This he wore during moments of greatest danger, though usually he forgot all about it. When the patrols or authorities demanded his papers, he would pull out and unfold the stiff, crinkling sheet, with the English coat of arms and several signatures. His firm, wishing to "afford him all possible protection," had provided him with this before sending him to the territory of the war. The general manager had afterward implied that if anything happened to Blanders, it would be the fault of the Government. Blanders called this document his "life-belt."

"There," Blanders would say to the patrols, as he proudly pointed to the unicorn and the lion, "I 'opes as that there 's good enough for yer."

The paper was already much creased and soiled, and thumb-marked by the dirty paws of sentries and swarthy officials. In

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one corner there was a red smudge which had slowly turned brown, like the stain on the tent. Blanders remembered the shattered human claw that had fingered it one night on the outskirts of Bunarhissar. There were also several marks made by powder-stained fingers.

Perce Blanders carried this document next to his heart, in his inner pocket, where, in quite the correct way, lay his mother's photograph and his sweetheart Florrie Fitman's last letter, which had reached him at Belgrade. Florrie regarded him as a warrior, and persisted in her belief that he had been sent out as a sort of crusader to help crush the infidel Turk.

That morning the battle of Kouleli Baba had taken place. Perce Blanders had fortunately secured a magnificent position among the tombstones in an old churchyard overlooking the field of battle. He caught the advancing squadrons of cavalry of both sides and the caterpillar-like undulation of the infantry pouring down the hills. He had a large supply of fresh films. A flat-nosed peasant woman had helped him carry his leather case to the graveyard. His range—that is, his focus—was perfect, and the sun shone at an angle that gave the richest effects of light and shadow.

The ridge of hills to right and left bellied forth gray puffs of smoke in a long continuous line. Shells from a Bulgarian battery in position there described magnificent lines of trajectory, and blossomed into great flowers, with cores of flame, or threw up fountains of earth and iron, and sometimes a ghastly mess of men and horses. He saw the Turkish cavalry, a squirming mass of riders and brown horses, go dashing against the lines of Bulgarian infantry. A horrible mêlée ensued; rippling bursts of smoke and fire parted the lines: they opened; they closed again. Smoke hid the weltering masses of slaughter. He ceased turning the handle of his machine. When it lifted once more, in gaps and ragged holes, and the sun poured brilliantly upon the shifting and melting picture, he would turn the handle again.

History stood recorded in Blanders's little box of mahogany, bound with brass. Death hurtled about him. Now and again a shell went screeching or humming above his head. The peasant woman cowered down in the shelter of a tombstone and whimpered and groaned. Suddenly there was a tremendous crash to his left. A headstone flew into a hundred fragments, and scattered him with whitish dust and earth. The battle was mounting toward its climax. Blanders kept on turning the handle; and when one film had run out, he labeled it, and put in another.

The Turks were in retreat. They ran toward him, wavering, distracted spots of red. Behind them stormed the furious Bulgarians, yelling and charging, pouring a warping fire into the staggering lines. A stupendous scene! Blanders was deeply absorbed by his marvelous cinematographic opportunities. He failed to observe that the Zouave jackets and fezzes were beginning to swarm up along both sides of the graveyard. The peasant woman, yelling and shrieking, suddenly floundered down among the mounds and lay still. Blanders did not know whether she was dead or merely in a faint. No time to fuss over that. It would be too bad, of course, if she were dead. She had been useful in helping him with his paraphernalia.

Blanders was hurled from his perch by a crashing blow upon the head. There came a flash and a report before his eyes. When he gathered his senses, he found himself between two Turkish soldiers and a lieutenant. The soldiers were covered with sweat and grime and dust. There was a wild and desperate light in the officer's eye. A sword quivered in one hand, a formidable Mauser revolver in the other. Blanders expostulated, though his head hummed, and things danced before his eyes.

"See 'ere, Captain, I ain't a-fightin'! I 'm a photographer, I am. Solar Film Company of London. Got me passport, too; I 'ave—in me pocket." He pointed a wavering finger at the vermilion cross painted on his apparatus.

The Turkish officer spat at it, and

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slashed it with the point of the sword. Blanders suddenly realized the fact that the cross meant little to the Moslem infidel; that it was, in fact, something of a red rag to a bull. The officer snarled at him in French; but it might as well have been Turkish, so far as Blanders was concerned.

The lieutenant uttered a sharp command, and flicked Blanders behind the knees with his sword. A soldier shouldered his camera, another carried the leather case with the films.

He was marched, rushed, driven, and kicked along. Then a large tarboosh was pulled down over his little skull and he was blindfolded. His heart throbbed thunderously; something icy and awful crept up his spine and spread over his brain. What was going to happen to him? Would he be flung down a well or cliff? Impaled on a bayonet? Hanged? When would the bullet crash through his brain, or the cold, smooth steel slide into his breast? It was terrible to walk on in this way, to feel the sun, to hear voices, to smell death and doom, while blind and helpless. They seemed to walk for miles. Sometimes the ground was level, then it pitched upward, then down. Sometimes there were stones underfoot, sometimes dust or dried grass.

At length he was halted. Then some one plucked the fez from his head and gave him a fierce push. He tumbled forward, rolled over, and sat up. Dirty canvas inclosed him on all sides. It was frightfully hot in this tent. His tongue lay parched and swollen between his teeth, discolored ivories in which there were already several gaps made by the cheap sweets or hard fists of the bullies of Kentish Town. He thought of the foaming bitter and sweet stone-ginger with a "bite" to it that he used to drink at "the Mother Red-Cap." He was in torment over his films, masterpieces every one of them, and worth their thousands of pounds in the market. A bird sang outside. Through a rift he caught a glimpse of the blue crests of the Balkans. But his mind remained fixed upon his films and upon Florrie Fitman and Dille Road. He remembered a certain wall on which he used to chalk wild inscriptions and martial designs. He remembered them all—the local policemen and his early boy enemies; and then he thought again of the wonderful film he had taken.

A shadow fell across one corner of his little peaked tent, sloped upward, and passed down the other side. It was the silhouette of a Turkish sentry with shouldered rifle. It vanished, then came back from the other side. And so it went on for hours. There was a taint in the air, and the big bluebottle flies, bred by hundreds of carcasses, buzzed to and fro, and alighted like hot, venomous coals upon his skin.

What was going to happen to him? What had happened to his beautiful films? This winged worry returned again and again to harass his soul, just as the ravenous flies harassed his skin. What had happened to his films?

The sun left the tent, the shadow of the pacing sentry became a mere vague shade. Suddenly the tent-flap was drawn aside, and the forms of two soldiers loomed in the opening, and two dusky faces peered in at him. The soldiers cried something in harsh tones. Blanders stared. The soldiers advanced, and jerked him up by the arms.

They marched him out under the steel-blue heavens and halted before a big square tent with the flaps drawn back. Inside there was a haze of pale-blue smoke, tobacco smoke.

A stout, ruddy, gray-bearded Turk in an elaborate gold-braided uniform sat at the table, his curved sword upon his knees, his dark-red fez somewhat atilt. He was talking slowly, and gesticulating with his fingers. At the table sat other officers writing and smoking. One of them came striding out, jingling his spurs and sword. With a sharp word of command he ordered Blanders to be brought in.

Blanders recognized Khaled Bey, the general commanding the Turkish Division of the North. He recognized him from an illustration in an English weekly he had

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" He tumbled forward, rolled over, and sat up. Dirty canvas inclosed him on all sides. It was frightfully hot in this tent"

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seen in a café at Belgrade. His sword-belt was a broad red sash of silk, with heavy gold tassels. A large ruby glittered on his finger, and the cigarette he smoked was stuck in a gold-mounted ivory holder.

On the table was a carafe with some pink liquid in it, and several tumblers. Blanders felt his dried tongue leap in his mouth. He wondered what the liquid might be. He had been told that Turks do not drink wine, which had increased his contempt for them. But perhaps they drank beer. He saw his reels laid out on the table in a row. His varnished camera stood glistening beside them.

A slender officer with coal-black eyes and an inky mustache acted as interpreter. His English had been acquired in Paris, and was strangely grotesque.

"You spy?" he said softly, pointing to the reels.

"No, no! Me Inglis photographer, make pictures—for cinematograph," said Blanders, vehemently prodding his chest with his forefinger.

"You Bulgarian spy—make de photos?" said the officer. "You must be shoot—*piff-paff!*"

He raised his arms as if sighting a rifle; two of his fellow-officers laughed and showed their rows of splendid teeth. The general looked on, solemn and impassive, his stout body throned squarely in his chair, his patent-leather boots heel to heel.

"No, no!" said Blanders, frantically. "I show you."

He made two steps toward the reels, thrusting out his dirty hand to take one up; but he ran his temple against something hard and cold, another huge, devilish-looking Mauser pistol in the hands of one of the officers, a young fellow of about his own age.

"No," said the interpreter, shaking his head, "no."

He knocked the ash from his cigarette, then took up the iron reel himself, and turned it curiously in his hand. There were cries of caution from the other Turks. It was obvious that they thought it some new form of infernal machine. Blanders burned to enlighten them. He was anxious to show them a film already developed, so that they might see the pictures upon the negative. That would certainly convince them.

He thought of his passport, and raised his hand in order to draw it out; but one of the soldiers gripped his arm. An officer plunged his hand into his pocket. His wriggling fingers tickled Blanders, who writhed, and burst into a convulsive, uncontrollable titter.

"'Ere, keep yer fingers off my funny-bones!" he yelled.

He marveled at himself, laughing thus in the presence of death, even when tickled.

The dirty folded paper was handed to the general. He took it, unfolded it, and stared at it with dull, sleepy eyes. Not a trace of thought or emotion passed across his cold features.

"Inglis passport!" said Blanders, frantically pushing forward, and pointing to the lion and the unicorn.

The officer with the film put up a hand. Blanders stared at it. The middle finger was missing, a stump but lately healed. This awful hand pushed Blanders back. The general flung the passport upon the table like some discarded newspaper. He seemed very bored and indifferent. The lion and the unicorn, those friendly and familiar beasts, the seal and the signatures, did not impress him in the least. Blanders felt all his chief defenses crumble away—his faithful "life-belt." There was death and doom in the mien of these Turks.

Suddenly the officer dropped the iron reel that contained the film. The others started back as if expecting an explosion. The springy, slippery ribbon of celluloid leaped from the channeled spool. In a moment, like some endless, convulsive steel spring or serpent, it had writhed all over the floor in great and quivering loops.

The officers caught it up and regarded it with interest. Blanders groaned. The film was ruined, the milky sensitized surface blasted into blackness by this ruthless exposure. It was No. 3 of the battle of Kouleli Baba, which he had taken that

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"The whole camp was a hell of death, disorder, flame, and impenetrable smoke"

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very afternoon. He stared at the label on which he had written the title and number.

"It 's me best film," he groaned. "I 'd 'a' ruther hev lost me arm than that there film."

Darkness and despair possessed his soul. He had been so proud of that splendid record of furious battle movements. Its careering figures, its volleying puffs of smoke and dust, its flashing lines of bayonets, and plunging squadrons of men and horses would never flicker through the mote-laden air of ten thousand picture-theaters, enthralling millions of people.

The Turkish general now made his first move. He bent his stout body and picked up the metal reel. His bearded lips mumbled syllables as though he were painfully spelling out a word. He beckoned to one of his officers, who also read the words Blanders had scrawled upon the paper label.

"Num-ber three," he heard, "ze battle ov Kouleli Baba."

The lethargic Khaled Bey leaped to his feet. The name was already wormwood to him, the scene of his greatest defeat. His fanatic Moslem pride now flamed into fury. His small sleepy eyes became flaring topazes scintillating with fire. He uttered several sharp, quick commands. The officers undid the other reels.

They laughed and joked as the tough, writhing ribbons wriggled through their hands. They flung some of the reels along the avenues between the tents outside. The ten-thousand-foot films, unrolling, ran through the camp, radiating like the branches of a river or a tree. In the tent there was an enormous knotted snarl, a tangled jungle of dingy celluloid ribbon.

The general now made an abrupt motion with his hand. The motion, as Blanders plainly perceived, was one that swept him out of existence—a brushing, sidewise motion of the fingers with the hand held downward, as one would flick dust from one's coat. The two soldiers wheeled into place beside Blanders. The lieutenant saluted. Perce Blanders knew that these commands and movements meant that the moment for his execution had arrived. The brownish blot he had seen on the cover of his prison-tent quivered like a drunken sun before his eyes. But the gust of icy terror which swept over Blanders's skin now gave way to a sudden eruption of desperate rage. All the life forces within his narrow little chest mustered themselves against the last ghastly outrage of his taking-off.

"Me Inglis subject!" he cried distractedly, pointing once more to the passport on the table.

The solemn general now laughed. Blanders made a comic figure, with his tow-colored wisps of hair, his popping blue eyes, his big mouth, with the two large front incisors projecting at an angle. The general took up the passport, crumpled it into a rough torch, struck a wax match, and lighted the paper at one end. Then he drew forth a silver case and lighted a cigarette with the torch. He stretched out his arm as if to apply the flame to the mass of tangled films in the center of the tent.

Blanders pitched forward with a loud cry. He dropped his Pidgin-English, and shouted with all the force of his best days in Kentish Town:

" 'Ere, fer Gawd's sike! thet 's celluloid! Thet 'll blize like gunpowder. F'r Gawd's sike! keep aw'y thet fire!"

Two heavy hands dragged him backward. The general, turning contemptuously on his heel, flung the burning paper into the midst of the tangled films.

A fountain of flame leaped to the roof of the tent. Sheets and tongues and streamers of fire whirled everywhere. The inflammable ribbons became blazing serpents that leaped crackling into the air and lashed and hummed and sputtered in all directions. There were shouts, cries, curses. The canvas of the tent, the cloth cover of the wooden table, caught fire. The pungent, chemical smell of the burning films filled the tent with choking camphor fumes. There was a stench of burning hair and cloth. The soldiers who held Blanders fell back and ran. In the red

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inferno of the tent he caught a glimpse of the stout general brushing the flaming streamers from him and yelling like a madman. Blanders blundered about in the smoke and confusion. His eyebrows and hair were singed, and he was half-blinded. His throat felt raw and aflame. His groping hands came in touch with the carafe. He set it to his lips, and gave a deep gulp. The stuff was sweet and syrupy. His camera had been close beside the carafe, he remembered. He felt the box, and hugged it to his breast, then plunged reeling out of the tent.

The flames were following their tracks, blazing fuses that hissed and flared and exploded in all directions. Soldiers and officers were running madly about. An arm was thrust out toward him, a hand. Then came a spurt of flame, a sharp crack; he felt a red-hot needle plunge into his shoulder. The tents were blazing, the dry grass flared and smoked. Shadows flitted out of the flame; there were pistol-shots, the flashing of officers' swords seeking to stem the stampede. Then a terrific neighing and whinnying broke upon his ear as he crouched down behind a bush. The cavalry horses were running amuck. They swept the panic-stricken men before them, trampled them under their iron-shod hoofs. The whole camp was a hell of death, disorder, flame, and impenetrable smoke. Sweating devils, with powder-stained faces and rolling eyes, plunged out of the flames. They dragged cannon the flanks of which glinted in the crimson glare. Suddenly a terrific explosion stunned earth and heavens. It seemed to burst his ear-drums. It flung him to the ground. An enormous cylinder of fire shot toward the heavens, spotted with patches of black, and followed by wallowing clouds of smoke. These rolled over the ground, thick, choking, sulphurous. An explosion of ammunition stores!

Dazed, stunned, blinded, his throat still full of flame and a strange, hot, smelly dampness that rose from his clothes, Perce Blanders crouched down behind a dust-covered wooden box near a bush in the midst of the wild disorganization and rout. And then the passion of his profession overcame him again, the glorious chance of immortalizing the mad dash and havoc of war. One film was still left in the machine. The red brightness of the fire mingled with the white glare of the sun. He propped the camera up on the empty wooden case and waited for the smoke to lift. He felt faint, his clothes were drenched with something warm and heavy, the pain in his shoulder now resembled the gnawing of red-hot teeth. He wet his lips with his tongue and kept repeating:

"Lost the film o' that Kouleli Baba battle! Burnt it, the blarsted idjits!"

The clash of men engaging men came from the left. There was a great commotion among the thickets of trees that surrounded the camp. He heard the cracking of rifles, the thudding of cavalry. Bullets whizzed overhead, the clear, taut humming of which he had grown to know well. Clouds of dust and thick smoke drifted by. Then came a furious rout of thousands of Turks, red horizontal streaks of flame, black specters, a whirlwind of uniforms, sabers, a rush of mounted phantoms out of the murk into the murk.

A Bulgarian captain who was returning from the pursuit of the Turks, saw a half-kneeling figure behind a bush, its bare arm turning in a circle. A Turkish mitrailleuse that had escaped! He drew his automatic revolver, aimed at the dim figure, and fired.

The bullet had no effect. He had missed. He was about to fire again when he saw that there was something unusual in the attitude of the figure. And was that a glimpse of the red cross he had caught?

Cautiously he approached; he saw a young bareheaded man, his face streaked with dust and blood, kneeling in a dark pool. His head rested upon a wooden box, and his right hand went round and round in a regular, mechanical motion. It was Perce Blanders, turning ceaselessly, turning the handle of a brass-bound mahogany box which, after all, could not be a gun, since it gave forth no sound at all.

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CURRENT COMMENT

Immigration and the War

THE great war is like a continental upheaval, wiping out ancient landmarks and changing the direction of flow of the rivers. Eighteen years ago the swelling stream of immigration from southern and southeastern Europe passed in volume the old current from northern and northwestern Europe. So far the twentieth century has brought us from east and south of Germany nearly three times as many as from the more enlightened parts of Europe. The desirables of the Old World more and more held aloof as they saw that the pay, treatment, and consideration of immigrants in this country was becoming adjusted to the worth and standards of those from the more backward lands.

The war bids fair to open a new chapter in American history. Currents are likely to set in again from the British Isles, Belgium, and Germany. When the smoke clears away, we shall see the combatant countries plastered with national debts, their stores of capital wasted, their industries paralyzed, their foreign markets lost. There will be less both of population and of wealth; but the wealth will have shrunk far more than the population. The United States, with its low taxes, rapid secretion of capital, expanding industries, and prospects of peace, will attract the bankrupt business man, the ruined peasant, the skilled artisan out of work. If Germany wins, there will start up a great emigration of Belgians and British. If Germany loses, she will find her capital absorbed in indemnities, her merchant marine wrecked, her oversea markets in the hands of others. In such plight what would be more natural than for Germans to emigrate in great numbers?

With such desirables in sight, now is a good time to set up tests that will narrow the inflow of unlettered, low-grade immigrants and hold our opportunities open to the war-stricken refugees from western Europe.

Just as the historians of England credit certain marked impulses in the life of the English people to the immigration of skilled Flemings, deft Walloons, and artistic Huguenots, so the later historian of the American people may trace precious elements in our future culture to the Western Europeans who cast in their lot with us after the great war.

The subjection of our immigration to a rational control in the interest of the national health is the greatest opportunity for constructive statesmanship presented to the new Congress.

England, a Nation of Mystery

FOR years we have been accustomed to regard as mysterious peoples only the inhabitants of the Orient. It has often been said by those who have studied them that no Westerner can ever really understand the Chinese or the Japanese character. To a few it has doubtless occurred that all nations, all great bodies of people forming a political entity, are at times mysterious and unfathomable to the outside world.

To-day, if we look about us, it is a Western nation which most seriously challenges our curiosity.

The day war began a fog of silence and secrecy settled over the British Isles. The world may guess what is going on in Germany. It already knows that the reports of disaffection on the part of the German masses were incorrect; that the attempt to separate the Kaiser and his militarists from the rest of the people was absurd. In France the spirit and attitude of the entire nation cannot be doubted; they fight, old and young, royalist and republican, for their very life, and they fight well. Belgium, her king and government on friendly alien soil, wages the battle of des-

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peration. Even Russia, half Western and half Oriental, has gained new life and unity from her entrance into the great struggle.

But England—what of the most democratic nation in Europe? What do her people really think of this war? The world can only wait in patience. Of this, however, we may be sure, that an official censorship so rigid and undiscriminating as to provoke the bitter criticism not only of England's friends in this country, but of many among her own publicists, has allowed no word to reach the world which might be construed as unfavorable to the official situation.

Earl Kitchener is raising an army of a million. Volunteers are flocking to enlist, but there is much talk of conscription. Ireland is loyal, but has in places proclaimed her neutrality. The Indian chieftains are reported officially to have placed their men and treasure at the disposition of the British Empire, but some are said to be under surveillance and some actually under guard.

The Boers have split, and the end is not yet in sight. Of Egypt we hear nothing, though a Turkish force is reported to be on what is now British soil. What of the Khedive's attitude after the long years of "advice" which he has received?

Canada and Australia have proved splendidly loyal to the demands of the Empire, a significant fact for empire-builders. Those two colonies which are held to England by gossamer threads of control stand firmest by her side in her hour of peril.

At the time of the Russo-Japanese War an unknown German residing in England wrote to the British people:

> Now it seems to me, looking at the English schools, that the mainspring of our [German] success is here. Our youths, like your youths, are human, and would be lazy if there were no penalty for idleness. But the fact that those who are negligent and lazy at school have to put in an extra year of service [military] acts as a stimulus and compels the German boy to work, where the English boy spends his time in play. We may not be so good at games as you are, but games are, after all, a very unimportant thing in life. You are mistaking the means for the end.

Apropos of the charge, made in the English press itself, that the youth of the land prefers playing cricket to life in the trenches, this same German observer said just ten years ago:

> So far as my own experience and observation go, the majority of your workers read little but the sporting press, and care for little but betting and sport. I noticed as a strange thing that you regarded it as perfectly natural for a team of cricketers from South Africa to come over to England during your war with the Boers and play cricket, while England was fighting for her life in South Africa. If these young men had the leisure to play cricket, they surely had the leisure to fight. But no, with you sport comes before the performance of your duty to your country. I read one night on the bills of your evening press during the Boer War, "Brilliant Victory for England," and when I bought the paper I found that it was, after all, only an English eleven that had won a cricket match in Australia. All through the Boer War I saw that the papers read by your working-men seemed to think a "great innings" as of more importance than the progress of the struggle. To-day, while your ally [Japan] is fighting for her life, "all the winners" seems to sell a newspaper better than the news of a Japanese success, and the "Latest Tips from Gatwick" or Kempton are more important than the fall of a fort at Port Arthur.

The British army in France, officers and men, has shown skill and gallantry. It may be that the English people are fervently in favor of the war; that all the charges of apathy and holding back are unjustified. But until more light is afforded on the internal situation of the British Empire, the world will continue to be mystified.

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Song of the Radiator

By DEEMS TAYLOR

WHEN the winter ulster crawls
From its nest of camphor balls;
When the muffler, muff, and mitten
come to stay;
When the chilly morning dip
Seems a pleasant thing—to skip,
Hear the tapping
And the rapping
As I quit my summer's napping
And begin anew my thermostatic lay:
Clink! Clank! Clink!
Watch the coal-bin start to shrink
When the freezin'
Winter season
Comes along-long-long.
Though I 'm anything but cheap,
Still, you don't begrudge my keep;
For you love the clink and clatter of my
song-song-song.

When the winter 's at its worst,
And the water-pipes have burst,
I shall probably be colder than the pole.
If your rooms are chill and raw,
Wait until we have a thaw;
Then the flutter
And the sputter
Of my super-humid stutter
As the mercury emerges from his hole!
Hiss! Sftt! Drip!
Take a friendly little tip:
Did you deem me
Far from steamy—
Well, you 're wrong-wrong-wrong.
When the weather 's nice and mild,
How I love to drive you wild
With the spitting splash and splatter of my
song-song-song!

Through the long and noisy day,
With its din of work and play,
Very likely I 'll be silent as the grave.
But when bedward soft you creep
And are gently wooing sleep,
Hark! the clanging
And the whanging
And the energetic banging
As I tune my pipes and troll my nightly
stave:
R-rip! Whack! Bing!
Don't you love to hear me sing?
Though it 's rusty,
Still, my lusty
Voice is strong-strong-strong.
Curse me, masters, as you will;
You will never keep *me* still,
Nor the crashing thump and thunder of
my song-song-song—
Ho, the fiendish thump and thunder of
my song!

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A Boston Anecdote

By PAUL L. RITTENHOUSE

MR. BROMFIELD was on his way home one night, via Park Street, and was a bit disturbed by the attentive glances of a man across the aisle. He got off at his regular place, and started briskly up the road. At the first turn he discovered that the man of the glances was close behind. This was rather odd, but he walked on without any great thought on the subject.

At the second turn he was somewhat startled to find that the other man turned also, and then he began to watch him. Two more turns with the same result, and Mr. Bromfield felt that very queer sensation that comes to a man when he finds he is being followed. Having a sense of humor, he decided to put the case to an acid test by turning off from his usual way home to see what would happen. Into a driveway and through a very dark hedge into a private place he went, and then glanced backward. This was getting serious, to have a man right on his trail all the way from Park Street and into the country. Something must be done.

Now, Mr. Bromfield is a little man, and, besides that, a peace-loving citizen, so he decided to keep on with more speed. This would make a good story to tell at dinner to his family. With this comforting thought he walked along the hedge and out at the corner to a stable yard, with a sharp circuit of the stable and off into a large estate that he could not remember ever seeing before.

Half-way across the lawn toward the house he heard the hedge moving violently, and he realized that he had not gained an inch. A quick decision was necessary. Either he must "start something" or make a desperate effort to dodge his pursuer. His heart said flight; so flight it was, with no more time wasted as Lot's wife wasted it.

Gathering his evening paper, two magazines, and a pound of coffee in a close embrace, he ran around the house, into a garden, through a black clump of trees. In the next place there was a croquet-set in position, and into this he went blindly. Such a somersault he had not executed since boyhood. Magazines, paper, and package went several different ways, and his impetus brought him to his feet again.

The heavy impact of feet close behind gave him a fresh start, like a cannon-ball. Acceleration was absolutely necessary now. He broke through vegetable gardens, ash-heaps, wood-piles, beautiful lawns. It was a lawn that finally won the race for him. In the execution of a flank movement around a big house that was only an outline in the night he crashed into a large soft bush.

At the moment of bracing himself for a new and faster burst of speed there came a heavy thud at the corner of the house, and then quiet, which he was all too glad to have, for there was desperate need of breath. He could not go on, for if the man was badly hurt something must be done for him. Still not a sound; so back Mr. Bromfield went to a dark mass just under a thick-woven steel clothes-line of the sort that is sure ruin to a big man running in the dark.

After ten minutes there were signs of life, and after ten more the stranger's eyes opened and he began to get his bearings. Finally he sat up, with the help of Mr. Bromfield, and his lips framed a faint question:

"Do you always go home this way?"

For some unexplained reason Mr. Bromfield felt very guilty at this, and he found difficulty in answering.

"No," he said in almost friendly tone; "I was annoyed at your following me, and I tried a roundabout way to shake you."

The stranger laughed, hurt as he was.

"The ticket-man at Park Street told me to follow you, because you live two doors from the house where I am expected for dinner."

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A Milk Toast

By BURGES JOHNSON

COME, fill your glasses brimming up,
And raise them overhead!
I 'll pledge a toast before I sup,
So hasten with the foaming cup;
It 's nearly time for bed.

I sing not of the ruby wine,—
My years do not allow,—
Though grown-ups praise the fruitful vine.
Clink glasses to this toast of mine:
Long live the mooly cow!

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"Say, Dad, if you kind of wait around for a while I 'll maybe get a chance to interduce ye to the captain of our team!"

"Ma, why can't Jimmy come out and dig these potatoes? He ought to know where they are. He planted them."

"Did you water this rubber plant, Bridget?"
"I did not, ma'am; I thought them rubber plants was waterproof."

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Owned by John Wanamaker

Head of Christ

Detail from painting "Christ before Pilate" by Michael Munkácsy

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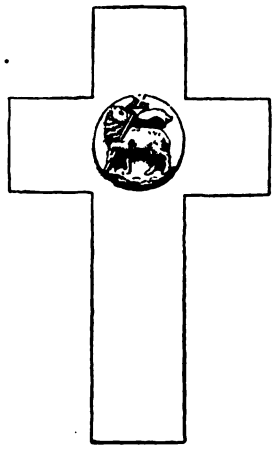

Has the Church Collapsed?

By EDWIN DAVIES SCHOONMAKER

Author of "The Saxons," "The Americans," etc.

WHILE THE CENTURY is not in accord with many of the ideas presented in this paper, it has, with thinking people in general, a very keen realization of the fact that all is not well with the Christian church. Where lies the fault? Not in Christ, the author declares; for He came to bring peace—the peace that His professed followers have now shattered by the greatest war of all time. Has the church, in gaining the whole world, lost its soul? —THE EDITOR.

RECENTLY, when the Rheims cathedral was bombarded, a cry went up from enlightened lands that a work of art had been destroyed. Here, if we only realized it, was the most complete indictment of the church that was ever made. For what could be more painful to a person or an institution that had once been a power in the world than to be utterly forgotten? Far better the most rabid denunciation. And a century ago this proof of the vitality of the church would not have been lacking. Indeed, a decade ago the falling of bombs upon that ancient roof would have called forth at least a sneer from free-thinkers the world over. But to-day even this praise is denied her. Amid the general indignation, even the clergy seem to have forgotten that it is a house of God that has suffered disaster. It has ceased even to be incongruous one day to pray to Jehovah for success for the German guns and the next day to turn those guns upon a cathedral. Something has severed the connection between this building and the high heavens, for the sigh of the world is only that a work of art has been destroyed. The beauty of the nave has outlasted the religion of the altar. Apollo has triumphed over the Christ.

And all this has come about as naturally as ripe fruit falls from a bough. For no one imagines that it is the sudden shock,

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the excitement of war, that has diverted attention from the church. That which we have witnessed is simply a unique registering of an ancient fact. For, as we all know, it was during years of peace that the spirit of the church was bombarded. That which fell yesterday upon the heart of the world was merely the beautiful stones of an old Christian temple that, though we were only half aware of it, had long ago taken its place with Karnak and the Parthenon. It is this splendid isolation, this slow conversion of a sectarian house of worship into a monument of art, that has made possible the world-wide regret that even war should violate this treasure of humanity. At last, after centuries as a shrine of a narrow doctrine, the old building has become a thing of wide human concern. Shintoist and Hindu, Mohammedan and Christian, all these may now in unison cry out as from a personal wound.

While never before, probably, was such a tribute paid to art in its general character, it is the profound change which this indicates in the Christian world that surprises us most, not because we were not aware that a profound change had taken place, but because now for the first time we are face to face with the thing that registers infallibly the full ebb of the tide. And very clearly it is not an ebb from one shore, with a corresponding flow upon another, as it invariably is with the movements of the ocean, but an ebb complete and world-wide. And only yesterday Wordsworth was lamenting the loss of the classical age. Only this morning, it seems, the sighing of Swinburne's "Last Oracle" was in our ears: "Thou has conquered, Galilean." And here almost in one lightning flash the pagan world is restored!

It is high time to put away pretenses and face realities. The world's New Year's day is upon us, and if we are wise, we will set down in our inventory only those things which we actually have on hand. If there are empty boxes upon our shelves, let us mark them empty boxes. For, though we seem not to realize it, it is quite as important to know exactly what spiritual resources we can count on in peace and war as it is to know exactly what military equipment we possess. No surprise which the present war has caused us in any way compares with that first amazement over our spiritual unpreparedness. Ignorantly or deliberately we had been deceived. Time and again we had been told by those who claimed to know about such things that our moral forces were amply sufficient to hold back the deluge that has overwhelmed us. And we shall be deceived again if we do not immediately wipe off our books the padded figures that are responsible for this delusion.

Let us understand at the outset that it is no more discreditable for an institution to die than it is for a man to die. Only when death has been hastened by a violation of the higher law does the event become a proper subject for moralists. Then there is a lesson to be learned. The mistakes of yesterday become the guideposts of to-day and the wisdom of to-morrow. And the to-morrow that is now dawning will need all the wisdom that we can extract from the past.

It is impossible to understand the undeniable vitality of primitive Christianity without understanding something of the early world into which the Christian message was released. For the soil, as we know, is half the harvest, and unless we take this into consideration, we shall be at a loss to account for the shrinkage which, unless artificial helps are employed, must inevitably ensue.

It has been said that the year in which Jesus of Nazareth was born was a year of world-wide peace. The fact is significant simply because it is an exception. For centuries on each side of this little oasis stretches an interminable human waste. The Roman state, which ever with unfailing pride traced its ancestry back to Mars, the war-god, was from its very beginning a military power. And by military power I mean not so much that it busied itself with wars as that these wars were the natural product of the tree upon

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which they grew. And if in this particular year no fruit fell to the ground, and if Jesus of Nazareth slipped unnoticed into the quiet world, it by no means indicates that the character of Rome was changing or that her world-wide organization was in its decline. Indeed, we may truthfully say that up to that time her sword had only been sharpened, for it was afterward that Rome acquired that character which has ever since been inseparably connected with her name.

Yet to the seer capable of looking into the heart of things the hollow into which the Roman Empire finally fell was already there. In every bosom was an emptiness, in every life a longing toward the horizon. It was into this vacuum, a universal yearning for the lost kindness of the world, that Jesus of Nazareth at last found His way and began His work. Nature has a way of restoring her equilibriums. A rise and a continued high temperature in summer invariably brings about a reaction which cools the atmosphere. Similarly in the moral world a denial of all those divine-human qualities which are summed up in the word love is equally certain to bring about their affirmation. It is the sure operation of this great law of nature that makes it possible for men to smile in the flames of martyrdom, that gives to the despairing heart in the darkest of ages an absolute assurance of an eventual dawn. Jesus of Nazareth was the first faint flush upon the enormous Roman night. If millions of slaves turned instinctively toward Him, it was a testimony not only to the character of Jesus, but also to the intense darkness which surrounded them. Whether the day that then began has ever fully come or whether, if it does come, it will be a Christian day, are matters which for the present may be deferred. What we now seek is the meaning of that early message and the secret of its undoubted power.

If we understand heat, we need give little attention to the study of cold; if we know the dark, we also know the light. In like manner, if we understand the character of the Roman state,—shall we say also of the Roman people?—this knowledge will be of incalculable help to an understanding of Christianity, for the latter was a reaction against the former as a rain is a reaction against a drought. If we have watched the effect of a drought, the withering of the leaves, the dying of the grass, the lowing of the herds, we may shut our eyes and ears, when told that a rain has fallen, and know instinctively what has happened.

The carpenter of Nazareth was in every respect a complete antithesis of the Cæsars, and that which He gave to the world is inherently as opposed to that which Rome gave to the world as one thing can be opposed to another. And Jesus Himself recognized this when He declared, "Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's." If this means anything, it means that the possession of those things which by nature belong to Cæsar presupposes a loss of those things which by nature belong to God; in other words, that Cæsar is on one side and that God is on the opposite side. If the church has fallen upon evil days, the reason is not difficult to find. Throughout the ages churchmen have tried to reconcile in theory and in practice these irreconcilables, to bridge a chasm that in its very nature is unbridgable and eternal. From the very beginning the church has found herself in the dilemma, Cæsar or God, and she has held firmly to both horns. And holding thus fast to a contradiction, she has died.

The Roman Empire was an empire of solid possessions, capable of being measured in square miles. And the armies that went forth from the golden mile-stone in the Forum had as their sole aim to add to these possessions, to conquer provinces, to increase the number of subjects, to swell the revenues of the state. And the marvelous system of laws which Rome devised was wrought out for the one purpose of holding these vast possessions together. In a word, from her feet of clay to her head of gold, Rome was everywhere and always a material kingdom. That is why

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her whole spiritual life was a borrowed life. While other nations were at prayer or were uttering sincere aspirations in marble statues, which is much the same thing, Rome, with equal fidelity to the admonitions of her heart, was practising arms in the Campus Martius or loosing her eagles to fly far over sea and land. If the Roman ever independently caught a gleam of the spiritual world, it was as the flash of a search-light across the night, seen one moment, then forgotten. Coming in Roman history upon an aspiring soul like Marcus Aurelius, who, though a Roman emperor, was by nature a full brother of the Nazarene, is like coming upon a crystal in an interminable ledge of granite. From the founding of the city to where she disappears under the deluge of the barbarians, Rome was essentially a denial of the spiritual world.

It has been said by historians that much of the persecution which the early church suffered at the hands of the Cæsars was due to the fact that the church already was active in politics and was furthering a movement for the overthrow of the Roman state. By which doubtless we are to understand that had the church kept out of politics, she would not have been persecuted. We may infer from this that, in the opinion of these writers, there was nothing in Christianity as a religion to incur the enmity of the Cæsars.

Here again is that confusion of which I have spoken, that failure to perceive that not only in their outer activities, but in their essences, Christianity and Romanism are opposites. And I use the word opposites here not at all in the loose sense in which it is sometimes employed when, for instance, it is said that a gas is the opposite of a solid. Under certain conditions a gas may become a solid, but it is evident to any one who knows anything at all of the nature of Christianity and Romanism that in no circumstances can the one possibly become the other. The essence of the Roman power was outer authority; that of the Christian is inner perception. And these two can no more exist together than you can force a man to do a thing and persuade him to do it at the same time. Jesus of Nazareth came to restore the lost kindness of the world, and to do this He was obliged to proceed in a fashion diametrically opposite to that in which the Cæsars proceeded. The Cæsars, as we know, surrounded themselves with all the paraphernalia of distinction, palaces, guards, the purple, servile men; for these, as is well known the world over, are indispensable to material power. To compete with Cæsar in any of these things or, for that matter, to express the opinion that there were or ever had been poets or musicians greater than Cæsar, was to put one's life in peril. And always the people were encouraged to deify their monarch, to look upon Cæsar as God. And the more cruel, the more bestial he became, the more he was exalted to heaven.

Jesus of Nazareth, on the other hand, not only set Himself resolutely against all this, but in the very nature of things He could not have done otherwise. For the sole purpose of all this is to beget fear, and fear is the opposite of love. And therefore He consistently put behind Him every temptation to distinguish Himself in any way from the common man. For to encourage servility or to allow it would, as He knew, weaken His message by transferring its base to the outer world. So instead of establishing Himself in a capital, He preferred to be a wanderer; instead of a palace, He chose rather to have not even a cottage; instead of guards, He would not allow even one sword to defend Him; instead of intercourse with the mighty of earth, He associated with fishermen and with outcasts, to show doubtless that they were outcasts not from God, but from Cæsar, and that there is absolutely nothing in outward poverty inconsistent with inner riches.

Even in that thing in which He was admittedly superior to those about Him, His goodness, even in this He would permit no comparison that would elevate Him. "Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is, God." And always when He speaks of Himself, it is as the son of man. Never does He arro-

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gate to Himself that which He denies in quality to other men. The claim which the church has made and the emphasis which she has since laid upon this claim that Jesus is the son of God in a way wholly different from that in which an elder brother is, along with his younger brothers, a son of the same father, is Romanism pure and simple, and was undoubtedly invented and has since been adroitly insisted upon for the same purpose as that for which a similar claim was made for the Cæsars, to overawe and thus lay the foundation for outer authority.

How degraded a thing humanity was in the ancient world is nowhere so pathetically exhibited as in the attitude which Rome took toward the Christ. No point of contact that could possibly be removed has been left between men and this teacher of men. All those splendid superstitions with which they had surrounded the birth of Romulus are draped round the crib of the man of Nazareth. As in the former case, the human father is gotten rid of to make room for Mars; in the latter the same thing is done to make room for Jehovah. That a human being could be divine was to the Roman inconceivable. And in the Roman we can understand it. It is only the persistence of the idea to the present day that surprises us. Or, rather, it would surprise us were it not clear that almost from the first century the objective of the church also has been empire.

The first span, then, in the bridge which ever since the church has been building between Christ and Cæsar is this denial of the humanity of Jesus.

Among spiritual men, John, the beloved disciple, has been generally recognized as the most perfect reflection of the Master. And his obscuration by Peter is, if we except only the crucifixion of Jesus, unquestionably the greatest tragedy of the early church. That a man of such marked spiritual endowments as the author of the fourth gospel should have been relegated to Patmos while the building of the church, which was supposed to be a spiritual institution, was committed to a man like Peter is one of those incongruities of which the world is full and with which the human mind wrestles in vain. The giving of the keys to Peter is such a reflection upon the insight of Jesus that we are inclined to regard the whole story as a forgery, like that other proved forgery, the Donation of Constantine, on the basis of which the church laid claim to the throne of the empire. The imagination naturally pictures Peter in the Crusades. With what fervor would he have harangued the Council of Clermont! With what zeal would he have gone forth with Godfrey and Tancred! But Jesus of Nazareth would not have been at home in these violent movements. Nor can we conceive of John as anything but pained by this general drawing of the sword in the name of the Master. But Peter, as we know, well intentioned though he doubtless was, even in the Master's presence, instinctively lays his hand upon his hip. And it is of Peter, too, that the story is told how, forgetful of a similar weakness in his own nature and of Christ's gentleness toward this failing, he struck Ananias and Sapphira dead for lying. That Peter should finally have gone to Rome, as tradition tells us he did, is not at all surprising. For by temperament he belongs there, just as Marcus Aurelius belongs among the disciples. And if the church was to be what it became, an organization with world-wide ambitions such as kindled the brains of the Cæsars, no one of the Apostles was so fitted to be its founder as was he.

In the character of Peter we have the second span of the great bridge between the living word of Jesus and the pageantry of the Eternal City. Henceforth the spiritual kingdom was to be established upon material pillars; inner perception was to give way to outer authority.

If any one familiar with Roman history and the Roman character can read the New Testament and not see that it would be utterly impossible for Christianity to conquer Rome, there is something seriously wrong with his psychology. And if any one thinks that Christianity ever

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did conquer Rome, he had better lay side by side the Sermon on the Mount and the history of the Dark Ages. When the statement is made, as it is frequently made by historians, that Christianity succeeded to the throne of the Cæsars, it is obvious that the author is using the word Christianity not at all in the sense of a spiritual kingdom, but rather to express those outer characteristics which, owing to the transforming influence of the Roman organization, have since become known as Christianity. To mistake the church which rose on the ruins of the Roman Empire for the church which the man of Nazareth established is proof positive of ethical and spiritual blindness. And to maintain, as some do who readily perceive the fallacy of this claim, that it is not possible to enter the spiritual kingdom except through a material organization, indicates a myopia different from the former only in degree.

But the time had now come when it was necessary to explain the new gospel to the wise, and for this purpose the conversion of Saul of Tarsus was most opportune, for Saul of Tarsus was a philosopher. He was more than that. By birth a Hebrew, by adoption a Roman, by education a lover of the Greeks, he was admirably equipped to translate into cosmopolitan terms the provincial gospel of the Nazarene. There are churchmen to-day who regard the apostle Paul as the father of modern Christianity, and if we remember that it is for "modern" Christianity the claim is made, it must be conceded that their claim is not altogether unfounded. For who does not see that modern Christianity is a philosophy, that that thing which in the hands of Jesus was a religion, a thing to be lived, became in the hands of Paul a thing to be believed, a creed? Henceforth, instead of the clear perception of the spirit, there was to be substituted ratiocination; instead of conscience, there was to be intellect; instead of love and the unity of love, there was to be disputation and a calling of names. By intellectualizing primitive Christianity, by making abstruse and difficult of comprehension that simple thing which the most childlike can understand, Paul opened the gates of controversy and casuistry. The church had now only to go straight on to come upon the sword that was waiting for her, and to enter upon that campaign against heresy which was to complete the monstrous perversion.

What I say here of Paul and what I said before of Peter is said with no intention of reflecting upon the integrity of these men. The sacrifices which they underwent are sufficient to dispose of any doubt upon this point. Yet, as we all know, if good intentions were all that are necessary, the world would be a very different place from what it is. Could the apostle Paul have foreseen the harvest of scholasticism, the dissensions, the confusion of what is fundamental with what is adventitious, that were to spring up from his labored disquisitions, he would probably have gone about his work in another way. If we will only remember that philosophy is speculative and that religion is practical, it will become at once apparent how easy it is for religion to lose its vitality by being confounded with philosophy. When once this fog has settled down, it is then possible for churchmen to discuss such questions as baptism, transubstantiation, and the nature of God without perceiving that they long ago left religion behind.

How essential to the work begun by Peter was the work accomplished by Paul becomes clear when we consider the nature of authority. While truth remains cosmic, and its power over the individual is the result of inner perception, it is impossible to establish a central authority or even to diffuse this authority in an organization. For men who have truth in their own hearts or who realize that the perception of truth is a matter of spiritual unfolding will never obey either a man or an organization. But once this cosmic character of truth is destroyed, once people are persuaded that the truth of religion can be arrived at only by reason, from that moment the training of the intellect becomes all important, and men are

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looked up to in proportion to their educational equipment. From this time on, especially to scholars, it becomes absurd that carpenters like Jesus and lens-grinders like Spinoza and shoemakers like Jacob Boehme should know anything of the higher laws.

With the impetus toward philosophy which Christianity received from the apostle Paul, the way was opened for the control of one man by another, of multitudes by a few. Church councils became the order of the day. The ethical content of Christianity was scooped out. Doctrine became more important than life. Not righteousness, but heresy, was henceforth the chief concern of the church. From this time on one has only to believe and to obey those who formulate the belief. The spiritual kingdom becomes identified with the church, and to enter into the one, a man has only to become a member of the other.

Here is a Christianity, if by any stretch of the imagination we may call it so, that the Roman will accept, for this is something he can use. Here is fresh blood for the decrepit limbs of the state, youthful energy with which to refill the exhausted channels of empire. Once more her legions may go forth, and the barbarians of the North, who for centuries have hurled their might against the empire of the Cæsars until it is falling in fragments, will admit this new power into their hearts, though it is virtually identical with that which they have driven from their fields. And thus Cæsarism, which had gone down, will rise again and go forth in triumph not only to the Rhine and to the border of Scotland, but west and north to the ends of the earth. And for century on century the new empire will stand, established as it henceforth is in the human mind.

This, then, is the third span in the great bridge between Christ and Cæsar.

But a fourth was to be built before the end. It was never quite enough for Cæsar to be the head of the Roman organization and the giver of Roman law; he must surround himself with all those extravagances which only monarchs can afford and which seem to be essential to the control of millions of people. For the millions judge of power by the show it makes, and their obedience is lavish or scant as this outward display is prodigal or meager. And therefore it is a matter of prime importance for Cæsar to establish himself in palaces, to wear robes of purple and gold, to environ himself with all those splendors that to the millions spell power. And upon entering into her Roman inheritance the church was not long in perceiving this. And forthwith she set zealously to work to supply this deficiency which the Nazarene had overlooked, and stone by stone there began to rise that fourth and last span between Christ and Cæsar. With an organization fashioned after the model of the Roman state, and a creed capable of serving all the purposes of the Roman law, she had now only to put on the robes of magnificence to complete the transformation.

There are those who still think that the art movement of the Renaissance was a Christian movement; and as proof of this they point to the fact that virtually the whole of the vast energy of this movement was spent in carving chalices, in painting madonnas, in building cathedrals. This position is of course untenable. The Renaissance was, as we know, a classical revival, a spirit kindled at the ancient altars of Greece and Rome. And though the fire thus kindled was put at the service of the dignitaries of the church, the latter fact proves nothing as to the origin of the inspiration of the old masters. With equal justice we might claim that modern art is a capitalistic movement because architects and painters are to-day frequently employed by the beneficiaries of capitalism. Michelangelo would probably have been as delighted to work for Pericles as he was to work for the pope.

He who thinks that wine or bread or cups or altars or buildings are Christianity or any part of Christianity is, without knowing it, inside a cathedral, and his ideas of Christianity are derived from the paraphernalia which he sees about him.

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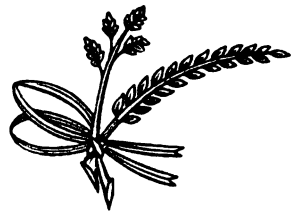
and his conception of the man of Nazareth from the dead figure which hangs in the window. Art has a place of its own, and has nothing to gain from being confounded with religion. On the other hand, religion has much to lose from being confounded with art. The purpose of art is to refine and ennoble the sentiments, the purpose of religion to refine and ennoble conduct. Any confusion of these aims has a tendency to make religion theoretical; to make unnecessary the transmutation of noble sentiments into deeds.

With the rise of the Protestant Reformation, which was the expression of the Renaissance in the North, the world for the first time awakened to the fact that the church had undergone a radical transformation, and that the purpose of withholding the Bible from the people, as it had been withheld for centuries, was to prevent the change from becoming known. More and more clearly it was being seen that the church was in reality the Roman Empire resurrected and wielding its authority not now solely from the Seven Hills, but also from the throne of the hereafter. The assault which then began under the leadership of Wycliffe, Huss, Luther, Calvin, and others, while carried on with a fervor worthy of the ancient prophets, had as its aim not the complete divorcement of Christianity and Cæsarism, but the overthrow of the Roman organization, with its centralized, imperial authority. That organization itself, even without this centralized authority, was no part of Christianity seems not to have been perceived, for on the ruins of the Roman Church in the North rose organizations not utterly dissimilar. For centuries still the idea was to prevail that the spiritual kingdom is not wholly spiritual, that inner perception must somehow be squared with outer authority. Naturally, therefore, the creed had to be maintained or the church as a material organization would disappear. For it would then be possible for a man to become a Christian by practising the Sermon on the Mount, and not as now by accepting the Thirty-nine Articles or those other matters of profession which virtually all the churches still insist are of divine origin.

Is it any wonder that the tide has gone out and left the church utterly powerless; that the whole vesture of Cæsarism with which she once overawed the millions has been stripped off piece by piece; that art has become art, still capable of arousing men to its defense; that philosophy has become philosophy, honorably installed in our educational system; that organization is still active in politics and industry; and that the church is nothing? Is it not a comment upon the hollowness of her pretensions that as civilization has advanced the church has receded and that annually her remaining millions ooze away and are lost in secular affairs?

All this would be of little moment and would merit the unconcern with which it is popularly regarded were there not a tremendously serious side to the matter. For nineteen centuries society has left in the hands of the church the direction of the moral forces of the world. And now, after all these centuries, we find ourselves falling into the same moral vacuum into which the Roman Empire fell. After eighteen hundred years it is as easy for men to thrust bayonets into one another as it was in the heathen world. Is it not apparent that the church has collapsed?

("The Bondage of Modern Religion," by the Rev. P. Gavan Duffy, will appear in our next issue.)



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Desert Invocation

By Francis V. Huntington

Descend, Great Spirit, now thou see'st our dire distress!
The desert sun does not burn down more pitiless
Than burns the white man's rancor toward our wasted race.
Their leaguing lies rise like foul smoke before thy face.
Descend! Descend!

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The Return

By ZOË AKINS

THE train stood motionless.
The people hurried,
But I—
I lingered, and went slowly out
After the others.
He was there.
We did not speak;
Our hands touched slightly,
And we looked away.
We passed among the people,
Saying but inarticulate things.
The door closed heavily, the motor edged
Free from the curb, and turned and moved
Down the dark street swiftly.
At last
A little sick and weary, worn
By all our jealousies, our quarrels, and our gladness,
And the vast tyranny
Of Love above our lives,
We clung together,
Wet-eyed and spent,
In a half-laughing, tremulous embrace;
Asking each other questions
And replying
In the same breath.
We talked of people, of places, of pleasures,
Of work, and of our loneliness;
Suddenly
He flushed and turned away,
And we were silent.
Then
He caught my hands
And held them to his lips,
His head bent low;
I sat quiet, shivering,
Thinking of the woman,
Or women, perhaps,
He had loved in my absence.

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National Defense

By ARTHUR BULLARD

THE question of national defense is not changed—it is only emphasized—by the European War. There is no new element in the situation. As there can be none of the "life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness" which our Constitution intends if foreign armies are to overrun our soil, it should evidently be the first care of the Government to secure us from such a fate.

Many of our "patriots" are grasping the occasion furnished by this European conflict to remind us that our navy is not so numerous as that of Great Britain, that our coast defenses are undermanned, that our army is small and ill-equipped. This, although it is obviously true, does not at all meet the question of national defense. Their assumption that the army and navy is our only hope of security is entirely unfounded. It is a tradition with us to have a military establishment, but it is childish, or worse, to pretend that it is our soldiers and sailors alone who, these hundred years, have protected our borders.

With the exception of a short period after the Civil War, when our army and navy were abnormally large, there has been no time when the British Empire was not strong enough on the sea to send troops to Canada with every prospect of an easy invasion. We have not been prepared to resist it. In time we might have gathered strength to drive them back. But what we have had in the past and want for the future is protection from the initial invasion. Driving the Germans out of Belgium will not rebuild Louvain.

Our northern frontier has been safe not because of our military strength, but because of our varied bonds of common tradition with the mother country; because to a large extent we understand each other. We have had our bellicose spasms—"Fifty-four, forty, or fight" and all that. Now and then the English have been mightily vexed at us, sometimes without reason. But we speak the same language and to a large extent wear the same cut of clothes. And this has made, if not thick and thin friendship between us, a sound basis of mutual understanding, which renders war highly improbable. The English knew that they could strip Canada of troops without fear of our trying to annex it.

It is perfectly possible to stimulate such "defensive" understandings between nations. And it is obviously more civilized to prevent war than to win at it. In the last few years a noticeable start had been made on this very modern idea: the Rhodes scholarships, exchange professorships, the Interparliamentary Union. This new movement threatened the vested interests of the militarists and armament-makers, and of course met with small encouragement in those countries where these classes rule; but it was gathering some headway.

Sir Harry Johnson's "Commonsense in Foreign Policy" and Georges Bourdon's "The German Enigma," are efforts in this direction. Neither of these men was a "pacifist," but both dreaded the possibility of even a successful war. They set earnestly at work to understand, and to explain to their countrymen, what the different countries of Europe want, wherein their aspirations conflict, and how the map of the world might be redrawn to remove such friction. Both believed that this war, which has threatened so long, might with better understanding be avoided.

If the British and French and German governments had been enlightened and truly pacific, they would have circulated these books by the hundreds of thousands. Such a campaign of education would have had more "defensive" value than a score of army corps. But the kings have a hoary tradition that the only way to protect their citizens from war is to train them to be more warlike than their neighbors.

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The United States broke away from this tradition when it founded the Bureau of American Republics. It is the business of this branch of our Government to create and stimulate cordial relations with our neighbors to the South. It is a step in the right direction, and we may well be proud to have taken it first; but it is a pitifully small step. The amount we spend on it annually is little more than the cost of one broadside from a battle-ship. But despite the niggardly appropriations, this effort to manufacture mutual understanding has already proved its "defensive" worth. The "A B C Mediation," which for a time at least relieved the strain with Mexico, and was of even greater value farther south, was its first fruits. We ought to extend greatly the work and resources of the bureau. We want to know the Latin-Americans better and we want them to know the best of us—or at least a fair average. It is unsafe to allow them to judge us, as they have done in the past, by the beach-combers, jailbird adventurers, and financial pirates—the hangers-on who too often use our South and Central American consulates as their club-houses.

The only acute menace of war of recent years has been from Mexico, and it was not invasion by the Mexicans we had to fear. Here as elsewhere the danger is lack of understanding. We hope the administration is well informed; the rest of us certainly are not. The newspapers contain absurdly contradictory statements, and we do not know which to believe.

But one thing we do know: there are too few schools in Mexico. And an ignorant population is an easy prey to unscrupulous adventurers. It is the illiteracy of the Mexicans, not their army, which we have to fear.

Circumstances may arise which will persuade our Government to conquer Mexico. The attempt will prove, if it comes, vastly more expensive than it would have been to have educated the country. Our previous administrations have shamefully neglected this work of national protection. But it is never too late to mend, and to allow the peons to remain longer illiterate is to invite the kind of complications most likely to lead to invasion. We do not have to fear that the Mexicans will sack St. Louis, but that we may be drawn into an aggression against a weaker power, a shameful war which foresight could have prevented. For every dollar we spend to put soldiers on our southern border, we should spend ten on the purely defensive work of building up an educated public across the frontier with whom we can be friends.

This is the logical work of the Bureau of American Republics. The results we could expect from it, given sufficient means, would be of lasting and immeasurable worth. The battle-ships, which cost so much, very quickly become obsolete.

Since the Civil War no one has feared armed invasion from any country but Japan. This menace has been grossly exaggerated, not always from laudable motives. But there is no gain in the ostrich policy of refusing to look at what danger there is.

The thing which most sharply differentiates our relations with Japan from those with Great Britain is that while we are well acquainted with the English, the Japanese of all the great nations are the people we know least. The unknown is always fearsome. The English who have had the longest and closest contact with the Oriental races do not dread them. "The Yellow Peril" is a phrase attributed to the kaiser, a man who has never been east of Suez. And we, who are woefully unacquainted with the Japanese, are unduly disposed to credit every sinister rumor.

This lack of understanding—and very dangerous it is—is not confined to us. The Japanese are as easily persuaded as we to believe fantastic and menacing stories from the other side of the Pacific. The day when Japan sent her recent ultimatum to Germany, the morning papers of Tokio contained what purported to be a despatch from Washington to the effect that President Wilson had read a special message to Congress about "our manifest destiny and predominant interests" in the

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Pacific, and that our Atlantic squadron was being rushed through the Panama Canal.

In a day or two this vicious *canard* was disproved. But for a day or two that kind of distrust which may so easily lead to worse was allowed free rein. If Japan ever does attack us, the chances are ten to one that the cause will be some such stupid misunderstanding. A government which does not strive earnestly to overcome such danger is wantonly neglecting the most obvious and simple form of defense.

Of course, if we wanted to, we could build a fleet so much larger than Japan could afford—it is merely a matter of dollars and cents—that they would be afraid to attack us single-handed and would be forced to seek new alliances with other naval powers. It was so that the German Government understood the problem of national defense. But it would certainly be more civilized, less expensive, and very much safer, to establish a sound basis of mutual understanding, the foundation of a real friendship.

Any government of ours which allows us to be dragged into a war on a misunderstanding, no matter how effectively it has developed our army and navy, will deserve impeachment. Treitschke, a German professor of politics, has taught that there are inevitable conflicts between states which can be settled only by force. The people of the United States are loath to accept this theory, but they are determined not to go to war on any other basis. Few Americans are Tolstoians. But woe to any administration which involves us in an unnecessary war!

Before a new battle-ship is built for our Pacific squadron, before a new gun is planted on our western coast, Congress ought to spend at least twice as much to prevent the chance of having to use them. Every expense for war should be preceded by a two-fold investment in peace. Chinese, Japanese, and Filipino students should be brought to America as the guests of our Government. We cannot leave so important a matter to the chance generosity of private citizens. We should make them acquainted with our colleges and also with our politics and press and the other phases of our national life. They should be encouraged to tell their impressions not only to their own people, but also to us. If we knew what the Japanese think of us, we would probably be less worried about them than we are; it would certainly make it easier to remove any offense we have unwittingly given them. And our young men and women should be sent to the Orient on the same mission.

Why not create a Bureau of the Pacific, beside that of the American Republics? It was evident that our diplomatic corps, inevitably tied up with the red-tape of their profession, could not do in Central and South America the things we wanted done. And there is no more reason to trust them across the Pacific—or the Atlantic.

Such activities as I have suggested are purely defensive; they could not be used for aggression. Therefore they will not satisfy our imperialists. To educate the Mexicans, for instance, would be a fatal blunder, if it is our intention to subjugate them. If we want to crush all rivals in the Pacific, we will need more of a navy. But if such is our ambition, let us be frank about it and not talk of defense. It is a strangely perverted logic for people who plead for national security to urge us to spend all, or even a large part of, our defense fund on the forms of "protection" which have not saved our European friends from the horrors of war.

But our imperialists, despite their loud voices, are in a minority. On the whole, we are quite content with our present borders. The more the rest of the world is convinced that we have no aggressive designs, the greater will be our security.

This European War reminds us of our duty to take adequate measures of national defense. But, the armament lobby and their friends to the contrary, military strength is not the only, or by any means the best, form of protection.

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The Man Who Was Too Good

By CAROLINE DUER

Author of "What a Woman Wants," "The Disengaged," etc.

Illustrations by William D. Stevens

IF all Miss Josepha Brant's friends, individually and collectively, had been asked why she had engaged herself to Emile Lauderdale, not one of them could have given a satisfactory answer. She was an active, vigorous, country-loving, horse-breaking, dog-fancying kind of girl, and he was a quiet, dreamy, vague, studious man, with a passion for rare prints, and a fortune only just large enough to permit him to wander softly about the world in search of them.

It was when returning to America after one of these wanderings that he was thrown into the intimate society of Miss Brant on board the gigantic liner which bore them both buoyantly toward the land of their birth.

She had been hunting in Ireland, and the bruise of a bad fall still slightly discolored her cheek. He had been hunting in Paris, and the glow of success attendant upon a lucky find in an old and out-of-the-way curiosity-shop still illumined his soul. They were equally well satisfied with the results of their expeditions, which perhaps made them the readier to be pleased with each other.

Emile, oddly enough, was a good sailor in his unostentatious way. Josepha, for all her fine physique, was a bad one. So was the elderly lady who rather remotely chaperoned the orphan heiress. Worse indeed than Miss Brant. Therefore, when that charming young woman recovered sufficient spirit to step unsteadily into the fresh air on the morning of the third day out, she was without a companion, and agreeably surprised to find herself almost face to face with an acquaintance, who, after the first slight confusion natural to a gentleman when addressed by a lady whose name he has for the moment entirely forgotten, seemed more than willing to carry her rug and her book, and settle her in the chair the deck-steward brought.

It was certainly pleasant to have found some one to—not exactly *lean* upon, but to loiter about with, later, when one felt like loitering. Mrs. Maturan as a dependence would be no good for days. Jo-

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sepha, settled, turned a pair of splendid brown eyes upon Mr. Lauderdale and began to talk to him of the various people he and she knew, and the various times she and he had met. She even worked back to that gay beginning of many little boy-and-girl encounters, the early dancing-class.

"I fancy you must be thinking of my cousin Ned," said he at that, with the patient air of one who has corrected the same mistake many times, and knows he will have to correct it many more before he dies. "Ned is the only Lauderdale people usually *do* think of. And he was always good at dancing, too. I never was."

"That 's why I remember you best," returned Miss Brant, smiling at the rather grim expression of his face. "You used to tie your legs into knots and look vindictive if any one spoke to you."

This picture might naturally not be supposed to present Emile to himself in an attractive light; but somehow her way of saying it amused him, and moreover he happened to cherish a contempt for dancing men, so the reference to his youthful idiosyncrasies served to impress him rather favorably.

"I hate all that sort of thing," he remarked broad-mindedly.

Josepha laughed.

"Well, you don't have to go to dancing-class now," she suggested in a soothing way.

"No. Nothing quite so bad as that," he admitted. "But if I go about at all nowadays, I 'm always being verbally ill treated because I can't whirl like a dervish or gallop-hobble like a stiff horse."

"It does n't sound pretty as you describe it," she conceded.

"And it does n't look pretty to me. They tell me it 's good exercise," he added after a moment, as if this excuse might be offered tentatively before the high tribunal of his own judgment. But he dismissed it at once with the brief sentence, "Not that I hold much with exercise."

This was more than Miss Brant could endure.

"Not in hot rooms, under gas-light, and going it all night long, perhaps. But nobody on earth can persuade me that he does n't feel the better for a good brisk, bracing walk, or, best of all, a good gallop on a fast horse."

"I 'd be stiff enough to dance anything after that," declared Mr. Lauderdale, conclusively.

The idea of himself on horseback seemed to cause him a certain aloof merriment.

"Do you mean to say you have never ridden or driven?" cried Miss Brant, aghast.

"I suppose I must have when I was young enough to believe it mattered what the other boys thought of me, but I have n't for years. You see, you have to pay so much attention to the horse when you are riding or driving, and I never want to. It bores me."

But it seemed he was still young enough to believe it mattered a little what other people, not boys, thought of him, for he had quite the air of pleading with Miss Brant as he made this confession. He found in his mind a dim remembrance of having heard somewhere that she was a mighty horsewoman.

In about two breaths she made it clear to him that she was a sportswoman of all sorts, and that she had but a poor opinion of any man who lacked the understanding, even, of his own deficiencies in that respect.

Mr. Lauderdale considered this reflectively for some time in silence; then he began to talk about books with an appearance of ignoring any previous subject of dispute between them that irritated his companion intensely. However, she accepted the change of conversation as an indication that he did not wish to quarrel with her for the violence of her earlier utterances, and followed his lead with what patience she could. She was really a little more snubby than she knew, and quite unaware of how many times she had said: "No, I never read it. No, really, I 'm sorry to be so ignorant, but I never heard of it," until she was brought up short by his remarking, with the air of an

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examiner who had finished with a backward pupil, "Well, you seem to know—and care—less about *my* interests than I do about yours; but I don't dislike *you* for it."

"Thank you very much," gasped Miss Brant. "I don't dislike you, either."

And before the voyage was over she somehow found that she liked him well enough to marry him.

People who saw them together at her country place on Long Island, however, vowed that she never would marry him. They observed him mooning about the library when she was playing tennis, dreaming on the hillside when she was calling for the golf-clubs she had persuaded him to carry, since she could by no means persuade him to attempt the game himself, and they declared that he had fallen off every horse in the stable, and allowed the prize bull-terrier to bite him to the bone, just so that doubts of its temper should drive her into disposing of it incontinently.

As a matter of fact he *had* mooned in the library and dreamed on the golf-course, but the terrier had only nipped him in play, and he had made light of the incident, although it had confirmed his opinion that he was not lucky in his relation with animals. As for the horses, nothing could have induced him to mount one of them. But it was to be noted that a very unfortunate happening marred the first drive he took with his fiancée. Josepha, having insisted upon his assuming the box seat in the breaking-cart, and he, having handed her to her place, settled himself in his own, tucked the rug round both of them, lighted a cigar, and then picked up the whip before he touched the reins, which, being twisted round it, had almost slipped away altogether. The groom at the horse's head had shown some anxiety, but Miss Brant had behaved beautifully, and never moved a muscle nor allowed an expression of any sort to cross her face. Not till they jerked down the drive had she permitted herself to remark sarcastically:

"You know it is considered safer to have the reins well in your hand before you get up at all, certainly before you do so much general housekeeping."

To which he had answered nothing at all, being occupied in drawing on his newly lighted cigar.

"Suppose the groom had not been there," she went on, "and the reins had fallen and the horse had bolted?"

"Well," returned Emile, with his air of thoughtful consideration, "if I had been *in* the cart, we 'd have been run away with together,—supposing it to be that kind of horse,—and if I 'd been *out* of the cart, you 'd have been run away with alone."

"Not if you 'd had the reins, don't you see?" said Josepha, emphasizing her point.

"You don't suppose I could have stopped him from the ground, do you?"

"I should have expected you to do so."

"My dear girl," remonstrated Emile, with an engaging smile, "I should hate to disappoint you; but if those are your expectations, we 'd better get out and walk. I 've always hoped to die in my bed."

Miss Brant did not get out and walk, but she did change places with him and drive, after he had sufficiently demonstrated that the amount of boredom he sustained in attending to the animal was likely to undermine the whole pleasure of the expedition.

She never asked him to drive again, although he frequently offered to do so, from the ground, or anywhere else that she might, in the interests of his education, think it necessary for him to essay. In fact, he was as good as gold; quaint, kindly, amusing, always ready to undertake in the most unaffected way the carrying out of any plan she might suggest, and willing to stroll about after her, or sit about and look on while she pursued her usual life of exercise and amusement. He followed, to a certain extent, her paths; he never asked her to step into his. Every now and then he sneaked away for a quiet hour with a pipe and a book, but he made it apparent that he would on no account interfere with her; he would let her go her own way and manage herself and him, too, without protest.

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This was, of course, one method, if one could credit Mr. Lauderdale with anything so positive as a method, of getting on with a woman; but how long it would prove effective in retaining Miss Brant's interest was another matter. Among the active, hardy, high-spirited sporting members of her especial community Josepha saw Emile in quite a different aspect to the one in which he had appeared to her on the steamer. There she had been distinctly below par, and he above it. Here it was quite the reverse. No matter how much his slow utterances and lazy ways might amuse her, they did not show him to advantage when anything forceful and alert was to be done. People might laugh —they often did—at the things he said, but she would have liked him to know how to *do* things: sail a boat, race a horse, beat another man at something more strenuous than argument, be carelessly proficient in games, and rather more of a gallant with women. On shipboard he had appeared easily master of the situation; on land she seemed to be entirely in command, and he not even a very able assistant.

There is no question that she took to bullying him, and up to a certain point he stood it pretty well. When he began to find he was using up his reserve stock of patience, he went off to town.

He had made up his mind to stay away for a day or two, but he did not tell Josepha this. He settled with himself that he would find business of some sort to detain him, and inform her of the fact by telegram. The telephone he detested, since it involved the unready liar in difficulties almost as great as those of the face-to-face interview. He loved Josepha, but he could not help feeling that he 'd put her a good deal on edge lately, and the edge sometimes hurt.

Josepha, who knew subconsciously that she *was* on edge, was vexed with him for having the wit to observe it and the wisdom to remove himself from her immediate neighborhood without a word. She respected him for this sign of strength, but was quite ready to pounce upon any of the reasons he might give for having exhibited it.

He gave her none she could pounce upon. His telegram ran simply:

Unexpectedly called away. Awfully sorry. Writing.

Josepha could not make head or tail of that. Neither could she of his letter when it arrived. He had received, he said, an urgent summons from some relatives of his who seemed to be in trouble. He was going up to the mountains that night, but would be with her again as soon as he could. He sent her all his love, and was hers ever.

"What relatives? What trouble? What mountains?" asked Miss Brant, helplessly of herself. And echo answered, "What?" Which, indeed, might have been the reply of Mr. Lauderdale himself, for with the exception of the fact that he knew the mountains were the Adirondacks, and that the relatives were cousins, and that their last name was Parslow, he was almost as much in the dark as to *where* he was going and why he was going there as his lady-love. The chief difference between them was that she was vexing herself over the problem and he was welcoming it as an excuse.

When he reached his rooms he had found a letter, too newly arrived to have been even redirected by his careful servant, and, on opening it, had read the following remarkable effusion, written in a flowing, illegible hand:

Dear Mr. Lauderdale:

I don't quite dare use your first name, although we *are* cousins, and papa says he should think I might. He wonders if you would come up and see him about the [here there were three words entirely undecipherable, but underlined, as if to show their particular importance]. He thinks we 'll die here unless we can manage to sell [something impossible to read], and that won't be unless you take the [hieroglyphic] yourself. We are afraid you did n't get the last letter we sent, since you did not answer. If you will come,—and oh, please

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do!—take the evening train, and my sister and I will meet you at Lake-Head Station. Just telegraph when.

Yours most sincerely,
BETTY PARSLOW.

Emile puzzled over this epistle for half an hour. The first most difficult words he gave up as a bad job, but the second halting-place contained two half-attached scrawls which bore some resemblance to the name Morland, and his mind having rushed toward that as a possibility, the letter seemed to explain itself.

These poor kinsmen of his had perhaps heard of his interest in prints and engravings. They had something they supposed of value to dispose of. They hoped he might look at it with a view to purchase, or perhaps consent to sell it for them. They threw themselves upon his mercy in quite a touching way; and after the ineffective business he felt he had been making of life under Josepha's eyes lately, he quite glowed at the thought of being clung to as a savior. Yes, he would go and see these people. Possibly they had something he might want, and certainly he had something they wanted. He had desired a reason for removing himself from the Long Island atmosphere till both he and his lady-love adjusted anew their mental balance, and here was a reason at hand.

He left the city that night, as his telegram and letter to Miss Brant attested, and the next morning he was dumped out early and chilly on the platform of Lake-Head Station.

His first thought on perceiving his cousins, the only two young ladies visible at that place, was that they were pretty in a demure, mousy way quite different to the brilliant darkness of Josepha. The second thought was that, supposing them to be really straitened in circumstances, as their letter suggested, they kept a brave appearance; for their clothes were smart, and the launch which waited at a landing near by under the charge of a brisk guide boy was very well appointed. Emile made out that Betty was the youngest and most spirited of the sisters. The other, Mildred, seemed quiet and amiable, but rather prim. A strange little undercurrent of discomfort began to drag at the conversation after the first conventional questions and answers were over. He felt that somehow he must have mistaken the situation. The young women seemed, or so he imagined, to feel the same thing. After he had caught Mildred Parslow's lowered glance traveling over him from head to foot for the third time, Mr. Lauderdale could not stand it a moment longer.

"What is wrong with me that I can set right?" he inquired, with a courageous effort at early-morning amiability. "Tie crooked? Hair on end? Face cindery?"

The elder Miss Parslow turned her eyes away and blushed. She also opened her mouth as if to speak, but as nothing more comprehensive than a gasp came from it, the younger Miss Parslow dashed to her rescue.

"Oh, you 're all right. Mildred 's just thinking that you don't look like what we thought you 'd look like," she said ingenuously.

"What *did* you think I 'd look like?" asked Mr. Lauderdale.

Miss Betty considered not so much her idea as whether she should confide it to him.

"We rather thought you 'd have red hair—and bring a valet with you," she said at length, in a kind of burst.

Emile was surprised and amused.

"Well, my hair is a bit reddish, I think," he admitted, pulling off his cap to show his head. "But as for my servant, I never take him traveling. He 'd be awfully in my way."

"Would he? Yes, I dare say he would," murmured Betty; and somehow she seemed to suggest that she could imagine as many dark reasons for a master *not* bringing a man as a few minutes before she had conceived for his finding the services of one indispensable.

"I suppose you travel a good deal?" hazarded Mildred, shyly.

"I 've knocked about the world a bit after one thing and another. I do not travel without an object."

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"Mr. Lauderdale soon found himself and his bag being introduced into a strange, nondescript sort of vehicle"

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The two sisters exchanged glances.

"No, I dare say you don't," murmured Betty again in much the same tone that she had used over the servant matter.

Emile watched her, still amused. He supposed she was atoning for her naïve little outbreak about his personal appearance by assuming a worldly-wise acceptance of everything else.

"I wish you 'd tell me how we come to be cousins," he said, by way of bringing himself more abreast of the situation. "I think it 's very stupid of me not to know. I accepted the fact because it was a pleasant fact, but I don't in the least understand *why* it 's a fact."

"I don't entirely understand myself," answered Betty. "Our mothers were related in some way, I think."

"That was very nice in them."

Betty showed a pair of dimples.

"Perhaps you won't think so when you 've seen more of us."

"Dear me! What are the rest of you like?"

"Oh, there 's only papa that you have n't seen. That 's all there are of us. You just may n't like us later. That 's what I meant."

"I fancy I shall," said Mr. Lauderdale, gravely. "And I know I shall be very glad if I can help you about anything. I could n't, to tell the truth, quite make out from the letter what it was you wanted me to do. Naturally I 'll do it if I can."

"Papa 'll go over all that with you," said Mildred, gently.

"Yes, we 'd only mix you up. We really can't explain properly," added Betty.

"Well, if some one does n't explain soon, properly or improperly, I shall do something desperate," declared Mr. Lauderdale. "I truly could n't read what you 'd written. I came at a venture; not but what I 'm already rewarded." And he smiled pleasantly at his two cousins.

For the second time the sisters exchanged glances. They seemed to approve of him. This, their eyes said to each other, is the kind of man we thought he would be.

"It 's very, very good of you," began Betty.

"Not at all. I wanted to come. Never mind about the business, if you 'd rather leave it to your father and me. Is this water too cold to swim in?" he went on, looking over the side of the launch into the ruffled blue depths.

"I don't think so. Do you swim well?" asked Mildred, with her timid air.

"Like a fish," responded Emile, truthfully. And indeed it was one of his few sporting accomplishments. "Why? Can't you?"

She shook her head mournfully.

"Betty can a little. I, not at all."

"I could teach you in three lessons."

"Oh, would you?" she cried, clasping her hands.

Mr. Lauderdale promised that he would, and felt a good deal uplifted by the ardor of her thanks.

"And what will you teach *me?*" demanded Betty.

"To write a better hand," he replied, laughing; and then seeing that she looked chagrined instead of amused, as he had expected, he added gallantly enough, recalling the letter, "And to call me by my first name."

He was not aware of having lowered his voice, but Miss Betty certainly did as she replied mysteriously:

"Well, I suppose I 've more right to than most of the other women."

He was about to dispute this suggestion of a Lothario-like character when they shot round a corner, and were presently landed at the dock belonging to a huge, white, many-windowed hotel, called, according to its sign, "Lake-Head House."

Lake-Head Station, it appeared, was not particularly near the Parslow camp. That was on a small piece of water separated from the larger one by two miles or so of woodland. It was the habit of the family, when a guest had to be fetched, to drive over to the inn, take one of its launches across to meet the train, and return in the same way. Mr. Lauderdale soon found himself and his bag being introduced into a strange, nondescript sort

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of vehicle, something like a buckboard, which, with some squeezing, could just be made to contain three.

"We let the boy who drove us over walk home to do his work," announced Betty, "because we knew we 'd have *you* coming back."

"Are n't you going to drive yourself?" exclaimed Emile.

"Why should we, when we have a man with us?" asked the mild Mildred.

"Why, indeed?" returned Emile, cheerfully, gathering up the reins with a professional air; and touching the horse knowingly with the whip, he started off at a rattling pace.

Whether it was because of the perfect belief his young cousins evinced in his powers or the result of his recent experiences among horse-lovers, Mr. Lauderdale acquitted himself well and easily of the task set him, and managed to deliver his charges in safety at their own back door. The front one gave upon the water and was unused except by boats.

"Papa 's still asleep," said Betty, looking up at a carefully shuttered window. "He 's rather an invalid, you know. But breakfast will be ready for us."

"I hope we 've ordered what you like," added Mildred.

They accompanied him to the door of his room in rather a flutter, and left him with confused and hospitable good wishes.

Emile washed and brushed, and sauntered down the rustic steps and along the narrow board-walk that led, as he had been told, to the detached dining-room. He was in excellent temper. The smell of coffee and fried fish assailed his nostrils as he passed the window, and certain words of his hostesses drifted to his ears:

"Well, he does *not* look as I supposed he would, but once or twice he *talked* a little like it."

"You mean a little—fast?" in an awe-struck tone from Mildred.

"Oh, no. But as if he could—well, you know, hold his own in any of his affairs."

Mr. Lauderdale suppressed a shout of surprised laughter and entered the room precipitately. *Had* he held his own in his affairs? He rather thought not.

The instant he had satisfied the pangs of a finely sharpened appetite he managed to get Betty into a corner of the veranda, while Mildred went to see how soon Mr. Parslow would be ready for company.

"Look here," he said, "what do you know about me that makes you think—well, think anything about me?"

"How do you know I do?" she returned coquettishly.

Emile could have answered simply, "By listening at the door," but did not do so. He kept a persuasive eye upon her instead, and murmured, "Oh, come now!"

Betty blushed and bridled, and finally stammered out that she 'd heard—she 'd always been told—that is, that every one knew he was supposed to be—rather a—a—*rake*—was n't he? The kind, she hastily added, that nobody could help finding attractive.

A light broke over Mr. Lauderdale's soul. It must have been a red light, for the devil took possession of him at the same minute.

"I wish you 'd find me attractive enough to call by my first name, Betty," he said, with a perfectly inexcusable expression of intense longing.

"Shall I say Edward—or Ned?" asked she, shyly.

"Whichever you please, dear," he returned sinfully.

And at that instant Mildred, from the balcony above, called out that her father was ready.

Bewildered, but full of guile, Mr. Lauderdale stumbled up-stairs, and met her in the hall outside Mr. Parslow's door.

"Just give me a *notion* of what he wants me to do for him, there 's a darling," said he, putting a fondly anxious hand on her arm.

"It 's about the right of way," answered Mildred.

"The 'Right of Way?' " he repeated.

"Yes. You know. We wrote to you about it before, I think."

"All right," said Emile, desperately; "I 'll do my best. Here goes!"

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Whatever it was, name of a print, as he 'd at first supposed, or of a favorite horse or house, or anything to be bought, he 'd buy it. If it were a real right of way to go to law about, he 'd go to law, or, rather, he 'd see that the real Ned, who happened to be a lawyer, went to law about it.

And such it proved to be, and very quickly the position of things became clear to him. Mr. Parslow, a querulous invalid with a touch of lung trouble, was obliged, from motives of economy as well as illness, to spend most of his time in the Adirondacks. He was always wanting to sell the camp and move into one of the winter villages, and always prevented by the situation of the property from getting a good price for it. More land, or at least the assurance of not being prevented free entrance to the Parslow strip, was ever the demand of the would-be purchaser. A law-suit had been dragging on for years in regard to a right of way, which he declared he owned, through the woods. He *had* had some correspondence with one "E." (otherwise Edward) Lauderdale about it, for he showed the letters to Edward Lauderdale's perfidious impersonator; but a new access of anxiety had made him stir things up again lately, and E. Lauderdale having failed to answer a letter directed to his office, one had been directed to an up-town address found in the "Social Register," with the results that followed.

Mr. Emile Lauderdale promised everything that he thought he could get Edward to do, and one or two things that he was pretty sure he 'd have to do himself (always concealing his identity), and left Mr. Parslow greatly comforted and very grateful to him for his kind visit. The rest of the day he spent with his cousins. He gave Mildred a swimming lesson at twelve, when the sun was warm on the lake, and found her clinging and confiding decidedly agreeable. She seemed to think him the personification of manly strength and prowess, and while she could not be said to have learned much in the first attempt, she taught him something that he had never realized before; namely, that the position of authority inspires a charming relation between the man that exercises it and the woman that acknowledges it, and conduces to feelings of comfortable elation.

In the afternoon he and Betty walked to the top of the nearest mountain, and he acquitted himself so well, being good on his feet, though lazy by nature, that he had the satisfaction of hearing the guide ask her if the gentleman had n't been up there before, as he seemed to know the best trail by instinct. Emile began to feel there was a good deal more to be said for instinct than he had supposed.

In the evening the two girls sat with him on the veranda by turns until their father went to bed. They had tried to induce him to show them the latest tango step (to the music of the phonograph), but this he resolutely declined. It cannot be affirmed that he made love to both, but in the character of Ned he certainly plunged deeply into those discussions of the differences between the sexes which lead to confidences of an intimate and even exciting nature.

The astonishing flattery of their attitude in regard to his supposed lordship among ladies was more than he could help playing with. Perhaps the mountain air was more invigorating than that of Long Island. Certainly he assumed a rôle of gay masterfulness quite unusual with him.

"And so," he said to Mildred, holding her hand for a firm instant in his as they bade each other good night, "you think you could n't care for a man who let you have your own way entirely?"

"I 'm *sure* I could n't," whispered she. "Oh, I must go. There is papa calling for his hot milk!"

Emile kissed her hand, released it, and returned to Betty.

"And so," he said to her a little later as he stood with a Don Juanish cock of the head between her and the staircase, "you think a woman rather *likes* giving in to a man?"

"Yes," said Betty, "if he knows *how* and *when* to assert himself. Of course no

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woman cares to give in to a man who does n't."

"To be sure," agreed Emile. "That 's a grave question, but I shall try to solve it. Good night, little cousin."

And his thoughts being with Josepha, he kissed Betty's cheek with so preoccupied a mind that he was hardly aware of what he had done till he heard her small feet scurrying agitatedly away.

He left the next day, and some twenty-four hours later was being met by his lady-love's motor as he stepped out of the train in that part of Long Island least swept by ocean breezes.

"Where 's Miss Brant, Bowler?" he inquired as he saw the car was empty of her presence.

"Stopped off at Mr. Wilkins's farm to look at them schooling young horses, sir."

"Just go back for her,—will you?—and tell her I 'm waiting here. I 've got a telegram to send."

This was a lie, but Mr. Lauderdale had determined to assert himself. This was not the way he enjoyed being met.

He waited twenty minutes, and then saw, like Sister Anne, a cloud of dust. Out of it emerged the motor, and in it sat Josepha. She looked perturbed.

"Is anything the matter, Emile?" she asked anxiously as he got in beside her.

"Nothing," he returned tranquilly; "but when I return after an absence, I like you to meet me."

Josepha looked at him in surprise.

"Upon my word," she began; "is n't that just a little arbitrary and high-handed?"

"Yes," said Emile, "I suppose it is. I propose to *be* arbitrary and high-handed where you 're concerned, or I shall lose you altogether."

Josepha laughed, but her eyes, through the fawn-colored gauze of her motor-veil, shone all gloriously amazed upon him. She was assuredly a very handsome young woman.

"What under the sun has got into you, Emile? I don't recognize this tone."

"I 've suppressed it until now," answered Mr. Lauderdale, mendaciously. "It 's just the natural man asserting himself."

"Oh—really?" said Josepha, and she said it with an air of having come to the end of *that* subject.

The car spun along quickly through the dusty, golden haze.

"What about your trip?" inquired Miss Brant after a moment. "You never mentioned those cousins—that you went off to in such a hurry—to me before."

"Did n't know I had them," returned Mr. Lauderdale, and having given her a rather sketchy account of the family and the business he 'd been obliged to undertake for them "in Edward's absence," he branched off to the discomforts of the home journey and his pleasure in seeing her again. "Let 's go up to the round summer-house before dinner and watch the sunset," he suggested as they drew up at the door. "You 've had your tea, have n't you? I don't want any as late as this."

"Oh, I 'm so sorry," exclaimed Josepha,—and she really appeared to be,—"but when you summoned me from the Wilkins farm just now, I was looking at a horse I 'd thought of buying, and I told them if they 'd send him over here after me, I 'd try him at once. So, you see, that 's what I 've got to do. I 'm going down to the stable now."

She was standing up in the motor taking off her veil and outer coat as she spoke, and Emile saw that beneath these garments she had been ready dressed for riding.

Under previously existing circumstances he would have smiled quizzically, wished her good luck, and lounged away somewhere till dressing-time. Now he stood with one foot on the gravel and one on the motor-step, frowning at Miss Brant, and presently said decidedly:

"You don't need another horse."

"I know I don't," answered she, with unexpected meekness, "but I can't help wanting this one. Anyhow, I 'd like to know what he feels like under me."

"Is it that long-legged chestnut you pointed out to me the other day?"

"Yes. Fancy your remembering!"

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"Then I should think you 'd be more likely to know what he feels like on top of you. He 's got a wild eye and a wicked temper."

"Oh, well," said Josepha, smiling, "I 'm afraid I rather like something to contend with."

"Do you, by Jove?" exclaimed Mr. Lauderdale. "Then for the future, my dear, as between me and horses, you 'll have the kindness to choose *me*."

"To contend with?"

"Certainly, to contend with. Why not? Any day will do for you to try breaking your neck off Mr. Wilkins's chestnut, but this afternoon I want you to walk in the woods with me. We can contend as we go along—or here and now, as you prefer."

Josepha made a gesture of caution toward the back of the chauffeur.

"Oh, all right," said Emile. "Bowler, Miss Brant seems to think it is time for your supper. Go and get it, and come back in fifteen minutes."

"You really are provoking, Emile," cried Josepha as the man departed. "I shall have to walk to the stable now. How can you be so absurd? You know you 're not in earnest."

"Yes, I am, and we may just as well argue it out once and for all."

"I 'm afraid we can't. Look, there are Tommy Wilkins and Jack Steele," and she pointed down the drive to where two of her centaur friends could be seen approaching, leading an unsaddled horse between them. "They said they would go out with me."

"They lied in their teeth, then," returned Mr. Lauderdale, gaily. "They 're not going out with you, because you 're going out with me. Shall we ring the bell and leave a message? Or will you explain personally; or shall I do it?"

"*You* shall do it," said Miss Brant, maliciously. "I 'd uncommonly like to hear what you 'd find to say."

"Would you?" returned Mr. Lauderdale, with his head on one side. "Then we 'll up and at them, and God defend the right!" And with that he got into the front seat of the motor and took the wheel.

"Are you mad, Emile?" cried his horrified lady, starting up. "Do you think you can run this car?"

"I 'm not sure, Josepha, but I know I can start it," and to her unbounded astonishment they glided swiftly from the door. "The only trouble is," he shouted back at her as they bore down upon the horsemen, "that I 'm afraid I can't stop it."

If Josepha answered at all, it is perhaps as well that her words were blown away upon the wind.

"Awfully sorry," Mr. Lauderdale called out to the startled cavalcade as he swept by, "but she can't ride to-day. I 'm asserting myself."

And under the very noses of her bewildered friends Miss Brant was whisked away.

Where she went and what happened while she was gone she never divulged, but she did reappear toward eight o'clock. Emile, sitting at ease beside her, looked perfectly placid and self-satisfied.

"It 's not so wildly difficult to run it, after a fashion, if you give your whole mind to it," he was heard to say as he stretched his arms. "But I hate to give my mind to running a machine."

"You might have told me you knew how," said Josepha in a reproachful tone.

"I know one or two things you don't know I know," retorted he, helping her out.

They mounted the steps slowly together. Miss Brant with a hand on Mr. Lauderdale's arm. He pressed it closely against his side.

"Might I ask," said Josepha in quite a chastened voice, "what inner consciousness drove you to assume this new rôle?"

"Oh, it seemed to be about time," returned Emile, enigmatically.

"And I 'm never to know how you knew that?"

Emile looked very dignified, and shook his head.

"It 's one of the things a man never tells," said he.

And he never did.

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The France of Balzac

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IN 1825, Balzac, then a publisher, went to Alençon, Normandy, to consult an engraver. The picturesque old inn so impressed him that he afterward described it in "Les Chouans." This is what remains in Alençon to-day of "L'hôtel du Maure."

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IN 1828, ruined by the printing business, Balzac was obliged to turn to his pen as a means of livelihood. Realizing his own capabilities and knowing that peace was necessary for the development of his ideas, he wrote to his friend General de Pomereul, who lived in the château of Fougères, in Guérande, in Brittany, begging for an invitation to visit him. It was during his promenades in that picturesque country that Balzac conceived the idea of the Human Comedy. The above is one of his favorite walks between Ernée and Fougères, and is described at the beginning of his first novel, "Les Chouans."

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ATTRACTED by the sentimental solitude of Guérande, Balzac laid the principal scenes of his novel "Beatrix" there. It is now known that he portrayed Mme. d'Agoult in "Beatrix," George Sand in "Félicité des Touches," and Liszt in "Conti," transplanting them to suit his fancy into this quaint little Breton city, the medieval towers, wall, and moat of which still impress the traveler with their grim austerity.

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THIS is the old street in Saumur into which faces the house of *Grandet,* the miserly father of *Eugénie Grandet,* and described by Balzac in the opening chapter of his novel which bears that heroine's name.

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A RECENT view of the farm-yard in M. Carraud's estate, near Angoulême. Balzac was often a guest here, and was so fond of the place that he centered the actions of "Les illusions perdues" in this charming country, consecrating many pages to the description of the city and its suburbs.

It is interesting to note that when haunted by the idea of a political career, he chose to represent Angoulême, becoming candidate for deputy, but, fortunately for literature, receiving only six votes.

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ALMOST without exception the picturesque cities described by Balzac were not created in his imagination, but actually exist. The above represents the "Place de la petite Narette" at Issoudun, the scene of the principal events in "Un ménage de garçon."

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THE famous Auberge de la Cognette at Issoudun, still in existence, was the seat of that noble company of rascals called "Les compagnons de la désœuvrance," described by Balzac in the "Rabouilleuse" (1841).

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Peace and Disarmament

Reflections of a Neutral on War and Education

By W. MORGAN SHUSTER

Author of "The Strangling of Persia," "The Breakdown of Civilization," etc.

I AM an American citizen, and so were my grandparents. For several years I have been greatly interested in European politics and international relations. When Gavrilo Prinzip murdered the Archduke Francis Ferdinand in Sarajevo on the twenty-eighth of last June, I felt a vague tingling of the nerves; but after a few days had passed without further news of an ominous character, I said to myself: "No, the thing is impossible. Armageddon may serve for warnings, but such a thing as 'the great war' in this twentieth century, when people are educated and civilized, when daily intercommunication is a fact, when life is worth living—no, it is unthinkable."

On July 24, as Count Berchtold made known his now famous ultimatum to Servia, the same feelings returned with greater intensity; but the thing still seemed impossible. Other serious international crises had arisen,—two at least during the preceding ten years,—and had been safely passed. Why not this one?

But in the hot days of August dogs go mad. Thus is it now written in history that in August, 1914, Europe's dogs of war went completely mad. None of the familiar symptoms of the malady was lacking. Kings, emperors, czars, councilors, and blood relatives first snarled and growled, with bristling necks and gleaming teeth, then launched whole nations upon one another in barbarous fury. Not content with this, they slashed and tore at

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every living thing in sight. Blind madness mounted upon rage until even those of the same pack fell upon one another.[1] Innocent babes were no safer than full-armed soldiers; indeed, much less so. Neither women, sick, nor aged were spared. All laws, precedents, treaties, oaths, pretensions, decencies, and even God, were forgotten. His name served but to adorn the specious appeals for aid which were put forth by earthly rulers.

If in some manner the newspapers of the month of August, 1914, could have been read by the world in the year 1913, they would have seemed some hideous and preposterous nightmare.

In this fashion war, "the war," sprang upon an awe-stricken world.

Four months have passed, and as the human mind and body must either perish or adapt themselves to whatever sufferings are inflicted on them, the world has already become used to the idea of this war and its brutalizing effects. We read each day of battles, sieges, charges, of thousands killed and tens of thousands wounded, of whole cities and districts laid waste, of starving women and children, of regiments drowned or blown to atoms, of vessels sunk and airmen dashed to death, and we turn to our breakfast or dinner and to the daily routine of life. We are already brutalized—even we of America, who have no part in this struggle. It has paralyzed our financial fabric, cut down our government revenues, imposed "war taxes" upon us, unbalanced our trade, thrown hundreds of thousands out of work, caused irreparable loss, disappointment, and misery, and, in addition, has made us brutal. Whether one knows it or not, he has become brutal since this war. Just as slaughter-house employees become brutalized by their work and its sights, so must any person become so who reads the war news for a considerable period of time.

Something fine has gone out of the human race in this tragic year of 1914. It will take half a century or more for it to come back, if indeed we are not pointed the other way.

Once a general war began, it was to be expected that millions of men, armed with every device for destroying life under, upon, and above the ground and water, would be slaying one another in desperate fashion. The expectation was bad enough, but the saddest thought is the realization that some of the most advanced and cultivated peoples of the world have lost, for a time at least, that indefinable something which provoked the eighteenth-century expression, "a gallant foe," which made men in battle feel, though death stalked among them, that there still existed some code, some moral law, some restraint even on murder-lust, some homage to the weak, the aged, the young, and to the females of the race.

Has not the veil been rudely torn from our eyes? Do we not see war on a scale never before imagined, in which the skill and numbers of the participants have increased no faster than their ferocity and ruthlessness?

I seem to remember a man who once said that modern engines of war had become so deadly that they were in reality "peacemakers," because human beings would not dare to face their terrific powers of destruction. But of physical courage there has been no lack,—iron discipline and self-preservation still see to that,—and as for destructive weapons bringing peace, the present war has already shown that man's willingness to kill and to be killed is only intensified by the marvelous new facilities born of his inventive genius. Has our much boasted skill and science and culture caused a reversion to moral barbarism? Is the demon of physical force, applied with fiendish impartiality to innocent and guilty alike, to become again, in this century, the arbiter of human destiny?

These were my thoughts for the first few weeks of the war. With solemn treaties broken, a peaceful and inoffensive nation wiped out in a month, bombs dropped in the market-places of undefended towns, every rule of war violated, I asked myself cynically whether any

[1] Several different detachments fired on their own troops in the early weeks of the war.

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nation would ever in future dare send delegates—really important personages—to another Hague conference unless sandbags were placed on the roof of the Palace of Peace.

But a change has come over me, and I have grown not incurious, but aware of the fact that only time and events can answer these questions. So I turn to the other phases of the struggle.

There is so much to be read that there is hardly time to think. How shall one digest the marvelous, the epoch-making truths which each day puts before him! And the still more marvelous lies! The war-time lies, the "press-bureaus lies," the "eye-witness lies," the "lies of accusation," and "lies of defense"; thousands of liars, nations of liars, "conscience-impelled liars," and "liars for love of the art." The truth, as an abstraction, has disappeared. We may in the dim future again approximate it; we shall never reach it. "The Germans mutilate the Belgians"; "the Belgian civilians ambush the Germans"; "the English use Dumdum bullets"; "the Germans mount machine-guns in Red Cross ambulances"; "Germany caused the war"; "England craftily planned Germany's destruction"; "Russia attacked Austria"; "Austria planned the destruction of Servia"; "France planned to attack Germany through Belgium." Is there no end?

When a man asks me whether I am for the Allies or for Germany, I look at him pityingly and change the subject. Does he know, *can* he know, why he is for one or the other? Can any one know which nation or man or policy is more at fault than any other?

For months, day and night, I have feverishly devoured every book, magazine, pamphlet, newspaper, government paper, and statistical report dealing with this war on which I could lay a hand. I have read bushels of briefs, barrels of explanations, pounds of technical data. I dream of the German fighting-machine, of the French seventy-five mm. guns, of the Belgian dog-drawn cannon, of the Hungarian cavalry, of the sotnias of Cossacks, of forts, trenches, aëroplanes, submarines, lyddite and melinite shells, of forty-two centimeter howitzers, of batteries and charges, until my brain refuses to absorb any more.

I want to be neutral, and I am neutral. As an American I cannot see that any good will come whether the Germans reach Paris or London, or whether the French and Russians reach Berlin and Vienna. I hope that the war will be indecisive, and that after fighting each other to a standstill and exhaustion, Europe will suddenly come to its senses, and decide that the courses and destinies of empires must be settled by the arts of peace. But the hope is a slender one.

I have read the White Papers of England and Germany, the Gray Papers of Belgium, and the Orange Papers of Russia. I have waded through Mr. Bernard Shaw's harangues, Mr. Arnold Bennett's reply, and Shaw's rebuttal. Mr. H. Ridder's articles have excited my lively amusement, as do Mr. H. Begbie's contributions from New York to the British public, but, *en passant,* published here as well. Dr. Dernberg and Count von Bernstorff have not been lost on me. Colonel George Harvey's views and "the international *posse comitatus*" of Colonel Roosevelt have received my careful study, as have the very sane remarks of Mr. Jacob Schiff. And lest I should forget something important, I have re-read "Germany and the Next War" and those splendid books, "Germany and England," by the late Professor Cramb, and "The New Map of Europe," by Professor Gibbons.

Dr. Armgaard Karl Graves, the German spy, has not been overlooked, nor have the countless letters to the press which add to the weirdness and mystery of life.

So I say that I was neutral; and I am still neutral. I expect to remain neutral to the end, whatever it may be. After Italy and Switzerland, Bulgaria and Rumania, Greece, Holland, Denmark, Spain, Norway, and Sweden shall have been drawn into the war, I expect to be more neutral than ever. But I have a

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few reasonably definite opinions despite all the murk and smoke and falsehood. They bear on the accomplished past, so I may set them down.

The first concerns Belgium. Belgium was a peaceful, independent state. Whether or not the Quintuple Treaty of 1839, in which Austria, France, Great Britain, Prussia, Russia, and the Netherlands declared Belgium to be "an independent and perpetually neutral state," was in full legal force and effect in August, 1914, the fact remains that Belgium was, and had been for seventy-five years, a sovereign nation, maintaining peace and neutrality. She had been accorded the full rights of sovereignty by the nations of the world, including Germany. Whether or not Belgium intended, or other nations intended, as subsequently alleged by Germany, to violate that neutrality, the fact remains that no such violation had taken place when Germany demanded that King Albert renounce his neutrality in her favor or suffer the obvious consequences. German apologists have urged the law of self-preservation as an excuse for Germany's admittedly wrongful act; but would a man worthy of the name crush a child even to save his own life; and if he did so, would he expect the world to believe in his moral greatness? Thus the German nation foully wronged and destroyed a peaceful and innocent people, and by that act their future glory must be dimmed or their future defeat be still further embittered. No amount of sophistry can alter this fact; no atonement or reparation to the stricken Belgian people is within human power. If the Kaiser were still waiting at the Belgo-German frontier for France or England to violate the neutrality of Belgium, even his military position as against France, England, and Russia would be stronger than it is at the time of this writing. Of his moral position in the eyes of the world nothing need be said.

The second clear opinion is this: Germany's military efficiency broke down, despite its well-nigh perfect technic, because it operated along immoral lines. The swift stroke against Paris through Belgium was not efficiently planned, after all, because it left out of consideration the stupendous efforts to which the Belgian, the French, and the English people would be stirred by the very spectacle of Germany's ruthless indifference to all moral codes. Her shameless attack on a minor state roused in all her enemies the fearful strength of desperation. This fact German efficiency overlooked, with the consequences which Germany now knows.

The third definite impression which I receive is the result of reading the late Professor Cramb's wonderful book. With rare philosophy he has summed up the British side of the case. It has been the desire of British imperialism during the last two hundred and fifty years, he says, "to give all men within its bounds an English *mind*." Note well, however, that he gives this not as justification for what England has done, but as the explanation of it.

Although his lectures have been quoted by the hasty as an answer to Bernhardi, there are passages in his work which place British policy in no enviable light. Surely an Englishman is not biased when he states, in the same breath with which he warns his countrymen (1913), that war with Germany is inevitable:

> Do we imagine that the other Powers of the Continent see England exactly as England sees itself—England! the successful burglar who, an immense fortune amassed, has retired from business, and having broken every law, human and divine, violated every instinct of honour and fidelity on every sea and on every continent, desires now the protection of the police! . . . So long as England, the great robber-State, retains her booty, the spoils of a world, what right has she to expect peace from the nations?

These words recur to me whenever I read the appeals put forth to the world in behalf of England's righteous attitude in this war. And so the conflict of pen and voice continues, until the mind recoils from its task of absorption.

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No one can know when this war will end, yet every one in the whole world is yearning in his heart for the day of peace to arrive. So we ask ourselves, Of what nature will that peace be? And how shall it be permanently secured? And this self-questioning leads to many fond delusions.

Because of the normal yearning for an end to dangerous conditions, and while the whole world is still stunned by the spectacle of five hundred million people at war, a few super-optimists find breath to say that there will never be another great war, and that the one silver lining to the clouds is the probability of disarmament, partial or complete, after the nations of Europe and Asia shall have fought themselves to satiety, victory, or defeat, as the case may be.

But this hope is so misleading, its indulgence so vain, and yet so natural, that it seems proper, even at this indecisive stage of the conflict, to point out some of the reasons why anything approaching general disarmament cannot take place.

The term "disarmament" is apt to be used vaguely to represent anything from the mere cessation of naval construction and army-increase programs to that purely idealistic condition when banners would be furled, standing armies be dispersed to their homes, and war-vessels be transformed into commercial craft, or remain, dismantled, as interesting relics of a benighted past.

The latter state is manifestly so impossible to expect, at least within many decades, that it may be promptly dismissed from consideration. To mention only a few of the material objections: there are millions of men who are substantially unfitted by education, experience, or temperament for any other profession than that of arms, on land or at sea. Society, industry, and commerce have long since adjusted themselves to their existence as a major police force, and to attempt to thrust them suddenly into peaceful pursuits would create no little disturbance. Professional fighters could not be expected to take quietly to mere idleness, even on pay, nor would they be content to be regarded as mere pensioned-off appendages of a baser social state.

Then the preparation of all nations for war, even during periods of peace, has created vast industries, official and private, largely dependent upon the existing armies and navies being maintained and even increased. Enormous amounts of capital are invested in such plants, and hundreds of thousands of workmen would be thrown out of employment, should general disarmament be suddenly attempted. The expression "general disarmament" is used because, manifestly, no nation or nations will begin it unless all do.

In a hundred ways, of which only one or two examples have just been cited, the constant possibility of war and its consequence, preparation for war, have become so interwoven with the world's entire social and economic fabrics as to render any radical departure from present conditions highly improbable.

Enough has been said, then, to indicate that by "disarmament," among serious advocates of the plan, must be meant a state more nearly approaching the one first mentioned; that is, virtually a limitation of armaments on some basis acceptable at least to the leading nations of the world. But if this be what is contemplated, the plan is already doomed to failure, for the simple reason that such a thing as any binding agreement in such matters as national safety and advantage has been conclusively shown to be farcical. Even if the nations could, by some divine chastening process, agree on the relative strengths at which their armies and navies were to be maintained, it must be remembered that standing armies and war-ships are only the first line of offense, the quick-striking force, and that there are a dozen ways in which a nation can successfully prepare for war without actually calling a single additional man to the colors or adding a unit to the navy until hostilities had been actually declared.

The power and peril of the great German fighting-machine lay not alone in the nine hundred thousand men of the standing army, but in the millions of highly

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trained reserves, ordinarily engaged in civil pursuits, but for whom vast stores of arms and supplies lay ready for instant use. Germany could have agreed to reduce her regular army by half without appreciably impairing her effective military power, the sole result being a slight delay in time of mobilization.

Going even further, it is perfectly conceivable that a nation might keep virtually no standing army, and yet have its citizens so organized, trained, and educated that it could assemble a vast force of men, and arm and equip them within a remarkably short time. Thus the factor of population is very important in determining the relative military strength of nations, and it is an element which neither statesmen nor peace conferences can control.

In the matter of naval forces, it is somewhat easier to contemplate a limitation, if an acceptable basis could ever be reached, but even in that case the increased value of submarines and other small craft would make it difficult to restrain within the limits set any nation which was secretly disposed to exceed them.

Then some new invention might come at any time and secretly give the nation possessing it a decisive advantage over its rivals.

The questions of trade extension and financial relations would also be vitally involved in any plan for disarmament, since a nation may fit itself to wage war against an unsuspecting neighbor by absorbing large amounts of the latter's capital, by becoming its debtor and repudiating the obligations.

But above and beyond all other obstacles to practical disarmament lies the fact that when the present war shall terminate, the nations involved, formerly unequal in strength and resources, will probably be still more so. Some nation or group of nations will emerge much stronger than the others, and it is folly to expect that such nation or nations would consent, for a mere abstraction, to forego or diminish in any degree the military advantage and preponderancy which it or they may possess. Any indemnity exacted from the defeated side will be largely employed, we may be sure, to replace and even increase the armaments which made victory possible, and the constant aim of the victors will be never to allow themselves to be even endangered in future by a relaxation of their military and naval preparedness. Can any one imagine, for example, that England would voluntarily give up her predominant seapower, whatever the outcome of this war?

Furthermore, the racial hatreds and suspicions, the wounds and rancors, which will naturally result from so desperate and cruel a struggle, will make any approach to a basis for compromise on limiting armaments a roseate illusion.

But there is still another objection to disarmament in the sense that many sincere people use the word. If, through some miracle, the leading nations of the world were actually to disarm, to disband their armies and dismantle their dreadnoughts, the result could hardly be that which would naturally be expected. It is quite certain that the principal impression left in the minds of the peace-loving citizens and subjects of the nations concerned would be not joy and elation, but fear—fear lest there had been some miscalculation, fear lest they should suddenly be attacked in some unsuspected manner without having any adequate means of defense or of exacting retribution. A nation whose citizens at home or abroad can remember that they are entitled to the reasonable protection of their flag, and that their flag could be upheld by an adequate force on land or at sea, will engage in the business of life in a different spirit from one whose rights and safety depend on the willingness of others to observe their promises and obligations. Perhaps this should not be so, but it is.

If, then, it is true that unrestrained military preparation and the cultivation of an aggressive national spirit have in the past led to many unnecessary wars, and have been far from producing peace, it is equally true that a nation's failure to make adequate preparation, at least for

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effective defense, has never removed that nation from the perils and horrors of tyranny and aggression.

The fact seems to be that while excessive militarist sentiment and unreasonable military and naval preparations on the part of a number of rival nations and races may actually provoke and bring about a vast calamity within the briefest imaginable time, the admitted inability of a nation successfully to resist unwarranted attack will neither eliminate the danger nor mitigate its sufferings in the hour of national peril.

Whatever stupendous changes occur in the political and social systems of the world as a result of the present war, it is safe to prophesy that general disarmament will not be one of them. Is the world, then, to be left, notwithstanding the unutterable sufferings and losses of modern war, exposed, after longer or shorter respites, to constant repetitions of substantially the same tragedy?

This question is the most vital and important one that enlightened mankind faces to-day. The present war is here, and should peace ensue over night, its material effects will be felt for half a century or more, to say nothing of its irreparable losses in other directions. But great as is this calamity, it will be dwarfed by the losses and hardships of the future unless some means can be devised whereby the probability of its recurrence may be at least vastly diminished.

If not by disarmament, how then shall this end be sought? Treaties, conventions, and even the accepted law of nations have been shown to be inadequate to preserve peace. They are not self-executing. Indeed, many treaties and declarations have proved and are proving a fruitful source of discord between both belligerents and neutrals.

One of the most striking and conclusive demonstrations in this war has been the fact that no nation, large or small, may safely rely on a treaty, agreement, or pledge to preserve itself from attack. But it has likewise been shown that the small but growing power of enlightened public opinion throughout the world is a factor which no nation, however powerful, will in future find it convenient to despise.

While so-called international law has been found inherently imperfect and inadequate to perform the same beneficent and regulatory functions between nations as do domestic codes within their respective territories, it must be remembered also that even where the law of nations is clearly violated, there is no tangible power or force to discipline the offender. What Mr. Roosevelt terms an "international *posse comitatus*" does not exist, nor is there any prospect that it ever could exist on an adequate scale. At present it is a fatuous dream.

If, therefore, nations are to be impelled to make any progress in the difficult task of restraining their ambitions and passions, whatever the apparent provocation, it is manifest that recourse must be had to something besides treaties, arbitral tribunals, or an international police force. There seems only one hope, and this is education in its broadest sense—education which will increase our knowledge of and contact with our fellow-citizens of the earth; education which will give to every person what Dr. Butler has called "the international mind"; education which will bring us to realize and understand the aspirations and ambitions of other races and peoples, just as experience of human nature in the case of an individual enables him to realize and make allowance for the foibles and idiosyncrasies of his fellowmen.

The marvelous progress in all modes of communication between formerly distant lands has done something to facilitate this kind of education, but the goal is still very distant. The differences in language, in religion, in racial instincts, and, above all, the unquenchable egotism of every nation and race, are great obstacles to the desired result.

The inherent strength in domestic codes throughout the world springs from their fairly accurate definition of, and the reasonably successful fostering of, the rights of the individual as against superior phys-

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ical force or improper stratagem within the local community. Is it not reasonable to assume, then, that if any international code is to become powerful and practicable through sheer moral support, it must measure up to the needs of all nations, of all races, and of all just ambitions, just as local law is designed to do for the needs of individuals?

For it must be remembered that exactly as the efforts of each person brought into the world must eventually focus on the acquisition of property of some kind, so must the ambitions of a new-born nation early begin to center on the acquisition of land. Land, the source of wealth, the soil upon which national pride and strength may be nourished, has been the goal of rulers and their subjects from the dawn of history. Acquisitive statesmanship has been the guiding star of every earthly potentate. As the population of the world has increased, and as the needs of mankind have developed, the competition among nations and rulers, races and peoples, has grown each year more intense, and the rivalries thus created, quickly rising to obsessions, have given to the world within the last twenty years a truly sickening succession of "land-grabs," of military and naval "demonstrations," of the raping of whole peoples, of wholesale murders and butchery, all accompanied by specious appeals to morals and ethics, when in reality the sole appeal was to a far baser motive.

War after war has followed, and will follow in the wake of such a policy. No great nation has been free from it, though some have acquired more booty than others. Racial hatreds have been cunningly nourished upon national land lust, and the present war is largely due to it. It is the inherent right of every person to develop in peaceful and just competition with all others. There must be somewhere, however, a limit upon the methods used in this competition. This the local law of a country is intended to furnish.

In the same way it is clear that the political divisions and territorial status of the five continents must at some time become fixed. That mere wars of conquest are already, ethically speaking, as vile and criminal as is highway robbery is amply shown by the feverish anxiety of the governments now waging it to cloak their actions in some fairer garment, if only to retain the support and loyalty of their own people. These efforts have brought forth in the past such high-sounding hypocrisies as "the white man's burden" and the "duty of civilization." Yet the struggles which the acquisitive nations of the earth have entered upon for territorial and political aggrandizement under such mottos have left a trail of graves and bleaching bones which would reach many times around the world.

There is far to go before the tendencies of centuries and the instincts of human nature will be entirely overcome, but much can be done through a really broadening education of the individual. For years Europe has rung with talk of a "balance of power"; to what end, the world now sees. It should be time to establish a "balance of territory" not only in Europe, but throughout the inhabited world, and unless there is an unexpectedly decisive victory on one side or the other in the present war, it is probable that the European peace congress will be confronted with precisely that task, at least so far as the Eastern Hemisphere is concerned. Such a congress will be compelled to formulate its plans upon the broadest possible lines geographical, ethnical, and political, or its efforts will be of no permanent value to the world.

The greatest enemy to this method of settlement will be the truly fatuous tendency toward over-centralization of the world's political control that every big nation involved has consistently displayed. No one of them has stopped at any pretext to increase its territorial limits, nor shrunk from any crime to fling afield its flag and influence.

History, however, shows plainly that in any permanent arrangement of the world's political units each government, good or bad, must take heed of certain racial, climatic, and geographical lines of natural

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demarcation. No government can be permanent unless there is at least potential homogeneity among the people subject to its rule. There are many distinct limitations on empire-building, and before certain of these barriers the existing trend of big nations toward concentrating under their political ægis all the weaker states and peoples within grasp must come to a stop. Failure to recognize this fact will only prolong the world's unrest and take of humanity a heavier toll.

Part of that education which shall make for permanent peace between nations will be the cultivation on the part of men of a sense of proportion. The people of each nation must demand of the government that it deal in absolute fairness and good faith with every other nation, weak or powerful. National honor must become as sensitive as individual honor. If a conflict should arise between national duty and national welfare, the former must prevail. It must be considered just as wrong for a nation, alleging its own welfare, to violate its solemn obligations, as for a man who had made a contract to break it on similar grounds.

And, after all, the bitter fact remains that peace never has been, and still is not, the normal and natural condition of mankind. Warfare, with its ruthless struggle for objects ranging from life's bare necessities to grandeur and opulence, has taken place between men, clans, tribes, peoples, races, and nations since the earliest records, and despite the mitigating influences of what we term education, the fundamental instinct of that selfish, egotistical predatory animal, man, to fight has but slightly changed.

There was a time when men would fight readily over the color of one another's hair or faces, but to-day, while race lines and religious beliefs may serve as rallying-cries in a purely economic struggle, they are no longer the real cause of war.

There is a cynical old saying that the most sensitive nerve in the human body is the one leading to the pocket-book. Whether or not it is true of individuals, it is unfortunately still true of nations.

When, however, the education of a nation's citizens shall have so progressed that the most sensitive nerve in its collective body shall be the one leading to the national conscience and honor, war, for that nation, will be relegated to its only proper place—the supreme recourse of a peace-loving, but outraged, people.

Consciously or otherwise, every existing system of education or training for the individual in relation to his state tends to exalt physical force. Tradition and history fill him with the thrills of conquest and military glory, but say nothing of the ethics of his nation's actions. Patriotism —love of country—is directed into no higher and more beneficial channels than the achievement of military success and power.

Yet it should not be impossible to enlist its wonderful emotional appeal on the side of humanity and justice. A new conception of it—love of justice before love of self—might be taught in all the schools.

There will be less chance of war when every man shall be able to speak with his fellow-men; when he shall learn to call him brother regardless of the color of his skin, the place of his birth, the cut of his garments, or his manner of worshiping his god; when every man shall be judged first as a human being with a soul, and next as a member of some political unit; when every man shall understand that his duty to humanity can never really run counter to his duty to country or family; when every soldier shall consider himself the trustee of the world's peace, and believe that to stain his hands with another's blood will require a strict accounting on his part; when every officer and soldier shall have sworn on his word of honor not to put foot outside his own territory until the people of his country shall have deliberately voted for an offensive war; when every man shall be strong enough to resist the alluring excitements of military glory, and when real heroism shall be defined anew.

In the meantime each nation should maintain defensive forces proportionate to its size and wealth.

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The One with the Eye

By MARIE CONWAY OEMLER

Illustrations by Harry Townsend

GOLD-BEARDED, gold-haired, ruddy as Baldur the Beautiful, and thewed and sinewed even as Thor himself, Soame had been a noted surgeon in his Majesty's Indian service, with a curious and valuable book upon native races and several coveted alphabetical honors to his credit, when a good-for-nothing young gentleman broke his neck, and a very fine old gentleman broke his heart and died because of it, thus putting Ashley Towers, which is in Somersetshire, into Soame's possession—putting him, also, in line for a hopeful, if somewhat distant, dukedom.

The news found Soame at Brisbane, at the tail-end of a leave of absence spent in scouring Australia for certain data. He had, as usual, found what he sought; and in the finding he had foregathered with Captain Luke Carson of the trading schooner *Mary Long,* whose shore haunt was the back room of a house miscalled the Sailor's Friend. It was in that room, over a whisky of unbelievable badness, that Carson told Soame of the Solomons.

"So, as I 've said," concluded the skipper, "there was me, which would n't listen to what I 'd been told by white men, comin' pop on the ends of what 'd been a nigger feast—the heels an' the skull an' the palms of the hands. Lyin' there on the ground they was, an' not so horrible pretty to look at. An' me standin' with my mouth slewed open, an' my two eyes starin' awful at what I see, figurin' how soon there 'd be them same sort of souvenirs of Luke Carson lyin' up snug alongside 'em. And there come slidin' into my swirlin' head our old parlor at home of a night an' my mother sittin' in her rocker Bible-readin' about that beach-comber of an Ahab's woman, Jezebel, an' how the dogs did for her—all but them. Now, it 's true a white man's foot ain't so incredible tough-heeled an' bull-hided as a nigger's, but the palms of the hands, I 'm told by—by them as ought to know, is all alike. Black an' white, they 're bitter—mortal bitter. Even the dogs has got to leave 'em. A horrid blind, sweatin',

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deathly sickness come over me then. When I 'm sleepin' on my back now, I 'm apt to dream disgustin' of that feelin' an' them empty, shriveled, gray-black hands lyin' there, palms up.

"Well, without none of the riches I 'd been so crazy greedy to grab, an' thankful enough to leave 'em an' keep my skin, I got away. By the skin of my teeth I got away. I 've only got to see the blur of them islands come out on my sky-line to have goose-flesh come out on my backbone. I 'd as lief buck hell handcuffed as set foot on them infernal shores again."

While Carson spoke, Soame had lifted his head as if listening to a farther voice than the skipper's. Inaudibly, but yet very clearly and insistently, those sinister shores, haunted by the haze of the shadow of death, called him, and his heart of a *conquistador* leaped to the challenge of the summons. His eyes' cold, cloudless blue sparkled like a Northern night; for here was the big adventure for which his soul longed come to his hand.

"Would a thousand pounds help you to change your mind and go back, later on, with me?" he asked, smiling.

"Me?" The case-hardened and iron-spined corsair, stained with the unwashable sins of the seven seas, shuddered as if a wind from the wings of Death had fanned him. "I 'm afraid of the Solomons," he said. "Everybody that knows anything about 'em is afraid of the Solomons. There 's no livin' man I 'd sooner ship with than you, Doctor, but I tell you plain I 'd rather tackle hell handcuffed, an' with leg-irons likewise, than go near them horrible islands. I would n't go, no, not if you was to offer me all the riches they 're crammed with, loaded on a fleet of ocean-liners, an' my name on every bow as full owner."

Soame's eyes narrowed.

"Sorry, Skipper," he said equably; "I 'm thinking of trying out the Solomons, myself. I 'd go now if I was not compelled to go home instead. Well, they 'll have to wait, the Solomons." His voice was regretful. Carson's lurid protests left him quite unmoved.

When he reached England, the sometime surgeon found himself become a very important person in his county, so important, indeed, that he could not altogether escape the intricate social coils which close upon owners of great estates who are also men with influential family connections. Parliament, presidencies, chairmanships, directorships, boards, clubs, charity lists, committees, geniuses, promoters, families with daughters—all began to gravitate Soameward as by natural and divine law. And Soame was his own law, making it and breaking it as best suited himself.

He did not desire county honors; nor did the pretty and placid young persons skilfully brought forward for his undoing achieve that desirable end. Had he not listened to *Scheherazade's* thousand tales, known *Lalun's* silver laughter, too many a starlit, jasmine-scented night? Worse yet, the pleasant avocation of a country gentleman, smacking, even at its best, somewhat of the squirrel in the cage, irked and irritated one born with a foot tingling to wander in the world's waste places and prone to saunter most joyously over Azrael's airiest bridges.

Therefore, the chance offering, he let the Towers to a moneyed American named Travis, with an ambitious wife and, he heard, a pretty daughter; and being out of the service, prepared to do what he had always longed to do—go to and fro in the earth and walk up and down in it, footloose and free. First of all he meant to walk up and down in the Solomons.

Although Soame himself was unaware of it, he was a left-over. It was as if Providence, holding an Elizabethan trump-card, had by some unimaginable negligence failed to play it promptly and properly into the right game and time. This was a mistake. Nor was it quite fair to Soame casually to cast him into the rigidly exact and circumscribed game of modernity, quite as if he belonged there. He did not. Drake, Raleigh, Hawkins, Frobisher, Cortez himself, would have linked arms with Soame at sight, knowing his breed, and beckoned him Westward Ho! into their own large, wild, ruthless

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work of world-finding and nation-planting; and into that immense frame, with its red background of blood and flame, he would have fitted regally.

Because he had the exquisite, easy grace of speech and bearing, the gemlike polish of manner, the subtle, unerring instinct of perfect apparel, all of which belonged inalienably to that older and more decorative day, society found him fascinating, thought him charming, sought him eagerly. Soame, not given to introspection, said it was his luck. He devoutly believed in his luck.

Just at this time the masterful and diplomatic lady who had gotten her husband to lease the Towers was called suddenly away to that far country where millions, from the point of view of those that have them not, are consolingly supposed to count only on the debit side of the ledger.

Allowed to breathe freely and to follow his own lights, the millionaire proved an unassuming and personable little man enough. Meeting him at his own particular club, Soame foregathered with him willingly, and, responding to the other's open liking, readily accepted his invitation to visit the Towers. They were very quiet at the Towers then on account of the mother's recent death. Soame thought it rather an enviable opportunity to escape the persistent pot-shots of too vigilant lion-hunters stalking him; he wanted, too, a place where in peace he might plan all details of that journey upon which his heart was set. Thus, set jewel-like in the midst of an environment which enhanced her glowing youth, backgrounded by the splendid old house which had been visited and enriched by Plantagenet and Tudor kings, appeared to him Virginia Travis.

Exquisite delicacy of form and feature and coloring, a maiden mouth and brow, sweet eyes suggesting cool cloisters and virginal prayers, a boy's frank directness, a girl's innocent naughtiness—altogether a disturbing, ensnaring, alluring, adorable person, Virginia. Soame, who might have married into a ducal family, fell in love with the American girl at sight, as if he had been the merest undergraduate.

He accepted the situation without noise, but with Elizabethan determination to get exactly what he wanted and to sweep aside any and every obstacle which might dare to rise. Perfectly sure that he was going to marry this girl because he really wished to, and because life without her would be in a great measure spoiled, this established for him an inalienable claim upon her. To lose her would be to know, and to admit, defeat, something Soame refused to tolerate. The girl was his.

He dazzled and delighted Virginia, who took woman note of his eyes, like healthy turquoises; his skin, which defied all out of doors to do more than add to its pearly polish; his great stature, beside which other men appeared almost dwarfed. Even that significant hint of latent, cold ruthlessness which her quick intuition sensed gave a fillip to her imagination and aroused the dangerous feminine curiosity as to what, under exceptional circumstances, such a man might or might not do. Then, too, Soame had very much to offer. The strawberry leaf might some day adorn the brow of his wife.

Had Virginia been a properly raised English girl, the result might have been calculated with mathematical nicety. But a pretty American, imperiously independent, is prone to walk freely among many adorers, and choose as pleases herself—because. As it was, Virginia was not sure, and she was too honest to deceive herself or any one else. She had inherited from her father a certain straightforwardness of mind and a fine simplicity of heart; her sense of honor was more like a man's than a woman's. The very shadow of doubt chilled her. There were times when, under the spell of his charm, she thought for a moment that she loved him; but the next moment swept her back into incertitude. Something—intangible, indefinable, impalpable—dimmed his radiance and held her heart from him.

Unaware of this vague veil between him and his desire, Soame was yet aware that his girl was no light winning. Too sure, however, to feel any uneasiness, it rather pleased him, raised her value, made her

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well worth the sacrifice he contemplated on her account. For he had decided that, after this one last splendid foray into the heart of heathendom, he would for her sake subdue his ruling passion and chain his roving foot to the fireside. One may not take a young and beautiful wife into fastnesses which only an occasional civilized bullet has heretofore been able to penetrate.

At Travis's most urgent entreaties, Soame extended his stay at the Towers indefinitely. Travis owned to a quiet madness for stamps and butterflies. He did not envy the King of England his throne or his imperial power, but he did most bitterly envy his Majesty certain stamps. Soame, by some miracle of management and luck, secured three of the most coveted ones, beyond question genuine, quite perfect, very nearly priceless, and hitherto thought unprocurable, because non-existent. He gave them outright to Travis, who almost wept with rapture and gratitude. Oddly enough, too, as if there might still cling to his gray beard the salt spray of wild seas sailed in some long foregone and forgotten life, there lurked in mild Travis a deep, inherent passion for large adventure; his respect for explorers was almost reverent. He admired Soame so immensely that he would have been delighted had Virginia chosen him. He followed every detail of Soame's plans eagerly, and he said rather wistfully that he wished he himself were young enough to go along, although he did not underestimate the danger.

It was Travis who suggested Sterling when Soame was puzzled as to the choice of an assistant. He needed just one man to accompany him, and that man must be exceptionally fitted for the task. Travis had run across Sterling in a little shop off the Strand where one may buy big beetles from Africa of a devil-born hideousness; butterflies from Brazil, with wings of blue and umber and scarlet, edged with raw gold, and inlaid with Titania's crown-jewels; and many-colored moths from Japan that resemble little hashish dreams with wings. They had met thus several times, and Travis, attracted by the young man, had kept in tentative touch with him. He said now that he thought Sterling would be, for Soame's purposes, just exactly the right man in the right place.

Sterling came to the Towers in response to a wire; brown, reticent, dependable, one of that choice, commanderless cohort of well-bred, penniless young men which pickets all last outposts and blazes all first trails, and, as a last free gift, usually makes ungrateful civilization heir to its bones.

When the plan was laid before him, Sterling was pleased; for in the Solomons are strange and rare parrots, and many airy, fairy orchids hide among the wooded mountains that slope steeply seaward. In the deep and lonesome valleys are snakes and bats and frogs and lizards that one may not find elsewhere, and in crescent-shaped canoes, the high carved prows of which are inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and adorned with tufts of grasses and feathers as many-hued as summer sunsets, boatmen, with bushy hair dyed brick color, will skilfully steer one through channels so unsafe that one's life hangs like a drop of water on the wet end of a paddle. Sterling knew what dark shade dimmed that blue sky and darkened that fair sunlight, but it was all in the day's work.

For Soame himself Sterling conceived a profound and unshakable affection. Unlike Virginia, he did not sense that hidden undercurrent which might, at a supreme moment, sweep Soame aside from the orderly trend of his apparent type. Wholeheartedly loyal and most transparently sincere, he felt his own somewhat bleak and unsuccessful life brightened by the other's radiance, and in return he said the prayers of a true believer, as it were, to this Norse sun-god of a Soame.

Soame would have loved Sterling as the brother of his soul, save for Virginia Travis; for Virginia fell in love with Sterling at sight, as she had not fallen in love with Soame. This time there was no doubt; she knew, and trembled and blushed and was starry-eyed and rose-lipped, and showed in her innocent face

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that which was holy and beautiful to look upon. Virginia knew love, and was shaken to the soul before the sheer glory of the sweet, great miracle.

What the girl sought to hide, what Sterling's manly modesty kept him from guessing or even daring to dream of, Soame saw at once, with intolerable clarity of vision. For while love may be blind in the noonday sunlight, jealousy can see in the dark. Soame was a trifle disgusted and astonished, as one may well be at the whim of a spoiled child who demands the moon while tossing aside the sun. He was sorry for Sterling, who had the misfortune to be loved by a girl irrevocably destined for another man, and that man Soame himself. It placed Soame in the somewhat awkward position of a god who must needs deal summarily with a worshiping heretic. Also, it forced him to exercise a godlike omnipresence of supervision where those two were concerned. He achieved this last with a delicate deliberateness worthy of all praise; there was no appearance of it upon the smooth surface of daily life at the Towers; nor did he appear to hasten his departure by so much as one day, although preparations went on steadily. But he saw to it that Virginia had no opportunity to exercise the subtle and purely feminine art of sowing the seeds of vain notions in a young man's head, along with the yet vainer notion that they grew there of their own accord. Nor did he deem it prudent to press his own claims; he could afford to wait.

Upon the late October morning that Virginia and her father bade the young men good-by, Sterling never for a moment doubted that the tears in the girl's eyes were for the splendid Soame. He winced, but his own feeling for Virginia made him tender of her thought for the other man, and that man Soame.

"I 'm going to be the carefullest kind of a body-guard, Miss Travis." His quiet voice beside her held a vibrant promise. "He 'll be home safe long before this time next year; don't you ever doubt it."

Virginia guessed his thought, and at that she made bold to lift her eyes, like half-drowned blue flowers; and the look in them went like a bullet through Sterling's heavy heart.

"I shall never," she said slowly, holding his gaze—"I shall never again know a happy day unless—unless *you* come home safe, too." Then she dropped her eyes, turning aside.

Never a flicker of an eyelash showed that Soame heard that, but in his gold beard his lips set like a knife-blade. He wished again that it had n't been Sterling.

The piratical skipper who dropped them at their first port of call in the Solomons had freely and profanely expressed his doubts as to their sanity; and he had told them many grisly tales by way of warning. And when Soame explained to the resident that they were going into the interior after certain birds, bugs, and orchids, that official, after a few eloquent remarks, washed his hands of them.

"You 'll get into the interior all right," agreed the Englishman—"several interiors, I should fancy. Most of the chaps that try to play that game here do."

"Bosh!" said Soame. "Missionaries' talk, to wheedle more pounds out of the home folks. That 's all it amounts to. There are things here I want, and I 've come to get 'em. D' ye think a few niggers with a tooth for man meat can stand *me* off, now I 'm here?"

"No," said the other, soberly, "I don't. They 'll take you in. However, if you hanker to make a Papuan holiday, lead yourselves to it, friends. Only, I 've officially warned you it is n't safe, and I 'm not responsible. And you 'll both please leave me the addresses of the people I 'm to notify officially when you fail to turn up."

"Piffle!" said Soame. "Sterling and I are here to get what we 're after. Besides," he added, with a superb and impressive confidence, "I always land on my feet. Things come my way because they have to. I 'm lucky. It 's all in my stars."

"Well," said the resident, dryly, "when these islanders come your way, Dr. Soame,

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I hope, for Mr. Sterling's sake as well as your own, that your stars shine and your luck holds; I do really." He was a thin, worried-looking man, with a liver and a wife, both of which tormented him; he could not understand why two liverless and wifeless men should chuck away their lives so lightly, and he said so with a tart tongue.

But Soame, with his Baldur hair and beard, laughed.

"You 're discounting my luck," said he gaily. "Man, I 'll come across it sitting down and waiting for me." And then he and Sterling took to the bush with two runty blacks who said they were mission-men and served God.

Two days later, in a hill village, Soame's luck met him. His luck this time was Mosaugi, the priest, waiting to die of a gangrened gunshot wound, and furiously averse to shuffling off the coil, because of some score or so of unpaid debts. To die before you have chance to pay your natural revenge debts is unprofitable and unbearable, as any one may discover who cares to try it.

Soame, with all his surgeon's instincts aroused, put Mosaugi to sleep with a stiff dose out of his medicine kit, and did some grisly work with such tools as he had. He and Sterling had to stand by for a week to make his magic work properly. Then, thanks to the sorcerer who could cut away a man's spoiled flesh without ever once waking him, Mosaugi saw that he might live to eat his foes. The prospect pleased him, and he was duly impressed and grateful. Also he was aware that, while the brown-haired one might be a handy enough acolyte, he who was like the rising sun was the real fountain-head of power.

Thus it happened that a thin, black, bandaged thing glided ghostlike into Soame's hut one evening, while Sterling was busied outside, and slipped into the white man's hand a bit of black stone, arrow-shaped, dully polished, and marked with a crude eye. Soame opened his hand, and the mission-men, trained to believe in the white man's God and knowing their catechism fairly well, fell upon their faces and groveled. The priest pushed one with a foot on which the skin was like horn, and the Christian lifted his head and explained fearfully that Mosaugi, high priest of the most secret and dreaded of all jungle gods, had been advised in a dream to give a sign to the white man who had saved him. Upon which the high priest, in obedience to his dream, had taken from the sandalwood forehead of his god the great seeing third eye of magic star-stone. It was a very, very powerful sign.

Soame, knowing this, was pleased. He said he was very much obliged to Mosaugi's god, who was a very civil and intelligent god indeed; and he assured the priest that that eye would be to him even as his own. Mosaugi thought it would please the god if, when the white man went among his island children, he wore that eye without covering, free to see and be seen: whereby Soame knew that for his skin's sake he must show his sign openly. In return he gave Mosaugi a small pocket-compass, and advised him to hang it in his god's right ear, where it could whisper to him little secrets of the stars. Mosaugi promised humbly, and, Sterling coming in just then, took his tottering departure.

"Present from the grateful patient," Soame told Sterling, casually, idly turning over in his fingers the uncouth bit of stone. "The psychology of the junk the g. p. likes to unload on the doctor should be studied."

"And this—"

"Oh, sort of visiting-card and letter-of-introduction watch-charm combination. Sounds like one of those useful articles you see street fakers persuading unwilling housewives to buy." He added lightly: "I 'm to wear the thing as a personal adornment to please the gentle g. p." He was whistling as he set to work to bore a threadlike hole through it; a bit of fine twisted wire attached it to a leather thong, which he slipped about his neck. It made a crude, but conspicuous, ornament, as Sterling laughingly told him.

The mission-men explained that they were both highly necessary persons in their

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church, which could n't by any means get along without them; they left without any further farewells. But Soame and Sterling went from village to village, with guides whom the chiefs named for escort. And Soame was known as the One with the Eye. Gentry with receding chins and protruding lips laid before him gifts of fruit and flowers and meal-cakes and yams; also they brought him unpleasant live things, held with thongs, to make magic with. Why should the One with the Eye wish such, save for sorcery?

Pursuing their beetly, buggy, batty, flowery way undisturbed, the white men might have fancied themselves in a terrestrial paradise, attended by angels for a space disguised uncomely as shifty-eyed savages. But Sterling, watching the faces which surrounded him, and meeting fierce eyes under flattened foreheads, too often felt a shudder shake him.

"They *behave* all right, but they *look* the fee-fi-fo-fummiest beggars ever I saw," he confided once to Soame. "Make me feel somehow as if I 'd died overnight and been plumped asleep into hell—and I 'd half-way waked up." Remembering poignantly the unpleasant tales spun on the trader, he fell silent. An amateur beast-trainer might experience some such sensations on entering a cage of untrained tigers.

Soame smiled. He seemed as confident of personal safety as if strolling in the park on a fine afternoon. He moved about as pleased him, fearlessly, royally, as the sun shines in a black pit. When these horrible wretches fawned and supplicatingly prostrated themselves before him, Sterling, looking on, had the distressed impression of witnessing unhallowed rites. And as they penetrated farther and farther into the uncharted recesses of the interior, the notion came and clung, monstrous as he felt it to be, that the Soame he knew was imperceptibly changing: he was being metamorphosed into the semblance of a Melanesian bush-god, evilly occulted by the very nature of his dreadful worshipers. Sterling dimly gathered that this dark worship in some way associated itself with that arrow-shaped amulet, the "present from the grateful patient." And yet those floating ghosts of ideas were so vague and formless that he could not put them into tangible words, even in his own mind. Nor could he dream of mentioning such nonsense to sane, calm Soame.

His days were peacefully laborious, his nights undisturbed, the whole trip successful beyond the wildest expectations; for the data collected was almost priceless. Yet Sterling could not shake off an uneasy sense—it was too vague to call it a premonition—of immanent disaster. Suddenly, in the midwatches of the night, he would find himself, as it were, jerked into a sitting posture in his bunk, listening with straining ears, in which the blood beat like a drum, for what? The breath spurted from his dry throat in choking gasps, and his heart pounded almost audibly. Why? Across the hut Soame slept like a child. Sterling grew to be mortally ashamed of his own morbid, uneasy terrors.

In early March, in the very middle of the dry season, just when his help was most vitally needed, Sterling sprained his ankle. They were then in a far hill village, perched like a hawk's nest among the topmost trees; and from this wild aery one saw, beyond the tortuous, treacherous channel dividing the island from the next, the blue of the open sea. The sea made Sterling homesick. Compelled to lie idle, save for such hours as he put his notes in order and strove manfully to conquer uncouth dialects, he had time to think insistently of Virginia Travis, who appeared before him in all her innocent beauty, showing him her lips of love, her eyes of spring. Virginia wore life like a royally jeweled garment, yet she had said that she would never, never be happy any more unless he, Sterling, whose proper garb was the wayfarer's fustian cloak, came home safely. And oh, her eyes when she had said that! She had been sorry for him, of course; for it would be magnificent Soame who would go home, laureled, lordly, lionized, and marry Virginia, as

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the prince always does marry the princess in all properly told tales. Sterling admitted that this was just, right, and proper; but he turned upon his bed of pine-boughs as if it had been a bed of nettles.

Soame, perforce, often idle then, too, had time to think. He had had time to measure Sterling in these months of close companionship, and it troubled him that it was Sterling of all men who must be eliminated. For Soame knew his Virginia, and he was well aware that nothing short of absolute elimination would suffice. Virginia would reach Sterling if Sterling were reachable on earth. Sterling, therefore, must be unreachable.

At a peculiarly vital point of crossing Sterling had stepped over the dead-line of Soame's luck, violating an untouchable tabu. His ultimate fall was thus a mere matter of gravity, a simple enough affair of cause and effect, in which Sterling, and Soame himself, might be considered purely passive agents, both innocent. For what Sterling had dimly divined was in reality occurring; that latent undertow which swept Soame aside from modern standards had caught him in its relentless grip. He *was* changing. He felt himself to be a sort of fetish, to trench upon whose precincts and privileges were sacrilege, courting inevitable destruction. The shadow of dark prayers and of sinister sacrifices enshrouded him, the acrid incense of idolatry drugged his brain: Soame had begun to look out upon life through the stone eye of a Papuan bush-god.

He disdained any deliberate plans; why uselessly expend energy upon what must happen of its own accord? Why jog the elbow of the inevitable? When the time came, Soame knew that he had only to stand aside, to remain passively aloof, and Sterling, deprived of his protection, must settle the score in whatever coin the gods of the hour demanded. As to the stamp of that mintage, that was a matter which gave him no concern; it was purely personal between Sterling and the Fates.

April was well in before Sterling's sprain, which was of a rather serious nature, had begun to mend. He could hobble about with the aid of a stout stick, but sustained tramping was out of the question. The dry season ends with May, and their time was short; Sterling fumed and fretted, feeling himself a clog. Soame was imperturbable, as behooves divinity. What he could freely give, Sterling received without stint.

On a pearly mid-April morning came a squatty little savage and brought to Soame, most carefully and tenderly done in barks and mosses, an orchid of such beauty and rarity that the white men felt their pulses go up a beat or two at sight of it. Two-days' journey westward, said the savage, and one found oneself in a world of such flowers as grew nowhere else—spirit-flowers, devil-flowers. And yet one day's journey farther, and one came to the Land of Parrots—the parrot Soame and Sterling had spent days of heartbreaking search for, and had so far failed to find.

The white men looked at each other mutely, like little boys who unexpectedly come upon a long-sought bird's nest, with all the eggs in it. For the moment Soame forgot he was by birth and greed an Elizabethan bucaneering pioneer, and by present occupation and occultation a Melanesian bush-god with a stone eye which saw most evilly. He knew himself as modernity thought it knew him—a scientist, an explorer, a naturalist on the trail of an unnamed parrot and an unknown orchid. And the rainy season was approaching, and Sterling could by no manner of means undertake a three-days' journey into the jungle.

It is true that during Sterling's convalescence Soame had undertaken some few one-day junkets, returning at nightfall, to find all well. It had apparently been quite safe; but they had tacitly agreed always to hunt in couples, and never to be separated for any length of time; and this meant at the least a ten-day absence.

It was Sterling himself who vehemently insisted that Soame should go. He shared the eagerness to have their collection per-

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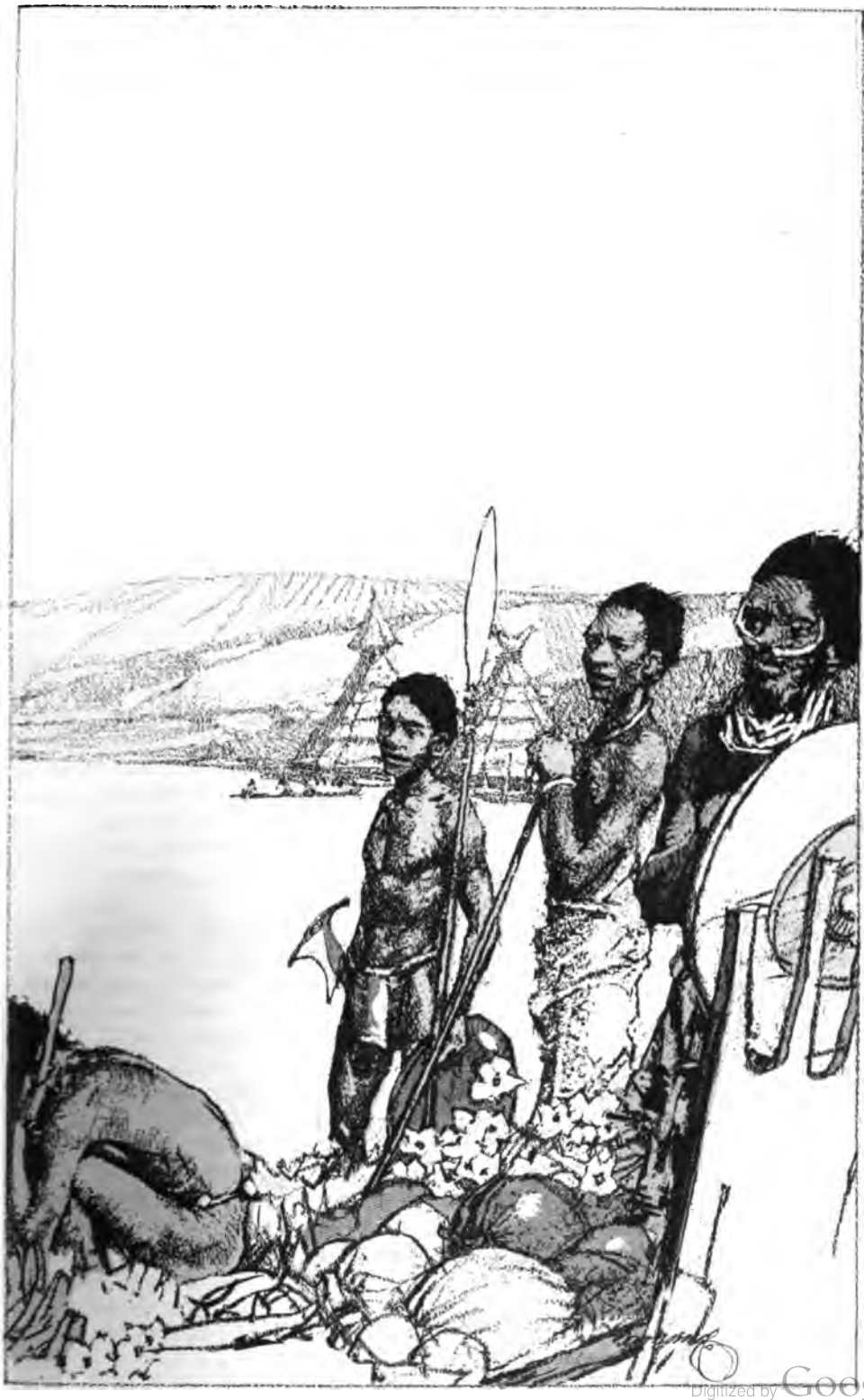
"Soame was known as the One with the Eye. Gentry with receding chins and protruding lips laid before



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him gifts of fruit and flowers and meal-cakes and yams; also they brought him unpleasant live things"

fect, and he could not bear his helplessness to cripple Soame, too. Soame said that if he went at all, it must be the next morning; he advised Sterling to quit fussing and take his nap. Presently, being really weary, Sterling did fall asleep, with his head on his arm. Perhaps he dreamed of Virginia Travis, for he smiled. Nor did he wake when in the noonday stillness a long, low murmur hummed through the village. Soame, strolling outside to investigate that stir as of hiving bees, was informed that the chief's favorite wife had just presented to her lord a first man-child, coal-black, very big, and perfect.

He strolled back, and sat down in the doorway of the hut. The hiving hum gradually died away; but the murmur of certain tales began to buzz in his brain. He recalled the very flash of Luke Carson's eyes, and how the blue flannel shirt he wore was open, showing his hairy neck, the night Carson first told him of the Solomons, and he had determined to come to the Solomons himself. He fingered the stone amulet. And Carson had talked about Ahab's queen, the palms of her hands and her heels. Several priests trotted out into the open, moved single file between the rows of huts, and vanished into the bush. Soame watched them attentively. High, high overhead, a mere motionless speck on suspended wings, a vulture hung in the empty sky.

The native who had brought the orchid came and squatted obstinately in the white man's shadow. As one addresses deity, he spoke to the One with the Eye. Flowers fade quickly and parrots fly afar. If one wished to secure them, one should immediately seek them; else it were too late.

The One with the Eye took his pipe from between his teeth, and stared fixedly for a moment at the black speck in the sky; then his gaze went thoughtfully beyond the wooded mountain slopes, beyond the silver ribbon of channel, out to that far blue which was the sea. Beyond that lay home and Virginia, Virginia who was *his*, and must so be made to understand.

They would start at daybreak, he told the guide. The parrots would be there whenever he chose to come for them; and as for the orchids, those obedient flowers would bloom overtime and out of season, if he so ordered. He began to smoke again contentedly.

That night a rolling, dreadful drum-beat, sounding from the forest, woke Sterling. In a startled voice he called to Soame.

"Oh, they 're just calling the gods on account of the chief's first son. They generally do call the gods in on affairs like that," said Soame, indifferently. He seemed neither surprised nor startled; one might fancy he had rather expected to hear that savage sound. It did not occur again, and Sterling fell asleep. Soame lay awake.

He called Sterling at the first streak of dawn. In the wan and ghostly light he loomed up almost gigantic, his hair and beard glistening dully, like the sun obscured by clouds.

"I 'm ready, Sterling," said he, quietly. "When I talked to the chief last evening, I made him understand he had to look after you pretty carefully, and I dare say you 'll be perfectly snug. But I 'm bound to remind you again that this means a week's absence, and maybe longer. I own I 'm keen on completing the collection, but if you 'd rather I 'd stay, why, I 'll stay."

"What rot!" said Sterling, deeply touched. "Of course you 've got to go; I thought we 'd settled that yesterday. I 'll stay here and wait for you to fetch in what we can't afford to miss. Oh, this blamed leg!"

"Are you perfectly sure, Sterling," insisted Soame, "that you 're not afraid to stay here by yourself? There *might* be some risk, you know."

At that all the vague fears and surmises and suspicions and formless doubts and futile questionings rose to Sterling's mind, shaming him into denying them. Soame could not have chosen a surer method of making Sterling insist upon his departure.

"Perfectly sure," said Sterling, stoutly.

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Had he not held his life in his finger-tips many a time before this?

Soame stood looking down at him thoughtfully. He, too, was perfectly sure. He knew that Sterling's score was being called for. He wished it had been somebody else than Sterling, but the grim humor of the situation tickled that terrible twist which kept him from being what he should have been and made him what he was.

"Well," said he, still playing tigerishly with the moment, "I shall give you a full five minutes to change your mind. I can't spare any more time than that." He walked toward the door, holding his open watch in his hand. And in between the ticks which told off the seconds of Sterling's fate it seemed to him that he heard the village hum like a swarm of roused bees, and the *thud-thud-thud* of the priests' horny hoofs on the beaten track, and a drum-beat in the night. Oddly enough, too, he found himself remembering, as Carson had remembered, the story of the queen trod underfoot, some of her blood staining the wall, and how the dogs had left only her skull and her heels and the palms of her hands. Oh, yes, one leaves the palms of the hands, because they are very, very bitter.

"Oh, you get out!" said Sterling, tartly. "Am I a hand-raised brat to be whimsied with mind-changing? You go get that parrot. Trek!" But without answering, Soame peered at his watch, bending forward in the half-light.

Exasperated, Sterling jerked himself out of his bunk, and started toward him. He failed to consider the sprained leg, which, after a step or two, crumpled under him like a piece of cardboard. To save himself from sprawling outright, he clutched for Soame's support, his hands clawing the other man's shoulders.

With an exclamation of concern and a quickly outstretched arm, Soame steadied him, and helped him back to the bunk, where Sterling sat swearing at his ankle for the remainder of the five minutes. Then, ill favored as a gnome, the squatty savage appeared just outside the door, beckoning insistently. Soame slid gun and knapsack over his shoulders, turning the rest of his duffle over to the guide.

"Good-by, old chap!" said he, "I 'm off." Outside, the sky was beginning to brighten with the swift onrush of tropic dawn, and the morning air was exquisitely fresh and pure. He flung up his head, drew a deep, luxurious breath, straightened his shoulders, and without a backward look struck out in a long, easy stride in the wake of the swift-footed savage.

Through the open door Sterling watched him go. Now he had begun to descend the winding mountain path, disappearing, reappearing for a moment, ever growing smaller and smaller and fainter and fainter in the distance, until the forest closed upon him, and he disappeared as into a green mouth.

Sterling had to fight off an almost overpowering impulse to shout after him, to fire a gun even, and thus recall him. He was disgusted with himself for harboring such a mad impulse, and yet there it was!

The sun rose royally, sucking up mists and shadows. Then, in the broad, bright light, lying just inside the doorway, Sterling's eyes fell upon an arrow-shaped piece of stone. The sight gave him an electric shock, which set his heart to beating thickly. With the aid of his stick he drew the thing toward him, and saw that the fine ring which had held it to the neck-thong had been wrenched loose, possibly by his own hands clutching Soame's shoulders.

He fingered the unchancy thing with a chilling sense of impending evil; as if it impudently winked at him, the rude eye annoyed him. Soame was out of sound of gunshot then; even had he not been, Sterling would have hesitated to fire and perhaps have the village swarm upon him, to learn that the thing was out of Soame's possession. Perhaps Soame might even be endangered if they sensed its loss; he reflected that he would not dare trust it to the hands of a messenger, to be sent after his friend. No, better wait for Soame to come back for it, as he was pretty likely to do the moment he discovered his loss.

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Sterling sat patiently in his bunk, watching the doorway for Soame's return.

The minutes passed, crawling leadenly. Sterling put the stone in his pocket, waiting with mounting anxiety. It struck him presently that the village was unusually quiet, perfectly silent, in fact, and that no one had brought his morning milk and meal-cakes. His leg ached intolerably from the strain he had put upon it, and to ease it he stretched himself at length upon the bunk. It was very still. He nodded; perhaps he may have slept a little.

Somewhere a conch blew raucously. Sterling lifted his head, to see his hut fill with savages. They did not bear meal-cakes and milk; with murderous hands they clutched at the white man. And Soame out of call, gone after a parrot and a bunch of flowers!

Sterling felt the sweat of horror upon his forehead. These devils, for some reason, prayed to Soame; if he could only get word to Soame, threaten them with Soame's displeasure, hold them off until Soame's return! In the moment of his extremity all those dialects he had studied so assiduously—dialects he had flattered himself he knew—slipped out of his mind, as if wiped off with a wet sponge. Using even his maimed leg as a battering-ram, he managed to kick off the most pressing of his assailants, yelling in his mother-tongue that Soame would assuredly come back and annihilate the entire population. To lend weight to his threat, he plunged his hand into his pocket and brandished in their furious faces the sign of the eye.

Upon the grunting mass of murderers fell a sudden silence, a complete cessation of movement. For a moment they remained thus arrested, as if petrified into grotesque attitudes. Then, with eyes immovably glued upon the sign, as if with one accord they dropped upon all fours and wriggled and cringed and groveled and fawned and crawled toward the white man. As they neared him, Sterling kicked his worshipers singly and together. No god ever so blacked the eyes, bloodied the noses, split the lips, battered, bruised, pommeled, footed his suppliants with such completeness of enraged abandon as Sterling spent upon his.

Rage, disgust, horror, and terror roused him into an epic fury. Unprintable names, unspeakable epithets picked up from the four corners of the globe; insults for which men slay one another; abuse lifted to the *nth* power; frightful oaths, monstrous revilings, terrifying threats, horrible details of promised reprisals, rushed in a raging torrent from his lips, as if in unconscious obedience to some demoniac command. Out of his white and stony face the starting eyeballs glared devilishly, lit from some inward infernal fires.

He was a terrifying spectacle. Never had the bushmen seen any mortal man so completely possessed by the gods who are devils. They understood that in an unknown tongue he prophesied: that those alien words, which beat upon their ears as with the noise of the gathering rains pouring themselves upon the earth, hid in them the kernels of supernatural tidings. Thus when the inspired one kicked them in the faces with one holy foot, they sought to lick the other; the clawing black hands sought only to touch those lordly legs, moved by deity. Clutching, clawing, tumbling, rolling over the floor, they horribly resembled a mad mass of big black scarabs, each dementedly seeking to roll up for himself a spiced sacrosanct pill of prophetic billingsgate.

In the midst of this sacred ceremony Sterling's leg and nerves gave out suddenly and absolutely. The verbal torrent died upon his lips; blackness enveloped him. Still clutching the sign in a frenzied fist, unconsciousness overcame him, and he sank inert and helpless upon the bunk.

His worshipers rose and blinked at him, awed and chilled. In secret and sacred initiations, amid the smoke and spell of chants and incantations, the gods will sometimes send upon a highly favored, chosen votary a magic sleep. When that sleep passes, such a one arises, and from his lips fall oracles and words. To this white man had come the great sign. His legs and his tongue had been moved by

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"Sterling raged like a wild man up and down the land"

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the spirits who make a man more than a man. And crowning all, he had of a sudden been snatched up, in the very midst of prophesying, to hear counsels face to face, mouth to ear. Truly, this was a day of signs and wonders, and the chief's son would be a mighty man in his time. They vanished, to spread the glad tidings that a great prophet had appeared in their time and generation; also to seek what other meat must be forthcoming for the feast which the gods had demanded and must have.

To keep his trance from disturbance, a guard was set before Sterling's hut. His doorway was piled with gifts and tribute; the fatness of the land was his at call. He cursed his hosts with the rage of fever when he woke, and fell again into unconsciousness.

On the morning of the third day he was clear-headed, but very weak. They gave him clear cool water and fresh sweet milk and healing fruits and newly cooked meal-cakes. His strength somewhat returning, he made them know it was his pleasure to go after Soame. They were afraid of Sterling then; there was that in his set face which made their livers turn to water when he looked at them. At his imperious bidding a rude litter was hastily fashioned, and upon the shoulders of four bullet-headed cannibals Sterling set out on his search.

In scattered villages they talk yet of that mad magician who raged over the islands, swiftly moving up and down the steepest mountains and crossing roaring torrents, a terrible being with a sign, demanding word of a spirit he called So Umm. When this sorcerer appeared, glaring about him with eyes of flame, roaring aloud in their villages for So Umm, and, failing to get answer or information, most grievously banged and clouted with his fists the heads of chiefs and priests, they ran away and hid, from the dread which he inspired. As for that So Umm, it was very plain to be seen that he was a devil-spirit, who made bad magic; wherefore it was wise to placate him with incantations and prayers, and please him with certain gifts, that his wrath might not be enkindled, and that he might stay away from the villages wherein the man with the sign had called him.

Sterling raged like a wild man up and down the land, inspiring sheer terror in them who had inspired such terror in others. Had it not been for the sign, they would have all run away and left him alone in the forest, who cried aloud terribly to a spirit in the night. He received no answer.

Once, painfully following the trail which Soame had taken, he came upon a trampled space, not much more than half a day's journey from the starting-point. There were yet faint traces of what might have been a terrific struggle, in torn and scattered tree-limbs, and withered foliage. But the quick tropic vegetation had already half obliterated such signs. One might only vaguely surmise that here, if anywhere, a very strong man might have made a last desperate stand. Was it here, then, that, discovering the loss of that awful amulet, he had turned to come back? Sterling never knew. To all that frantic search, those despairing calls and prayers, there came no further clue, no word, no sign, no message. Soame, the beautiful, the fortunate, the godlike, had vanished utterly, as the sun is lost in a polar night. And in the darkness of his eclipse Sterling, who had loved him, wept desolately; nor was there room in that noble and unselfish grief for any shadow of doubt to dim him. What wrong there might have been, Sterling never knew.

When he got home with the collection, and wrote his great book from their joint notes, it bore Soame's name as co-author, and its loyally loving preface was his undying monument. Even when Virginia Travis had successfully implanted those notions in his head which Soame had foreseen and sought to supplant, she knew that half of her husband's heart was not hers: it was a shrine which inclosed the beautiful, imperishable image of Soame. Which perhaps was the last and best proof of Soame's luck.

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War Brides[1]

A Play in One Act

Illustrations by John Sloan

By MARION CRAIG WENTWORTH

The war brides were cheered with enthusiasm and the churches were crowded when the large wedding parties spoke the ceremony in concert.—PRESS CLIPPING.

SCENE: *A room in a peasant's cottage in a war-ridden country. A large fireplace at the right. Near it a high-backed settle. On the left a heavy oak table and benches. Woven mats on the floor. A door at left leads into a bedroom. In the corner a cupboard. At the back a wide window with scarlet geraniums and an open door. A few firearms are stacked near the fireplace. There is an air of homely color and neatness about the room.*

Through the open door may be seen women stacking grain. Others go by carrying huge baskets of grapes or loads of wood, and gradually it penetrates the mind that all these workers are women, aristocrats and peasants side by side. Now and then a bugle blows or a drum beats in the distance. A squad of soldiers marches quickly by. There is everywhere the tense atmosphere of unusual circumstance, the anxiety and excitement of war.

Amelia, a slight, flaxen-haired girl of nineteen, comes in. She brushes off the hay with which she is covered, and goes to packing a bag with a secret, but determined, air. The Mother passes the window and appears in the doorway. She is old and work-worn, but sturdy and stoical. Now she carries a heavy load of wood, and is weary. She casts a sharp eye at Amelia.

Mother:

What are you doing, girl? [*Amelia starts and puts the bag in the cupboard.*] Who 's going away? They have n't sent for Arno?

Amelia:

No.

Mother:

[*Sighs, and drops her load on the hearth.*]

Is the hay all in?

Amelia:

Yes. I put in the last load. All the big work on our place is done, and so— [*Looks at her mother and hesitates. Her mother begins to chop the wood into kindling.*] I 'll do that, Mother.

Mother:

Let be, girl. It keeps me from worrying. Get a bite to eat. What were you doing with that bag? Who were you packing it for?

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Amelia:

[*With downcast eyes.*]

Myself.

Mother: [*Anxious.*]

What for?

Amelia:

Sit down, Mother, and be still while I tell you— [*Pushes her mother into a chair.*]

Mother: [*Starts.*]

Is there any news? Quick! Tell me!

Amelia:

Not since yesterday. Only they say Franz is at the front. We don't know where Emil and Otto are, and there 's been a battle; but—

Mother:

[*Murmurs, with closed eyes.*]

My boys! my boys!

Amelia:

Don't, Mother! They may come back.

[*A cheer is heard.*]

Mother: [*Starting.*]

What 's that?

Amelia:

[*Running to the door and looking out.*]

They are cheering the war brides, that 's all.

Mother:

Aye. There 's been another wedding ceremony.

Amelia:

Yes.

Mother:

How many war brides to-day?

Amelia:

Ten, they said.

Mother: [*Nodding.*]

Aye, that is good. Has any one asked you, Amelia? [*Amelia looks embarrassed.*] Some one should ask you. You are a good-looking girl.

Amelia:

[*In a low voice.*]

Hans Hoffman asked me last night.

Mother:

The young and handsome lieutenant? You are lucky. You said yes?

Amelia:

[*Shakes her head.*]

No.

Mother:

Ah, well.

Amelia:

I hardly know him. I 've only spoken to him once before. O Mother—that is n't what I want to do.

Mother:

What did you tell him?

Amelia: [*Timidly.*]

That I was going away to join the Red Cross.

Mother:

Amelia!

Amelia:

He did n't believe me. He kissed me—and I ran away.

Mother:

The Red Cross!

Amelia: [*Eagerly.*]

Yes; that is what I was going to tell you just now. That is why I was packing the bag. [*Gets it.*] I—I want to go. I want to go to-night. I can't stand this waiting.

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Mother:

You leave me, too?

Amelia:

I want to go to the front with Franz and Otto and Emil, to nurse them, to take care of them if they are wounded—and all the others. Let me, Mother! I, too, must do something for my country. The grapes are plucked, and the hay is stacked. Hedwig is gathering the wheat. You can spare me. I have been dreaming of it night and day.

Mother:

[*Setting her lips decisively.*]

No, Amelia!

Amelia:

O Mother, why?

Mother:

You must help me with Hedwig. I can't manage her alone.

Amelia:

Hedwig!

Mother:

She is strange; she broods. Had n't you noticed?

Amelia:

Why, yes; but I thought she was worrying about Franz. She adores him, and any day she may hear that he is killed. It 's the waiting that 's so awful.

Mother:

But it 's more than the waiting with Hedwig. Aye, you will help Franz more by staying home to take care of his wife, Amelia, especially now.

Amelia: [*Puzzled.*]

Now?

Mother:

[*Goes to her work-basket.*]

Hedwig has told you nothing?

Amelia:

No.

Mother:

Ah, she is a strange girl! She asked me to keep it a secret,—I don't know why,—but now I think you should know. See! [*Very proudly she holds up the tiny baby garments she is knitting.*]

Amelia:

[*Pleased and astonished.*]

So Franz and Hedwig—

Mother: [*Nods.*]

For their child. In six months now. My first grandchild, Amelia. Franz's boy, perhaps. I shall hear a little one's voice in this house again.

Amelia:

[*Uncertainly, as she looks at the little things.*]

Still—I want to go.

Mother: [*Firmly.*]

We must take care of Hedwig, Amelia. She is to be a mother. That is our first duty. It is our only hope of an heir if you won't marry soon—and if—if the boys don't come back.

Amelia:

Arno is left.

Mother:

Ah, but they 'll be calling him next. It is his birthday to-day, too, poor lad. He 's on the jump to be off. I see him gone, too. God knows I may never see one of them again. I sit here in the long evenings and think how death may take my boys,—even this minute they may be breathing their last,—and then I knit this baby sock and think of the precious little life that 's coming. It 's my one comfort, Amelia. Nothing must happen now.

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Amelia:

[*With a touch of impatience.*]

What 's the matter with Hedwig?

Mother:

I don't know what it is. She acts as if she did n't want to bring her child into the world. She talks wild. I tell you I must have that child, Amelia! I cannot live else. Hedwig frightens me. The other night I found her sitting on the edge of her bed staring,—when she should have been asleep,—as if she saw visions, and whispering, "I will send a message to the emperor." What message? I had to shake her out of it. She refuses to make a thing for her baby. Says, "Wait till I see what they do to Franz." It 's unnatural.

Amelia:

I can't understand her. I never could. I always thought it was because she was a factory-town girl.

Mother:

If anything should happen to Franz in the state she 's in now, Hedwig might go out of her mind entirely. So you had best stay by, Amelia. We must keep a close eye on her.

[*There is a knock at the door.*]

Who 's that?

Amelia:

[*Looks out of the window, and then whispers.*]

It 's Hans Hoffman.

[*The knock is repeated.*]

Mother:

Open, girl! Don't stand there!

[*Enter Hoffman, gay, familiar, inclined to stoutness, but good-looking. Accustomed to having the women bow down to him.*]

Hoffman:

[*To Amelia.*] Ah, ha! You gave me the slip yesterday!

Amelia:

My mother.

Hoffman: [*Nodding.*]

Good day, Mother. [*She curtsies.*]

[*Coming closer to Amelia.*]

Where did you run to? Here she as good as promised me she would wed me to-day, Mother, and then—

Amelia:

Oh, no!

Hoffman:

Yes, you did. You let me kiss you.

Amelia: [*Taken aback.*]

Oh, sir!

Hoffman:

And when I got to the church square to-day, no bride for Hans Hoffman. Well, I must say, they had the laugh on me; for I had told them I had found the girl for me—the prettiest bride of the lot. But to-morrow—

Amelia:

I can't.

Hoffman:

[*Taking hold of her.*]

Oh, yes, you can. I won't bother you long. I 'm off to the front any day now. Come, promise me! What do you say, Mother?

Mother: [*Slowly.*]

I should like to see her wed.

Hoffman:

There!

Amelia:

[*Shrinking from both him and the idea.*]

But I don't know you well enough yet.

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Hoffman:

Well, look me over. Don't you think I am good enough for her, Mother? Besides, we can't stop to think of such things now, Amelia. It is war-time. This is an emergency measure. And, then, I 'm a soldier—like to die for my country. That ought to count for something—a good deal, I should say—if you love your country, and you do, don't you, Amelia?

Amelia:

Oh, yes!

Hoffman:

Well, then, we can get married and get acquainted afterward.

Amelia: [*Faintly.*]

I wanted to be a nurse.

Hoffman:

Nonsense! Pretty girls like you should marry. The priests and the generals have commanded it. It 's for the fatherland. Ought she not to wed me, Mother?

Mother:

[*Nodding impersonally.*]

Aye, it is for the fatherland they ask it.

Hoffman:

Of course. It is your patriotic duty, Amelia. You 're funny. All the young women are tickled at the chance. But you are the one I have picked out, and I am going to have you. Now, there 's a good girl—promise!

[*A hubbub of voices and a cheer are heard outside. Enter Minna, flushed, pretty, light headed.*]

Amelia:

Minna!

Minna:

[*Holding out her hand.*]

Amelia, see! My wedding-ring!

Amelia:

Iron!

Minna:

[*Triumphantly.*]

Yes; a war bride!

Amelia:

You?

Minna:

That 's what I am. [*Whirling gaily about.*]

Hoffman:

[*Shaking her hand.*]

Good for you! Congratulations!

Minna:

Did n't you hear them cheer? That was for me!

Hoffman:

There 's patriotism for you, Amelia!

Amelia:

When were you married, Minna?

Minna:

Just now. There were ten of us. We all answered in chorus. It was fun—just like a theater. Then the priest made a speech, and the burgomaster and the captain. The people cheered, and then our husbands had to go to drill for an hour. Oh, I never was so thrilled! It was grand! They told us we were the true patriots.

Hoffman:

Hurrah! And so you are.

Minna:

Our names will go down in history, honored by a whole people, they said.

[*They are all carried away by Minna's enthusiasm; even Amelia warms up.*]

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MINNA : Amelia, see ! My wedding-ring !
AMELIA : Iron !
MINNA : Yes ; a war bride !

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Amelia:

But whom did you marry, Minna?

Minna:

Heinrich Berg.

Amelia: [*Dubious.*]

That loafer!

Minna:

He 's all right. He 's a soldier now. Why, he may be a hero, fighting for the fatherland; and that makes a lot of difference, Amelia.

Hoffman:

What did I tell you?

Minna:

I probably would n't have picked him out in peace-times, but it is different now. He only asked me last night. Of course he may get killed. They said we 'd have a widow's pension fund,—us and our children,—forever and ever, if the boys did n't come back. So, you see, I won't be out anything. Anyway, it 's for the country. We 'll be famous, as war brides. Even the name sounds glorious, does n't it? War bride! Is n't that fine?

Hoffman:

Here 's a little lady who will hear herself called that to-morrow. [*Takes Amelia's hand.*]

Minna:

[*Clapping her hands.*]

Amelia a war bride, too! Good!

Hoffman:

You 'll be proud to hear her called that, won't you, Mother? Give us your blessing.

Minna:

I 'd rather be a wife or a widow any day than be an old maid; and to be a war bride—oh!

[*Amelia is blushing and tremulous.*]

Mother:

[*With a far-away look.*]

It is for the fatherland, Amelia. Aye, aye, the masters have said so. It is the will and judgment of those higher than us. They are wise. Our country will need children. Aye. Say yes, my daughter. You will not say no when your country bids you! It is your emperor, your country, who asks, more than Hans Hoffman.

Amelia:

[*Impressed, and questions herself to see if her patriotism is strong enough to stand the test, while Hoffman, charmed by Amelia's gentleness, is moved by more personal feeling.*]

Hoffman:

[*Kissing Amelia on both cheeks.*]

There, it 's all settled. [*A faint cheer is heard without.*] To-morrow they will cheer you like that; and when I go, I shall have a bride to wave me good-by instead of—

[*Enter Hedwig.*

She stands in the doorway looking out on the distant crowds. She is tall, well built, and carries herself proudly. Strong, intelligent features, but pale. Her eyes are large with anxiety. She has soft, wavy black hair. An inward flame seems to be consuming her.

The sounds continue in the distance, cheering, disputing mingled with far bugle-calls and marching feet.]

Hedwig:

[*Contemptuously.*]

Ha!

[*The sound startles the others. They turn.*]

All:

Hedwig!

Hedwig:

[*Still in the doorway, looking out.*]

War brides!

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Minna: [*Pertly.*]
You 're a war bride yourself, Hedwig.

Hedwig:
[*Turns quickly, locates Minna, almost springs at her.*]
Don't you dare to call me a war bride! My ring is gold. See. [*Seizes Minna's hand, and then throws it from her.*] Not iron, like yours.

Minna:
[*Boldly taunting.*]
They even call you the first war bride.

Hedwig:
[*Furious, towering over her, her hand on her shoulder.*]
Say why, why?

Minna: [*Weakening.*]
Because you were the first one to be married when the war broke out.

Hedwig:
[*Both hands on her shoulders.*]
Because the Government commanded? Because they bribed me with the promise of a widow's pension? Tell the truth.

Minna: [*Faintly.*]
No. Let me go.

Hedwig:
So! And how long had Franz and I been engaged? Now say.

Minna:
[*Beginning to be frightened.*]
Two years.

Hedwig:
[*Flinging her off.*]
Of course. Everybody knows it. Every village this side the river knew we were to be married this summer. We 've dreamed and worked for nothing else all these months. It had nothing to do with the war—our love, our marriage. So, you see, I am no war bride. [*Walks scornfully away.*] Not like you, anyway.
[*They all stare at her.*]

Hoffman:
[*Stepping forward indignantly.*]
I don't know why you should have this contempt for our war brides, and speak like that.

Hedwig:
[*Sits down, half turned away. She shrugs her shoulders, and her lips curl in a little smile.*]

Hoffman:
They are coming to the rescue of their country. Saving it; else it will perish.

Hedwig: [*Bitterly.*]
Ha!

Hoffman:
[*Waxing warmer.*]
They are the saviors of the future.

Hedwig: [*Sadly.*]
The future!

Mother:
[*Softly, laying her hand on Hedwig's shoulder.*]
Hedwig, be more respectful. Herr Hoffman is a lieutenant.

Hoffman:
When we are gone,—the best of us,—what will the country do if it has no children?

Hedwig:
Why did n't you think of that before—before you started this wicked war?

Hoffman:
I tell you it is a glory to be a war bride. There!

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Hedwig:

[*With a shrug.*]

A breeding-machine! [*They all draw back.*] Why not call it what it is? Speak the naked truth for once.

Hoffman:

You 'll take that back to-morrow, when your sister stands up in the church with me.

Hedwig: [*Starting up.*]

Amelia? Marry you? No! Amelia, is this true?

Amelia:

[*Hesitating, troubled, and uncertain.*]

They tell me I must—for the fatherland.

Hedwig:

Marry this man, whom you scarcely know, whom surely you cannot love! Why, you make a mock of marriage! It is n't that they have tempted you with the widow's pension? It is so tiny; it 's next to nothing. Surely you would n't yield to that?

Amelia: [*Frightened.*]

I did want to go as a nurse, but the priests and the generals—they say we must marry —to—for the fatherland, Hedwig.

Hoffman: [*To Hedwig.*]

I command you to be silent!

Hedwig:

Not when my sister's happiness is at stake. If you come back, she will have to live with you the rest of her life.

Hoffman:

That is n't the question now. We are going away—the best of us—to be shot, most likely. Don't you suppose we want to send some part of ourselves into the future, since we can't live ourselves? There, that 's straight; and right, too.

Hedwig:

[*Nodding slowly.*]

What I said—to breed a soldier for the empire; to restock the land. [*Fiercely.*] And for what? For food for the next generation's cannon. Oh, it is an insult to our womanhood! You violate all that makes marriage sacred! [*Agitated, she walks about the room.*] Are we women never to get up out of the dust? You never asked us if we wanted this war, yet you ask us to gather in the crops, cut the wood, keep the world going, drudge and slave, and wait, and agonize, lose our all, and go on bearing more men—and more —to be shot down! If we breed the men for you, why don't you let us say what is to become of them? Do we want them shot—the very breath of our life?

Hoffman:

It is for the fatherland.

Hedwig:

You use us, and use us—dolls, beasts of burden, and you expect us to bear it forever dumbly; but I won't! I shall cry out till I die. And now you say it almost out loud, "Go and breed for the empire." War brides! Pah!

[*Minna gasps, beginning to be terrified. Hoffman rages. Mother gazes with anxious concern. Amelia turns pale.*]

Hoffman:

I never would dream of speaking of Amelia like that. She is the sweetest girl I have seen for many a day.

Hedwig:

What will happen to Amelia? Have you thought of that? No; I warrant you have n't. Well, look. A few kisses and sweet words, the excitement of the ceremony, the cheers of the crowd, some days of living together,—I won't call it marriage, for Franz and I are the ones who know what real marriage is, and how sacred it is,—then what? Before you know it, an order to march. Amelia left to wait for her child. No husband to wait with her,

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to watch over her. Think of her anxiety, if she learns to love you! What kind of child will it be? Look at me. What kind of child would *I* have, do you think? I can hardly breathe for thinking of my Franz, waiting, never knowing from minute to minute. From the way I feel, I should think my child would be born mad, I 'm that wild with worrying. And then for Amelia to go through the agony alone! No husband to help her through the terrible hour. What solace can the state give then? And after that, if you don't come back, who is going to earn the bread for her child? Struggle and struggle to feed herself and her child; and the fine-sounding name you trick us with—war bride! Humph! that will all be forgotten then. Only one thing can make it worth while, and do you know what that is? Love. We 'll struggle through fire and water for that; but without it— [*Gesture.*]

Hoffman:

[*Drawing Amelia to him.*]

Don't listen to her, Amelia.

Amelia:

[*Pushing Hoffman violently from her, runs from the room.*]

No, no, I can't marry you! I won't! I won't!

[*She shuts the door in his face.*]

Hedwig:

[*Triumphantly.*]

She will never be your war bride, Hans Hoffman!

Hoffman:

[*Suddenly, angrily.*]

By thunder! I 've made a discovery. You 're the woman! You 're the woman!

Hedwig:

What woman?

Hoffman:

Yesterday there were twenty war brides. The day before there were nearly thirty. To-day there were only ten. There are rumors— [*Excitedly.*] I 'll report you. They 'll find you guilty. I myself can prove it.

Hedwig:

Well?

Hoffman:

I heard them say at the barracks that some one was talking the women out of marrying. They did n't know who; but they said if they caught her—caught any one talking as you have just now, daring to question the wisdom of the emperor and his generals, the church, too,—she 'd be guilty of treason. You are working against the emperor, against the fatherland. Here you have done it right before my very eyes; you have taken Amelia right out of my arms. You 're the woman who 's been upsetting the others, and don't you deny it.

Hedwig:

Deny it? I am proud of it.

Hoffman:

Then the place for you is in jail. Do you know what will be the end of you?

Hedwig:

[*Suddenly far away.*]

Yes, I know, if Franz does not come back. I know; but first [*Clenching her hands*] I must get my message to the emperor.

Hoffman: [*Very angry.*]

You will be shot for treason.

Hedwig:

[*Coming back, laughing slightly.*]

Shot? Oh, no, Herr Hans, you 'd never shoot me!

Hoffman:

Why not?

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Hedwig:

Do I have to tell you, stupid? I am a woman: I can get in the crops; I can keep the country going while you are away fighting, and, most important, I might give you a soldier for your next army—for the kingdom. Don't you see my value? [*Laughs strangely.*] Oh, no, you 'd never shoot me!

Mother:

There, there, don't excite her, sir.

Hedwig:

[*Her head in her hands, on the table.*] God! I wish you would shoot me! If you don't give me back my Franz! I 've no mind to bring a son into the world for this bloody thing you call war.

Hoffman:

I am going straight to headquarters to report you.

[*Starts to go.*

Enter Arno excitedly. He is boyish and fair, in his early twenties, and looks even younger than he really is.]

Arno:

[*To Hoffman.*] There 's an order to march at once—your regiment.

Hoffman:

Now?

Arno:

At once. You are wanted. They told me to tell you.

[*Hoffman moves with military precision to the door; then turns to Hedwig.*]

Hoffman:

I shall take the time to report you. [*Goes.*]

Minna:

[*To Arno.*] Does Heinrich's regiment go, too?

Arno:

Heinrich who?

Minna:

Heinrich Berg.

Arno:

No. To-morrow.

[*Minna, now thoroughly scared, is slinking to the door when Hedwig stops her.*]

Hedwig:

Ha! little Minna, why do you run so fast? Heinrich does not go until to-morrow. [*Looks at her thoughtfully.*] Are you going to be able to fight it through, little Minna, when the hard days come? If you do give the empire a soldier, will it be any comfort to know you are helping the falling birth-rate?

Minna: [*Shivering.*] Oh, I am afraid of you!

Hedwig:

Afraid of the truth, you mean. You see it at last in all its brutal bareness. Poor little Minna! [*She puts her arm around Minna with sudden tenderness.*] But you need not be afraid of me, little Minna. Oh, no. The trouble with me is I want no more war. Franz is at the war. I 'm half mad with dreaming they have killed him. Any moment I may hear. If you loved your man as I do mine, little Minna, you 'd understand. Well, go now, and to-morrow say good-by to your husband—of a day.

[*Minna, with a frightened backward glance, runs out the door.*

Arno, who has been talking in low tones to his mother, now rises.]

Arno:

Well, Mother, I have n't much time.

[*She clings to his hand.*]

Hedwig: [*Starting.*] Arno!

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Arno:

I am going, too. Get those little things for me, Mother, will you?

Mother:

[*Goes to door and calls.*]

Amelia! Come. Arno has been called.

[*Amelia comes in. Each in turn embraces him, sadly, but bravely. Then the mother and sister gather together handkerchiefs, linen, writing-pad and pencil, and small necessaries.*]

Arno:

I have only a few minutes.

Hedwig: [*Tenderly.*]

Arno, my little brother, oh, why—why must you go? You seem so young.

Arno:

I 'm a man, like the others; don't forget that, Hedwig. Be brave—to help me to be brave. [*They sit on the settle.*]

Hedwig: [*Sighing.*]

Yes, it cannot be helped. Will you see my Franz, Arno? You look so like him to-day—the day I first saw him in the fields, the day of the factory picnic. It seems long ago. Tell him how happy he made me, and how I loved him. He did n't believe in this war no more than I, yet he had to go. He dreaded lest he meet his friends on the other side. You remember those two young men from across the border? They worked all one winter side by side in the factory with Franz. They went home to join their regiments when the war was let loose on us. He never could stand it, Franz could n't, if he were ordered to drive his bayonets into them. [*Gets up, full of emotion that is past expression.*] Oh, it is too monstrous! And for what—for what?

Arno:

It is our duty. We belong to the fatherland. I would willingly give my life for my country.

Hedwig:

I would willingly give mine for peace.

Arno:

I must go. Good-by, Hedwig.

Hedwig:

[*Controlling her emotion as she kisses him.*]

Good-by, my brave, splendid little brother.

Amelia:

I may come to the front, too. [*They embrace tenderly.*]

Mother:

[*Strong and quiet, unable to speak, holds his head against her breast for a moment.*]

Fight well, my son.

Arno:

Yes, Mother.

[*He tears himself away. The silent suffering of the mother is pitiful. Her hands are crossed on her breast, her lips are seen to move in prayer. It is Hedwig who takes her in her arms and comforts her.*]

Hedwig:

And this is war—to tear our hearts out like this! Make mother some tea, Amelia, can't you?

[*Amelia prepares the cup of tea for her mother.*]

Mother:

[*After a few moments composes herself.*]

There, I am right now. I must remember—and you must help me, my daughters—it is for the fatherland.

Hedwig:

[*On her knees by the fire, shakes her head slowly.*]

I wonder, I wonder. O Mother, I 'm not patient like you. I could n't stand it.

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"'If only you really were a woman, Herr Captain, that you might breed soldiers for the empire, your glory would be complete'"

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To have a darling little baby and see him grow into a man, and then lose him like this! I 'd rather never see the face of my child.

Mother:

We have them for a little while. I am thankful to God for what I have had.

Hedwig:

Then I must be very wicked.

Mother:

Are you sleeping better now, child?

Hedwig:

No; I am thinking of Franz. He may be lying there alone on the battle-field, with none to help, and I here longing to put my arms around him.

[*Buries her face on the mother's knees and sobs.*]

Mother:

Hush, Hedwig! Be brave! Take care of yourself! We must see that Franz's child is well born.

Hedwig:

If Franz returns, yes; if not—I—

[*Gets up impulsively, as if to run out of the house.*]

Amelia:

Don't you want your tea, Hedwig?

[*Hedwig throws open the door, and suddenly confronts a man who apparently was about to enter the house. He is an official, the military head of the town, known as Captain Hertz. He is well along in years, rheumatic, but tremendously self-important.*]

Hertz:

[*Stopping Hedwig.*]

Wait one moment. You are the young woman I wish to see. You don't get away from me like that.

Hedwig:

[*Drawing herself up, moves back a step or two.*]

What is it?

Hertz:

[*Turning to the old mother.*]

Well, Maria, another son must go—Arno. You are an honored woman, a noble example to the state. [*Turns to Amelia.*] You have lost a very good husband, I understand. Well, you are a foolish girl. As for you [*Turning to Hedwig, and eyeing her critically and severely*], I hear pretty bad things. Yes, you have been talking to the women—telling them not to marry, not to multiply. In so doing you are working directly against the Government. It is the express request and command that our soldiers about to be called to the front and our young women should marry. You deliberately set yourself in opposition to that command. Are you aware that that is treason?

Hedwig:

Why are they asking this, Herr Captain?

Hertz:

Our statesmen are wise. They are thinking of the future state. The nation is fast being depopulated. We must take precautionary measures. We must have men for the future. I warn you, that to do or say anything which subserves the plan of the empire for its own welfare, especially at a time when our national existence is in peril—well, it is treason. Were it not that you are the daughter-in-law of my old friend [*Indicating the Mother*], I should not take the trouble to warn you, but pack you off to jail at once. Not another word from you, you understand?

Hedwig:

[*Calmly, even sweetly, but with fire in her eye.*]

If I say I will keep quiet, will you promise me something in return?

Hertz:

What do you mean? Quiet? Of course you 'll keep quiet. Quiet as a tombstone, if I have anything to say about it.

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Hedwig:

[*Calm and tense.*]

I mean what I say. Promise to see to it that if we bear you the men for your nation, there shall be no more war. See to it that they shall not go forth to murder and be murdered. That is fair. We will do our part,—we always have,—will you do yours? Promise.

Hertz:

I—I—ridiculous! There will always be war.

Hedwig:

Then one day we will stop giving you men. Look at mother. Four sons torn from her in one month, and none of you ever asked her if she wanted war. You keep us here helpless. We don't want dreadnoughts and armies and fighting, we women. You tear our husbands, our sons, from us,—you never ask us to help you find a better way,—and have n't we anything to say?

Hertz:

No. War is man's business.

Hedwig:

Who gives you the men? We women. We bear and rear and agonize. Well, if we are fit for that, we are fit to have a voice in the fate of the men we bear. If we can bring forth the men for the nation, we can sit with you in your councils and shape the destiny of the nation, and say whether it is to war or peace we give the sons we bear.

Hertz: [*Chuckling.*]

Sit in the councils? That would be a joke. I see. Mother, she 's a little—[*Touches his forehead suggestively.*] Sit in the councils with the men and shape the destiny of the nation! Ha! ha!

Hedwig:

Laugh, Herr Captain, but the day will come; and then there will be no more war. No, you will not always keep us here, dumb, silent drudges. We will find a way.

Hertz:

[*Turning to the mother.*]

That is what comes of letting Franz go to a factory town, Maria. That is where he met this girl. Factory towns breed these ideas. [*To Hedwig.*] Well, we 'll have none of that here. [*Authoritatively.*] Another word of this kind of insurrection, another word to the women of your treason, and you will be locked up and take your just punishment. You remember I had to look out for you in the beginning when you talked against this war. You 're a firebrand, and you know how we handle the like of you. [*Goes to door, turns to the mother.*] I am sorry you have to have this trouble, Maria, on top of everything else. You don't deserve it. [*To Hedwig.*] You have been warned. Look out for yourself.

[*Hedwig is standing rigid, with difficulty repressing the torrent of her feelings. Drums are heard coming nearer, and singing voices of men.*]

Amelia: [*At door.*]

They are passing this way.

Hedwig:

Wave to Arno. Come, Mother. Ah, how quickly they go!

[*The official steps out of the door. There is quick rhythm of marching feet as the departing regiment passes not very far from the house.*]

There he is! Wave, Mother. Good-by! good-by!

[*The women stand in the doorway, waving their sad farewells, smiling bravely. The sounds grow less and less, until there is the usual silence.*]

In another month, in another week, perhaps, all the men will be gone. We will be a village of women. Not a man left.

[*She leads the old mother into the house once more.*]

Hertz: [*In the door.*]

What did you say?

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Hedwig:

Not a man left, I said.

Hertz:

You forget. *I* shall be here.

Hedwig:

You are old. You don't count. They think you are only a woman, Herr Captain.

Hertz: [*Insulted.*]

You—you—

Hedwig:

Oh, don't take it badly, sir. You are honored. Is the name of woman always to be despised? Look out in those fields. Who cleared them, and plucked the vineyards clean? You think we are left at home because we are weak. Ah, no; we are strong. That is why. Strong to keep the world going, to keep sacred the greatest things in life—love and home and work. To remind men of—peace. [*With a quick change.*] If only you really were a woman, Herr Captain, that you might breed soldiers for the empire, your glory would be complete.

[*The old captain is about to make an angry reply when there is a commotion outside. The words "News from the front" are distinguished, growing more distinct. The captain rushes out. The women are paralyzed with apprehension for a moment.*]

Mother:

Amelia, go and see. Hedwig, come here.

[*Hedwig crouches on the floor close to the mother, her eyes wide with dread. In a few moments Amelia returns, dragging her feet, woe in her face, and unable to deal the blow which must fall on the two women, who stare at her with blanched faces.*]

Amelia:

[*Falling at her mother's knee.*]

Mother!

Mother:

[*Scarcely breathing.*]

Which one?

Amelia:

All of them.

Mother: [*Dazed.*]

All? All my boys?

Amelia:

Emil, Otto—be thankful Arno is left.

[*The Mother drops her head back against the chair and silently prays. Hedwig creeps nearer Amelia and holds her face between her hands, looking into her eyes.*]

Hedwig: [*Whispering.*]

Franz?

Amelia:

Franz, too.

[*Hedwig lies prostrate on the floor. Their grief is very silent; terrible because it is so dumb and stoical. The Mother is the first to rouse herself. She bends over Hedwig.*]

Mother:

Hedwig. [*Hedwig sobs convulsively.*] Don't, child. Be careful for the little one's sake. [*Hedwig sits up.*] For your child be quiet, be brave.

Hedwig:

I loved him so, Mother!

Mother:

Yes, he was my boy—my first-born.

Hedwig:

Your first-born, and this is the end.

[*She rises up in unutterable wrath and despair.*]

O God!

Mother:

[*Anxious for her.*]

Promise me you will be careful, Hedwig. For the sake of your child, *your* first-born, that is to be—

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Hedwig:

My child? For this end? For the empire—the war that is to be? No!

Mother:

[*Half to herself.*]

He may look like Franz.

[*Hedwig quickly seizes the pistol from the mantel-shelf and moves to the bedroom door. Amelia, watching her, sees her do it, and cries out in alarm and rushes to take it from her.*]

Amelia: [*In horror.*]

Hedwig! What are you doing? Give it to me! No, you must not! You have too much to live for.

Hedwig: [*Dazed.*]

To live for? Me?

Amelia:

Why, yes, you are going to be a mother.

Hedwig:

A mother? Like her? [*Looks sadly at the bereaved old mother.*] Look at her! Poor Mother! And they never asked her if she wanted this thing to be! Oh, no! I shall never take it like that—never! But you are right, Amelia. I have something to do first. [*Lets Amelia put the pistol away in the cupboard.*] I must send a message to the emperor.

[*The others are more alarmed for her in this mood than in her grief.*]

You said you were going to the front to be a nurse, Amelia. Can you take this message for me? I might take it myself, perhaps.

Amelia:

[*Hesitating, not knowing what to say or do.*]

Let me give you some tea, Hedwig.

[*Voices are heard outside, and the sounds of sorrow. Some one near the house is weeping. A wild look and a fierce resolve light Hedwig's face.*]

Hedwig:

[*Rushing from the house.*]

They have taken my Franz!

Mother:

Get her back! I feared it. Grief has made her mad.

[*Amelia runs out. A clamor of voices outside. Hedwig can be heard indistinctly speaking to the women. Finally her voice alone is heard, and in a moment she appears, backing into the doorway, still talking to the women.*]

Hedwig:

[*A tragic light in her face, and hand uplifted.*]

I shall send a message to the emperor. If ten thousand women send one like it, there will be peace and no more war. Then they will hear our tears.

A Voice:

What is the message? Tell us!

Hedwig:

Soon you will know. [*Loudly.*] But I tell you now, *don't bear any more children* until they promise you there will be no more war.

Hertz:

[*Suddenly appearing. Amelia follows.*]

I heard you. I declare you under arrest. Come with me. You will be shot for treason.

Mother:

[*Fearfully, drawing him aside.*]

Don't say that, sir. Wait. Oh, no, you can't do that!

[*She gets out her work-basket, and shows him the baby things she has been knitting, and glances significantly at Hedwig. A horrid smile comes into the man's face. Hedwig snatches the things and crushes them to her breast as if sacrilege had been committed.*]

Hertz:

Is this true? You expect—

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Hedwig:

[*Proudly, scornfully.*]

You will not shoot me if I give you a soldier for your empire and your armies and your guns, will you, Herr Captain?

Hertz:

Why—eh, no. Every child counts these times. But we will put you under lock and key. You are a firebrand. I warned you. Come along.

Hedwig:

You want my child, but still you will not promise me what I asked you. Well, we shall see.

Hertz:

Come along.

Hedwig:

Give me just a moment. I want to send a message to the emperor. Will you take it for me, Herr Captain?

Mother: [*Sighing.*]

Humor her.

Hertz:

Well, well, hurry up!

[*Hedwig sits at table and writes a brief note.*]

Mother: [*Whispering.*]

She has lost Franz. She is crazed.

Hedwig: [*Rising.*]

There. See that it is placed in the hands of the emperor. [*Gives him the note.*] Good-by, Amelia! Never be a war bride, Amelia. [*Kisses her three times.*] Good-by, Mother. [*Embraces her tenderly.*] Thank you for these.

[*She gathers the baby things in her hands, crosses the room, pressing a little sock to her lips. As she passes the cupboard she deftly seizes the pistol, and moves into the bedroom. On the threshold she looks over her shoulder.*]

Hedwig: [*Firmly.*]

You may read the message out loud.

[*She disappears into the room, still pressing the little sock to her lips.*]

Hertz:

[*Reading the note.*]

"A Message to the Emperor: I refuse to bear my child until you promise there shall be no more war."

[*A shot is fired in the bedroom. They rush into the room. The Mother stands trembling by the table.*]

Hertz:

[*Awed, coming out of the room with the baby things, which he places on the table.*]

Dead! Tcha! tcha! she was mad. I will hush it up, Maria.

[*He tears up Hedwig's message to the emperor, and goes out of the house, shaking his head. Amelia is kneeling in the doorway of the bedroom, bending over something, and softly crying. The Mother slowly gathers up the pieces of Hedwig's message and the baby garments, now dashed with blood, and, sitting on the bench, holds them against her breast, staring straight in front of her, her lips moving inaudibly. She closes her eyes and rocks to and fro, still muttering and praying.*]

CURTAIN

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Fowey Harbor, Cornwall

In England

A series of photographs by

Aldus Chapin Higgins

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Stratford-on-Avon

The Avon

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Springtime, Devonshire

The Thames at Sonning

Digitized by Google

A Somerset cottage

A cottage doorway at Dunster

Digitized by Google

Fisherman's cottage, Devon·

The seafarers, Newlyn, Cornwall

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Fowey, Cornwall

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Shakspere's Memorial Theater, Stratford

England: Imperial Opportunist

By SAMUEL P. ORTH

Author of "Germany's Destiny," "The Soul of the French," etc.

"EVERYTHING English is a fusion of distant and antagonistic elements. . . . Nothing can be praised in it without damning exceptions, and nothing denounced without salvos of cordial praise."—EMERSON.

TO know this island and its agglomerate empire, it is necessary to know London; just as to know the realm of the Cæsars, with which Britons love to compare their dominions, it was necessary to know Rome. With always this supreme difference in mind: the Roman Empire was a compact legal entity; the British Empire is a vague generalization which will vanish the moment the prime minister tries to tie a red tape around it.

It is trade and sentiment, nothing more, nothing less. And London is the brains of this trade and the heart of this sentiment. It is "a London extended into every man's mind, though he live in Van Diemen's Land or Cape Town."

The Bank of Australia, the Bank of India, the Bank of Canada, the Bank of South Africa, all clustered around "the Bank"—there you have the British Empire. Colonial stocks in the exchanges, colonial company promotions in the financial streets, "colonial wares" in the shops, tens of thousands of colonials "back home" for a holiday—that is the empire that has made London by far the richest city the world has ever known, through the copious streams of wealth from the treasure of India, the mines of Australia, the prairies of Canada, the forests of the Congo, that for three centuries have been emptied into its treasure-house.

And there is the sentiment. You cannot call it an Anglo-Saxon sentiment, for it embraces Scotchman and Welshman. You cannot call it a religious sentiment, for it includes all sects. It is a home-loving sentiment, stolid, stanch, deep-seated, which is, after all, stronger than gold. It is this sentiment that has made this islander more than a money-maker. It has made him the greatest colonizer of all time. In his adventures for wealth he has always taken with him his flag and his language. Athens never was Greece, because the Athenian, cut loose from the native soil, started a new Athens of his own. So Rome was the empire only in a legal sense. Its imperium rested on the shoulders of its legions. But London is the potential center of an imperial patriotism the periphery of which girdles the globe. England has its Liverpool, Scotland its Edinburgh, Ireland its Dublin, Canada its Montreal, Australia its Melbourne, India its Calcutta; but the empire has London, and London has the empire.

II

So in London we may look for the characteristic habits of the empire-builders.

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The most significant of these is the amazing blending of the past and the present. "We want no Haussmanns and emperors here to drive uniform boulevards or rectangular squares through the old city," cried Frederic Harrison, the town's most ardent apologist. Why? "Let us keep the history and traditions," he replies. The nation cherishes the past. It is always searching for a precedent, like a lawyer, and reveres the customs that have been handed down for ages, faithfully and devoutly practising them to this hour.

You visit Parliament, and must write your name in the visitors' book with a sputtering goose quill such as was used three hundred years ago. The lord chancellor sits on a woolsack, by him stands an hour-glass patiently measuring the dry sands of debate; before him, as he enters the hall, is borne a silken purse on a velvet cushion, empty symbol of his former financial power. When the Lords wish to communicate with the Commons, the messenger, in the garb of the seventeenth century, knocks at the door of the House, where a small panel is opened, and he is asked solemnly who he is and what he wants; and as solemnly he says he is a friend and not a foe, and the bearer of a most important message from the Lords. He is then permitted to enter, after all the precautions of Cromwell's day, when caution was necessary, and stateliness was a parliamentary habit.

There is no such political ritualism in Paris, Berlin, or Vienna: in no other modern metropolis does the chief magistrate make a toy parade of medieval uniforms and trappings as does the lord mayor in his annual "show."

No other people can hang these gaudy velvet cloaks over their shoulders, or show their rounded calves, with so serious an air. All this tinsel and ermine really means something to this islander. It is symbolic, like their king, who was long ago deprived of every royal political prerogative, but is conscientiously regarded by politicians of all parties as a super-political token of imperial patriotism.

London lives in the past, clings to formularies and literalisms. "They have always done so," is the general excuse. But London also lives in the present. This is her monumental paradox, her wonderful, almost miraculous, blending of tradition and life. The Londoner feeds on cabbages and precedents, cabbages for his body, precedents for his soul. I am not sure which he would the sooner die for.

Take the law, in London still a profession, and not, as with us, a trade. Everybody expects dusty tradition to reign here, but not the grimy old offices, in this age of vacuum-cleaners and varnish, which the medieval Temple still houses. Passing through the ancient brick gateway that Elizabeth used, you are in an instant transported from the streaming traffic of Fleet Street into the presence of Mansfield and Blackstone. Here the past is supreme in wig, gown, and minute precedent.

But cross the street with me at the Temple Bar to the Law Courts and into the Admiralty Court, where a case is being tried. By the side of the stern judge, who is, of course, in wig and gown, sit two sailors, captains of ships, in their every-day uniforms. They are there to see that what is done is practical; the robed judge is there to see that it is regular; and the bewigged barristers to see that it is completely done for each side. Procedure is absolutely stripped of its medievalism. These British courts put ours to shame. They have cast aside the endless and useless technicalities to which we still cling. Yet there are the wigs and robes, and there is the anchor of silver on the bench, the ancient insignia of admiralty jurisdiction.

I think this is typical of the British Empire in every one of its activities. Everywhere you find this amazing juxtaposition of the old and the new. Upon analysis, you learn that what is old is ceremony and that what is new is essential. I might say the head of the Englishman is modern, his heart is ancient, and he is put to his wit's end to keep the two in unison. But he does keep both his head and his heart. And how he does it, I believe is discernible.

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III

THE Anglo-Saxon built the pillars of his power on the banks of the Thames, when he founded his capital, long before he had an empire. Here he built the Tower, a citadel for his king and his army; he built the Abbey for his faith; the Hall of St. Stephen for his free Parliament; the market, and later the Bank, for his business.

These, army and government, church and business, are London, Britain, and the empire. They are ever present, everywhere, but they never obtrude themselves upon you. Here you have the secret of this imperial dominance. These potencies of national life are perfectly blended. There may be rivalry between church and business, or business and politics, or army and government; but the rivalry is never carried to excess. Each apparently gives way before the other. They know when to stop competing, when to compromise and coalesce their influences into a mighty sovereignty.

Other countries and civilizations have excelled, and do now excel, in one or the other of these forces. No other has been able so deftly to unify them.

The British soldier is not officious and burly, like the Prussian. He yields to you on the sidewalk, is polite, even gentle to ladies and children, and wears his flaming uniform with civilian ease. During the great transportation strike in 1911, when the territorials, in large numbers, were gathered in Battersea Park and other open spaces of London and there was tense feeling, there was a remarkable subduing of the appearance of force and a remarkable yielding to its influence.

Nor is the Government dogmatic or obtruding. It has no inquisitive fingers feeling in your pockets and does not wish to know your ambitions. London has been the hospitable city of refuge to political outcasts of every Continental country. It was here that Karl Marx, driven out of his native Germany, sojourned for many years, and wrote his great book "Capital." Time and again the foreign office has refused to yield up political refugees, declaring it to be the British policy to welcome all peoples, and to let them alone, as long as they respected the laws of their host.

One evening several years ago I was the guest of a candidate for Parliament for Bethnal Green, the London district that includes the notorious, but now officially scrubbed, Whitechapel region. It was a beautiful, moonlit Saturday night, a rare night for London, and the streets were jammed with people. The East End was like a colossal nest of giant vermin that had crawled out of their dismal holes, lured by the full moon, the torches, and the bands. There were meetings of every party, on scores of street corners, and in many halls. Our automobile was driven slowly through the crowded, narrow defiles, from one appointed place to another, and we visited a score of meetings.

Here I was in the heart of a district composed of London dregs. Most of the people looked as if they had not had a square meal for a week; there were rags, filth, wretchedness, debauchery so vile that even the mantle of night could not conceal the marks. Yet here were gentlemen of high birth begging these creatures for their vote. One of the brilliant literary men of the day was present to heckle the Liberal candidate, a noble lord of long and distinguished lineage lent his grace in behalf of the Conservative candidate, a prosperous business man financed and personally conducted the campaign of the Socialist candidate.

The "pubs" belched forth their tottering throngs, half of them women, to cheer the speakers or to "boo" them. The tone of the crowd was anti-radical. Old, toothless hags, tipsy with vile, raw, red ale, cursed the Radicals in the most loathsome language and cheered the Conservatives. And when the Socialist candidate, a working-man, backed by some fifty or sixty young men singing "The International" and carrying their red flag, tried to march through the streets, they were set upon by the ragged crowd, and a cordon of policemen, who suddenly appeared, promptly formed around the marchers to protect the

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red flag against the shouters for the Union Jack.

This experience in the heart of London slumdom epitomizes the anomalies of political England: wretchedness cheering peerage and privilege; social discontent financed by prosperity; red revolt protected by the law.

Here is a government where peers are not ashamed to be democratic, and where literary and business men do not shrink from political responsibility even among slum-dwellers and gin-guzzlers; a government where radicalism is reduced to simple terms, and aristocracy, literary and genetic, is touched by a democratic idealism; a government that clings to the heart of tradition, but seizes the hand of the present, and protects its most rabid critics; in short, the most accommodating and flexible scheme of politics in the world.

The third factor, the church, has, perhaps, a historic rather than an active present power. Religion, in Britain, is politic rather than polemic. Like all the other potencies of the empire, it is diplomatic in bearing, quite orthodox at heart, accommodating in temper, and inflexible in conviction. The church is established; religion is not. Bishops sit in the Lords, non-conformist preachers in the Commons; both listen to prayers in the Abbey at the beginning of a new Parliament, fight each other politically, and bow to each other with deference socially.

If any one of these four factors of British dominance is inclined to jostle the others, it is business. For, after all, trade is the business of the empire. It is the instinct of the Briton. I do not say it is his passion,—he is too stolid to be called passionate,—but business is his life. His little island, a mere speck on the map, turned the whole world of gilds and crafts and trade-adventurers into a world of corporations, of manufacturers, and of merchants when it started the industrial revolution. In the spirit of the commercial zealot he built his Bank, the temple of his trade. He is rich, very rich; but his is not the obtruding wealth of the neo-Prussian, or the impertinent wealth of the American, or the reckless wealth of the Argentinian. It is a self-complacent, quiet, easy-going wealth. The Bank stops for tea every afternoon. Not even Black Friday can spoil the brew. It is a pious wealth. Sunday is sacred to other forms of worldliness, but not to business.

In the sagacious blending of church, government, and business we find the secret of the imperial poise that to-day is fighting for its existence. It has been a marvelous adaptability, worshiping bygones, and yet keeping up the crescendo of traffic and trade; inclined to rest on what has been done, but constantly meeting new political conditions with a new constitution, and new competitions with new machinery.

IV

HISTORY forced this islander to adopt this policy of give and take. He is first of all a medley of races, Celt, Saxon, Scandinavian, Norman. The Englishman, traveling in our country, wonders if we are ever going to "absorb" the various nationalities that have come to us in such great numbers. He forgets that in his own veins flows the blood of four or five distinct strains. He has probably never learned that most of his institutions are the blending of several diverse racial contributions. His law and his language bear the evidence of many influences.

While he was being molded by many ethnic forces, his country was merely a collection of "counties." How long did it take to make the seven kingdoms one? And having achieved a unity, was it anything more than federated coöperation? And having so created an England, how troublesome was the "conquest" of Wales and the "union" with Scotland, and what of Ireland to-day? And having phrased "the United Kingdom," what of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, not to name Egypt and India and the Sudan? How has this empire grown from a congeries of townships and counties, through a group of kingdoms, into a collection of giant colonies?

By means of an accommodating oppor-

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tunism and the principle of local self-government. Just as church and state and business have learned to adjust themselves to one another, yet are to a degree self-reliant, so these various localities and units have been allowed their own self-government, and have learned to accommodate themselves to one another.

This British opportunism has known only one iron rule—"to make a go of it." So this imperialist, this trader, asks of you only one question, Does it work? All the rest he leaves to your own device. Live as you please, work as you please, mind your own business, but succeed. If the plan of government, of charity, of learning, of business, of diplomacy, of war, or of peace, does not work, away it goes, without pity or tears, to the rubbish heap. When it comes to business and statecraft, there are no questions asked of ideals, of historic continuity, of artistic or philosophical finesse, or—let us be frank about it—of right or wrong. For, in this inexorable process of "making a go of it" nothing succeeds but success, and nothing is right that does not succeed.

The hard law of the survival of the fittest is the only rule by which these imperturbable individualists measure themselves. It is almost pitiful to see how the "unfit" succumb uncomplainingly to its rigor. Every town is full of misery; hunger and rags and filth are nowhere so in evidence as in London. It 's the poorest as well as the richest of cities.

But it must also be admitted that the "survivors" are a magnificent group. Try to read the history of science, literature, statesmanship, jurisprudence, invention, enterprise, discovery, omitting British names, and see how far you get.

Now, a people who have accommodated themselves to the most forbidding of climates, compromised with the most exacting of neighbors, who have learned so completely the great game of "give and take," and discarded, by compulsion perhaps, the soft rule of "love thy neighbor as thyself"—such a people, always willing to shift their basis of action, looking not at methods, but at results, must expect to be called hard names. The anomalies of Britain have been the source of amazement to Continentals, who love logic and are addicted to definite rules of action. For the path of commercial and colonial success threads the winding maze of compromise, and compromise is the mother of anomalies. A systematic people, like the Germans, an artistic people, like the Latins, beholding only the surface of these contradictions, denounce England as perfidious. They do not discern the difference between consistency and adaptability.

But when you stop to think about it, why should n't London have a House of Lords based on hereditary peerage, scarce one fourth of whom have a lineage of three generations, the rest being successful brewers, bankers, and bucaneers? Why should n't there be a king without royal prerogative? A democratic House of Commons controlled by an autocratic committee called the Cabinet? An Established Church paying its primate $75,000 a year and its bishops $10,000 to $50,000, while its clergy barely exist and hundreds of thousands of its parishioners never get enough to eat? Why should n't opium and rum be sold to the "heathen" of Asia and Africa, as long as it swells the bank accounts of the West End? Why should n't women be allowed to get beastly drunk in the "pubs" as long as the proceeds of their debauch go to the stockholders who sit on the red morocco cushions of the lords? In an island where land is so limited and population so crowded, why should n't 2500 people own sixty per cent. of the soil and exact tribute of millions for the privilege of standing room only?

All these things are not a matter of principle at all. Nobody compels these people to be poor, or drunk, or hungry, or crowded! They are their own masters, and are judged by what they can accomplish under this environment!

This callousness to sequence, and worship of consequence, have made the Briton appear ruthless; this desire for achievement without undue friction has made him appear hypocritical. He is not necessarily either.

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The truth is, the Briton is a supreme individualist, brought up under most forbidding skies, in a slimy atmosphere, on a little island four times invaded and conquered in the beginning of this era, who conquered his conquerors by successful compromise, and who by a combination of hardihood, persistence, and push, backed up with a vast amount of sound sense, has "gotten on." This sort of rough person has no use for experimenting. He has had vastly more luck at fulfilling than at planning.

He has established an essential democracy, a middle-class democracy. "The Englishman loves a lord," but only when the lord has made good. His practical eye sees deeper than the Frenchman or the German. While Paris was mad, butchering the noblesse, and while Prussia, equally mad, was pulling the crown deeper over the Hohenzollern brow, the Englishman shrewdly preserved the advantages of blue blood while he absorbed all of its prerogatives. Tocqueville wrote:

Wherever on the Continent of Europe the feudal system had been established it ended in caste: in England alone it returned to aristocracy. The nobility and the middle class in England followed the same business, embraced the same profession, and, what is more significant, intermarried with each other. The daughter of a great nobleman could without disgrace marry a man of yesterday. If the middle class of England, instead of making war upon the aristocracy, have remained so intimately connected with it, it is not because the aristocracy is open to all, but rather *because its outline was indistinct and its limits unknown,* not so much that any man could be admitted to it, as because it was impossible to say with certainty who might take rank there, so that all who approached it might look upon themselves as belonging to it, might take part in its rule, and derive either lustre or profit from its influences.

This has been the British method throughout the world and in every activity. Its constitution works "because its outlines are indistinct and its limits unknown," ready for any emergency, be it pulling the teeth of the House of Lords or settling a coal-miners' strike. It has, for instance, without premeditation, adapted itself to the new social conditions —workmen's compensation, town-planning, industrial insurance, minimum wage; the laboring class sits in Parliament and, presto! is invited into the cabinet.

It is a democracy in spirit, an aristocracy in dress. Nowhere else is there a higher sense of public duty among the rich and the powerful. The history of the justice of the peace alone places it high in the annals of government. In Birmingham town hall a list of the mayors is inscribed on the walls. There are the names of great families, where three and four generations have gratuitously and ardently served the municipality. I know of no greater example of democratic efficiency than the town council of Glasgow, where rich and poor, Socialist and Conservative, work together, imbued by the same municipal patriotism.

No one knows his virtues better than this islander himself. He is aware of his power, his ability, his success, and has auto-hypnotized himself into believing that he always is right. You have never heard an Englishman admit that he blundered. He pays the bills of his monumental mistakes,—as he is paying this day, —pulls his cap over his eyes, clenches his fists, and plods on. In the sanctuary of his conceit the candle of self-righteousness is always burning.

This, again, is the psychology of imperial opportunism. Its creed knows no other orthodoxy than accomplishment, seeks no other justification, and its power is therefore always amply cloaked with self-complacency.

V

Well, this independent, individualistic little island accumulated an empire. How? The empire has "gotten on," like London. You ride on a bus from Hampstead to the Strand, and you pass at least four High Streets, each once the main thoroughfare of a former village. Lon-

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don is only a fortuitous collection of villages. It was never planned, it could not be planned. It has no community of interest save trade. It was never governed as a municipality. For years each parish had its own government; to-day it is governed by a county council. It is an amorphous aggregation of hovels, shops, and palaces, with no limits or plan to its spreading. Like a terrible Brobdingnagian amœba, it pushes its tentacles hither and thither, prompted only by the instinct for food.

And this has been the haphazard of empire. When a new spirit of adventure came over the world four hundred years ago, Portugal attained southern Asia and portions of the African continent; Spain explored the Americas; France followed in the wake of Spain, and Holland in the path of Portugal, and after two hundred years of moving about over the vast new lands, Britain had only a strip of North American coast, which she shared with Dutch and Swedish settlers, and which was encircled by Spanish and French forts. To-day the Union Jack floats over an area as large as Africa and a population as great as Europe.

But we must not forget that the empire is the product of commercial and political conditions that have now passed away. No modern power could duplicate this achievement under modern conditions. When the age of trade-adventures followed in the wake of the age of "voyage and discovery," Spain had already begun her rapid decline, and France was distressed by Continental entanglements. Indeed, until Sedan, the European nations were too distraught to pay ample attention to the new worlds. After Holland had been ruthlessly outstripped, England was free to push her hardy sailors into every harbor. Asia, Africa, the Americas were virgin territory for her traders and settlers, and British opportunism flourished.

Soon her notable army of inventors wrought the industrial revolution, capitalism was born, and in every new field British capital immediately found investment.

In a very real sense the British had no competition until their world empire was well established. The new-world opportunity found Great Britain wholly prepared. She was ready with ships, with capital, and, what is far more important, with colonists.

There was no planning this. The only records we have of an imperial ambition is the empire itself. Neither Parliament nor crown nor even trader designed the empire; but no opportunity to add to it has ever been allowed to slip by.

Yet there is an undeniable majesty about this workaday empire, which has no imperial policy and the political center of which is a rather shabby room in Downing Street. You get an idea of its size, if not of its splendor, when you sit in the Commons during question-time. No subject seems too trivial for consideration: one member asks about the treatment of natives in a South African town; another, about the trade conditions in Indo-China; another, whether the Government has looked into the causes for mine disaster in Wales; another, about the government loans to Pat Flannigan in Ireland; another, why the steamship *Carnatic* was held in Hong-Kong, and a most inquisitive member asks about the Persian break-up. All are quietly answered except the last one; that is a question of diplomacy, and must be kept secret.

When the navigation laws, trade monopolies, and other devices for stimulating commerce became obsolete, as they did after 1776, when Adam Smith showed their economic folly, and America their political folly, an era of freer trade came on, which ultimately put the whole system to the test of competition. The British did not stand the first shocks of this competition with good grace. The colonies became unpopular. In 1852, Disraeli wrote to Lord Malmesbury, "These wretched colonies will be independent in a few years, and are millstones round our necks." Sir George Cornewall Lewis gave the reasons for this feeling. He wrote, "If a country possesses a dependency from which it derives no public

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revenue, no military or naval strength, no commercial advantages or facilities for emigration, which it would not equally enjoy though the dependency were independent; . . . such a possession cannot justly be called glorious."

Gladstone was austere and haughty toward the colonies, and Australians will tell you that Joseph Chamberlain saved that vast country for the motherland when he approached it in a spirit of friendliness and invited the colonial premiers to the first colonial conference.

VI

THUS by trading and pushing, desultory fighting, taking advantage of the decline of foreign powers, by perseverance, hardihood, shrewdness, the Briton, in a fortunate century, got together his strange empire. After all, the gathering of it together is not so strange as the fact that up to the present he has been able to keep it. How has he done this? Two words answer the question: ships and diplomacy.

Britain is an island, and the Norse instinct prevails. That explains a great deal of British history. The trader would be helpless and the island would be foodless without ships. Trade did not follow the flag; the flag followed the trader. And the manufacturer depended upon the seaman for raw material and for market. Everything that encourages shipbuilding and ship-sailing has been fostered. The law willingly yields to the seamen's necessities: impressment of seamen was for years a national policy. "We demand," wrote Singleton as late as 1871, "the abrogation of the declaration of maritime law, and the restoration of the ancient practice of the right of search and privateering. We demand it, because, being a maritime nation, our greatest defense must ever be our power at sea. We demand it as a security for the peace of Europe, . . . and Great Britain makes this demand, and absolutely insists on it, that she may be able, as far as possible, to protect the weak against the strong, which is the end and aim of her own constitution." Here you have an example of that blending of British ambition, egoism, and prudence which has succeeded.

We must expect that Britain's diplomacy would be entirely guided by her maritime policy. Lord Nelson said, "Battle-ships are the best negotiators of Europe." A "two-power" navy to maintain her prestige, diplomacy to reduce the active use of navy to its lowest terms—that is the British policy.

England's powerful navy and her intrepid troops have been repeatedly used for maintaining that costly and highly artificial and peculiarly unsatisfactory and unstable equilibrium called the balance of power. The extravagant Burke said: "The Balance of Power has been assumed as the common law of Europe at all times and by all Powers. In all those systems of Balance, England was the Power to whose custody it was thought it might be most safely committed." It has been the policy of English diplomacy adroitly to balance Spain and France, Russia and Prussia, Italy, Turkey, and Austria, against one another, while holding in her own forceps the deciding penny weight. And when a master bully appeared, a Philip, a Louis, a Napoleon, and now, as she says, a William, she took part "in uniting the insulted and endangered nations against the offender."

About 1827, when the competition of foreign trade began to be sorely felt, and a slump in British imperialism set in, the foreign policy became "one of absolute non-interference." England became a sort of isolated umpire, by no means abrogating her perpetual interest in the balance of power, now called "the concert of powers," but not forming ententes and alliances. The last three generations of Britons were brought up to be proud of their aloofness. It suited the hour.

But in the interval a new power appeared—a power that very quickly not only became potent in Continental affairs, but spread her influence over every sea. When that master of diplomacy, Edward VII, was crowned, his German cousin was his real rival. It was Edward who broke the new tradition of isolation, and

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sought an understanding with Russia and a working agreement with France. This suave king, who knew so shrewdly how to govern his democracy, wrought deeper than he probably thought. The Triple Entente was to balance the Triple Alliance, but not to overbalance it. See what has happened!

In the light of that Edwardian foreign policy, the causes of this war are not to be sought in western, but in eastern, Europe. The day when the Russo-British alliance was consummated, that day this war became not merely possible, but probable. If this was not discerned at the time, Sir Edward Grey's experience with Persia must surely have opened his eyes when five years ago the Muscovite revealed his ruthless ambition, and was permitted to despoil that ancient and romantic land.

Peter the Great wrote in his will:

> We must principally seek the alliance of England for commerce, because it is the power most in want of us for its navy, and which can be the most useful in the development of ours. We must exchange wood and other productions for her gold, and keep up continual relations among her traders and seamen and ours.
>
> We must advance as much as possible toward Constantinople and India. Whoever shall reign there will be the true master of the world. Therefore, we must fan continental wars, sometimes with Turkey, sometimes with Persia; create dockyards and emporiums on the Black Sea; take possession, little by little, of that sea, as well as of the Baltic, which is a point doubly necessary for the success of the plan; we must hasten the downfall of Persia; advance into the Persian Gulf, reëstablish as far as can be done the ancient commerce of the East through Syria, and enter into the two Indes, which are the store of the world. *When once there, we can do without the gold of England.*

How ominous these words resound, in the light of the present conflict and the newest aggrandizement of the Tatar! The natural alliance would have been between Germany and England. Would a sensible, constructive understanding between these countries have been possible? Was one attempted since Disraeli's day? We do not know. Amidst the agitated nations rises the calm face of Sir Edward Grey, the imperturbable sphinx of this unnecessary catastrophe.

In international relations we are still in the barbarous age of brute force. The age of howitzers has not advanced, in this respect, upon the days of halberds. Rarely has constructive diplomacy reached the heights which were attained by John Hay in his Chinese policy.

England has been no exception to this rule, and is not now an exception to it; the high-sounding moralities of her parliamentary speakers notwithstanding. The motive of self-preservation, united with the promptings of imperial and commercial growth, have always characterized her foreign policy.

As for constructive, statesmanlike diplomacy, where shall we find it in Europe? The sacredness of the *status quo* is the fetish to which the successful nation bows; the weak are sacrificed to it. Belgium, Holland, and Denmark are permitted because the pushing Germans are thus kept from the channel and the sea; Switzerland and Turkey are preserved, because their territory would be prey to Russia and Prussia, Italy and Austria. Poland, Bohemia, the Balkans, Finland—these are the living indexes to the selfishness of European internationalism.

The map of Europe is to-day a fine example of that imperial altruistic game, might makes right.

An understanding with Germany as to an outlet for her rapidly growing population might, remotely, have been possible; but in the present state of internationalism such a notion is chimerical, and its advocates are laughed and hooted out of Parliament. "England has grabbed all there is, and now she says, 'Let us all quit grabbing,'" a retired German officer said. England's reply is that she simply took advantage of her opportunity, and that, on the whole, she has not abused her privi-

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leges; that, as a rule, individual freedom and initiative have followed in the wake of her cruisers, and that her diplomacy has been prompted by the strict law of self-preservation.

VII

So, out of her diplomatic imbroglios has come the supreme test of the empire. It is the first time since the Napoleonic wars that Britain engages in a general European conflict; it is the first time since keen competition arose that her trade and her navy are simultaneously tested. Neither the Napoleonic wars, nor the sporadic uprisings in India, Egypt, South Africa, nor the Crimean campaign tested the whole fabric of the empire. To-day not a fiber of this mighty and majestic structure can escape the strain.

It tests first of all the stamina of the British Islander. Has he deteriorated into a self-complacent being, indifferent to his fate? Will he volunteer or must conscription force him to fight? Is his pluck sapped by a century of successful bargaining? Or is the fear that is traditional, the ghost that for a thousand years has stalked the chalk cliffs of Dover, looking for Armadas, cruisers, submarines, and Zeppelins, to drive him into a panic? This fear is not lessened by the knowledge that the usual food-supply on hand is enough for only four weeks.

England has had a great deal of nervousness over her vast territories. When the Canadians rejected the reciprocity treaties a few years ago, a great sigh of relief went up, and many well-informed Londoners asked me, "What are the States going to do now?"

The war will, secondly, test the financial resources of the empire. Hitherto these have been more than ample. Lombard Street still is the world's money-center. But now there are other lands, also, leaning on these resources. If the war lasts two or three years, as now seems probable, Russia will need help; so will Italy, who will, in that event, join in the conflict. And no one knows when the turmoil will stop. Never has the old kingdom faced so long, so widely extended, so fiercely fought a contest.

And, finally, this war will test the loyalty of the colonies. It seems anomalous to ask India to be "loyal." Loyal to what? To a foreign crown, an exotic social order, a strange legal system, a pound-shilling-pence policy? Yet we are assured India is loyal, and that Hindu troops are fighting in the European trenches. What of Egypt, and the Boers, and a score of other races that have no aptitude with Shakspere's tongue and do not look forward to a year "back home"?

And to Canada and Australasia and South Africa this war brings the real test of royalty. Will they go down into their pockets—deep down—to pay for warships, and will they continue to send levies of their finest manhood?

Long before this war is over, the slow-thinking London shopkeeper will be brought to realize that the days of his island's sole imperium are over forever. A new empire must emerge from the old; or, rather, a federation of empires, binding under a working constitution the potencies of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and the kingdom, into the most impressive and invincible confederation the world has ever known; foreshadowing, perhaps, that other federation, of which the noble laureate sang, when all nationalities will be willing in candor to grant one another respect and freedom.

Meanwhile the decennial colonial conferences have laid the foundations for a colonial building in London. This is the nucleus around which the new federation will probably form in a workable, clumsy sort of way. The German would make a highly perfect, symmetrical plan, and break every neck in making every colony live up to it. That 's not the British way. The Briton makes no plan, is greatly surprised if you ask him what he is going to do next; relies on his nerve, his ability, his energy, and his God—least of all on his God. And he will calmly tell you, come of this war what may, that his opportunism is merely self-preservation, well lubricated and in working order.

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"The Holy Family." By L. Knaus

Wood engraving by Timothy Cole

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A Modern Lullaby

By RUTH S. TRUE

Illustration by Clara Elsene Peck

THE purple thistle folds the wearied bee
Behind her cuirass, close in her silken nest.
So, little droopy, tired one,
Mother's heart shall fold her son,
Drowsy-wingèd bumblebee here at mother's breast.

My heavy-headed drone,
With poppy-weighted eyelids fighting sleep,
What sleep-tormented vigils will you keep
In the yet unblossomed years, when you are grown,
Whose tight, close-budded petals have not shown
What fate they hide for you of death or life?
Will you, wee tumbling thing who barely creep,
Go forth where nations grip in giant strife;
Where, drenching grass and ferns in fearful red,
A myriad dead,
In iron-throated clangor and in flame,
Are but blind pawns moved in a bloody game?

Now drips the dew from hanging jewel-weed,
And shadows blur the pomp of flowers dressed
In golden and in purple gown.
Tiny eyelids flicker down,
Petals of the blossom here at mother's breast.

One endless night I watched when you were ill,
And did not know that I had wept until
I tasted the salt pain upon my lips.
In battle pastures, where no pity grips
To wrench the iron death from hands of men,
Will you flash murder then,
Glaze the clear eye and choke the breath that slips
Down one long shudder, for a nation's fault,
And, reckless as an urchin plays,
Mete to some tortured woman all her days
The taste of that same stinging, bitter salt?

Tendril fingers cling and part,
Clasp my finger, twine my heart.

Nay, child whom I brought forth in labor, nursed
In love and not in hatred, as I share
The lot of every mother from the first
Who faced death level-eyed to bear
Children to men, keep thou my prayer
To make no other woman call me cursed.

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"So, little droopy, tired one,
Mother's heart shall fold her son"

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Kiao-chau, and its Meaning

From a Japanese Point of View

By ADACHI KINNOSUKE

THE Kiao-chau affair is a mere incident, even as the mother of Confucius was a mere woman; but it is an incident that mothers a possibility as big as the future and fate of the entire extreme East.

The very first despatch on the Kiao-chau situation that found space on the front pages of American newspapers also mentioned Hawaii, Samoa, and the Philippines. But what earthly or unheavenly connection was there between the Japanese activity against the German-built city and the American possessions in the Pacific? To the Japanese the news item was a puzzle. It was as though a friend, meeting him on the street, had greeted him: "Is n't it a perfectly golden day? Therefore, I am going to have a toothache." To the American, however, it sounded natural, if not entirely logical.

The American holds it self-evident that Japan wishes to own the Philippines, the Hawaiian Islands, Samoa, and a few other groups in the Pacific, and covets, above all dear dreams of earth, the command of the Pacific. Japan, on the other hand, is not at all so sure about it.

Both America and Japan, however, know the fact that the Philippines have cost the United States at least two hundred million dollars. "The acquisition of these islands in the East," said a gentleman from Connecticut some time ago, "has compelled also a tremendous increase in the navy, with its consequent outlay. The conservative estimate of the annual cost for army, navy, police, schools, and improvements is one hundred million dollars." This is leaving out of the account the much more precious treasure which the United States had to pay—the lives of her sons. Moreover, the acquisition of the islands extended the line of the American national defense by over four thousand miles. This means no modest outlay in warships and naval basis.

For all these and other pestiferous perturbations, American trade with the islands rose to $45,617,517 in 1913, after fourteen years of American occupation, enterprise, and sacrifice. America has also secured a splendid naval base at Subig Bay; she earned a lot of dearly bought, but very valuable, experiences in the handling of nature-clad races, also their ingratitude (which she did not earn), the unworthy suspicions of some of the European and Asian powers interested in the South Seas. The above-mentioned items seem to sum up America's reward. Even to the free-handed generosity of America, this seems like an expensive luxury. An expensive luxury is all very well for a prince who can enjoy it in a princely way; it is both disagreeable and ridiculous on the part of a pauper. And herein lies the difference between America and Japan.

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In the sacred name of the eight million gods of our august ancestors, does the American who talks of the black Japanese designs on the Philippines realize the following facts? The national debt of Japan stands to-day at a little over $1,246,000,000; that of the United States at about $1,027,000,000. Japan owes about two hundred and eighteen million dollars more than the "richest nation on the face of the globe." Pray consider this fact in the light of another fact: A few years ago a gentleman fond of figures estimated the wealth of Japan at something like eleven billion dollars; that of America at one hundred and fifty-five billions. Because we are worth less than one fourteenth as much as the United States (and the estimate is a highly favorable one for Japan) we owe $218,000,000 more than America! Here indeed is a sound financial logic; and because of this sound logic we are accused of itching for additional trouble that would pile upon our backs a much bigger burden. All this may be a sound political policy, but it seems to us that it takes the Californian climate to keep the above fancy in good health.

Has the American whose fancy roams free over the possibility of the Japanese "starting something" in the Pacific enjoyed a peep at that marvelous Eiffel Tower of official computation called the taxation system of Japan? Does he know or even suspect that the Japanese millionaires and near millionaires—all, in fact, whose yearly income is more than $50,000—are taxed 22 per cent., and a poor wretch who earns $500 or less a year is taxed 2.5 per cent. of it? That is on income. He is taxed on land as high as 5.5 per cent. Is he a retail merchant? He is taxed $3.60 for every thousand dollars of gross business he does. That is not all. He is taxed 9 per cent. of the rental value of the building in which he does his business, and $1 for every man or woman he employs in his business. Is he a banker? He is taxed 5 per cent. of his capital, 9 per cent. of the rental value of the building, and a dollar for every employee. A commission merchant or a broker? Then he has to give up to the support of his august Government $37.50 out of every one thousand dollars of commission he collects. But is this the end? Why, it is barely the beginning. He must pay succession tax both to the headship of a house and to property; he is taxed on liquors (which he deserves, of course), and if he happens to be a model young man eschewing intoxicants, the Eiffel Tower provides amply and handsomely for him in a soy (a sauce commonly used in cooking) tax, tax on sugar, on oil, and on patent medicine, which he is bound to use at one time or another in his pilgrimage through his particular financial vale of tears. Then there is textile-consumption tax and the traveling tax "imposed on passengers on steam-trains, electric cars, and steamboats," and if he is absent-minded enough to travel first class, he is taxed fifty cents for every two hundred statutory or nautical miles. And all this, mind you, is independent of the tobacco, salt, and camphor monopolies through which the Government makes money in a way that would make the American trust magnates look like a lot of sisters of charity. It has been said that a Japanese millionaire pays something like 68 per cent. of his incomes and earnings to the Government in one form or another. That is usually given as the reason why the Japanese can hardly afford to be a millionaire.

It is not so plain how a Japanese can afford to be a poor farmer, either, because the farmer who supports a family of from five to ten on one and two thirds acres is taxed about 27 per cent. of what he gets. While he is doing that sort of thing, why should he yearn for an American-Japanese battle-field to show his heroism? In comparison, his every-day efforts for existence would make Port Arthur look like a crude and childish pastime. Oh, it is a thing of beauty, this taxation system of Japan, so complete, so marvelously productive. Let us suppose an insupposable thing. Let us suppose that an American were taxed as the Japanese are taxed to-day (of course any self-respecting American would see two revolutions in a single day before he

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would let any government plant an Eiffel Tower like the above on his back); but if he were taxed like the Japanese, would he be restless of nights looking for another war? Even if he were mad enough to look for war, would he be likely, under this taxation burden, to pick out a particularly expensive white elephant like the Philippines as the sole prize of the war?

Moreover, Japan has had some very expensive experiences in the matter of expensive colonial experiences, in Formosa, Korea, and southern Manchuria.

Japan took over Formosa in June, 1895. Nearly twenty years she has been in possession, and this very day she is still fighting the natives in some portions of the island to make good her mastery of it. Even as the Philippines have taken good American dollars, so Formosa has taken Japanese yen. There is this difference, however: America could afford it; Japan could not. Again, like the Philippines, Formosa has taken the best years of some of the ablest men Japan has produced, General Nogi, Baron Goro, Baron Kodama,—he who was "the brain of Oyama's camp" in the Russian war,—and a number of others. And after eighteen years of tremendous cost in men and money, Japan enjoyed, in 1913, the export trade of less than $10,000,000 with it. Formosa gives Japan, camphor (government monopoly), tea, a little rice, some gold, and a tremendous amount of expectations; and that 's all.

Korea is a sort of a twice-told tale of Formosa since it was annexed by Japan on August 23, 1910. In both of these cases there stands out one dominant feature—the feature which persuades the low-bent shoulders of the heavily burdened Japanese to be philosophical: the possession of Formosa and Korea is essential to the very life of Japan. They are necessary for the future homes of our fast-growing population.

Now, it is different with the Philippines. The possession of the Philippines by Japan means the extension of the line of national defense by two thousand miles. Instead of being essential to the life of Japan, they are detrimental to it. The climate of the Philippines is nearly as unkind to the Japanese as to the American. The Filipino patriots would prove much more unhealthy for the Japanese than the climate. The Japanese might cut down the cost of administration fifty per cent. of the American's generous appropriation, which means that the 100 per cent. (every bit) of the remaining fifty per cent. is that much too much for the Japanese. What is the use of talking to the Japanese of the rice-fields of the Philippines when the climate and soil of Korea and Manchuria are waiting for them? The above cited facts seem to say that if our American friends were heartless enough to hand the Philippines over to Japan as a free gift, they would be declined with the profoundest appreciation.

But of course, reason and common sense are rare parents of war, and we shall say that the war lust of Japan is blind to the above considerations, and war she will have. What, then, does the war with the United States mean to Japan? Just two things—beside many others: the loss of the best customer Japan has, in the first place; and, in the second place, the national hara-kiri, or, if not that, most certainly the financial suicide of Japan.

In 1902, Japan sold to America goods valued at a little over forty million dollars in gold. China, which stood next to the United States, bought from us in the same year a little over twenty-three million dollars' worth of our goods. In 1912, the United States bought from us $84,300,000 worth of goods; China, again the second on the list, $57,400,000. In the present state of Japanese finance, the very idea of murdering the best customer she has impresses her as somewhat original; to the people who are handing over for the support of the government from twenty-seven to sixty-eight cents on every dollar they make, the idea is utterly incomprehensible. But when they are told that the said murder of their best customer is to be perpetrated for the sake of piling on their own shoulders another white elephant (as though the embarrassment of

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riches in some lines knows no end), they are a bit flabbergasted, and cannot make out what it is all about.

But the meaning of the Kiao-chau incident does not stop here.

The paramount significance of the incident is not in America-Japan relations at all.

It is in its bearing on the central and southern China—the China of the real Chinese. For the presence of the Japanese in Shan-tung may spell very readily, naturally, and almost inevitably, the signal for the final and successful uprising of southern China. It may mark the point where the real Chinese, the true sons of the Han (those who dwell along the Yang-tse and to the south of it), come to their own at last. It is this real China, the South, which has fed official Peking, paid tribute to it, given substance to its tinseled pretensions. The real Chinese tilled the field, worked in factories and in mines, devoted themselves to trade. With them to be a non-producer was a misfortune; the soldier stood at the bottom rung of their social ladder. The result is they have been beaten every time they faced invaders and barbarian robbers on the field of blood. Chinese revolutions have been unsuccessful time after time. It is true also that each successive attempt has been less unsuccessful than its predecessor.

But what has the Japanese occupation of the Shan-tung peninsula to do with the birth of New China?

Japan—the people, not the Foreign Office—has ever felt kindly toward the South. Early in March, 1913, Dr. Sun Yat-sen was in Japan. Mr. Okura gave a tiffin in his honor. The guest of honor rose and said that Mr. Okura was regarded as a great benefactor by the Chinese revolutionists. The policies of the powers had been rather vague and disheartening to the South, the Japanese Government being no exception; but Mr. Okura had helped the revolutionary cause with a large amount of money. He had done so regardless of criticism.

Now, the significance of Dr. Sun's remarks is altogether in the significance of Mr. Okura's position in Japan. Mr. Okura is the head of the great and historic company which bears his name. The company has been, and is still, intimate with the Japanese Government in large business and financial dealings. Mr. Okura himself is a picturesque figure in the building-up period of the business and financial Nippon, a sort of elder statesman in market-places. His political influence is not the most modest asset of his striking personality. Therefore, when he contributed a large sum of money out of his own personal funds for the cause of southern China, it was not a mere act of parting with so many thousands or millions of yen. That act declares that he thought a good deal more of the welfare of the Chinese revolutionists and the successful launching of New China than he did of the good opinion and friendship of his own Government. That took courage on the part of any Japanese, especially in his position. In the light of the above, let us listen to what Mr. Okura said in response to the speech of his guest.

The revolutionary movement in China, he said, was very much like the Ishin movement in the cradle-days of New Nippon. Mr. Okura said a good deal more, but nothing half so significant as that. It was the Ishin movement which gave birth to New Nippon. It was the movement which succeeded in the overthrow of the shogunate; it succeeded in putting the late emperor upon the throne as the sovereign *de facto*. In all the category of sacred things known to the Japanese, nothing is dearer or more holy than the historic heritage of the Ishin movement. And Mr. Okura flat-footedly likened the southern China revolution to the Ishin movement. It was almost sensational. More wonderful still is the fact that Mr. Okura was echoing the sentiment of the Japanese people at large. Indeed, it is no secret at all, except with the Foreign Office of Japan, perhaps, that a number of Japanese were among the most active of the Chinese revolutionists, singular as this may sound, and not only men, but women as well. The story of the Japanese women who

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have lost their lives as the secret agents of the Chinese revolutionary movement forms one of the prettiest chapters of the romantic East.

There is a substantial reason for this. From January to the first part of August, 1914, Japan sold to southern and central China nearly 55,800,000 yen's worth of goods, and in the same period her exports to northern China amounted to 30,870,000 yen. The showing for 1913 is even more striking. Mr. Ozaki, ex-Mayor of Tokio, and well known to America and Europe and one of the dominant figures in Japanese politics, evidently had this in mind when he spoke before his fellow-members of the Society for the Protection of the Constitution which entertained him as the guest of honor on his return from a tour of investigation through China. In opposition to the Japanese governmental policy, he frankly advocated that Japan "side with the South, which took seventy per cent. of her trade rather than with the North, which took so very much less."

Now, the Japanese colony in Kiao-chau would form the needed link between the Chinese in the Yang-tse Valley and the South with Japan itself. It would open a direct communication, largely owing to German railway enterprises, into the very heart of the land of the Han. It would afford a base for Japanese sympathizers with the New China movement at a convenient point on the mainland of China. It would greatly enhance Japanese prestige in the very cradle of the New China. The moral effect of this is very great.

Japan has no military scheme or ambition in China. For her to injure herself in the eyes of the southern Chinese is at once foolish and expensive; it is the last thing she dreams of. But Kiao-chau, once in Japanese hands, would be devoted to something much more solid than the sacred cause of tinsel glory—to the trade expansion of Japan. That is the whole story.

Danaë

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Illustration by Arthur Rackham

YOU look for no land to rise
From the myriad waves afar,
Oh, false king's lovely daughter,
In this whirl of the white-fanged water.
Zeus's child on your bosom lies;
But, lifting your deep-lashed eyes,
O'er the dark green Hellene ocean, see,
There trembles a glittering star!

Peace! A change comes on the deep,
And with dawn an isle draws nigh.
Bride of Zeus, whose bright dissembling
Bade you quaff the cup of trembling,
Oh pure heart betrayed in sleep,
Cease a little while to weep!
There is life and love in a fisher's arms
Where those island beaches lie.

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"DANAË"

"Oh, false king's lovely daughter,
In this whirl of the white-fanged water"

FROM THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR RACKHAM

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The Californian look of a Chilian landscape

Chile and Argentina

South of Panama: *Fourth Paper*

By EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

Professor of Sociology, University of Wisconsin; Author of "Changing America," "The Old World in the New," etc.

IF Italy is a boot, and France a teapot, surely Chile, twenty times as long as it is broad, is an eel. Twenty-six hundred miles long, it resembles our North Pacific Coast, small and upside-down. Its rainless north is the counterpart of Lower California. Central Chile, with its plain running between the lofty Andean axis and the low Coast Range, is a vest-pocket edition of the valley of the Sacramento or the San Joaquin. Valparaiso, for all its insecure harbor, is San Francisco to the South Pacific, while Santiago has the site of Sacramento in a climate like that of Los Angeles. Southern Chile, like Oregon, is so wet that its inhabitants are playfully said to have web-feet. The island of Chiloé, its dripping trees bearded with moss, answers to Vancouver Island; Smith Channel to the inside channel up to Juneau; while Tierra del Fuego matches in a way with Alaska.

In Chile, as in Australia, the seasons are the reverse of ours, and one is startled

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Shelter at the summit of Uspallata Pass, a pass over the Andes between Argentina and Chile

to realize that all our poetic references to the months need to be revamped. They speak of "March vintage," "brown April ale," "sultry January," "bleak July," "February dog-days," "dreary May," and "gentle Boreas." They would make Keats sing of a "drear-nighted June," Coleridge of "the leafy month of December," Burns of "chill May's surly blast," while a famous song must run,

Oh that we two were Novembering!

In Chile, Milton would exclaim:

Hail, bounteous November, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire.

In Valparaiso one is struck by signs of English influence. On the commercial streets every third man suggests the Briton, while a large proportion of the business people look as if they have their daily tub. The cleanliness of the streets, the freshness of the parks and squares, the dressing of the shop-windows, and the style of the mounted police remind one of England. The climate is invigorating, and one notices a snap that is alien to Guayaquil and Lima. Nature provided little space for the city. Much of the business section is filled-in bay, while the residences climb the ravines and crown the bluffs. Not even trolley-cars can breast the grades, so a dozen "ascensors" may be seen climbing the heights like beetles on a wall, lifting people forty or fifty yards for a penny. When, as in 1906, the earth quakes under the houses on such perilous sites, the ruin is appalling. The official avowal of the loss of life then was over three thousand, but private opinion more than doubles the figures.

The night view of Valparaiso from the balconies of the cliff-dwellers is one of the great sights of the world. The vast sickle of the shore, lit for nearly a quarter of a million people; the scores of ocean vessels lying at anchor; the harbor lights; the glowing avenues below, from which rises the mellowed roar of nocturnal traffic; the rippling water under the moonlight; and

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Mount Aconcagua, Argentina, one of the highest peaks of the Andes

the far horizon of the illimitable Pacific, produce an effect of enchantment. Santiago, the capital, with half a million inhabitants, lies thirty leagues inland, on the valley floor about ten miles from the foothills, so that in midsummer one may cool himself in imagination by contemplating, at a distance of fifteen or twenty miles, the eternal snows of the Andes. To see them in the crimsoning light of sunset from the terraces of Santa Lucia, a rocky, wooded hill rising abruptly in the midst of the city, is one of the golden experiences of South America. Through the streets races the brown water from the mountains, so laden that in a glass of it there will be an inch of sediment. On the fields such water leaves annually a fertilizing quarter of an inch, so that here, as in the valley of the Nile, the land never wears out. When tillage began here, nearly four centuries ago, the plain was gravelly, and the thickness—from two to fifteen feet—of the soil that now overlies the gravel measures the spoil from the irrigating waters.

THE central valley, running south for two hundred miles, crossed by a dozen rivers from the Sierra, now twenty miles wide, now nearly pinched out by the advance vedettes of the ranges, is the heart of Chile. In summer it unreels a film of ripening wheat, luxuriant emerald alfalfa, well-kept vineyards, and dusty highways where oxen draw clumsy carts on enormous wheels, vehicles so old-fashioned that you instantly think of them as "wains." From such highways there lead to the estates the lofty green tunnels of alamedas, shut between rows of poplars, and cooled by the flashing waters of the acequias.

From the valley no vast tangle of foothills hides the Alpine world, as the high Sierra is screened from the dwellers in the great valleys of California. Above the ruminating kine in the lush pastures the snow-fields lift into the still air so near and so clear that you can see the breaks in their surface. Here, as in California, with the advance of the dry season the dust haze thickens till the mountains are

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A Mapuche family, Chile

blotted out. Then the first autumn rain washes the laden atmosphere as a shower washes a dirty window-pane, and, lo! your dear friends are there again so close that you can see the eagle hovering above the abyss.

The luxuriant blackberry-hedges, the double rows of slim poplars, and the mud walls coped with tiles to prevent the rain wearing them down, divide the valley into pastures that would surely be counted Elysian Fields if cattle had ever dreamed themselves a heaven. When one is not in the midst of vineyards or wheat, the land is a succession of parks, grazed over by fat, happy kine and sleek, prankish horses and shut in by green walls sixty feet high and six feet thick. Yet from end to end of this agricultural paradise one never sees what we would call "a good farm residence." Save for a rare hacienda home, no dwellings appear but the mean reed or adobe huts of the *inquilinos,* or agricultural laborers, descendants of the old-time slaves. This is a land of great estates, held chiefly by absentees, and its produce goes not to sustain a fine rural life, but to keep up a house in a provincial capital or a mud-and-marble mansion in Santiago.

Roads and draft-animals are like the ends of a teeter-board: when one is up, the other is down. The finest mules and the worst roads in the world coexist in Shansi, in northern China. A generation ago the second-best mules and the second-worst roads were to be found in Missouri. When, as in southern Europe, the roads have the Roman perfection, the draft-power is furnished by donkeys, dogs, and old women. Now the best thing in Chile is the horse. He is of Arab strain, short-bodied, but with powerful legs that can bear a rider all day long at a gallop. Not only is he docile and intelligent, but nothing can break his spirit. I have yet to see a Chilian horse so old or spent that his ears are not pricked forward with an air of interest and hope. How natural, then, that the worst thing in Chile is the roads! Never are they rounded or provided with side ditches. The solid-wheel ox-carts grind them down till they are lower than the fields, rutty, and hummocky, in summer ankle-deep in dust, in winter knee-deep in mud. Thoughtful men realize they are a heavy clog on the advancement of the country, but the Government pleads lack of funds, and there is no system of compulsory road-work, such as we have.

Going south, we notice the streams are becoming broader, and upon crossing the beautiful Bio-Bio River, which was for

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El Tronador, "The Thunderer," Chile

nearly three centuries the boundary between Spanish Chile and unconquerable Araucania, we enter the "dark and bloody ground" of the continent. This is a new country, for it was only in 1883 that a column of soldiers brought under the once redoubtable Mapuches, weakened then by alcohol and disease to a mere shadow of their old self. The result was a development like that which in Wyoming and Montana followed the suppression of the Sioux Indians. European immigrants poured in, and caste never struck root. Here one finds something of the rough frontier democracy of Idaho or Alberta. The common people hold themselves as good as anybody, and dress up to their means. The young women are garbed like daughters of American farmers, while the maids at the railroad eating-house display the emphatic stylishness of our waitresses.

Below Temuco, in the very heart of old Araucania, I visited a mission maintained by the Church of England for the Mapuches. The trail led through a beautiful high-lying country, with forest trees still standing on the unfinished clearings, and wheat springing amid the stumps and charred logs. A blue trout-infested river brawled down under high banks. The effect of the translucent stream, the grassy glades, the wooded hills, and the clumps of lofty trees was that of an abandoned royal park. Thatched Mapuche *rucas,* the dark interior soot-festooned from the open fire in the middle of the dirt floor, alternated with the rough-board cabins of the Chilian settlers. Highroad there was none, and our way led through many gates and bars. The mission consists of a church, a boys' school, a girls' school, a sawmill, shops, barns, orchards, and eight hundred acres of land. Apple and cherry were in blossom, dandelions starred the blue grass, the currants were abloom, and the mission bees went *zooning* amid the white clover. You could fancy yourself in the south of England. Copper-skinned lads, broad of face and heavy of feature, were snaking logs for the sawmill, making benches, building a porch, and watering the garden. It was a delightful scene of peace, work, and aspiration where once had reigned sloth, drunkenness, injustice, and hatred. No doubt the monasteries in the Dark Ages stood for about the same things as this mission.

When Araucania was opened to settlement, the natives were allowed to keep the lands they were actually using, so that about half the soil here belongs to

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The statue of "Christ, the Redeemer," on the boundary-line between Chile and Argentina

them. The Government aims to furnish from seven to twelve acres to every male, and, as population grows, to provide the surplus with plots in other provinces where there is still public land. Up to ten years ago the Mapuches were diminishing in number, but now, thanks to the teaching of temperance and right-living by the missionaries, they are holding their own. Crossing goes on at a great rate, and some think that before long the pure stock will be gone. Bit by bit the Chilians are filching the acres from the Mapuches, and the official "Protector of the Natives" is of little use to them. At the time of my visit a delegation of caciques, or chiefs, was in Santiago praying for protection. The mission schools have done such good work that they receive government aid, and their aim is to work out a type of industrial education so suitable that the Government will provide it for all native children.

The mission teachers insist that the Mapuche is more truthful and honorable than the Chilian. His sex morality is higher even if the *cacique* does keep a wife in each corner of his *ruca*. The Mapuches never molest the missionary ladies, and here as elsewhere the lone woman dreads the Chilian more than the Indian. "They are big children," observed a teacher. "They sulk like children, they trust like children." One of the mission head men insists that the Indians are in every way equal to the whites, but the teachers agree that among their pupils there are fewer with mental initiative and organizing power than there would be among an equal number of white children. To my eye a group of Mapuche children promises nothing fine, although the faces are by no means dull.

TEMPERATE CHILE

On down toward Osorno the heavier woods and ranker undergrowth tell of increasing rainfall. The shaggy hills and ridges recall Oregon landscape. The great lumber-piles at every station, the mean, unpainted houses, the unkempt towns, and the rough garb belong to man's first grapple with nature. The adobe hut is gone, and the log fences,

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The valley of the Aconcagua River

frame-houses, and long piles of cord-wood show a most lavish use of forest wealth. Farther south cultivation is rare, and the country is nearly wilderness. Clearing is going on, great piles of brush are burning, while greener piles are drying for later holocaust. Forest destruction appears to have affected the climate, for an extreme drought prevails, and hundreds of square miles are being devastated by fire. In a single afternoon from the train I counted thirty fires. The outcry over this fearful waste of natural wealth will probably call into being a forest service for Chile.

Presently we leave Araucania, and the wilderness gives way to farms. About sixty years ago a stream of German immigration laved southern Chile, so there are now in these parts about thirty thousand of German blood, two thirds of them born in the country. La Union, Osorno, and Valdivia are centers of German influence and betray Teutonic characteristics, although the Chilian element preponderates in numbers. The country abounds in fine farm-houses and big barns like those of the Germans in Wisconsin, while the towns show a dignity and solidity I have not seen since leaving Santiago.

This is a moist climate,—ten feet of rain fell in a recent five months,—so that the flanks of the Andes are full of lovely lakes like those of the Bernese Oberland or the Sierra Nevada. Lake Llanquihue is about the size of Lake Tahoe in California, and its waters are nearly as clear and blue. The mountains and smoking volcanoes wear a thick cap of snow, and the country is full of singing brooks and green, rushing little rivers. For the lover of the temperate zone, in the right season this is the sweetest, goodliest spot in all South America. It is a land where it neither freezes nor burns, fresh in summer and mild in winter, a land of tender green grass, dandelions, violets, wild roses, hawthorn, and white clover. Three hundred German families dwell about the lake; and they have converted its wooded shores into smiling farms. There are neat frame-buildings, white palings, and rail-fences inclosing stump-dotted pastures where cattle graze and look off into the virgin woods a mile or two away.

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Chile is a rich field for the student of races. Its conquerors were not altogether of the same type as those who ravished the treasures of the Incas. The gold-washings by Indian serfs working all day in icy water and weeping while they worked soon came to an end, and thereafter there was little to attract to Chile the eager gold-seeker. The early history of the colony is drab pastoralism and agriculture streaked crimson by slave-uprising and Indian-fighting. Chile attracted the born fighters—men content to face a life in saddle and camp and a death under a Mapuche club. A Chilian scholar has published a book to show that they were the descendants of the Visigoths of Euric and Pelayo, who found in Araucania a chance to slake their racial thirst for fighting. What a romance of history that leads the Goths in the third century from southern Scandinavia to the shores of the Black Sea, in the fifth century makes them masters of Italy, and in the next century drives them to Spain, from which a thousand years later they flock to Chile to mate with native women and become ancestors of the *roto,* the Chilian peasant of to-day! I have met Chilians whose stature, broad shoulders, big face, high cheek-bones, and tawny mustache proclaimed them as genuine Norsemen as the Icelanders in our Red River Valley.

In the upper classes of Chile there is much Germanic blood. One sees it in stature, eye color, and ruddy complexion. A couple of centuries ago, when the Panama route was blocked by the English bucaneers, so that traffic to the West Coast sought the straits of Magellan, the North Europeans who visited the Pacific fell under the spell of a scenery and climate so like home, and settled in Chile. Such names as O'Higgins, Edwards, MacKenna, Lispenperger, and Blumenthal crop up often in Chilian history. Among the pupils of Santiago College there are as many blonds as brunets, while not over a third have both parents Chilian. This Germanic element has given Chile a very different slant from Peru. Neither lottery nor bull-fight has ever struck root in Chile, while its political life has been marked by an energy and self-control rare in South America.

The Chilian masses are descended from the crossing of Europeans with captive native women. Early Chile was a man's colony, and white women were few. The Spanish trooper fared south to the frontier with from four to six native women to attend him. Four to one was the ratio of the sexes in the frontier garrisons, and soon there was a swarm of half-breed children. In a single week in 1580 sixty such children were born in a post with one hundred and sixty soldiers. In 1550 the married men in Valdivia had up to thirty concubines apiece. Aguirre, one of the *conquistadores,* left at his death fifty legitimate sons, to say nothing of daughters. Escobar left eighty-seven living descendants, and he by no means held the record for his time. It is doubtful if the exploits in parentage of the Chilian pioneers can be matched in history. The men of two of the most bellicose breeds the world has ever known wore each other down by endless warfare, so that innumerable native women became the booty of the surviving white men and bore them children. As late as 1776 in Santiago the women were ten times as numerous as the men. This blending of strains occurred so long ago and was so complete that the modern Chilians do not reveal the atavism of mixed breeds. They are virtually a new race, with definite transmissible characteristics, and betray no tendency to revert to either of the ancestral stocks.

In the other colonies of the West Coast the Spaniards subdued docile cultivators, who went on tilling the soil without needing the master's attention. In Chile the whites met a wild, stiff-necked people unbroken to toil, so that they had to live out on their estates and oversee their serfs. This made the Chilian fief-holders more active and practical than the Peruvians, corrupted by town idleness and luxury. In rural tastes the Chilian *hacendados* resembled our Southern planters, although of late the passion for town life is growing. The public spirit and political

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steadiness which have distinguished Chile from other South American republics reflect country-gentleman character.

The *rotos* are daredevil fighters and spirited workers under proper direction, but they do not impress me as a high type. Beside them the Teutons of the southern provinces stand out like a natural nobility. Although in the towns the German contingent is only a small minority, it takes the lead and is readily conceded the upper hand. In every case the mayor is a German, elected by Chilian votes, for the Germans enjoy a great reputation for probity in public office. Once the Chilians owned all the land about Lake Llanquihue, but it has all come to the Germans, owing to their hard work, thrift, and close attention to the details of farming. An old Chilian put his finger on the weakness of his people when he said: "We have the pride of the Spaniard and the laziness of the Araucanian." The first generation of Germans came poor, and even worked as laborers for the Chilians. They prospered so fast that sometimes the son of the Chilian landowner became *inquilino* for the son of the very German who had worked for his father. Now in the third generation it is said that some of the young Chilians, having learned thrift from the Germans, are becoming landowners again.

The prevailing German opinion on the Chilians is not high. "Good raw material; we need them as laborers, but of course we don't regard them as our equals. They are bright enough, but don't look ahead. Once they had all the farms, but they sold out to us,—could n't resist the temptation of cash,—and now they are our *inquilinos*." For a long time it made a great scandal for a Teuton to marry a Chilian, but now the Teutons are broad-minded enough to admit that some Chilians are fine people. Educators insist that the mixture of the two stocks gives no good result. The offspring seem to inherit the bad points of their parents rather than the good points. They are said to be bad of disposition, lazier than either parent, and lacking the will power to control their appetites and passions.

All the observers agreed that the *rotos* are clever. From operating machinery to playing music they are "quick in the uptake," as *Mrs. Poyser* says. But the quickness is offset by superficiality; what comes easily goes easily. Then, too, they seem unable to advance under their own steam. "Unless there is some one to stir him up," observed a German merchant, "the Chilian simply does n't think at all. He is a creature of habit and routine, incapable of self-criticism. Without a jolt from some one, he would go on for centuries planting potatoes with a crooked stick." As laborer the Chilian has good points—physical endurance and energy; but he must have direction, and working on his own place for himself, he is fitful.

Teachers rate the Chilians as quicker of perception than the Germans, but think that no amount of schooling will free them from the sway of shifting impulse. The German has aims, and goes further because he moves only in one direction. The day after election Chilians who only yesterday were vilifying one another will bury the hatchet and embrace. The Germans despise a quicksilver people who get over their political grudges so easily. Two Chilians will come to blows, make up, embrace, drink together, quarrel, fight, make up, embrace, drink together, and so *da capo*. The Chilian readily pours out a stream of foaming eloquence which sounds fine, but the matter-of-fact German blows the froth off and asks in wonder, "What, then, did the man really say?" "We say in ten words," observed a pastor, "what they need a hundred words to utter."

THE ARGENTINE FILM

A LONG summer's day suffices the Transandine Railway to transport one through the backbone of the continent to Mendoza, the Argentine gateway to the Andes. Mendoza, under the lee of the mountains, enjoys a hot-house climate and, like Ispahan and other oasis cities of the East, it is in large part garden, orchard, and vineyard. Through the doors in the high walls along the suburban streets you glimpse long arbors, clumps of maise,

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patches of berries or melons, and trees laden with figs, apricots, and peaches. On both sides the street gurgles mountain water, and the runnels are lined with the rootlets of drooping willows, tall poplars, and huge locusts. The water recalls the tawny fluid that fattens the fields about Santiago, for the wear of the Andes is ever restoring the riches of Mendoza's volcanic soil.

After a night's run, we wake half-way across Argentina. The pampa is amazingly level—as flat as the flattest prairies of Illinois. Channels, erosions, or other signs of running water there are none. In one hundred and fifty miles I noticed not one bridge or culvert on the railway. No side ditches have been provided for either highway or railway. We are flying across a vast fertile plain which curves like the surface of the sea. In the foreground graze great herds of blooded cattle, knee-deep in succulent prairie grass or lucerne. In the middle ground appear ranch buildings surrounded by poplars, orchards, grain-stacks, and the inevitable windmill. Into the distance, like ships "hull down," recede trees and windmills, until one sees nothing but the tree-tops or the vanes. Above the horizon peer long yellow stacks recalling the mat sails of Chinese junks. The dark bulks that lift above the cornfields like the backs of bisons are old hayricks.

It is a country of metal—metal fences, posts, gates, railway ties, windmill towers, and telegraph poles. The houses are of adobe, brick, or corrugated iron. The land-holdings are large, dwellings are far apart, and the roads are merely wide strips of unworked prairie. There are fenced fields miles square. Much of the pampa has been fenced and grazed, but never yet torn by the plow. Whole estates held for speculation have been allowed to grow up with a tall thistle that will hide a man. Myriads of pigeons, ducks, gulls, geese, and barred falcons fly about, and for leagues one may see nothing but coarse, tufted wild grass.

The Argentines are a bigger breed than one meets on the West Coast. When at the summit of the Transandine our train passed into Argentine hands, the greater stature, the massiveness of body and bigness of face, of the train crew was at once noticeable. The men of Buenos Aires look to me nearly as big as New-Yorkers, although certainly smaller than the men of Chicago. Is it that the bigger Latins have migrated hither, or have we here the result of better nourishment? Buenos Aires, with its million and a half inhabitants, is a veritable Niagara of human power. Its people look ruddy and vigorous, their movements are energetic, and the pace of the street recalls the rush of Denver or Seattle.

Argentina has the future of a white man's country. In the hot provinces of the North, it is true, you find a thin Indian substratum; but the proportion of the blood of the Argentine people which is non-Caucasian certainly does not exceed five per cent., whereas for us the proportion cannot be less than eight or ten per cent. No people of the Western Hemisphere, save the Canadians, is racially so European as the population of Argentina. The working-class is white, eager, and self-assertive, and one is profoundly thankful no longer to meet the dark, ill-clad, slow-moving, apathetic down-trodden laboring-mass that is present in some degree everywhere else in South America.

As absorber of European emigrants, Argentina comes second only to the United States, and we may yet see it take the lead. It divides with us the outflow from Italy, but attracts chiefly North Italians, who are vastly superior to the chaffy sort we have been getting from Sicily and Naples. The Italians of Argentina are of bigger mold than ours, and are not given to gesticulation. Among them you see heads which might well have come from the canvases of Tuscan and Umbrian painters. No doubt it is owing to this good Italian blood that the women in the poor quarters of Buenos Aires are so comely and their children so remarkably attractive. Ugly children are far rarer there than in our large American cities.

Although the scientific men of France

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and Italy have written much on "the decadence of the Latin peoples," and the rest of us have politely accepted their judgment, the student of races will do well to keep an eye on Argentina. It is rapidly filling up from the Iberian and Italian peninsulas, and bids fair to become for the South European brunets what the United States once was for Anglo-Saxons and Celts. As the traveler traverses these vast sparsely populated regions, which within the lifetime of our children will certainly be the home of thirty, perhaps forty, millions, it dawns upon him that here under his eyes the Latins are blooming again. Economic opportunity has called into being hope, and hope is the parent of that energy and that fecundity which make a great people.

For, indeed, Argentina is a land of hope, the first hope country I found below Panama. Here life is on the up-curve not for traders and planters alone, but for the working-people as well. The *conventillas,* or congested inner courts, characteristic of the housing of the poor in Lima and Santiago, have nearly all disappeared from Buenos Aires. But toward the outskirts of the vast tentacular mass, from eight to twelve miles from the docks, one notices great numbers of little one-room stucco houses, with a blank wall toward the street and a bit of garden in front. These are embryo homes, growing on the instalment plan. The working-man buys a lot on long time, paying one or two dollars a month. At the rear he builds a single room; in a year or two he has put a bedroom in front of it; and later, as the family expands and gets ahead, he adds a couple of rooms toward the street. Lo! a complete little home, with embellished façade and with flowers in front, as is the South-European way. Thus by the time his children are grown, the wage-earner has a property worth from $1200 to $3000.

Argentina is to be the great receptacle of immigration during the next half-century, the big melting-pot; and so through all this time she is bound to exhibit the characteristics of a new, half-formed people. There will be confusion as to standards and unsettledness as to many points on which an old people long ago made up its mind and established traditions which do not admit of defiance or discussion. Continually the élite will set good standards and precedents for the rest, and continually the notions and ways of the unassimilated immigrants will weaken standards in Argentina, as they have weakened standards with us. There will be the open-mindedness, the eagerness to learn, the zeal for betterment that characterizes a young, hopeful people; but there will also be a deal of cropping out of raw human nature, and the social mind will be turbid, like a stream in freshet.

While Argentina has in store growth and prosperity, I do not look for her people to manifest as much force of character as the American people at the corresponding stage. The original elements in Argentina were not religious groups refusing to be steam-rolled into acquiescence with an established church. They were self-seekers, bent on adventure or profit. Well might President Roca declare in 1898, at the opening of the new port works in Rosario:

> The proud conquerors who with their peculiar notions of liberty trod under their iron heel portions of the South American continent were very different from those Pilgrim Fathers who landed in New England with no arms but the Bible and no purpose save to establish a commonwealth based on the principles of civil and religious liberty.

Not only is there no ancestral background of idealists, but the huge recent and coming immigration that is to fix the soul and determine the character of the Argentine people is more economic than the great nineteenth-century influx into the United States. Therefore it is scarcely to be expected that a people without certain precious leavening elements that have done so much for the American people is destined to match it in force of character or strength of will.

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Blue Bonnet

By KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

Author of "The Weaker Vessel," "The Great Tradition," etc.

"HERE is the letter."

George Delano squared his fine shoulders judicially as he presented a handful of thin, blue sheets to his brother-in-law.

Harold Redreeve frowned. He looked like a tired hawk, muscles relaxed, eyes dull, but muscles and eyes preëminently meant for speed and light.

"I left my glasses up-stairs. Would Mary mind reading it aloud? I don't believe there 's anything in it. Millicent is always upsetting you."

"I am not easily upset, Harry," Delano answered reproachfully. "Your wife—Millicent—has all the family nerves. But I think you will agree with us that the letter is alarming. I have far too many important things on my mind to be perturbed over nothing. I think it extremely fortunate that your business called you in our direction. Frankly, I don't know how to answer it, nor does Mary. It is a family matter, I should say; a delicate one. I am sorry to trouble you when you are so busy with your own big case, but troubles have a knack of falling in at the wrong time. You have to learn to meet a good many things at once in this world."

He squared his shoulders again with the gesture of a hopeful Atlas. George Delano was the type of person to whom you must never suggest in any given case that he has had luck. Harold Redreeve knew him of old; was fond of him; sometimes wished that old George would come a mild cropper, so that he could know how it felt to hit the dust when you were n't expecting to. Mary Delano murmured sympathetically in her corner as she unfolded the letter. She never doubted, when each big deal went through, that George had done it all himself, with the least possible aid from the Almighty. His pompousness was sweet to her; his wealthy and able associates were to her merely the inevitable parasites of a great man. George was solid; he was reckoned brilliant by people who had seen their own inheritances dwindle.

Then her sweet voice proceeded to the letter, emphasizing faithfully every underlined word. Harold Redreeve listened keenly to his wife's letter, letting his cigarette go out. Delano, standing in front of the chimneypiece, rocked gently and safely to and fro, frowning judicially now and then, as one accustomed to weigh evidence. Harold had often felt that his brother-in-law, in marble, would symbolize democratic justice admirably on the façade of a court-house. He did n't look like a judge; but he was the platonic idea of the foreman of a jury.

"'My dear George,'" began Mary, then: "I 'll skip all the first, about the garden and that girl's camp she recommended to us for Violet. Here is the important part.

"'I write surrounded by strange people—very strange. Harry does n't know about them. Two of them are men, gray-bearded men with eye-glasses, reading newspapers. Annette has a dreadful habit of letting them pile up on the tables. But there are one or two women; one is wearing a great many pearls. I think they must be imitation,—the kind that are set with real diamonds in platinum,—for no one could carry about so many real ones on a hot day into a stranger's house. Also, there is the most dreadful little girl in a blue sunbonnet who goes about and hits the furniture with her hard little knuckles.

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The older people change, but the little girl almost always comes. I suppose they can't lose her. She looks as if she would hang on behind, with her legs dangling, and then lean over the seat and crow horridly at them. But why she comes here!

" 'Indeed, why any of them come! I have n't spoken to Harry about it. They have always arrived and left before he gets home from town. I have n't even spoken to the maids. They are well-bred people, who just might come over from the club or stop in their motors on their way back to town. Once or twice Annette has looked a little surprised. You see, I can't tell Annette I don't know who they are. They are precisely the kind of people one does know—all except the little girl, and she may be the offspring of some family mésalliance. They come in and speak charmingly, then sit down and make themselves comfortable, and fan themselves, and admire the view, and talk about Maria. The first time I thought they must be friends of the Outamaros, and had come to call. We did n't expect to have the house until the last moment. I thought they might think I was Mrs. Outamaro. You know he married again very suddenly last spring. But they never called me that. I went away for a fortnight the day after their first visit, and forgot to tell Harold anything about it. When I came back, they arrived again, and said they had called once or twice meantime, but had been told I was away. I asked Annette who had been here in my absence, and she said no one had been except the Stacys and some men for Harold. I don't like Annette, she 's so inaccurate and careless. Think of how I should like to know their names!

" 'It 's a killing situation in which to be. You see, they always come on fine days, when every approach to the house is wide open. They don't ring any bells; they just camp on the porches or the terrace, and speak to me very charmingly, as if they were old friends. They rest and chat, or read, and then go on to the club or to Fawneck or in the direction of town. I nearly die of laughter; and sometime I shall burst out and say, "Who are you, anyway, and *who* do you think I am?" I leave them quite to themselves, as if they were aunts and uncles and cousins who came so often they did n't have to be bothered with. To-day, you see, I 'm writing a letter at the wicker desk on the porch. One of the men—he really must be somebody, for he has a gray imperial, and a Legion of Honor ribbon in his buttonhole —has gone to sleep in the *chaise-longue*. Presently he 'll apologize, I know, for he 's Chesterfield to the life. Blue Bonnet is n't here to-day, or I should n't be writing. She would think it a beautiful joke to grab the ink and throw it from behind (she does all her tricks behind your back) over my new white serge.

" 'Now, you see, they 've come so often that it has almost gone beyond a joke. If Harry should come home early and notice all their little familiar ways, he could n't believe I did n't know them. *I don't believe they know I don't know them.* It would be an awful moment when I was unable to introduce properly. They are the kind to think it quite immodest of me to be greeting them constantly when I did n't know them. And I really could n't face Legion-of-Honor going sadly down the terrace to the car thinking I was n't a lady. Is n't it screaming, when you realize that the original mistake was all theirs? I 've always known, from the first moment, that I had never laid eyes on them before.

" 'The first time it happened so naturally: I was on the porch when they got out of the car; Legion-of-Honor and Mock-Pearls-and-Platinum (she is his wife, I make out) came up and said: "We 've been wanting to know you for so long, and now that we 're comparatively near, we can drop in often on our way to and fro." They just took it for granted I knew all about them. I thought it was amusing, and would never happen again. I did n't write to Harry (he was up in Canada with Jack Lee, and letters did n't get to him much) for I thought it would be a good story to tell him after he got back. But they came twice again before

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he did get back, and by that time they were a habit. Yes, a habit. And now I 'm so deep in, all on account of their mistake, that I dread to have Harry meet them.

" 'Annette has no manners at all. I rang for her one day when it looked thunder-showery, and I had begged them not to start off again, and told her to bring tea early. "Six cups," I said; for I knew Blue Bonnet would make a fuss if she did n't have some. While she and Lily were getting it inside, the clouds got blacker and blacker, and they suddenly said they thought they 'd get home before the storm broke. I begged them to have some tea at least; but they were very pretty about it—said they could n't wait, for if they once began to drink my delicious tea they would never get off in time, and I might have to keep them until evening. So they piled off at top-speed in the motor, and when Annette finally came out with the things, she had only one cup. Of course I reproved her. "Why, Annette, I told you six cups." "Yes, ma'am, but I thought you wanted your tea right now, and I knew there would n't be any one else." Of course I shall get rid of Annette in the autumn. Even if she was wise enough to see they 'd go before tea was ready, she should have obeyed orders, and been surprised, like any well-bred servant. I should have felt disgraced forever if they had been there when that small tray came. I only said: "When I tell you tea for six, Annette, bring tea for six. Lily can always help you to hurry it." No one else did come, though, and I did n't insist on her trotting out a lot more dishes in the middle of the thunder-storm. I had to run for cover, as it was, with my own tea-cup.

" 'This is an endless letter, and I don't know what you and Mary will make of it, you think me so irresponsible anyway; but I really had to tell some one. I laugh and laugh over my predicament, and yet I dread telling Harry. These people were no bigger than a man's hand at first, and now they overspread the heavens. I actually dress for them; I try to go out when I feel sure they won't come,—they never do when there 's a high wind; Pearls-and-Platinum won't wear motoring things, and her bonnet goes askew if there 's a wind; she explained it to me in such a sweet old-lady fashion,—and I ask people in bad weather if I ask them at all. Very few people do come, anyhow, except for dinner; the distances are such that we all meet at the club. And up to this time they have never run into any other guests. But I can't be preserved forever. It 's too silly of me to mind telling Harry. Only he 'd think me such an incompetent not to have found out all about them the first time! I quite dread being laughed at. And you know he 's fearfully worried and busy over that beast of a Tractions case. So I prolong the misunderstanding with them, and say nothing about it until events force it on me. They have certainly shown up Annette. She is perfect except when they 're here, and then she seems to lose her head. Point of pride not to let Annette know they 're not my most intimate friends. She slipped and nearly knocked into Legion-of-Honor the other day, and only said "Oh!" not even "I beg your pardon." Fortunately, he was staring through the field-glasses at the golf-links, and only backed away blindly with a little murmur. I must keep her until we leave, for it would be impossible to get any one else up here now; and except for these people, she 's a treasure. So I weakly ignore it.

" 'I 'm so sorry you and Mary were n't able to come to us this year. I keep pretty quiet and go out very little, as the doctor bade me, and am immensely better. It 's a little lonely sometimes, Harry is so busy,—gets home so late and never takes a day off,—and I 'm positively *grateful* for these people, if truth were told. All except Blue Bonnet. The other people they bring are just as nice as they are. But *who* are they? Do you and Mary know any friends of the Outamaros who answer to my description? If so, do tell me privately, and then I can, by discreet allusions, straighten it all out before I tell Harry. The comfort it would give me,

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too, to be able to mention a name or two in a good firm voice to Annette!

"'Your affectionate sister,

"'MILLICENT.'"

Harold Redreeve had not moved since she began. Except for a faint, occasional motion of the lips, even his features had not stirred. When Mary's voice had quite died away, George Delano spoke:

"I think you will agree with me, Harry, that this is something you ought to know about. You see how clear it is that no one sees these people except my sister. Annette is, I suppose, a perfectly normal creature—and well recommended?"

"Oh, yes, admirably recommended. Quite normal, I should say. Millicent has always seemed to like her. Though, really, I 've been at home so little, and so busy, that I have n't noticed her much."

"Yes, of course, the Tractions case. It 's a big thing, and we all wish you luck. If you pull that off, Conway says you 're made." Perhaps he noticed how tired the hawk-face before him was; for he went on: "We did a good deal of consulting together before we decided to tell you of this just now. Indeed, I asked Boyce about it,—putting it, of course, as a hypothetical case, but quoting the letter largely; I have an excellent verbal memory,—and he thought it an interesting and probably serious case. The whole point in these matters is to take the person at the start, before the delusions go too far. Boyce says—do you know Boyce?"

"Not personally."

"He has been called in by the district attorney so often I thought you might have run across him. I shall be delighted to introduce you, and you could ask him to run down. He is very busy, but he would do it for us. Quite the best alienist in the State and, I think, one of the best in the country. They are teaching us nowadays to be very hopeful about insanity—treat it just like any other illness, with large chances of cure. I 've dipped into it a good deal, talking with Boyce and reading his books, and I know something about it myself."

"Well?" The weariness had an odd likeness to patience.

"I should say, if it were n't my poor sister who is concerned, that it was a very interesting case. You notice the—ah, the —cunning shown in not reproving the maid Annette. Depend upon it, she has a suspicion that she 's going off the track. Also the desire to tell somebody, which is why Mary and I get the letter. She still thinks there 's something odd in it; the delusions are n't complete. She has n't reached the point of telling every one; tries not to have people meet them, and so forth. But she herself is perfectly convinced, *for* herself. The violent aversion to the little girl she calls—ah—Blue Bonnet, is also characteristic. And she has gone so far that all the circumstantial evidence of their unreality—the maid Annette bumping into an invisible old gentleman, and not bringing tea-cups for nonexistent people—ceases to be evidence for her at all: it is merely a ground for annoyance. Her endeavor to rationalize the situation by hypotheses as to their origin, their possible relation to the owners of the house, is also interesting. It is a complicated case, as Boyce at once saw. Of course I could not be expected to find it interesting when it was in reality my poor sister who was suffering from this mental lesion; but I was glad for her sake that it interested him. I think you had better have him down as soon as you can manage it. This week-end, perhaps? I am sure Boyce would make sacrifices if I explained to him. He could come as a friend; and if the delusions came on while he was there, it would be singularly fortunate."

"Yes, yes. I 'll try to arrange it. But had n't I better see Millicent first and have it all out with her?"

"She 'll be furious that we 've shown you the letter, won't she?" This was Mary, sweet-voiced and sympathetic.

"This is not a moment for such considerations. I am willing to shoulder that with poor Millicent. She may be permitted to think that we were worried about the character of her callers, and thought you should know. Millicent has often,

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in her youth, called me officious." George Delano smiled with perfect good humor.

"I am afraid I must let you take that on yourselves. Millicent won't be angry for long. She has n't a trace of bad temper in her, you know. And she 's perfectly normal with me, a little tired of late, but nothing else. After all, remember that I 've been living with my wife all summer, even if, in the course of things, we have had to be separated more or less."

"I take that as most encouraging," Delano commented judicially. "They are apt to make their scenes with the people they care for most. The fact that she has n't turned on you in any way shows that she has n't gone beyond the point of recapture. Of course there *is* a slight hint in her concealing from you a thing that she would normally tell you at once."

"Yes,"—Harold Redreeve frowned painfully,—"that is quite true. I dare say if she had known I was to spend the night here, she would n't have written. Poor child! I must get back at once, though I ought to go on to-morrow and see Stephenson. But I can't leave her another day. I shall have to write him." He sighed. The strain of the Tractions case had been great. He had staked a good deal on it, and it seemed to his wearied imagination that he would stand or fall by it. But Millicent; he could n't leave her another day with her delusions. Thank Heaven! they were n't horrible ones yet. He must get back and question Annette discreetly; and Boyce—yes, Boyce had better come down, if he would.

"Do you know Boyce well enough to make a point, for me, of his coming to us? Could you run up to town and manage for me to meet him at luncheon? Could you somehow arrange it all? That is, if, after I 've been home, it seems best."

"Certainly. Leave it to me. Wire me what day. Boyce is near town this summer. Ought n't you to see Stephenson, anyhow? Surely one day more could n't matter."

"What I should say to Stephenson, if I saw him in my present state of mind, would matter. Do you suppose I should be sitting here now if I did n't know it was too late to get home to-night? Perhaps you think this is gay for me."

"I don't. Indeed, I don't," Delano hastened to assure him. "I think it 's the devil and all. If Mary and I had n't felt it so serious, I should have waited until the Tractions case came off before saying anything to you. But the great thing is to take it in time."

"Oh, I know that; I may not be a friend of Boyce's, but I read the magazine articles occasionally—on the train. I 've heard of psychiatry myself, George." He could not keep bitterness out of his tone, before the spectacle of his brother-in-law's interested immunity.

"It 's very hard, having it come just now. If Mary could go down; but there are the Vincents coming on from the West next week, and a hundred things. Of course she would go if she could do any real *good*. I know all about it. Did n't Violet have pneumonia last winter just when we were putting the screws on Singer and all the C. & O. gang? But life is like that."

"I did n't tell you about Violet until you had got your screws on." Mary spoke mildly, in the interests of literal truth.

"I hope you don't mean, Mary,"—Delano turned to his wife,—"that you think we should n't have told Harry. Last night you said—"

But Mary was already in a flutter of compunction.

"Oh, my dearest George, how could you think so? We talked it all over for an hour before you decided. Only I am sorry Harry does n't feel he can see Stephenson."

"I think myself he might as well. Twenty-four hours could make no difference. Millicent is quite happy. All the first part of the letter was about the garden. See." He picked up the letter Mary had left on the table, and handed it to Redreeve.

"I have n't my glasses," Redreeve muttered as he took up the thin sheets in the familiar hand—the hand that might have been his own, so intimately for years had

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it written of his deepest concerns. "May I take it?"

Delano pursed his lips.

"Why—yes, I suppose so. Had n't you better see Stephenson to-morrow? You have an appointment, have n't you?"

"Yes, but I 'll telegraph."

"Will it look well?"

"I don't care a damn how it looks. He 'll get a letter explaining. I 'd like an early breakfast, Mary, if it is n't too much trouble. I must take the 6:45. Thank you both—very much. Good night." He marched away, clutching the letter in his hand.

When Harold Redreeve reached his summer home after a hot, broken journey, the westering sun was falling in long, level streaks across his wide lawn; the porches were empty; the big doors stood restfully open; and only a bird-call was to be heard. He felt a slovenly creature, thirsty, tired, and unsuccessful, to be coming into such a peaceful haunt. For a moment his obsession seemed a thing to be washed off presently with the dirt of travel; the only things he could conceivably need were a shower and iced tea. He rang to give warning of his presence, then stepped into the wide tiled hall. Millicent was not in sight, but Annette appeared at once, surprised, obviously, to see him.

"Where is Mrs. Redreeve?"

"At the club, sir. She usually goes there for tea. She was n't expecting you."

"No, I know." He started to the stairs. "Have the Stacys been here this week?" He had to approach the matter as awkwardly as that.

"No one has been here, sir, since you went away except Mr. and Mrs. Carle to dinner last night. Mrs. Redreeve plays bridge most afternoons now with the other ladies at the club."

"What time do you expect her back?"

"Just in time to dress, sir. Nobody is here to-night."

"Have some tea for me, will you, Annette, in about twenty minutes? I 'll be down on the porch for it." He went up to his dressing-room for his bath.

Redreeve had time for thought before Millicent returned. His letter to Stephenson, following up his telegram, he had had just time to dictate from his office in town between trains. He had hated the look of concern that came over the face of his stenographer when he announced, in the letter, that he had been suddenly called home by his wife's illness. It seemed as if, so long as they could keep the trouble secret, it need hardly be a trouble at all. But, after all, what could be more public than George Delano, with his perpetual air of speaking for a cowed group, behind him, of eleven good men and true? The whole house was so peaceful, Annette so little seemed to want her opportunity of speaking to him privately, Millicent seemed by inference so happy and harmless over at the club yonder, he felt almost a fool not to have seen Stephenson. And yet could he have done otherwise? He took the letter from his pocket and read it through once more. No; George had been right. It *was* alarming; and, more probably than not, Annette was simply frightened and puzzled, or else silently laying plans to take another place. Every element for apprehension that George had mentioned was certainly there. Probably he never should see Stephenson; probably he would simply have to turn over the Tractions case to Welby and miss his chance. If anything went wrong with Millicent, it would go wrong with him. George might be the kind to put a big deal through with a thing like that going on at home. Harry Redreeve knew he himself was n't.

And then he turned with a start, for Millicent was before him.

"You here? Why did you come? Anything wrong?" She smothered him for an instant in her frills.

"No, nothing wrong. I just came."

"But did n't you see Stephenson?"

"No. To-day's interview was called off. I hope to see him in a few days."

The letter had still not attracted her attention. If she was aware of it, she probably thought it a letter of hers to him. He must study her, he thought,

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wearily; must note every detail as if he were a doctor. And indeed she did seem a little nervous, a little thin. But that was positively all. She glanced at the letter once or twice, uneasily, he thought. Of course, they had n't been apart enough for her to have written him recently so many pages. He laid his arm over the thin, blue sheets.

"Much doing down here?"

"Nothing. That 's why I have to go over to the club every blessed afternoon and play auction. We make it a kind of half-way house—go there instead of going to each other."

"Do you like this place?"

"Do you?"

"I have n't been here a great deal so far. It seems restful."

"Oh, restful, yes. Sometimes"—her brow knotted; she seemed to hesitate—"Sometimes I do get a little bored. You are n't here, you see, to share the restfulness."

"Does n't anything happen to interest you all the long days?"

She looked at him with wide, honest blue eyes.

"Not anything, Harry, except the bridge, which does n't really interest me. No; I have n't seen an intriguing human being all summer."

"You know we chose it particularly for quiet."

"Oh, yes; and I 'm sure it 's the right thing. Only, next year, I hope I shall be strong enough, and you will be free enough, for us to do something amusing. I 'm perfectly happy, but no one could say the place is riotous. But, by the way, Harry, who called off the Stephenson interview? Does that mean he will make trouble?"

Harry Redreeve lifted both hands and pushed his hair back from his forehead. His sudden gesture loosened the pages of the letter at his elbow. Millicent leaned over and looked at them. One glance was enough, for, without listening to her husband's explanation, she clutched it.

"Harry Redreeve, where did you get this?"

"I spent last night at George's."

"And he gave you this? The beast!"

Redreeve looked his wife gravely in the eyes, bracing himself for a scene of some unknown kind. "I don't know why he 's a beast. He could n't well do other."

"But I particularly told him I was n't telling you."

"Yes; but you can see that, if George thought the thing serious, he would feel I must know sooner or later."

"Did you call off the interview with Stephenson?" She rose and stood, very flushed, before him.

"I did."

"Because of *this?*"

"Yes, dear. I was worried."

"Oh, my poor darling, my poor darling! I would n't have had it happen for anything. What a pompous fool George is! I 'll never forgive him. And Mary sat in a corner and said how wonderful George was. *I* know. Oh, you poor darling! But when can you see Stephenson?"

"I don't know. Later in the week, I hope."

"And you let George make you come home straight, and cut the interview?"

"Certainly not, my dear. I did n't need any advice to make me come home as straight as I could."

"You don't mean that that wretched letter worried you?"

"Why should n't it?"

"How could it? George is capable of any idiocy, but you must n't tell me that you believed those people in there were real."

"No; and neither did George."

"Oh, George deserves to be steeped to the lips in a saturated solution of himself. But you! I never meant you to see the thing—naturally. I shall never get over your having called off the Stephenson interview on my account. I 'll owe George one for that to the end of time. But you don't mean to say that *you* did n't see?"

"See what?" He was bewildered. He felt as if he himself were perhaps a little mad. Certainly Millicent looked the acme of sanity, with her eyes shining and all that delicate color in her face.

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"Why, that it was a gigantic hoax on George, of course! If I had ever dreamed of your seeing the letter at all, I should have expected you to rock with delight over my cleverness. I got so tired of his encyclopedic ways, I thought I 'd give him a *stoss*. I meant George to think I was going off my head. Though I thought he might be dull enough to stop at wondering if I was n't doing something unconventional. But you—I should have thought you would see it the first minute. You must have been tired, if you thought your old Millikins would spend her afternoons with a lot of spooks and, on top of that, write to George about it! It must have been a good rag, if it could take you in. I 'm rather proud of it. Why, I was afraid even George would see through that little girl in the blue sunbonnet." She lay back in her chair and laughed consumingly. "Forgive me; I 'll put my mind on the serious things of life in a moment. But it is funny!"

If it had not been for the accident with the Stephenson interview, Harry Redreeve would have been tempted to laugh himself. As it was, there was the practical worry at the heart of his great relief.

"I nearly did n't post the letter, you know. I just started out to see what I could do, and then it grew so beautifully under my hand that I thought George ought to have it. So I posted it, after all, and it has led to this! It comes of being bored. I always used to startle George when I was bored. But if I had dreamed of your going up there—"

"I did n't expect to; but it turned out to be convenient, and I telephoned them yesterday afternoon that I would come for the night."

"What did you say to Stephenson?"

"Wired him that my wife was ill."

"And you have n't written him?"

"Yes, to-day, from the office, before I took the train up here."

"What did you say?"

"That I hoped for a later appointment."

"Very well; you can telegraph him from here to-night. Say that I 'm out of danger, and fix another day. He will forgive you if he knows you telegraphed him as soon as I *was* out of danger. I 'm sorry about the fibbing, but this is a good deal truer than the lie George got you into. Don't send until after dinner. That will be more plausible. Now I must dress."

As Mrs. Redreeve went through the door she turned to look at her husband and laughed again.

"I can't help it, dear. I know I was a beast to do it just because I was bored. When I think of Blue Bonnet, I feel like Mrs. Piper or Palladine or 'Sally.' But I sha'n't laugh about it again. You see, the cream of the joke is gone forever if you were taken in, too. I 'm glad I did n't 'register' delirium tremens for George. He would have had an ambulance and a strait-jacket down here on the afternoon train."

At last Harry Redreeve grinned.

"He nearly did have Dr. Boyce. He 's expecting to send him down over Sunday."

Millicent leaned against the lintel of the door, and closed her eyes in mock-consternation.

"An alienist? For me? Oh, George Delano, you have *such* an unclean mind! It is n't decent to be so up to date as George is. He gave me Freud to read last winter, you remember, and for a week I dreamed things that did n't need any interpreting. And you were going to let the man into the house?"

Redreeve looked at her very gravely.

"Yes, I was going to let him in."

Mrs. Redreeve dashed back to the porch and picked up the letter. Then she tore it viciously, scattering the pieces over the porch-floor.

"There! I 'm sorry to make a mess, but Annette 's a saint. She won't mind. I must have been inspired by the devil to write stuff that would affect you like that. It 's pretty bad, you know, that you could have thought me off my head."

Her husband leaned his head back and closed his eyes.

"Yes, dear, it is pretty bad. But I 'm awfully tired, and George considers he has a gift for presenting evidence. He is n't

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easy to interrupt. I 'm very sorry; but you must take it as a compliment. It was damnably well done—to the lay mind, at least."

By the time that Redreeve had had a chance to communicate with Delano, Delano's zeal had outstripped their original plan. He himself had run in on Boyce, and disclosed his fears. Dr. Boyce promised to hold himself in readiness to go to the Redreeves should he be summoned, and Delano then set himself frantically to recover the lost letter from Millicent's husband. He naturally wished to submit it to Boyce. Redreeve was, however, far too busy with the Tractions case to inform Delano that the letter, in a thousand pieces, had been swept into the dust-bin by "the maid Annette." He had to arrange to see Stephenson and a dozen other men. He was caught in the big machinery and had to keep time to the engines. Beyond once reassuring Delano in a cryptic telegram, he had done nothing. George's letters he had no time to answer. Millicent promised to attend to the matter.

The crisis drew nearer, and sometimes Redreeve felt as if the days lengthened in arithmetical progression. By late September, when the case was actually called, it seemed to him that the sun took fifty hours for its diurnal course. Yet he could not have spared one of the fifty, if he was to go full armed, with not an inch of unprotected skin, into court. There was excitement in it, a kind of fury of astuteness, a Pythian rage of foresight, that lifted him above the crowd he directed. It divorced him from country peace, and he saw little of Millicent in the fervid autumn weeks. Sometimes she went up to town for a few days in order to lunch and dine with him; but after the case was actually on, she found that such jaunts tired her, and she went back to the country to rest and wait for her husband to be free. It had been decided that they should keep the house until November, and try for a quiet holiday there together in the late autumn when the case was over. Harry now came home, unless he gained a brief respite from the law's delays, only at the week-end. On the long Sundays, before he took the evening train, they sat, almost silent, on the wide porch, in the subdued autumn warmth. He was too tired even for her chatter; too tired to dare to relax, when his nerves would have to be taut as a singing rope on the morrow. And when at last the case was over, and Redreeve's clients had got their verdict, he was almost too tired to be glad.

Still, she pushed him off for a little golf now and then on a fine day; and occasionally they had friends, belated birds like themselves, to dinner. It marked one of the long stages of Harry Redreeve's relief when he asked her one night:

"Did George ever answer your letter? I positively forgot to ask."

"What letter?"

"Your letter explaining about the hoax."

"I never wrote it." She flushed.

"Never wrote it? Oh, my dear girl, you said you would. That 's why he has never congratulated me on my luck."

"I 'm sorry," she faltered. "I will write to-morrow, honor bright. If I had n't thought so much about just what to write him, I dare say I could have done it long since. When I have n't been thinking of the case, I 've been thinking of George. I wish you could have got a verdict against *him*."

"Well, I suppose I can write now. Perhaps it will be easier for me. Only you must give me carte blanche to say all sorts of things for you. George had a right to be cut up, I think, dear."

"He 'd take every right of the sort he had, you may be sure." But her tone was listless.

"Yes, George is not an easy-going person. However, we 'd best not quarrel with them. Have they asked us up there next month?"

"Not yet. We did n't intend to go, in any case."

"No; but it 's odd they have n't asked us. They always do. I think I 'd better write to-night."

"Won't it do as well to-morrow?"

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"I dare say. But why not to-night?"

"Because I want to talk to you." They rose from the table at this point, and she put her arm through his. "Coffee on the porch, Annette, please."

"A very odd thing has happened," she went on a few moments later, as they faced the harvest moon. "You remember those people I wrote about? Those people I made up to bother George with?"

"Yes."

"Well,"—she turned her head away, and he saw her pure profile in the moonlight,—"I saw them this afternoon."

"At the club?"

"No, here on the porch, where I told George they used to come. Blue Bonnet and all. They sat in the chairs. They went away in the motor. They did all the things I said they did. Only this time they *did* them."

"Millicent!"

"Harry dear, I 'm not such a fool as to play the same game twice. Besides, I never meant to play it on you. Of course it 's an hallucination. It must be. It"—her voice broke a little—"it takes some courage to say it, because every sense I have could swear that they were real. If I had n't made them up in the first place, I should say now, to you, that they *were* real. I don't dare to, having invented them once. Life does n't give you coincidences like that. But, as far as I am concerned, I *would* believe in them. I took the little girl's blue sunbonnet off and felt of it—crumpled the stiff edge in my hand. It 's gingham, starched. For your sake, I did n't ask Annette to bring them tea." She stopped.

"You 're very tired," began Redreeve in a shaking voice.

"No, I 'm not tired that way. I 'm horribly—yes, horribly, that 's the word—rested. I wish I were tired. But I 'll do anything you say."

"Then go to the club to-morrow while I 'm in town. I 'll come back right after luncheon, and pick you up there. I 'm afraid I have to go, dear. I 've promised to see the district attorney. Do you want to come?"

"Oh, no, I 'd rather stay here. Must I go to the club? There won't be any one there except a few golfing men. No one goes any more."

"I 'd rather you would. I wish we had a motor: I 'd send you over to the Stacys' for the day."

"I 'm quite all right here, dearest; but I 'll telephone and ask Kate Stacy to come over and lunch and take me for a drive."

"Good. And don't worry about it. We 'll consult a nerve-man; and if you have to go to Europe on a bat, off you go. You 've never seen them before, have you?"

"Never."

"You 'll do, dear. That was a brick to tell me. And I 'll write to George to-morrow. I think if you put him and the damned apology quite out of your mind, you 'll pull through with no further trouble. Don't worry about it: that 's the thing I beg of you."

"I won't." And she turned her face back to him again.

When Redreeve came home late the next afternoon, he did not see his wife in her accustomed chair. "Hardly time yet for Kate Stacy to bring her back," he muttered to himself. Just then Annette, the maid, came through the door of the service wing, very quietly, into the hall where he stood.

"What time did Mrs. Redreeve say she would be back?" he asked.

"She did n't go out at all, sir. Mrs. Stacy was in town, she found when she telephoned."

"Where is she?"

"Up-stairs in her room, I think, sir."

"Well, tell her I 'm here. And you might bring me something to drink, Annette. I 'm frightfully thirsty."

"Yes, sir. Would you mind stepping on the porch a moment—just a moment, sir?"

He followed her. There was the tea-tray still uncleared. Six cups stood on it, and all had been used.

"I left them for you to see, sir. Now I must clear them or Mrs. Redreeve will be displeased."

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"What is the matter?" The six cups seemed somehow reassuring.

The maid looked behind her furtively into the empty hall, then bent and whispered quickly:

"There was no one here to-day, sir. And from inside I saw Mrs. Redreeve wet the spoons, and drink a little sip out of each cup."

Redreeve turned on her angrily, but the maid's eyes were full of tears. He pushed past her and went up-stairs, while she began quietly clearing the tea-things away.

"Oh, Harry, I 'm so sorry! I 've been asleep. I meant to be down to meet you." Millicent raised a flushed face from her pillows. "And the Carles are coming to dinner to-night. I telephoned them this afternoon. Kate Stacy was in town to-day, so I could n't get her to lunch or motor or anything."

He felt a wild impulse to sneak down and ask Annette or some other maid if the Carles really were coming, but he forbore.

"Good! What sort of day have you had?"

"All right, dear. Only"—she roused herself to a sitting position, and began patting his knee softly with her hand—"they came again to-day—and took tea. They 've never done that before. I had to ask Annette to bring tea for them, Blue Bonnet and all. I was n't sure even this afternoon, you see, that they were real, though I think they are. And Annette brought the tea perfectly. She did n't stumble over any of them."

"Did they drink the tea?"

Mrs. Redreeve flushed.

"You can ask Annette if she did n't find every cup used!"

A great wave of pity swept over him, bringing a kind of choking relief with it. She would n't lie to him, poor darling, so long as she could keep truth on her lips. But how real they must have been to her, for her to adopt that subterfuge—to try to prove to Annette, in Annette's own crude terms, that they were there. She must have a hideous, baffled sense of being the only person with eyes in a blind world—so much worse than being blind in a world of those who see. He bent and kissed her.

"I must dress if the Carles are coming. So must you. Don't worry, sweetheart. We 'll work it all out. I 'll stay and see them to-morrow. They never come in the morning, do they?"

"Never."

"Well, then, it 's all right. I have to go round the links with Stacy in the morning, but I 'll be on deck all the afternoon."

The next morning Redreeve went to the club. He was glad Stacy was a scratch man; he might have had to try to beat him if he had been in his own class. It would have been pretty hard to try to beat any one that day. The links were all hazards and bunkers, and on the fifth green—his ball had got to within a few inches of the hole, he could n't remember how—he swung his cleek mechanically as if for a tremendous drive.

"Good Lord!" murmured Stacy.

"Good Lord, indeed," echoed Redreeve. "Fact is,"—he pulled himself together quickly,—"my mind is anywhere, and my general game is too poor to go on by itself. Sorry to have played tennis all the morning. A man telegraphed he was coming down this afternoon for an important conference. I 'm wool-gathering. I think I 'll pull out."

Stacy nodded good humoredly.

"I 'm just out for the fun of the thing. I 'll finish and see what I can do with Bogey. You have a right to be off your feed. So long!"

Redreeve went home, dully thankful that he had won his big case, and the consideration of men with it. He had tried deliberately to keep life in the normal round, thinking that until he could decide that was the safest thing to do for Millicent. Whatever happened or did n't, in these few crucial days, he would make her take everything sanely. He would n't deviate; he would n't turn the house into a psychopathic ward. People should come and go, and the business of life should be pursued, until he knew. She was still

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quite perfect with outsiders: she had been delightful with the Carles the night before; she would be charming with the district attorney if he got there in time for luncheon. And never again during this little period of suspense would he leave her alone in the afternoon. Everything should go by the board rather than that. If he could once be present when the "people" came! He thought it unlikely that he ever should; yet he hoped once at least to watch her with the hallucination full upon her. Perhaps he could hold her tight to his side, make her see with his eyes, force her to stare until the chairs were empty, even for her. He built great hopes on the fact that she had n't lied to him; that she had kept, poor dear, the mirror of her consciousness as clear for him as she could. Some little spring that still worked in her brain had clicked out, at his direct question, an evasion instead of a lie. But he would n't play golf again until it was over. He should have to see Boyce sooner or later, he supposed.

Mrs. Redreeve met him on the porch. Though Annette was beside her, pulling chairs into place, his wife spoke at once:

"Harry, I told you they never came except in the afternoon. But they did come this morning—to say good-by. They 're going back to town. Is n't it extraordinary that I don't know their names yet?"

"Come in, dear, come in." He tried to draw her into the house.

"No, wait a minute. The old gentleman looked at his watch and said they would be late for luncheon if they did n't hurry. And his wife said how unfortunate it was, and how odd, they had never met you. You don't have to worry about me any more, darling, for this time I *know* they were real. See?" She pulled out a blue sunbonnet from behind her back.

He had his arm about her and was leading her into the house. But she detained him.

"Tell Mr. Redreeve where you found it, Annette."

"On the long chair, under the cushion." The maid's eyes were lowered.

"She 's such a madcap! They 'll hardly send back for it; it 's perfectly worthless. Throw it away, Annette. But you see they *are* real."

Redreeve stopped in the hall. "Had n't you better put on something else? The district attorney may be here to luncheon."

"Of course. I was just going to dress. You 'd better hurry yourself. Don't you want a shower first? It 's extraordinarily hot for October. By-by." She ran up the stairs, but leaned over the rail and spoke again:

"I 'm glad Blue Bonnet left it, so you could see. Tell Annette to throw it away. It 's a horror. No, you can call to her. Come up at once, dear. You 'll be late, and he 'll be here."

But Redreeve went back to the porch. The maid, as white as wax, was holding the blue sunbonnet in a shaking hand. When she saw Redreeve emerge from the house alone, she burst into tears.

"Oh, Mr. Redreeve, I can't stand it any longer!"

"Who was here, Annette?" He took the sunbonnet from her and held it with numb fingers.

"No one, sir, no one."

"Where did this come from, then?"

"She bought the gingham in the village this morning, Mr. Redreeve, just after you went over to the club. I saw the package under her arm when she came back. And she sewed it in her room. I did n't dream, sir,—I would n't spy on a lady,—but I saw her when I was tidying the dressing-room. Look at it, sir—how gobbled the stitches are. It don't hardly hold together. And an hour after, I found it on this chair, with the pillows all throwed round. She made it herself, Mr. Redreeve, so as you 'd think somebody left it here. Do you understand it, sir?"

Harry Redreeve was very white.

"No, Annette, I don't. But you had better throw it away, as she told you. And, for heaven's sake, stop crying!"

He went into the house to dress, but before he went up-stairs, he entered the telephone-closet and shut the door. Watch in hand, he telephoned the telegram. He had to spell "Delano" three times.

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Under the Mill of Valmy

High Lights of the French Revolution: *Part Four*

By H. BELLOC

Author of "Robespierre," "Marie Antoinette," etc.

WHILE the popular forces were gathered in Paris for the assault on the palace, which eventually proved successful, the Prussian and Austrian army of invasion, under the command of the Duke of Brunswick, was marching against the French by the valley of the Moselle. It was accompanied by many of the French nobles who had emigrated, and who desired by any methods, even those of foreign invasion, the destruction of the Revolutionary movement. The frontier was not crossed until some days after the palace had fallen, but the invasion was immediately successful. The frontier fortress of Verdun fell. The French forces were largely composed of unreliable volunteers. The regulars themselves had been badly demoralized, and the French army under General Dumouriez, whose task it was to stop the invasion, lay upon the line of the Argonne, not a week's march from Paris, with very little hope of defending it successfully. But by one of the strangest accidents in history, when this army under Dumouriez had been successfully turned by the invaders and was in its most desperate plight, an action fought near the village of Valmy changed the whole story of Europe. The result of this action, which was in a tactical sense indecisive, and in which the opposing forces never came to close quarters, was that the invading army was checked in its career, was ultimately bound to retire, and the Revolution had just the time it required to raise and discipline new forces to resist further invasions, which were bound to follow. This action at Valmy, which, despite its indecisive tactical quality, was one of capital importance in the history of the world, was fought almost coincidently with the declaration of the republic. On this same ground France and Germany to-day stand opposed.

THERE is a country-side in western Europe upon which the fate of the world has twice been decided, the first time when Attila and his Asiatics were here broken by the forces of the Roman Empire; the second when the French Revolution was saved in the action I am about to describe.

This country-side is known to the French, within whose territory it lies, as the Champagne Pouilleuse. The Romans, from its capital, called it the Catalaunian Fields; for its capital is the town of Châlons upon the Marne.

The plain is of a peculiar nature, difficult to be seized by those who have not known it, but, once perceived, a thing not easily forgotten, so distinctive is it and so much apart from all that bounds it. In formation the soil is chalky, but not of that chalk which bears the green swards of Sussex or Normandy; not of that chalk over which the trout streams of Vexin or Hampshire run clear. It is a chalk kneaded, as it were, with clayey thickness, so that it bears only stunted trees or none, is sterile to the plow, and the waters which run sluggishly in the shallow dips of it are turbid, like milk and water mixed, and all their fords are muddy and difficult to pass. Those who drink of these waters and who live by them are few. It is an inhospitable land.

For the shape of it, it is of an odd, rolling, confused sort, which, in describing it, I have often compared, and shall here compare again, to the slightly lifted waves of a sea, rounded, and heaving indiscriminately, where currents meet, a day after a gale. You will find no direction or set of up and down in these billows. Standing upon the summit of any one, others are seen around you as low, as smooth, as untenanted as that one from which you gaze, and between you and them lie broad and slight depressions a mile or two across,

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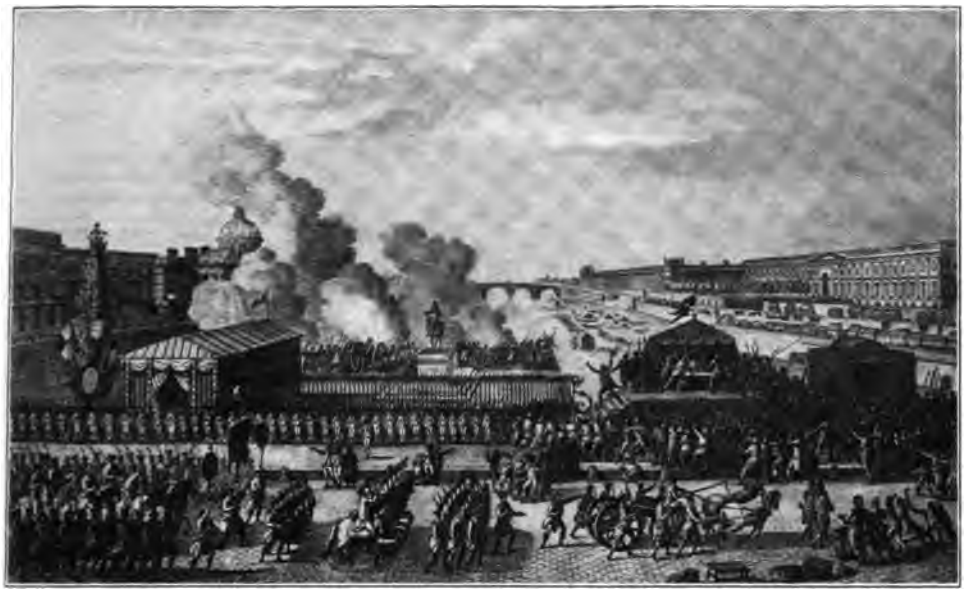

Enrolling volunteers in Paris on the Pont Neuf, before the statue of Henry IV

and hardly deep enough to hide the sparse villages of those plains. Such is the Champagne Pouilleuse.

If a man stands upon any one of these slight rolls of hungry land, plowed desperately for insufficient harvest here and there, hedgeless, and almost featureless, and looks directly eastward toward Germany and the roads by which invasions come, he will perceive, running black and distinct all along the horizon, a low ridge, even enough in outline. If the weather is clear, he may perceive it to be wooded. It stands no more than three hundred feet above the average level of the plain, but it bounds it absolutely. This ridge is the range of hills that, with its forest, is called "the Argonne."

This ridge barring the main approach to Paris along the roads from the east, traversed in one steep pass by the main road which leads to Paris from the Germanies, Dumouriez held with his insufficient and patchwork forces, calling on Kellermann to bring up at all speed reinforcements from the south, and knowing well in his heart that even with those reinforcements he had not the quality of men who in the shock that was coming could withstand the famous discipline of the Prussians and the training of their Austrian allies. For Dumouriez, precise in temper, a soldier of the old strict armies, and one in very doubtful allegiance to the Revolutionary cause, justly doubting the temper of mere volunteers, and misjudging what the future might make even of such undisciplined men, thought, if anything, too little of the material, bad as it was, which he had to his hand.

If the reader should wonder why a low ridge of this kind could prove an obstacle to the advance of armies, and should be thought even in so desperate a case worthy of defense, the explanation is this: armies depend for their very lives, and equally for their offensive power, upon a train of vehicles and guns. They are tied to roads. And such a feature as the Argonne, low though it be, dense with wood and undergrowth, and built of deep, damp clay, was almost as effectual a barrier to invasion as might be an equally broad arm of water. The few roads across it, cut through the woods and hardened, in particular the great Paris road from Germany, which crossed it at the point called "les Islettes," were like bridges or causeways over such an arm of water, and as necessary for the passage of any army as

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Under the Mill at Valmy

are bridges over water. To hold these passes, if it were possible, was all Dumouriez's plan. For Verdun had fallen in the first days of this month of September (1792), more than half of which had now run in this week when Dumouriez lay along the hillside with his men, every pass guarded, and awaiting the shock.

That shock came in the form of direct assaults upon the roads across the hills, attempts to carry them with the high hand. These assaults at first failed. An enemy attempting thus to break some link in a chain of defense will make for the weakest. If Prussia and Austria were to cross the Argonne, it must be by that one of the four roads where the resistance was weakest. The direct road, the great Paris road, which was the southernmost of the four passages, they would not first attempt. They managed in their second effort to break the line at that point called "The Cross in the Woods," a day's march to the north. They lost but few men in this success. They gained their gate; Dumouriez's line was pierced. Hurriedly in the night he withdrew all those of his men who, lying to the north, would have been isolated had they waited for the dawn, and he fell back down the hills, standing now with his back to Germany, his face to Paris, and knowing that his position was turned. For though the Paris road was still held, the enemy was pouring through the breach in the dike above, and the way to the capital was open for him round by that circuitous road.

All the weather of those few days had been drenching rain. The clay of the hills was sodden, the autumn leaves drifting upon it throughout the forest; the bare, rolling plains and the chalk were sodden with it, too. It was the nineteenth of September, and Kellermann, just in time by a few hours, but with reinforcements that could hardly save his country, had effected his junction with his chief. So Dumouriez, with Kellermann now linked on to him to his left and to the south, stood with his back to the Argonne and his face to Paris, waiting for inevitable catastrophe, while round by his right hand the enemy poured through into the open plain.

There was present with those invading columns a man supremely gifted with the power both to observe and to express, a young man destined soon to bear one of the greatest of names. This was Goethe. For Goethe was with the German armies,

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and we have from him some account of what he saw. We can see through his eyes the bare, dull landscape, with low, misty clouds hurrying above it, now hiding all things in rain, now in an interval of drier weather showing a steaming reek coming up from the drenched fields; and between those two flats of gray earth and gray sky the dark bodies of troops moving like ordered herds westward from the Argonne and the woods, on over the rolling of the open land.

By this night of the nineteenth of September they had taken their full march and were drawn up with their backs to Paris, their faces to the Argonne, over against the French lines. The invaders could not leave those forces of Dumouriez's behind them upon their communications. It was their task, now that the Argonne was forced, to clear away by capture or by dispersal the army that was still in existence, though doubtful, or, rather, only too certain of its fate.

Now, this long way round by the northern gate in the hills, this lengthening of tortuous communications, and the persistent rain of those days, made it imperative that the decision should be taken promptly. Dysentery had been present in the Prussian and Austrian forces for some time. In the abominable weather it had lately increased. Bread, which was almost their only ration (until they should come out into more favorable lands a day's march ahead upon the road to Paris), came up but tardily and clumsily by the long round of the muddy road. It was imperative that Dumouriez and his checkerwork hotchpotch of volunteers, of mercenaries, of old regulars, officered at random, and even some only half-officered, should be swept from the communications if the invasion was to proceed; and therefore without repose, and with the army as it found itself after fighting through the Argonne and making the long march afterward, was to attack at once, with the first light of the next day, the twentieth. That day was to be decisive in the business of the modern world. For, by coincidences upon which men still debate, but

Republican soldiers in the Revolution

which I think can be explained, and which I shall now present, the invaders failed in their easy task. Dumouriez's troops were left intact after the attempted action, and the armed reduction of the Revolution was postponed so long that it became at last impossible.

After all those days of cold and deadly rain the dawn broke uncertainly through a dense mist that covered all the swellings and tumbled land. The extreme right of the invaders' line, the Prussian regiments with their king, reaching southward as far as the Paris road, was in the thick of it. Northward it lay somewhat more loosely and thinly where the Austrians formed the left extremity. But everywhere it was too dense for any observation. Such scouting as was attempted groped painfully yard by yard in that confusion, and there was at first no wind at all, nor any lifting of the fog.

It was some two hours after sunrise before the first break in this veil appeared, and that but a slight one. We have the relation from the pen of the man who saw it. He was out with a small patrol

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Marshal François-Christophe Kellermann, Duke of Valmy

of cavalry, feeling and groping thus beyond the Paris road to discover what the French might be doing under the cover of such white nothingness, when a momentary air raised the veil for fifty yards or so, and he found himself point-blank against a battery of four guns, the French gunners standing idly by. Their position was such that, had the day been clear, they would have enfiladed the whole Prussian line. The young man set down in his diary this commonplace, of awful meaning to a man who had had one such glimpse in such a fog in such a morning:

"Upon what threads of chance do not the fates of empires depend!"

But this extreme battery of the French knew nothing of its opportunity. The fog closed again immediately. The vague, mounted figures that the gunners had seen were swallowed up at once, and the effect of that strange encounter was to make the officer in command of the guns withdraw them, fearing that in his feeling through the mist on to that little height he had pushed his pieces too far. The Prussian patrol *heard*, though they now could not see even so few yards away, the hoofs of the horses sogging up with the limber, the clanking of the hooked guns, and the retirement across the moist stubble. They heard the swish of the wheels and occasional commands fainter and fainter, and then nothing.

As the morning advanced, however, the wind which had carried the rain of all those days—a wind from the south and east—began to blow again, and drove the mist before it into very low, scurrying clouds, so low that they covered the insignificant ridge of Argonne and so low that the steeple of Sainte-Menehould, the little county town at the foot of the hills, disappeared into them. But those low clouds left the rolls of land in the plain itself free from their mist, and at last the armies could see each other; and this is what the Prussian line drawn up upon the one ridge saw as it looked eastward to the other.

There was more than half a mile, but less than a mile, of very shallow, concave dip separating this swell, or crest, upon which the King of Prussia and his staff had drawn up their regiments and another

General Charles-François Dumouriez, in command of the French at Valmy

similar swell, or crest, opposite where was the French left, the troops of Kellermann.

This opposing crest beyond the very shallow and perfectly bare valley bore, standing in the midst of the French line, a windmill—a windmill famous now in the legends and songs of the French army, an object that has grown symbolic, and that you will find in all the legends and

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pictures of the battle. It was the Mill of Valmy. Indeed, Valmy village was close by, but hidden by the crest, for it lay upon the farther slope.

The French line thus strung on each side of the mill upon the crest presented a contrast indeed to the strict rod-like files of the Prussian infantry that watched them from over the depression. Their loose order, their confusion, their lack of officers, their heterogeneous composition, their doubtful discipline—all these in the soul of that army were externally expressed by something straggling and unsure. The very uniforms, so far as one could discern them at such a distance, were often groups grotesque, often ragged, and sometimes interspersed with dull, civilian clothes. A man, when he saw that sight, might have thought, perhaps, that he was watching a crowd stretched out for a spectacle rather than soldiers. But in one arm, by which the French have often conquered, and to which the greatest of their captains was later strongly attached,—I mean the guns,—something stricter prevailed, and forty were drawn up on the cusp of the crescent near the mill.

For a mile or two, in various groups, northward of this position that Kellermann had taken up lay the French right under Dumouriez, and opposite him in turn were the Austrians. From the Prussian ridge, which I take for my point of view, since it was there, or rather in sight of it, that the issue was determined, uncertain portions of Dumouriez's command and certain Austrians could be discerned by peering up to the left and noting the furnishings of men upon certain points of higher ground. But the immediate business lay between those two lines, the one so strict, the other so loose, that faced each other upon each crest of that long, slow trough under Valmy Mill.

The ground separating these two lines, the slight fall from the one, the level at the bottom, the slight rise to the other, demands particular notice. It was, as the reader will soon see, the whole matter upon which the fate of this cannonade, and therefore of Europe, turned. Save in

Goethe, who was with the German army at Valmy

one place, where a few bushes and shallow, disused diggings for marl disturbed its even surface, it is for the most part plowland. At this date in the autumn, the twentieth of September, it is covered with stubble, and the short, stiff straws, cut close to the soil by the sickle, make it seem like the ground of any other open field. No trickle of water runs through it even after rains. There is no appearance of swamp or marsh. One is not warned by rushes or other water growths of any difference between this field and any other field. So it dips and rises again for its half or three quarters of a mile of breadth and for its mile or so of length, almost everywhere under crop, and now under autumn stubble, save here and there where balks of measly grass have been left that show between their insufficient blades the dirty gray-white of that half-chalky soil.

It was across such land, such land to the eye at least, that the assault upon the French must be made after the advance had been properly prepared by artillery.

And prepared it was. The Prussian commanders let loose so furious a cannonade as had not been heard by any living soldier of that day. Miles away in the pass of les Islettes, an Englishman, who by strange adventure was the brigadier-general, holding that position to protect the rear of the French against attack, a man who had been through the whole

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A Republican general

American war, a certain General Money, of whose strange fate I have written elsewhere, marveled at the continuity and sustainment of all that fire. Distant Argonne shook with it, and the ground carried the thuds mile upon mile. They felt it in Sainte-Menehould like the shock of falling timber.

But the range was long for the field-pieces of those days, and one's target at a thousand yards very uncertain. Many a missile flew over the heads of the motley French line, many fell short, and buried themselves in the wet bank of the slope before it. The losses so inflicted by hour after hour of sustained battery-work were not great, nor did that loose line upon each side of the mill seem to fluctuate or waver, nor were the King of Prussia and his staff, or Brunswick, commanding all, over-certain when the apt time for the critical charge and the advance of their infantry would come.

For to the Prussian guns the French gunners replied with a fire almost equally maintained and upon the whole of greater precision. They could not dominate the enemy's fire; they were, indeed, inferior to it, but they did not allow themselves to be dominated by it. It was the remark of all those who watched that field upon either side that the French forces in this one respect of the guns had powerfully surprised the invaders by their unexpected efficiency. So the cannonade went on until men the least used to battle, the young recruits of Prussia, the young poet Goethe himself, looking, and noting curiously and a little sickly what "cannon fever" meant, were used to the roar and the blows of sound, and had come to make it a sort of background for their mind.

It was at an hour that will never be precisely known,—so difficult is it to determine by evidence the phases even of a single action, but probably early in the afternoon, between one and two o'clock,—that all this tornado of sound was hugely overborne by a crash and a thunder like no other. A lucky shot from the Prussian batteries fell into the midst of the French limbers, and in a sudden explosion great masses of ammunition blew wheels, cases, horses, and men up in a sheaf of flame and in plumes of smoke close by Valmy Mill. There, in the very center of the French line, the commanders, now watching eagerly through their glasses from the Prussian ridge, saw the beginning of a breakdown: a whole brigade was stampeding. It was, by a curious irony, a brigade of German mercenaries still retained in the French service. But as they broke, others also wavered; the line was in desperate confusion, and might at any moment lose such formation as it had.

This was the opportunity for the charge, and Brunswick sent forward one, —slightly advanced, in front of and to the right of its neighbor, in the formation called echelon—the companies of the famous Prussian line. They began their descent into the shallow valley—a slow descent, their boots clogged by pounds of the field mud; a perilous advance, with their own guns firing over their heads across the valley, but an advance which, when it should be complete, the half-mile crossed, and the opposing slope taken at

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the charge, would descend to the business of the invasion, and would end the resistance of the Revolutionary armies. Against them as they went forward was now directed some part of the French artillery fire, such part as could be spared from the Prussian guns above. They halted often, they were often realined, but their slow progress was still working, ordered, and exactly maintained under that dramatic discipline which made in those days, as it does now, the apparatus, perhaps, of Prussian excellence and certainly of Prussian prestige. They reached the level between the two lines; they touched the first rise of the opposing slope.

Meanwhile Kellermann, upon his horse, when the French line had wavered upon the great explosion, rode suddenly along it, and with his feathered general's hat high upon the point of his sword, waving it, called loudly for cheers—cheers for the nation, which was the Revolutionary cry. The young men, emboldened, recovered some sort of formation, and loudly responded with the cheers he had demanded; the brigade that had broken was drawn up, put in reserve. The guns during that critical five minutes had behaved as though they had been veterans, nor had their fire diminished, nor had a gunner moved save just in that central point where the destruction of so much ammunition for a moment checked the rapidity of fire.

The French guns, then, continually alive, turned more and more from the Prussian batteries to the infantry advancing against them up the slope. The Prussian guns, as their men came nearer to the French, had nearly to cease their fire or to diverge it to the left and to the right. You could see along the French line the handling of the muskets and the preparing to meet by infantry fire the Prussian charge when it should come within its fifty or eighty yards.

But to that distance it never came. For at this last phase of the battle, or, rather, of the cannonade,—it was no true battle, —there happened the wholly unexpected, the almost miraculous and, in the eyes of many historians, the inexplicable thing.

A colonel of infantry in the French army

The Prussian companies in all their length, now within four hundred yards of the French line, thinned a little by French cannon fire, but quite unmoved and morally prepared for the advance, halted. Their progress, resumed, watched anxiously by their commanders upon the height behind, grew slower and slower, was made in jerks, checked in a yard or two, finally stood still. There standing, one would say, within touch of victory, suffering with admirable obedience the steady loss under the French shot, and with admirable discipline closing its ranks, this Prussian infantry was seen at last to fall back, to turn, and to retire. As slowly as they had come, in the same order, with the same absence of looseness anywhere, the files, suffering less and less with every yard of their retirement from the French batteries, came nearly to their ancient stations, were drawn up just below the crest from which they had started somewhat over half an hour before. Valmy became again a cannonade and only a cannonade, but at the sight of this returning of their foes the French continually cheered, and the guns seemed to put on

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more vigor, and it almost seemed as though the numbers of the defenders grew.

The afternoon wore on, the cannonade slackened toward evening, and it was one fitful shot and then another, and then none at last, and when darkness fell the two lines stood where they had stood in the morning. But the assault had failed. What had happened? Why had not the Prussian charge proceeded?

Now, to that question, which has produced many and strange answers, I think a true answer can be provided, and I shall attempt to provide it upon the authority of an observation made very closely and with the unique intention of understanding this unique affair in the history of arms. For when I went to make myself acquainted with Valmy field it was in the same season, in the same weather, after the same rains, in the same mists, and I believe that I have as much as any man lived in the circumstances in which that issue was decided. I believe, having myself gone over that depression from the Prussian ridge toward the French, in just that weather and after just those rains, that the advance was stopped by nothing more mysterious than marshy soil.

History is empty of evidence, and we have nothing to learn. Upon the French side the retirement seemed inexplicable, and upon the Prussian the shame and failure of it seemed to have tied every man's tongue; yet I believe it to be due to nothing more romantic than mud. Certain of our contemporaries in modern history have said that Brunswick did not desire to press the action, but that his sympathy was with the Revolutionary forces. To talk like that is to misunderstand the whole psychology of soldiery; more, in such an action it is to misunderstand the whole psychology of men. Brunswick could not have recalled the charge without good cause on such a day and with such men about him as the King of Prussia, the emigrant princes and the commanders; but the thing is, on the face of it, absurd. A wiser guess, but made erroneously, ascribes the retirement to the persistence and effect of the French artillery-fire as the Prussian charge approached. This must certainly be rejected, for we know that the advance was steady, and the retirement, too, and what is more, we know how comparatively small were the losses. It was not due to an officer losing his head, for the whole line retired without breaking and in consonance. It certainly was not due to any doubt as to the moral ability of the men to continue the ordeal that they had suffered so admirably over six hundred yards of ground and over perhaps a quarter of an hour of time.

Those who will do as I did, and visit Valmy in the autumn, and after the rains, and walk by no path or any picking of one's way, but straight across the stubble, as the soldiers of those companies had to do, will, I am sure, decide as I here decide. For they will come to a belt not upon the bottom level, but at the beginning of the opposing slope, where, under the deceitful similarity of the unchanged stubble, and with nothing to mark the drowned state of the soil, that soil becomes virtually impassable, certainly impassable to men under fire. The French had before them, though they did not know it, a true obstacle, the unwitting attempt to cross which as though it were no obstacle lost the Prussians the battle, and with the battle lost the kings and the aristocracies of Europe their throw against the French democracy.

Night fell, still misty, but unbroken by the sound of arms or of marching. With the next day, when the invaders counted their losses these, not over-heavy, they were appalled to find made far graver by a great increase of dysentery, which such a night in the open after such a day had produced. At the end of a week they fell back eastward again, followed and hampered by the French cavalry, and when they passed the boundaries of what was now the republic, a blank-shot fired from the walls of Longwy closed this great episode in the story of the Gauls.

(To be continued in the April number)

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FIFTEENTH-CENTURY BAPTISM

One scene, mounted wrong side out, from the Burgundian Sacraments, presented to the Metropolitan Museum by the late J. Pierpont Morgan.

The Story and Texture Interest of Tapestries

By GEORGE LELAND HUNTER

Author of "Tapestries, their Origin, History, and Renaissance"

TAPESTRIES are a complex and fascinating form of art. They possess the pictorial interest of photographs and paintings, the story interest of history and romance, the texture interest of rugs and brocades. But while their pictorial interest appeals to every one, most persons fail to appreciate fully their extraordinary story and texture interest.

For thousands of years tapestries have been employed in story-telling. Tapestries illustrated for the Greeks the stories of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey"; for the Romans the stories of the "Æneid" and the "Metamorphoses"; for the people of France, England, Germany, and Italy the stories of medieval history and romance, of the Bible and the saints, as well as of ancient Greece and Rome.

An ancient vase-painting shows Telemachus watching his mother Penelope at the loom. Penelope, it will be remembered, wove a tapestry openly by day, but unraveled it secretly by night, because its completion pledged her to select from among her suitors one to succeed the long-absent and supposedly lost Ulysses.

When a boy in school, I used to wonder how Penelope's trick could deceive any one. I did not know then that to weave a square yard of intricate tapestry at the Gobelins' takes a weaver a year. It may have taken even longer on Penelope's primitive loom, on which the weaver worked from above downward, and on which the warps were not fastened at the bottom to a second roller, but were weighted individually.

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"The Toilet of Esther"

An eighteenth-century Gobelin tapestry, with typical woven gilt frame, designed by J. F. de Troy, part of a set of seven pieces picturing the story of Esther, first put on the looms in 1737, and often repeated. Esther had always been a favorite subject with tapestry-weavers, Renaissance and Baroque, as well as Gothic. An early-Gothic tapestry in the Hoentschel Collection, lent by Mr. Morgan to the Metropolitan Museum, pictures two Esther scenes that are described by Latin captions in Gothic letters woven into the bottom of the tapestry. Three scenes from the story of Esther are pictured in the right wing of the famous Mazarin late-Gothic triptych tapestry, "The Triumph of Christ," lent to the Metropolitan Museum by Mr. Morgan.

It was tapestry-weaving that Ovid described with much detail in his story of Arachne. With her bobbins she made such wonderful pictures of the loves of the gods that Pallas, the goddess of the loom, outdone, transformed her into a spider and bade her weave on forever.

Of the elaborate picture tapestries of ancient Greece and Rome none remains. Of the picture tapestries of the Middle Ages, when the art was revived in Arras and neighboring cities, the first important example dates from the last half of the fourteenth century, the primitively, but strangely, beautiful set of "The Apocalypse," now in the Cathedral of Angers.

This set depicts the mystic scenes described by St. John in "The Revelation." In an introductory scene, St. John appears listening to the voice, and holding in his

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"The Cure of the Paralytic"

A tapestry woven at Mortlake, in England, in the first half of the seventeenth century, and with seventeenth-century border, from one of the famous sixteenth-century "Raphael Cartoons," now on exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

"Cardinal Chigi's Reception"

Audience given by Louis XIV at Fontainebleau to the pope's legate, Cardinal Chigi, July 29, 1664. One of the fourteen famous Gobelin tapestries picturing important events of the life of the French king during the first twelve years of his reign.

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"Mille Fleur," with Personages

A late-Gothic tapestry of the type made famous by "The Lady with the Unicorn" set at the Cluny Museum. Especially interesting are the birds that lurk in the foliage, and the monkey, that, like the monkey holding the cat in the "Giving of the Roses" tapestries at the Metropolitan Museum, adds a note of humor.

hand the book in which he is to write his vision. Before him, guarded by seven angels, are the seven churches of Asia for whom the message is intended.

Scene No. VI illustrates verses 10 and 11 of Chapter IV of "The Revelation":

The four and twenty elders fall down before him that sat on the throne, and worship him that liveth for ever and ever, and cast their crowns before the throne, saying, Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.

The set consisted originally of ninety scenes in seven pieces. Of these, seventy survive; the remaining twenty were destroyed or mutilated during the French Revolution and after it. They were used in the greenhouse to keep frost from the orange-trees; in the stable to line the stalls; in the bishop's palace as rugs and carpets; and finally, in 1843, the whole set was sold by the canons of the cathedral, for sixty dollars, so devoid of artistic appreciation were even Frenchmen in the nineteenth century.

The tapestries were woven by Nicolas Bataille of Paris for the Duke of Anjou, brother of Charles V, who was king of France from 1364 to 1380. The cartoons were painted by Charles V's court painter, Hennequin de Bruges, who followed closely the illustrations of a manuscript of "The Apocalypse," now in the library of the city of Cambrai.

About the origin of no other set of

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"KING SOLOMON RECEIVING THE QUEEN OF SHEBA"

This well-known tapestry is an exquisitely beautiful late-Gothic tapestry at the Poldi Pezzoli Museum in Milan. It is a brilliant example of the effectiveness of tapestry texture as a medium for the expression of richly patterned textiles and richly robed personages.

Gothic tapestries have we as complete information as we have regarding this. The first set woven at Arras that can be positively identified is the story of St. Piat and St. Eleuthère, preserved in the Cathedral of Tournai. The woven inscription states that it was completed at Arras, in 1402, by Pierrot Féré, and was presented to the cathedral by Toussaint Prier.

The most important early tapestry in the United States is the "Burgundian Sacraments," presented to the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art by the late J. Pierpont Morgan. About half of the original tapestry survives in seven scenes and in five pieces, two of which are mounted wrong side out. This is of special interest as illustrating the fact that tapestries are exactly alike on both sides, except for loose threads, which can easily be clipped off the back, and except for the reversal of direction of the design.

Originally, this "Seven Sacraments" tapestry had fourteen scenes, the upper seven picturing the sacraments as anciently celebrated, the lower seven depicting the sacraments as celebrated in the fifteenth century. Of these there remain the upper "Confirmation," and both the upper and the lower "Baptism," "Marriage," and "Extreme Unction" scenes. "Penance," "The Eucharist," and "Holy Orders" are missing. There remain also the Old French legends in Gothic letters, describing "Marriage" and "Extreme Unction" and part of the legends describing "Baptism" and "Confirmation."

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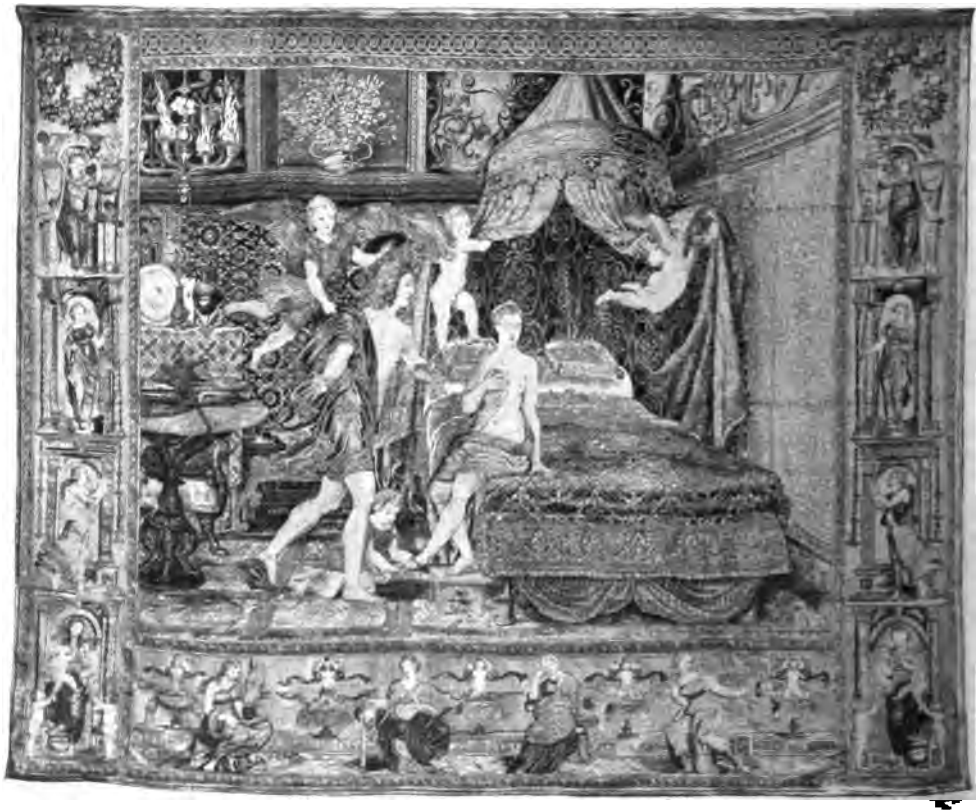

"The Marriage of Herse"

An Italian Renaissance tapestry, rich with gold, lent until recently to the Metropolitan Museum by Mr. George Blumenthal. It is one of a set of eight picturing the story of Mercury and Herse, designed by Giulio Romano, and has the wide compartment border, with mythological figures, that displaced the narrow late-Gothic "mille fleur" borders at the beginning of the sixteenth century.

All Gothic tapestries are full of ornamental detail, grounded with pattern or floriation. Especially decorative are the Gothic verdures, with animals or personages or both, popularly called "mille fleurs." The most famous in existence is "The Lady with the Unicorn" set at the Cluny Museum. Noteworthy examples in the United States are the "Giving of the Roses," presented to the Metropolitan Museum by Mr. Morgan, the one purchased at the Robb sale by the Metropolitan Museum, and one belonging to Mr. Alexander W. Drake. The animals in Mr. Drake's tapestry—the lion, the unicorn, the deer—are drawn and woven with effective boldness.

Interesting and important, historically as well as decoratively, is the Gothic tapestry picturing the arrival of Joan of Arc at the Château of Chinon, March 6, 1428, now in the museum of Orléans. It is of German origin, and bears on the scroll that crosses the sky the inscription in German, "Here comes the Virgin sent by God to the dauphin in his land." On the pennant that Joan carries are figures of the Virgin and two angels.

Like other early German tapestries, this is comparatively primitive in type. During the Gothic and Renaissance periods, wandering weavers sometimes set up their looms in German castles and in German cities, as well as in Italy and England. But the home of the industry was Flanders and northern France; and French the industry grew and remained until the alienation of Flanders from French control gradually developed a separate Flemish type in the sixteenth century. No German city ever became famous as a center of tapestry-weaving.

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"Vertumnus and Pomona"

An eighteenth-century Gobelin tapestry, with picture medallion after Boucher; and with damassé mat ground and frame of the type seen on the five Don Quixote tapestries lent to the Metropolitan Museum by Mr. Morgan.

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"The Knights of the Round Table"

One of a set of four Holy Grail tapestries designed by Burne-Jones and Morris and Dearle, and woven at the works established by William Morris at Merton, in England. I like this better than any other tapestry design made since the seventeenth century.

The three tapestry cities *par excellence* were Arras, Brussels, and Paris, Arras during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Brussels during the sixteenth and seventeenth, and Paris during the seventeenth and eighteenth. Arras was celebrated for Gothic tapestries, Brussels for Gothic and Renaissance, and Paris for French (Gobelin) tapestries. At the head of the three stands Brussels, to the credit of which must be placed a majority of the masterpieces of the Gothic-Renaissance transition, the golden age of tapestry. A striking example of the skill of Brussels weavers is the Gothic "The Triumph of Christ," lent by Mr. Morgan to the Metropolitan Museum. It was made about the year 1500.

The story interest of Mr. Morgan's "The Triumph of Christ" (called the Mazarin tapestry, because it once belonged to the famous cardinal) is extraordinary. It pictures the triumph of the new dispensation over the old dispensation, of the Christian Roman Church over the Jewish Church, and of the Roman Empire over the ancient empires typified by Persia.

In the center of the Mazarin tapestry is a tiny landscape exquisitely executed, which by contrast heightens the richness of the brocaded robes and the delicate modeling of the faces. Above the landscape, on a throne, sits Christ, his right hand raised in benediction, his left holding open toward the spectator an illuminated copy of the gospels. On one side of Christ kneels the angel of Mercy, symbolic of the church, bearing a lily; on the other side, the angel of Justice, symbolic of the empire, with a sword. In the lower part of the tapestry, under the angel of Mercy, kneel the pope and dignitaries of the church in adoration; under the angel of Justice, the emperor and the dignitaries of the empire. All of these—Christ, the angels, the pope, and the emperor—fill the middle wing of the tapestry, which in plan is like a triptych, or threefold altar screen, with jeweled Gothic columns dividing the right and left wings from the middle wing. Upon one of these columns stands a female figure, symbolic of the Jewish church, blindfolded, with left hand resting upon the stone table of the Mosaic laws, and right hand grasping a broken flagstaff; upon the other column, a figure symbolic of the Christian Roman Church, bearing a chalice in one hand and holding a crozier in the other.

In the right wing, the empire of the old dispensation is pictured by the Persian Ahasuerus (Xerxes) on his throne, passing the signet-ring to Esther beside him. Above them, is seen Esther giving orders for the preparation of the banquet at which Haman's fate was decided. Be-

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tween the two scenes is a Latin explanatory inscription in Gothic letters.

In the left wing, the empire of the new dispensation is pictured by the Roman Augustus, to whom the Roman sibyl points out a vision of Christ in the sky. Above them, the finding of the cross, which is said to have taken place in the reign of Constantine. Between the scenes is a Latin explanatory inscription in Gothic letters.

It is a complicated tapestry, but easy to understand because of the simplicity of its plan. Yet it affords opportunity for years of absorbing study; and the more it is studied, the more delightful it appears.

To criticize it by comparison merely with painting would be futile. The effects obtained in the Mazarin tapestry by means of line contrasts and the use of gold and silver and silk, as well as wool, threads, are effects impossible to produce with paint. Paint can only remotely suggest to the trained eye what tapestry texture accomplishes even for the inexperienced. The robes and draperies, the hair and beards, the faces, hands, and jewels of the Mazarin tapestry need no apologist to interpret their intention. They are vividly real without being realistic.

Among the Gothic-Renaissance transition tapestries most highly prized to-day are those of the type of "The Baptism of Jesus." This is one of a set of four picturing the story of John the Baptist, in the Royal Spanish Collection. Similar are "The Infant Jesus Adored by the Saints" and "The Deposition from the Cross," in the Brussels Museum. There are also several excellent examples in private collections in New York. All have narrow flower-and-fruit borders, exquisitely conceived and woven, and all have picture subjects connected with the life of Christ and of the Virgin. All are comparatively small and nearly square,—from seven by nine to ten by ten feet,—and in all the figures are numerous and stand out prominently from the richly verdured ground. It seems as if some special inspiration came just at the beginning of the sixteenth century to create sacred cloths that would combine the realistic drawing of the Renaissance with the decorative luxury of the Gothic.

It was back to tapestries like these that Burne-Jones and William Morris went for inspiration. The "Holy Grail" series of four, woven at Merton, is one of the greatest proofs ever given of the value of an intelligent study of the past. It is the finest set created since the seventeenth century, and it was awarded a Grand Prix at the Paris Exposition of 1900, the only non-French tapestries ever thus honored. But even they are far inferior to the ancient masterpieces. Though William Morris, by personal work at the loom, won back many of the ancient secrets, and deserves to be worshipfully held in reverence by all lovers of tapestry, there were many secrets that escaped him and that still remain for other enthusiasts to discover.

Among ancient tapestries, none is more significant politically and historically than the Renaissance "Notre Dame du Sablon," in the Brussels Museum. The two figures that carry the litter containing the image of the Virgin are the Emperor Charles V and his brother Ferdinand. The kneeling figure on the right, with staff and sealed letter, is Francis de Taxis, imperial postmaster, donor of the tapestry. The coat of arms in the top border is that of Margaret of Austria, aunt and guardian of Charles V. A woven inscription in Latin in the right border of the tapestry shows that it was made in the year 1518, the year before Charles V was chosen emperor.

The story of the set of tapestries to which this belongs is interesting. In the middle of the fourteenth century, a poor woman of Antwerp, Beatrix Stoetkens by name, dreamed that the Virgin appeared to her and bade her ask the wardens of the Church of Notre Dame for a long-neglected small statue of the Madonna. Beatrix got the statue and took it to a painter, who beautified it with gold and rich colors. Then she restored it to the church, where the Virgin clothed it with such grace that it inspired devotion in all

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beholders. Again the Virgin appeared to Beatrix, and bade her take the statue to Brussels. The warden who tried to prevent her found himself stricken with paralysis. With her precious burden Beatrix went to the harbor and embarked in an empty boat, which stemmed the current as if guided and propelled by miraculous power, and brought her safe to Brussels. There she was received in solemn state by the dignitaries of the city, and the image was carried in triumphal procession to the church of Notre Dame du Sablon.

In picturing the ancient story, the artist modernized the architecture and the costumes, and also the personages, substituting contemporary officials for those of the fourteenth century.

Decoratively, the "Sablon" tapestry is of extreme significance. It marks the arrival of the Renaissance. Despite the many Gothic details, classic feeling and classic manner predominate. At last the bridge of styles has been crossed, and in tapestry-weaving Gothic architecture and costumes have been supplanted by those of the Renaissance.

The first great set of tapestries absolutely free from Gothic feeling and Gothic manner was completed in 1519, a year later than the Sablon set. They were also woven in Brussels, but were designed in Rome by Raphael for Pope Leo X. The subjects of the tapestries, taken from the Acts of the Apostles, are:

1. The Miraculous Draft of Fishes.
2. The Charge to St. Peter.
3. The Cure of the Paralytic.
4. The Death of Ananias.
5. The Stoning of St. Stephen.
6. The Conversion of Saul.
7. Elymas Struck Blind.
8. The Sacrifice at Lystra.
9. St. Paul in Prison.
10. St. Paul on the Areopagus.

That all of the original set except "Elymas Struck Blind" should be still at the Vatican is most surprising. Twice these precious tapestries were sold and dispersed: first, in 1527, when Constable de Bourbon's soldiers sacked Rome; second, in 1798, when Rome was pillaged by the French under Berthier. On the first occasion, two of the tapestries, "St. Paul on the Areopagus" and "The Miraculous Draft of Fishes," wandered as far as Constantinople, where they were purchased by Constable de Montmorency, who restored them to the Vatican, as is attested by his coat of arms and an inscription in Latin attached at the bottom of one of the side borders. On the second occasion the tapestries went to Paris, and were hung by dealers in the Louvre, with the hope that the Government might buy them. By 1808 they were back again at the Vatican. Large and remarkable photographs of them, taken especially for Mr. Morgan and by him presented to the Metropolitan Museum, are in its photograph room.

The fame of the "Acts of the Apostles" tapestries was immediately such that they were copied and reproduced over and over again, more often, probably, than any other set ever designed. There are two sixteenth-century sets in the Royal Spanish Collection; two sixteenth-century sets in the Imperial Austrian Collection; one seventeenth-century Beauvais set in the Beauvais Cathedral; one seventeenth-century Brussels set at Hampton Court; one seventeenth-century Mortlake set, besides parts of two other English sets, in the French National Collection; and in the Berlin Museum is a sixteenth-century set that once belonged to Henry VIII.

While the Vatican set was the first set woven, it is by no means the most beautiful. Owing to the space limitations of the Sistine Chapel, the walls of which it was planned to adorn, it has only seven side borders instead of twenty, and the bottom borders are decidedly uninteresting, being woven imitations of bas-relief. The set of nine in the Royal Spanish Collection, woven shortly afterward in Brussels, is fully equipped with borders in the grotesque style, like the seven side borders of the Vatican set.

These borders merit all the praise they have received. They created a new style

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in tapestry borders that has never been surpassed. Illustrations of the type are the borders of the two "Mercury" and "Herse" tapestries loaned to the Metropolitan Museum by Mr. George Blumenthal.

Vastly inferior to these borders, from the tapestry point of view, are the panels of the "Acts of the Apostles" series. As pictorial compositions that tell the story they are magnificent; but they are not suited to tapestry texture. They show to greater advantage as cartoons or as photographs than as tapestries. Indeed, seven of the cartoons that are at South Kensington are striking works of art, though mutilated and left-handed in direction, as are all cartoons made for use on low-warp looms.

That the cartoons were painted entirely, or even in large part, by Raphael's own hand is extremely improbable. It was not the fashion then or later for great artists to execute the drudgery personally. They created the original small color sketches and superintended or supervised the translation and enlargement of them into cartoons. Sometimes they did not even do that, but left the working-out of the cartoons entirely to the cartoonists employed by the weaver.

The English owe the possession of the cartoons to Charles I, who in 1623, two years before his accession to the throne, had them brought from Italy to England for the use of the Mortlake tapestry works established in 1619 through his influence, and patronized generously by him as long as fortune smiled. Of the tapestries woven at Mortlake from the cartoons, the most important set that survives is now in the French National Collection, having once belonged to Louis XIV. There is an interesting description of it in the royal inventory made at the time of his death in 1715.

In the sixteenth century, it appears that none criticized these "Acts of the Apostles" tapestries unfavorably. That is the reason why Raphael's "Acts of the Apostles" did great harm to the art of tapestry-weaving. They substituted paint ideals for loom ideals, and taught the weavers to hide, instead of developing, the obvious and natural traits of tapestry texture. Thereafter the art steadily declined, until now texture has become something that few understand, and of the very existence of which many are ignorant.

The development of tapestry-weaving at the Gobelins' in France, in the reign of Louis XIV, was successful in transforming a Flemish industry into a French one, and in transplanting weavers and looms from homes north of the French frontier to homes south of it. Louis XIV had money to spend on tapestries, and right royally he spent it. The weavers came where there was profitable work and high wages, and under the direction of Charles Lebrun produced splendid sets of tapestries. Indeed, during the reign of Louis XIV Brussels fell so far from its former high estate as to copy the style of the Gobelins', even when it did not copy the cartoons.

The greatest of the sets originated by Lebrun for his sovereign was "The Story of the King" in fourteen tapestries, a solemn and official glorification of the military and other successes of Louis XIV.

When the king grew old and unsuccessful, the nature of the subjects changed. There was a movement backward, away from contemporary episodes to Biblical, Greek, and Roman events. Some of the tapestries even had to be modified to suit the prudent and prudish disposition of Mme. de Maintenon, notably "The Marriage of Alexander and Roxane," now on exhibition at the Gobelins', from which the more striking nudities were cut out and replaced with draperies. The marks of the operation are still visible.

The side borders of "Alexander Entering Babylon" merit special attention because they are characteristic of the period, one might almost say of the century. What Raphael and his school began in the sixteenth century, Rubens and Lebrun completed in the seventeenth. The former introduced paint methods into the panels of tapestry, but developed the borders decoratively. The latter demanded paint

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technic even in the borders, and crowded into them high lights and deep shadows, bold reliefs and broken architectural features. Toward the end of the century it became the custom to imitate on the loom the ordinary type of gilt frame used to hold oil paintings.

The best eighteenth century tapestries were woven not at the Gobelins', but at Beauvais, after designs by Boucher. These represent the extreme of accomplishment in paint style.

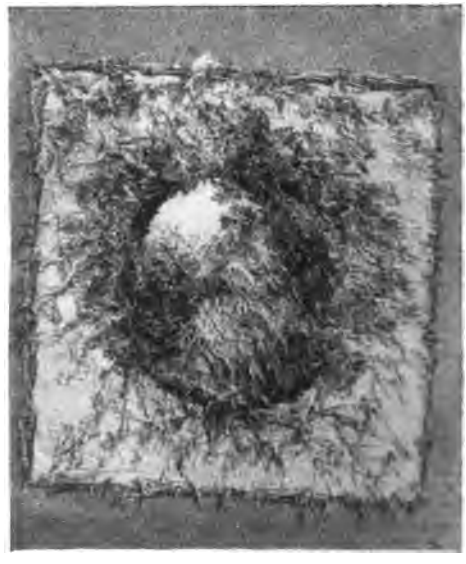
To-day there are important tapestry plants in operation in Paris, Beauvais, Aubusson, Merton, and New York. Some of the tapestries woven in these places are worthy of comparison with those made in Brussels in the golden age of tapestry; but most of them are not. Most of them, while excelling in pictorial interest, have little story interest and even less texture interest.

Yet it is the texture of Gothic-Renaissance tapestries that made them the fundamental wall decoration, and locks them more intimately into the architecture of a room than any other form of ornament. Consisting of horizontal ribs in relief, covered by fine, vertical threads, which combine into slender spires of color called hatchings, they become part of the wall upon which they are loosely hung and, line for line, agreeably accentuate the construction, which differentiates the architecture of man from that of nature.

It is their texture that distinguishes them above paintings, and upon the quality of this their virtue chiefly depends. Paintings we judge according to the merit of the composition, the coloring, and the degree of illusion; but the merit of tapestries depends far less upon design than upon weave. The best design badly woven is a bad tapestry, and an inferior design well woven may be a good tapestry.

Of course this is true to a considerable extent of any form of decorative art. The execution is more important than the intention. What the artist and the artisan actually accomplish is vastly more vital than what they intended to accomplish. Upon the excellence of the workmanship largely depends the permanent value of the work of art.

RIGHT SIDE



WRONG SIDE

These illustrations showing the right side and the wrong side of a modern tapestry chair-back demonstrate the fact that "all real tapestries are exactly alike on both sides, except for the irregular floating threads and the reversal of direction of the design." This explains why aged tapestries are sometimes mounted wrong side out —like two of the five fragments of the Burgundian Sacraments at the Metropolitan Museum—without the fact being generally known. If the floating threads on the wrong side of the chair-back illustrated were shaved off, the picture would stand revealed as clearly as on the right side, but the lady would be facing the other way.

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"Bill, the Bloodhound"

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

CONSIDER the case of Henry Pifield Rice, detective.

I must explain Henry early, to avoid disappointment. If I simply said he was a detective, and let it go at that, I should be obtaining the reader's interest under false pretenses. He was really only a sort of detective, a near-sleuth. At Stafford's International Investigation Bureau; where he was employed, they did not require him to solve mysteries which had baffled the police. He had never measured a footprint in his life, and what he did not know about blood-stains would have filled a library. The sort of job they gave Henry was to stand outside a restaurant in the rain and note what time some one inside left it. In short, it is not "Pifield Rice, Investigator. No. I. The Adventure of the Maharajah's Ruby," that I submit to your notice, but the unsensational doings of a commonplace young man, variously known to his comrades at the bureau as "bone-head," "that chump What 's-his-name," "Here, you!"

Henry lived at a boarding-house on Fourth Avenue. One day a new girl came to the boarding-house, and sat next to Henry at meals. Her name was Alice Weston. She was small and quiet and rather pretty. They got on splendidly. Their conversation, at first confined to the weather, base-ball, and the moving-pictures, rapidly became more intimate. Henry was surprised to find that she was on the stage, in the chorus. Previous chorus-girls at the boarding-house had been of a more pronounced type; good girls, but noisy, and apt to chew gum. Alice Weston was different.

"I 'm rehearsing at present," she said. "I 'm going out on the road next month in 'The Girl from Broadway.' What do you do, Mr. Rice?"

Henry paused for a moment before replying. He knew how sensational he was going to be.

"I 'm a detective."

Usually, when he told girls his profession, squeaks of amazed admiration greeted him. Now he was chagrined to perceive distinct disapproval in the brown eyes that met his.

"What 's the matter?" he said a little anxiously, for even at this early stage in their acquaintance he was aware of a strong desire to win her approval. "Don't you like detectives?"

"I don't know. Somehow I should n't have thought you were one." This restored Henry's equanimity somewhat. Naturally a detective does not want to look like a detective. "I think—you won't be offended?" she went on after a pause.

"Go on."

"I 've always looked on it as rather a *sneaky* job."

"Sneaky!" moaned Henry.

"Well, creeping about, spying on people."

Henry was appalled. She had defined his own trade to a nicety. There might be detectives whose work was above this reproach, but he was a confirmed creeper, and he knew it. It was not his fault. The boss told him to creep, and he crept. If he declined to creep, he would be fired instanter. It was hard, and yet he felt the sting of her words; and in his bosom the first seeds of dissatisfaction with his occupation took root.

One might have thought that this frankness on the girl's part would have kept Henry from falling in love with her. Certainly the dignified thing would have been to change his seat at table, and take his meals next to some one who appreciated the romance of detective work a little more. But no, he remained where he was, and presently Cupid, who never shoots

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"'You 'll pardon my calling you Bill. You 're known as "Bill, the Bloodhound," in the company. Who 's the man?'"

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with a surer aim than through the steam of boarding-house corned beef, sniped him where he sat.

He proposed to Alice Weston. She refused him.

"It 's not because I 'm not fond of you. I think you 're the nicest man I ever met." A good deal of assiduous attention had enabled Henry to win this place in her affections. He had worked patiently and well before actually putting his fortune to the test. "I 'd marry you to-morrow if things were different. But I 'm on the stage, and I mean to stick there. Most of the girls are crazy to get off it, but not I. And one thing I 'll never do is to marry some one who is n't in the profession. My sister Genevieve did, and look what happened to her. She married a traveling-salesman, and, believe me, he traveled. She never saw him for more than five minutes in the year, except when he was selling bath-tubs in the same town where she was doing her refined specialty; and then he 'd just wave his hand, and whiz by, and start right in traveling again. My husband has got to be right there where I can see him. I 'm sorry, Henry, but I know I 'm right."

It seemed final, but Henry did not wholly despair. He was a resolute young man. One has to be, to wait outside restaurants in the rain for any length of time.

He had an inspiration. He sought out a dramatic agent.

"I want to go on the stage in musical comedy."

"Let 's see you dance."

"I can't dance."

"Sing!" said the agent. "Stop singing!" he broke in, then added soothingly, "You go away and have a nice cup of hot tea, and you 'll be as right as anything in the morning."

Henry went away.

A FEW days later, at the bureau, his fellow-detective Simmonds hailed him.

"Here, you! The boss wants you. Hustle!"

Mr. Stafford was talking into the telephone. He replaced the receiver as Henry entered.

"Oh, Rice, here 's a woman wants her husband shadowed while he 's on the road. He 's an actor. I 'm sending you. Beat it up to this address, and get photographs and all particulars. You 'll have to make the eleven o'clock train on Friday."

"Yes, sir."

"He 's in 'The Girl from Broadway' company. They open at Syracuse."

It sometimes seemed to Henry as if Fate did it on purpose. If the commission had had to do with any other company, it would have been well enough, for, professionally speaking, it was the most important with which he had ever been intrusted. If he had never met Alice Weston, and heard her views upon detective work, he would have been pleased and flattered. Things being as they were, it was Henry's considered opinion that Fate had slipped one over on him.

In the first place, what torture to be always near her, unable to reveal himself; to watch her while she disported herself in the company of other men! He would be disguised, and she would not recognize him; but he would recognize her, and his sufferings would be dreadful. In the second place, to have to do his creeping about and spying virtually in her presence! Still, business was business.

At five minutes to eleven on the morning named he was at the station, a false beard and spectacles shielding his identity from the public eye. If you had asked him, he would have said that he was a German business man. As a matter of fact, he looked far more like an automobile coming through a haystack.

The platform was crowded. Friends of the company had come to see the company off. Henry looked on discreetly from behind a negro porter, whose bulk formed a capital screen. He recognized celebrities. The fat man in the brown suit was Walter Jelliffe, the comedian and star of the company. Henry stared keenly at him through the spectacles.

He saw Alice. She was talking to a man with a face like a hatchet, and smil-

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ing, too, as if she enjoyed it. Behind the matted foliage which he had inflicted on his face Henry's teeth came together with a snap.

In the weeks that followed, as he dogged "The Girl from Broadway" company from town to town, it would be difficult to say whether Henry was happy or unhappy. On the one hand, to realize that Alice was so near and yet so inaccessible was a constant source of misery; yet, on the other, he could not but admit that he was enjoying the life.

He was made for it, he considered. Fate had placed him in an office in New York, but what he really enjoyed was this unfettered travel. Some Gipsy strain in him rendered even the obvious discomforts of theatrical touring agreeable. He liked catching trains; he liked invading strange hotels; above all, he reveled in the artistic pleasure of watching unsuspected fellow-men as if they were so many ants.

That was really the best part of the whole thing. It was all very well for Alice to talk about creeping and spying, but, if you considered it without bias, there was nothing degrading about it at all. It was an art. It took brains and a genius for disguise to make a man a successful creeper and spier. You could n't simply say to yourself, "I will creep." If you attempted to do it in your own person, you would be detected instantly. You had to be an adept at masking your personality. You had to be one man at Syracuse and another at Buffalo, especially if, like Henry, you were of a gregarious disposition, and liked the society of actors.

The stage had always fascinated Henry. To meet even minor members of the profession off the boards gave him a thrill. There was a resting juvenile, of one-night-stand caliber, at his boarding-house who could always get half a dollar out of him simply by talking about how he had jumped in and saved the show at various hamlets that he had visited in the course of his wanderings. And on this "Girl from Broadway" tour he was in constant touch with men who really amounted to something. Walter Jelliffe had been a celebrity when Henry was attending school, and Sidney Crane, the baritone, and others of the lengthy cast were all players not unknown in New York. Henry courted them assiduously.

It had not been hard to scrape acquaintance with them. The principals of the company always put up at the best hotel, and, his expenses being paid by his employer, so did Henry. It was the easiest thing possible to bridge with a well-timed cocktail the gulf between non-acquaintance and warm friendship. Walter Jelliffe in particular was peculiarly accessible. Every time Henry accosted him —as a different person, of course—and renewed in a fresh disguise the friendship which he had enjoyed at the last town, Walter Jelliffe met him more than halfway.

It was in the sixth week of the tour that the comedian, promoting him from casual acquaintanceship, invited him to come up to his room and smoke a cigar. Henry was pleased and flattered. Jelliffe was a personage, always surrounded by admirers, and the compliment was consequently of a high order.

He lit his cigar. Among his friends at the Lambs' Club it was unanimously held that Walter Jelliffe's cigars brought him within the scope of the Sullivan Law: but Henry would have smoked the gift of such a man if it had been a cabbage-leaf. He puffed away contentedly. He was made up as an old Southern colonel that week, and he complimented his host on the aroma with a fine Old-World courtesy.

Walter Jelliffe seemed gratified.

"Quite comfortable?" he asked.

"Quite, I thank you, suh," said Henry, fondling his silver beard.

"That 's right. And now tell me, old man, which of us is it you 're trailing?"

Henry nearly swallowed his cigar.

"What do you mean—suh?"

"Oh, come," protested Jelliffe, "there 's no need to keep it up with me. I know you 're a detective, and you 're here because somebody's wife has sicked you on.

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"'Listen! I love you. I'm crazy about you'"

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I 've had it happen before. The question is, Who 's the man? That 's what we 've all been wondering all this time."

All—they had all been wondering! It was worse than Henry could have imagined. Till now he had pictured his position with regard to "The Girl from Broadway" company as that of some scientist who, seeing, but unseen, keeps a watchful eye on the denizens of a drop of water under his microscope. And they had all detected him—every one of them.

It was a stunning blow. If there was one thing on which Henry prided himself, it was the impenetrability of his disguises. He might be slow, he might be on the stupid side; but, he contended, he could disguise himself. He had a variety of disguises, each designed to befog the public more hopelessly than the last.

Henry did not know it, but he had achieved in the eyes of the Afro-American lady who answered the front-door bell at his boarding-house a well-established reputation as a humorist of the more practical kind. It was his habit to try out his disguises on her. He would ring the bell, inquire for the landlady, and, when Lottie had gone, leap up the stairs to his room. Here he would remove the disguise, resume his normal appearance, and come down-stairs again, humming a careless air. Lottie, meanwhile, in the kitchen, would be confiding to her ally, the cook, that Mistuh Rice had jest came in, lookin' kind o' funny again.

He sat and gaped at Walter Jelliffe. The comedian regarded him curiously.

"You look at least a hundred years old," he said. "What are you made up as? A piece of cheese?"

Henry glanced hastily at the mirror. Yes, he did look rather old. He must have overdone some of the lines on his forehead. He looked something between a youngish centenarian and a nonagenarian who had seen a good deal of trouble.

"If you knew how you were demoralizing the company," Jelliffe went on, "you would have a heart and quit. As nice and quiet a lot of boys as ever you met till you came along. Now they do nothing but bet on what disguise you 're going to choose for the next town. I don't see why you need to change so often. You were all right as the German in Syracuse. We were all saying how cute you looked. You should have stuck to that. But what do you do at Buffalo but roll in in a scrubby mustache and a sack-coat, looking rotten. However, all that is beside the point. It 's a free country. If you like to spoil your beauty, I guess there 's no law against it. What I want to know is, Who 's the man? Whose track are you sniffing on, Bill? You 'll pardon my calling you Bill. You 're known as 'Bill, the Bloodhound,' in the company. Who 's the man?"

"Never mind," said Henry.

He was aware, as he made it, that it was not a very able retort, but he was feeling too limp for satisfactory repartee. Criticisms in the bureau, dealing with his alleged solidity of skull, he did not resent. He attributed them to man's natural desire to josh his fellow-man. But to be unmasked by the general public in this way was another matter. It struck at the root of all things.

"But I do mind," objected Jelliffe. "It 's most important. A wad of money hangs on it. We 've got a sweepstake on in the company, the holder of the winning name to draw down the entire receipts. Come on; slip us the info'."

Henry rose, and made for the door. His feelings were too deep for words. Even a minor detective has his professional pride, and the knowledge that his espionage is being made the basis of sweepstakes by his quarry cuts this to the quick.

"Here, don't go! Where are you going?"

"Back to New York," said Henry, bitterly. "It 's a lot of good, my trailing along now, is n't it!"

"You bet it is—to me. Don't be in a hurry. Stop, look, and listen. You 're thinking that, now we are on to you, your utility as a sleuth has waned to some extent—is that it?"

"Well?"

"Well, you should n't get perturbed.

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What does it matter to you? You don't get paid by results, do you? Your boss said, 'Tag along.' Well, do it, then. I should hate to lose you. I don't suppose you know it, but you 've been the best mascot on this tour that I 've ever come across. Right from the start we 've been playing to enormous business. I 'd rather kill a black cat than lose you. Cut out the disguises, and stick along with us. Come behind all you want, and be sociable."

A detective is only human. The less a detective, the more human he is. Henry was not much of a detective, and his human traits were consequently highly developed. From boyhood he had never been able to resist curiosity. If a crowd collected in the street, he always added himself to it; and he would have stopped to gape at a window with "Watch This Window" written on it if he had been running for his life from wild bulls. He was, and always had been, intensely desirous of some day penetrating behind the scenes of a theater.

And there was another thing. At last, if he accepted this invitation, he would be able to see and speak to Alice Weston, and interfere with the manœuvers of the hatchet-faced man, on whom he had brooded with suspicion and jealousy since that first morning at the station. To see Alice! Perhaps, with eloquence, to talk her out of that ridiculous resolve of hers.

"Why, there 's something in that," he said.

"You bet there is. Well, that 's settled. And now, touching that sweep, who *is* it?"

"I can't tell you that. You see, as far as that goes, I 'm just where I was before. I can still watch, whoever it is I 'm watching."

"Darn it! so you can. I did n't think of that," said Jelliffe, who possessed a sensitive conscience. "Purely between ourselves, it is n't *me,* is it?"

Henry eyed him inscrutably. He could look inscrutable at times.

"Ah!" he said, and left quickly, with the feeling that, however poorly he had shown up during the actual interview, his exit had been good. He might have been a failure in the matter of disguise, but Sherlock Holmes could not have put more quiet sinisterness into that "Ah!" It did much to soothe him and insure a peaceful night's rest.

Henry, as a consequence, was the center of a kaleidoscopic whirl of feminine loveliness, dressed to represent such varying flora and fauna as rabbits, Parisian students, piccaninnies, Dutch peasants, and daffodils. Musical comedy is the Irish stew of the drama. Anything may be put into it, with the certainty that it will improve the general effect.

He scanned the throng for a sight of Alice. Often as he had seen the piece in the course of its six-weeks' wandering in the wilderness, he had never succeeded in recognizing her from the front of the house. Quite possibly, he thought, she might be on the stage already, hidden in a rose-tree or some other shrub, ready at the signal to burst forth in short skirts upon the audience; for in "The Girl from Broadway" almost anything could turn suddenly into a chorus-girl.

Then he saw her among the daffodils. She was not a particularly convincing daffodil, but she looked good to Henry. With wabbling knees he butted his way through the crowd, and seized her hand enthusiastically.

"Why, Henry! Where did you come from?"

"I *am* glad to see you."

"How did you get here?"

"Say, I *am* glad to see you!"

At this point the stage-manager, bellowing from the prompt-box, urged Henry to check it with his hat. It is one of the mysteries of behind-the-scenes acoustics that a whisper from any minor member of the company can be heard all over the house, while the stage-manager can burst himself without annoying the audience.

Henry, awed by authority, relapsed into silence. From the unseen stage came the sound of some one singing a song about the moon. June was also mentioned. He

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recognized the song as one that had always bored him. He disliked the woman who was singing it, a Miss Clarice Weaver, who played the heroine of the piece to Sidney Crane's hero.

In this opinion he was not alone. Miss Weaver was not popular in the company. She had secured the rôle rather as a testimony of personal esteem from the management than because of any innate ability. She sang badly, acted indifferently, and was uncertain what to do with her hands. All these things might have been forgiven her, but she supplemented them by the crime known in stage circles as "throwing her weight about." That is to say, she was hard to please, and, when not pleased, apt to say so in no uncertain voice. To his personal friends Walter Jelliffe had frequently confided that, though not wealthy, he was in the market with a substantial reward for any one who was man enough to drop a ton of iron on Miss Weaver.

To-night the song annoyed Henry more than usual, for he knew that very soon the daffodils were due on the stage to clinch the verisimilitude of the scene by dancing a fox-trot with the rabbits. He tried to make the most of the time at his disposal.

"I *am* glad to see you," he said.

"'Sh!" said the stage-manager.

Henry was discouraged. *Romeo* could not have made love under these conditions. He wandered moodily off into the dusty semi-darkness. He avoided the prompt-corner, whence he could have caught a glimpse of Alice, being loath to meet the stage-manager just at present.

Walter Jelliffe came up to him as he sat on a box and brooded on life.

"A little less of the double forte, old man," he said. "Miss Weaver has been kicking about the noise on the side. She wanted you thrown out, but I said you were my mascot, and I would die sooner than part with you. But I should go easy on the chest-notes, I think, all the same."

Henry nodded moodily. He was depressed. He had the feeling, which comes easily to the intruder behind the scenes, that nobody loved him.

The drama proceeded. From the front of the house roars of laughter indicated the presence on the stage of Walter Jelliffe, while now and then a lethargic silence suggested that Miss Clarice Weaver was in action. From time to time the empty space about him filled with girls dressed in accordance with the exuberant fancy of the producer of the piece. When this happened, Henry would leap from his seat and endeavor to locate Alice; but always, just as he thought he had done so, the hidden orchestra would burst into melody and the chorus would be called to the front.

It was not till late in the second act that he found an opportunity for further speech.

The plot of "The Girl from Broadway" had by then reached a critical stage. The situation was as follows: the hero, having been disinherited by his millionaire father for falling in love with the heroine, a poor shop-girl, has disguised himself (by wearing a different colored necktie), and has come in pursuit of her to a well-known seaside resort, where, having disguised herself by changing her dress, she is serving in a shop on the board-walk. The family butler, disguised as a frankfurter-seller, has followed the hero; and the millionaire father, disguised as an Italian opera-singer, has come to the place in search of a receipt for the manufacture of pickled walnuts, which a dying inventor has bequeathed to him. They all meet on the board-walk. Each recognizes the other, but thinks he himself is unrecognized. All disappear hurriedly, leaving the heroine alone on the stage.

It is a crisis in her life. She meets it bravely: she sings a song entitled "My Honolulu Queen," with chorus of Japanese girls and Bulgarian officers.

Alice was one of the Japanese girls. She was standing a little apart from the other Japanese girls. Henry hurried to her side. Now was his time. He felt keyed up, full of persuasive words. In the interval which had elapsed since their last conversation, yeasty emotions had been playing the dickens with his self-

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"From all over the house came rapturous demands that Henry go back and do it again"

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control. It is virtually impossible for a novice, suddenly introduced behind the scenes of a musical comedy, not to fall in love with somebody; and, if he is already in love, his fervor is increased to a dangerous point.

Henry felt that it was now or never. He forgot that it was perfectly possible, indeed, reasonable, to wait till the performance was over and renew on the way back to her hotel his appeal to Alice to marry him. He had the feeling that he had just about a quarter of a minute. Quick action was Henry's slogan.

He seized her hand.

"Alice!"

"'Sh!" hissed the stage-manager.

"Listen! I love you. I 'm crazy about you. What does it matter whether I 'm on the stage or not? I love you."

"Can that forcibly qualified row there!"

"Won't you marry me?"

She looked at him. It seemed to him that she hesitated.

"Cut it out!" bellowed the stage-manager, and Henry cut it out.

At that moment, when his whole fate hung in the balance, there came from the stage that devastating high note which was the sign that the solo was over and that the chorus was about to mobilize. As if drawn by some magnetic power, she suddenly receded from him, and went out to the stage.

A man in Henry's position and frame of mind is not responsible for his actions. He saw nothing but her; he was blind to the fact that important manœuvers were in progress; all he understood was that she was going from him, and that he must stop her and get this thing settled.

He clutched at her. She was out of range, and getting farther away every instant.

He sprang forward.

The advice that should be given to every young man starting life is, if he happens to be behind the scenes at a theater, never to spring forward. The whole architecture of the place is designed to undo those who spring. Hours before the stage carpenters have laid their traps, and in the semi-darkness one cannot but fall into them.

The trap into which Henry fell was a raised board. It was not a very highly raised board. Stubbing it squarely with his toe, Henry shot forward, all arms and legs.

It is the instinct of man, in such a situation, to grasp at the nearest support. Henry caught at the Hotel Superba, the pride of the board-walk. It was a thin wooden edifice, and it supported him for perhaps a tenth of a second. Then he staggered with it into the spot-light, tripped over a Bulgarian officer who was inflating himself for a deep note, and finally fell in a complicated heap as exactly in the center of the stage as if he had been a star of years' standing.

It went well. There was no question of that. Previous audiences had always been rather cold toward this particular song, but this one got on its feet and yelled for more. From all over the house came rapturous demands that Henry go back and do it again.

But Henry was giving no encores. A little stunned, he rose to his feet, and automatically began to dust his clothes. The orchestra, unnerved by this unrehearsed infusion of new business, had stopped playing. Bulgarian officers and Japanese girls alike seemed unequal to the situation. They stood about, waiting for the next thing to break loose. From somewhere far away came faintly the voice of the stage-manager inventing new words, new combinations of words, and new throat noises.

Then Henry, massaging a stricken elbow, was aware of Miss Weaver at his side. Looking up, he caught Miss Weaver's eye.

A familiar stage-direction of melodrama reads, "Exit cautious through gap in hedge." It was Henry's first appearance on any stage, but he did it like a veteran.

"My dear fellow," said Walter Jelliffe, "don't apologize." The hour was midnight, and he was sitting in Henry's bed-

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room at the hotel. Leaving the theater, Henry had gone to bed almost instinctively. Bed seemed the only haven for him. "You have put me under lasting obligations," Jelliffe continued. "In the first place, with your unerring sense of the stage, you saw just the spot where the piece needed livening up, and you livened it up. That was good; but far better was it that you also sent our Miss Weaver into violent hysterics, from which she emerged to hand in her notice. She leaves us to-morrow."

Henry was appalled at the extent of the disaster for which he was responsible.

"What will you do?"

"Do? Why, it 's what we have all been praying for—a miracle that would eject Miss Weaver. It needed a genius like you to come and put it across. Sidney Crane's wife can play the part without rehearsal. She understudied it all last season on Broadway. Crane has just been speaking to her on the long distance, and she is making the first train to-morrow."

Henry sat up in bed.

"What!" he exclaimed.

"What 's the trouble now?" asked Jelliffe.

"Sidney Crane's wife?"

"What about her?"

A bleakness fell upon Henry's soul.

"She was the woman who was employing me. Now I shall be taken off the job, and have to go back to New York."

"You don't mean that it was really Crane's wife—"

Jelliffe was regarding him with a kind of awe.

"Laddie," he said in a hushed voice, "you almost scare me. There seems to be no limit to your powers as a mascot. You fill the house every night, you get rid of the Weaver woman, and now you tell me this. I drew Crane in the sweep, and I would have taken five cents for my chance of pulling down the dough."

"I shall get a telegram from the boss to-morrow, recalling me."

"Don't go. Stick with me. Join the troupe."

Henry stared.

"What do you mean? I can't sing or act."

Jelliffe's voice thrilled with earnestness.

"My boy, I can go down Broadway and pick up a hundred fellows who can sing and act. I don't want them; I turn them away. But a seventh son of a seventh son like you, a human horseshoe like you, a king of mascots like you, they don't make them nowadays. They 've lost the pattern. If you like to come with me, I 'll give you a life contract. I need you in my business." He rose. "Think it over, laddie, and let me know to-morrow. Look here upon this picture, and on that. As a sleuth, you are poor. You could n't detect the cherry at the bottom of a cocktail glass. You have no future. You are merely among those present. But as a mascot, my boy, you 're the only thing in sight. You can't help succeeding on the stage. You don't have to know how to act. Look at the dozens of good actors who are playing tank-towns. Why? Unlucky. No other reason. With your rabbit's foot and a little experience, you 'll be a star before you know you 've begun. Think it over, and let me know in the morning."

Before Henry's eyes there rose a sudden vision of Alice—Alice no longer unattainable, Alice walking on his arm down the aisle, Alice mending his socks, Alice with her heavenly hands fingering his salary envelop.

"Don't go," he said. "Don't go. I 'll let you know now."

THE scene is Broadway, hard by Fortieth Street; the time that restful hour of the afternoon when they of the gnarled faces and the bright clothing gather together in groups to tell one another how good they are. A voice is heard:

"Sure, K—— and E—— keep right on trying to get me, but I turn them down every time. 'Nix,' I said to Joe Brooks only yesterday; 'nothing doing, Joe. I 'm going with old Wally Jelliffe, same as usual, and there is n't the money in the Sub-Treasury that 'll get me away.' Joe got all worked up. He—"

It is the voice of H. Pifield Rice, actor.

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The Other Woman

By WILLIAM T. NICHOLS

Heading by Reginald Birch

THE horses scrambled up the final pitch of the long ascent and halted, with quivering flanks and heaving nostrils. They were mountain horses, as quick as cats and as lean and hard as nails, but the climb had winded them, and though the riders shivered in the November breeze that swept the summit of the ridge, they gave their mounts a well-won, if brief, breathing-spell. The guide, a stocky fellow, with a led horse at his left, pointed to the valley before them.

"There 's the nest," said he. "Devil's Pocket, they call it. Good name, ain't it, Mr. Holcomb?"

"Good as the place, no doubt." Holcomb spoke crisply, his steady gaze on the valley. His strong face wore a look of determination, which had in it a touch of grimness.

The man riding at Holcomb's elbow leaned forward in his saddle. His glance ranged the steep slopes, the dull green of the scrub-pines, the outcropping rocks, the dismal pond at the bottom of the basin, and the fringe of cleared land beside it.

"Lord! but what a gash in the earth!" he said. "Surely, Holcomb, you don't expect to find Elston here. The petted darling of academic groves, salutatorian of his class, assistant professor at twenty-three—such a man in such a hole! They don't comport, the place and the man."

"The Elston that was, you mean. We 're to deal with the Elston that is."

"Missing fifteen years?"

"It 's seventeen since the doctors sent him into the woods. He 's virtually been missing since the first six months."

"Then there 's chance for change."

"Much chance. You 're here, Mason, to judge how far the change has gone."

The other nodded.

"Ought to be an interesting case. But let 's at it. I 'm freezing here."

A word to the guide, and the party was again in motion, descending a trail that was sometimes path and sometimes ledge and sometimes the bed of a stream. It wound past boulders, dodged fallen trees, and finally, with a sweep about the shoulder of a hill, reached level ground within a stone's throw of a cluster of hovels. They were miserable cabins, rough, unpainted, crowded together. Where a shed had been needed, boards had been laid

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upon a pole; when need of the shed had passed, no effort had been made to repair damages if pole broke or board fell. Here and there bare patches of ground told of half-hearted cultivation; but the whole air of the hamlet was that of the poverty that finds in idleness the highest good.

Three or four lank curs caught sight of the intruders, and began to yelp; a gaunt, yellow mongrel hound bayed deeply, and faces appeared at doors and windows. A man emerged from one of the houses and stood watching the new-comers.

Mason, from his post in the rear, watched the scene critically. He saw Holcomb dismount and approach the uncouth figure, and experienced a sudden sense of unreasoning disapproval. The difference between the two was too marked: Holcomb, clean-shaven, well-groomed, tall, broad-shouldered, erect, with the vigor of the athlete who from choice keeps himself in training long after the days of contests are over; the stranger, with tangled hair streaming from under a shapeless hat, and face half hidden by a straggling, unkempt beard, slouching in garments so ragged and patched and dirt-stained as to give little hint of their original foundation. No, the contrast was too violent. One stood for efficiency, the other for sloth and weakness. It was the machine-gun against the matchlock—nay, against bow and arrow. It was like a war of civilization against the lost tribes, with the result foredetermined with precision.

Holcomb was close to the man before he spoke. Then it was a single word, curt and imperative:

"Elston!"

The man pushed the hair from before his eyes, and stared at Holcomb.

"Elston?" he said doubtfully. "Elston? Why, yes—yes, I 'm Elston."

"I want you."

"Why?"

"A man can't escape his fate. Your fate was to be born who you were and what you were. You were held to your lot in life by certain bonds. They 've been rather slack, maybe; they 're tightening now."

The eyes under the tangle of hair grew troubled.

"The bonds are tightening?" the man repeated, and it was like a child striving to master the meaning of a difficult phrase. "I—I think I know what you mean. But why should they tighten—now?"

"That 's fate."

"I—I used to think it would have—to be—some time," Elston said hesitatingly. "But that—that was long ago. Lately I must—yes, I must have forgotten the—the bonds."

"But now you recall them well enough?"

"Yes."

"Then you know why I want you to come with me."

The man cast swift glances right and left. "But—but if I won't go?" he asked. Holcomb laid a heavy hand upon his shoulder.

"Elston, yonder is a deputy sheriff with a warrant for your arrest; but he will not serve it unless you force him to do so. Your only choice is to come as free man or prisoner."

The shaggy creature tried to shrink back, but Holcomb held him fast.

"It 's no use, Elston," he said not unkindly. "Better come peaceably. I ought to tell you: everything may be as it was—everything, mind you."

Elston no longer struggled. Under the coating of tan a faint color was stealing into his face.

"I understand," he said slowly. "And I remember you—you 're a lawyer. Yes, I understand."

"And you 'll come—at least to Pentonville? We 'll talk things over there."

"I won't—resist." There was a pause before the last word, as if the man were searching the recesses of his brain for something exactly to express his meaning.

"Good enough. I suggest that the sooner we start the better."

"Yes," Elston said. With sudden decision he walked to the horse held by the deputy, and climbed to the saddle. Even Holcomb was surprised by the abruptness of the movement.

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"If you 've any word, any message, to leave—" he began almost apologetically; but Elston shook his head.

"No; there is nothing to say."

A man or two had appeared, and three or four slatternly women, cowering in a miserable group, set up a shrill lamentation; but there was no sign of resistance. Indeed, there was a hopelessness in the wail that made Mason swear under his breath. It was like the bleating of terrified sheep beholding one of their number seized upon and carried off before their eyes, with no thought of rescue and with none of the despairing courage that should spring from what might be a common danger.

"Well, I know now what ululation means," he told himself. "It 's a better word than ever I thought it. It gets the—"

There Mason checked himself. A woman as ragged as the others, yet who could not be called a slattern, had darted from a door and run up to Elston. Mason gritted his teeth. This was the sort of thing he had been dreading, and it caught hold upon him. The woman was young, and unbowed by toil or privation; she moved with a swiftness and a grace that was almost feline. She threw herself upon Elston, crying out piteously, clinging to his knee, fawning upon him. The great yellow hound bounded beside her, baying in deep-throated excitement. The deputy, with a glance at the dog, tightened his grasp on the stout club he carried, and rode nearer; but Elston bent down and spoke a word in the woman's ear. None of the others heard the word, but its effect was amazing. The woman's hands dropped, and she fell back a pace, swiftly submissive, and looking up at Elston from great dark eyes in which the tears were welling. The dog, turning from his master, sprang upon her, resting his forepaws on her body, every inch of his ugly length tense with sympathy. Holcomb caught the bridle of Elston's horse.

"Come!" he said sharply. "The quicker we cut this off, the better for all concerned."

The horses trotted briskly across the level stretch, but when the party reached the trail and fell into single file, Mason, the last in the line, looked back. The woman had fallen in a heap on the ground and lay motionless, the hound licking her face.

Up the trail and over the divide Elston rode like a man in a dream, his head bowed on his breast. Half an hour from the valley the cavalcade reached a farm-house; and here Mason was moved to note the completeness of the arrangements. A big touring-car was awaiting the party, and one of the deputy's helpers came forward to take charge of the horses.

Elston stepped into the tonneau without protest or comment, though it might well have been the first automobile upon which he had ever rested his eyes. The officer sat at his right, and Holcomb at his left, no chance given, Mason observed, for a leap for liberty.

The car felt its way along the rough road from the farm-house, and turned at last into the highway which led to Pentonville. Then there was swifter motion, but Elston displayed no curiosity. He held his silence while the miles fell away behind them, and it was not until the town was in sight and the car swerved into the drive leading to a big white hotel that he opened his lips.

"Not there," he said to Holcomb. "I 'm not fit."

The big man spoke reassuringly:

"This is a summer house which has opened a wing for us by special arrangement. There 'll be nobody about."

They went in by a side door, which swung as by invisible hands at their approach. Holcomb glanced at his watch.

"We 'll dine at seven, Mason," he said. "That will give us two hours."

An hour would have been liberal allowance for the little Mason had to do, and he was the first to enter the private dining-room. Its appearance interested him. Logs blazed cheerfully in the big fireplace, a piano stood in a corner; in the center was a table set for three, and elaborately set; half a dozen electric lamps flooded

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the room with light. Mason smiled a bit quizzically when he observed the circumstance. There were to be no friendly shadows to hide the face of the guest of the evening.

A clock on the mantel struck the hour, and a door opened. Holcomb entered, his arm through that of a man who bore small resemblance to the tattered figure from the valley. The tangled mass of hair had fallen before a barber's shears; the beard was close-cropped and pointed. The dinner-coat, though not of recent cut, was freshly pressed. The black bow above the expanse of shirt-front was very small. It was one of the three things to which Mason gave special heed: in the old days Elston had had rather a fad for tiny bows. The second of the things was the man's shoes. Holcomb, the thorough, had argued that the foot which was often unshod would increase in dimensions, and the shoes he had provided were two sizes larger than those Elston wore in his period of civilization. And the shoes fitted! So much could not be said for the coat, and this was the third of Mason's mental notes. The new Elston was thicker in the shoulder and thinner about the waist and hips than the Elston of old. He carried himself less erectly, and his walk had the spring that turf gives and smooth pavement takes away.

Holcomb chose to present the others as if they were meeting for the first time that day.

"Elston, this is Doctor Mason," he said. "You probably remember him as 'Tolly' Mason of the class after yours."

"I think—I think I know him," Elston said slowly. He diffidently extended a hand. Mason, gripping it hard, found it lying limp in his grasp.

"I recall you perfectly, Elston," he said heartily. To himself he was adding that there was more change in the face than was to be accounted for by the mere passage of the years. It seemed broader; the cheek-bones were higher; the eyes shifted, not with fear, but with uncertainty. "You 've dropped the glasses, though, I see," he added aloud. "I congratulate you."

Elston glanced at Holcomb.

"I—I lost them years ago. I have n't —needed them."

Holcomb nodded carelessly.

"Mason 's right; it 's a lucky man who finds his sight improved. And now let 's to dinner. I 'm hungry as a wolf. If you 'll take that chair, Elston—"

The door opened again, and a silent-footed waiter entered. Elston obediently seated himself. To Mason's notion he studied the array of forks and spoons before him half curiously, half apprehensively, and furtively glanced at his companions. Well, a man seventeen years in the wilds might grow rusty on the order of precedence of table silver. The doctor decided to give a friendly cue.

"I 'm as hungry as a whole pack of wolves," he said, picking up a spoon, as the waiter placed his soup before him. "This mountain air is the best appetizer in the world."

"But you won't miss it, Elston," Holcomb said sharply. "There are other airs as invigorating, other skies as clear."

Elston started. He dropped his eyes in embarrassment, and seemed for the first time to be aware of the food before him. And then, of a sudden stirred by the pangs of hunger, he caught up the plate in both hands, and drained it as one might drink from a cup. Holcomb turned to Mason.

"Ought to be great fishing hereabouts," he said. "Some day we must get Elston to tell us all about it."

"Fine!" cried the doctor, enthusiastically. "Everybody 'll be delighted to hear his stories."

Elston set down his plate.

"Holcomb, you see," he said, "I—I forgot."

"What you 'll pick up in an hour. The tricks of the trade come back soon enough."

"The tricks of the trade!" Elston spoke with a bitterness which lacked little of being despair.

"Exactly. These things are mere matters of habit. They 're like small talk; they 're part of the lubrication of the machinery of civilization."

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"Lubrication—machinery of civilization—small talk?" Elston repeated as a boy might repeat a lesson.

"Why, yes; oil for the machine, you know."

"I—I understand," Elston said hesitatingly, "but I have to—to—"

"Grope?" Mason suggested.

"Yes, grope; that is the word I wanted."

"But when you grope, you find," Holcomb pointed out.

"It may be so," Elston said with dreary acquiescence. "But you spoke of small talk. Small talk? You tell me it is seventeen years since I—I dropped out. Those years I 've been with people who use—how many words do you suppose? Not more than three hundred."

"You mean they have a vocabulary of three hundred words?" Mason asked.

Elston turned to him gratefully. "That is what I wanted to say. Yes, a vocabulary of three hundred words. And it is enough. Food and drink, heat and cold, joy and sorrow, even life and death—that is enough. Why more?"

"You made the compilation, you counted the words?"

"Yes, years ago, when I was first with them. I—I have n't thought much about it lately."

"No reason why you should," Holcomb interposed. "And there 's no reason why you should dwell upon it now." He leaned across the table and patted Elston's arm. "All that 's a closed chapter—over and done with."

It appeared to Mason that Elston shrank under Holcomb's touch, yet was heartened by it.

"I know, I know," he said; and when Holcomb's hand was withdrawn, he straightened his shoulders and sat more erect in his chair. There were no more laches in his conduct as the dinner progressed, no more breaches of the code of civilized man at meat. Holcomb assumed the burden of the conversation, and through his talk, which touched upon many themes, ran the thread of one dominating thought—the completeness of the severance of the ties which might have bound Elston to the wild life, and the foreordained certainty of his return to civilization. The idea was held before Elston, repeated again and again, and impressed upon him by sheer force of reiteration. It was mingled with the news of friends whom he was to see again; it was part of all the gossip of that world of which he was once more to be a part. Yet Holcomb's talk was no lecture, no monologue; it was contrived with exceeding art to draw Elston out, to lead him to speak of the old scenes and the old interests. It betrayed an amazingly intimate knowledge of what had been his likes and his dislikes—a knowledge so complete and so unfailing that Mason began to suspect the source of the splendid coaching Holcomb must have received.

Somebody had worked hard, and success was crowning the work. Elston, assailed at many points, was yielding to the attack. He began to speak more freely; subtle suggestions waked long-sleeping memories; words for years unused were again upon his lips—nouns and verbs first, then the broadly qualifying adjectives and adverbs, then a few expressing more delicate shades of meaning, ventured upon cautiously, but with no mistakes. So Elston was helped to make his way back from the land where three hundred words sufficed for the simple life.

It was Mason's business to study Elston, but it was with more than merely professional concern that he watched the man struggling back, guided by the capable hand of Holcomb, helped over the rough places, avoiding stumbling-blocks and pitfalls, and accepting more and more unquestioningly the decision as to his future. A strong man was leading a weak man, but every step of the path they followed had been surveyed and mapped. It was a triumph of calculation, cold, deliberate calculation, in which human sympathy figured as only an incidental factor in the problem. The perfection of the preparations jarred Mason's sense of justice. The weak man had no chance. His side of the case, if such a side there were, was

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totally disregarded. The clothes he wore had been put upon him to remind him of what he had been—and what he was to be again. His hair and beard had been cut in the fashion in which he had worn them years before. The service of the dinner, which evidently had been ordered with painstaking care, was of a sort to recall the pleasant luxuries of the old existence. No detail, however trifling, had been overlooked. The very cigars which the deft waiter brought in with the coffee were of the brand Elston had affected. Mason saw his eyes light as he took one from the box, and in pure fellowship of the Brotherhood of the Weed proffered him a match. But Holcomb stayed the little civility. For an instant Elston hesitated. Then his hand strayed to a pocket of his waistcoat, and he drew a match-safe from what had been its accustomed place. Another chord of memory had been touched.

Elston inhaled a great volume of smoke, and expelled it slowly. He moved his chair back from the table, and glanced at his companions with a change of manner.

"It has been five years since I smoked a cigar," he said, "but I find the old taste lingers."

"You 'll find other tastes survive as well," Holcomb hastened to assure him.

Elston smiled enigmatically.

"You mean that I may—may gratify them?" There was hesitation in picking the word, but the pause was barely perceptible. "Well, I admit their—their lure. You must not think I gave up the old life because I did not like it. I merely found I liked the new better."

"Oh, the charm of novelty."

Holcomb's phrase was ill chosen. Elston's face darkened.

"Not that," said he. "It was stronger; it grew. It took a hold—no, a grip—on me. Yet I am going to give it up. That should go far, Doctor"—he turned to Mason—"it should go far to help you believe I may be sane."

"My dear fellow!" Mason began; but Elston interrupted him.

"Holcomb was right. I did what he could not understand. So he brought a doctor to—to observe the suspect. That is as it should be. Now, I tell you both the plain truth: I dropped out by choice. I am going back because—because circumstances are too strong for me to—to resist. On that statement you must judge my sanity. I won't try to explain why I chose one life above the other; you could n't understand, either of you. Perhaps you are no nearer understanding why I go back now; but I think my going will aid you in acquitting me of madness."

Holcomb rose. His face was very grave.

"Elston," he said—"Elston, I am going to treat you as a man thoroughly in possession of his faculties. I have told you some things to show how completely your old place is waiting for you. Now it seems to me the moment has come for you to receive the same message from another, whose words must carry far greater weight than mine."

Elston sprang to his feet; but if he meant to detain Holcomb, he was too late. The other had stepped to the door and thrown it open. And again Mason was left to marvel at the precision of the arrangements. In the doorway stood a woman, a tall, graceful figure, in a clinging gown of white. Mason knew Mrs. Elston slightly. He often had heard her called a handsome woman and rarely a charming woman; but now he could have denied her neither beauty nor charm, and he was keenly alive to the tact with which she dealt with a difficult situation. She moved toward Elston, a welcoming smile on her face, her arms outstretched. She laid her hands upon his shoulders, and the man, his face grown very white, put an arm about her and kissed her forehead. No tears, no reproaches, no passionate outburst—a seemly meeting of husband and wife after a brief separation and in the presence of witnesses, unavoidable, if friendly. Mason had a sensation of watching a scene, very pretty, very artistic, very unreal. It fitted smoothly, all too smoothly, into the program. Elston was to come back to his own; there were to be

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no complaints, no heartburnings; there was to be no talk of forgiveness, because the things which might be forgiven were to be ignored. It was the best course, no doubt, and the wisest; but Mason, confirmed bachelor and specialist in ailments of the mind, had stubborn doubts of its efficacy in the more obscure and complicated troubles of the heart. Yet it was well done, marvelously well done.

"She 's a wonder, Holcomb," he said presently to his friend when, with all decent despatch, they had left the restored couple to themselves. Holcomb nodded.

"She 's managed this case most skilfully," he said. "You have n't heard of any Elston scandal, have you? No, indeed. She saw to it there should n't be any. All you knew, all anybody knew, was that Elston had to go away for his health. That was true; but I can't say as much for the impression that got abroad that he was n't any better, and so could n't come back. In six months she lost track of him. She had n't anything to go on but an intuitive belief that he was still alive when she sent a note to the college faculty, in his name, resigning his job on the ground that the probable time of his recovery was too uncertain to warrant him in holding the place longer. Their closest friends have supposed she spent much time with him,—she 's traveled a lot, as you may know,—but the fact is that for a dozen years she did n't know whether he was on the earth or under it. Finally, she got a clue—a mighty blind clue. It took me three years to run it down for her and find the man."

"Then she really wished him found?"

"Yes, she did," Holcomb said deliberately. "There were reasons, sufficient reasons, without taking up any sentimental considerations. For one thing, she was tired of being a grass-widow, to put it bluntly. Even the cleverest of women can't drape that situation so that it will always be satisfying to public curiosity; and when a woman 's as attractive as Mrs. Elston, the complications increase. Then there was a trust fund that was about ripe for a division, and that meant she 'd have to make some sort of showing about this husband of hers, who was one of the beneficiaries. Yes, viewing the case in all its aspects, it was clear the tangle would have to be straightened one way or the other."

"The other?"

"Divorce, if he would n't come back. But she 'd rather have the man."

"I dare say she still loves him."

Holcomb grunted.

"I have n't been talking mere affection," he said. "They married young, but I don't know that it was a *Romeo* and *Juliet* affair at that. Then, too, there was a chance for her to make allowances. This wild-man business is in Elston's blood, so to speak; uncle of his did much the same trick. I suppose they gave the boy a hot-house bringing-up—never let him have a taste of the open. So, when he got one, he was the worse smitten. You see what happened: he reverted to barbarism."

"And the poor devil had about as much chance against you as a barbarian would have against the German army," Mason said, with a touch of impatience. "There 's a deadly completeness about your campaign that gets on the nerves. Shoes figured out to fit him, his old brand of cigars, the match-box in its regular pocket, to say nothing of the deputy and the warrant to be served, if necessary—"

"For non-support of his wife," Holcomb explained.

"And food he liked," Mason went on, "a wing of this hotel specially chartered, a medical man along to guess at his degree of sanity, and then at the last the wife showing up at the psychological moment. I tell you, Holcomb, it 's too one-sided."

"That 's usually the condition when a barbarian gets on civilization's right of way," Holcomb commented. "Well, I admit the plans were complete. I will admit also that they were designed to provide against every contingency."

"It looks that way," Mason agreed almost gloomily. "I dare say that 's what civilization's plans ought to do. But I can't help feeling a bit sorry for that girl

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—the one we left in the valley, you know. Still, she does n't count. Very likely she 's hardly what you 'd call civilized."

"Civilized or not, she 'll be provided for adequately," Holcomb said curtly.

"And the wife? Does she know?"

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders.

"She 's practical. She understands the likelihood of there having been some such entanglement. I told you there was n't much of the *Romeo* and *Juliet* element. You saw all the rags and tatters in the affair this morning. We don't tear anything to tatters—even passion."

"But does she know?" Mason said.

"She asks no unnecessary questions. But what 's your opinion of his mental condition?"

"Oh, he 's sane—sane enough," Mason said. "You 've given him a tremendous mental jar, Holcomb. You 've tried to unmake in an evening what 's been years in the making. He 's stood the test. He has been able 'to come back,' as our sporting friends say. In an hour or two you 've made him prove the survival of the civilized man in him. You 've shown him the way, and he has followed it. He has picked up the old speech, the old habits. It 's a far cry, Holcomb, from gulping soup from a plate to sipping a *demi-tasse*, but—well, you saw what you saw and you heard what you heard. He told you the truth. He 's giving up what he likes best—not what you may like best or what I may like best, mind you, but what *he* likes best, because he recognizes the cold logic of facts. He is n't happy, but he 'll do it. The odds are too great; it is n't a fair fight. I feel like one of the two villains in the old story, but I 'm glad I 'm the villain of milder mood. I 'll do the little I can for him. I 'll give you a parallel case. Picture a man with a hereditary weakness for alcohol who, carefully guarded through his youth, as a young man plunges into dissipation. In middle life he 's corralled by his friends. They impress upon him the advantages of sobriety. He sees the advantages; he admits them. He says frankly he likes rum, but understands it does n't pay, and he 'll quit it. Elston's conduct has n't been that of the average man; but, if you 'll pardon the comparison, his wife's management of the affair has n't been that of the average woman."

Holcomb glanced at his watch.

"We 'll give her an even hour with him," he said. "Then we 'll see if she has completed the cure."

When the two men went back to the dining-room it was to come upon a pretty scene of domestic accord. Elston and his wife sat side by side before the fire, and, unless Mason's eyes tricked him, the woman was withdrawing her hand from her husband's clasp as they entered. She looked up, smiling brightly.

"Louis and I have been very busy making plans," she said. "And we agree perfectly. He assures me that his health is absolutely restored, but it has occurred to both of us that he might be the better for a winter in southern France."

"I think that would be very wise," Holcomb said.

"It seems the best course," Elston said. He added, "I think—yes, I 'm sure—I cannot do better than place myself in the hands of my friends."

"Indeed, you cannot," his wife said quickly. "You may trust Mr. Holcomb and Doctor Mason implicitly."

"And you—yes, you most of all, Elaine!" Elston cried. He caught her hand and held it till she gently freed it and rose to her feet. There was a new touch of color in her cheeks as she moved across the room. Elston, too, had risen, and though he did not follow her, his eyes rested upon her with a sort of fascination. Beside the piano Mrs. Elston paused.

"Of course you men have things to discuss," she said, "and therefore I leave you to your own devices—for a little. But late hours are forbidden."

"We can very quickly dispose of such matters as we have in hand, Mrs. Elston," Holcomb said gravely.

"Yes, very quickly, Elaine," Elston said, his gaze still upon her. Her fingers softly touched the keys of the piano. It was only a fragment that she played, a

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few bars of an air Mason did not recognize; but he noted the start her husband gave, and from some corner of his brain came a memory that once he had heard Elston was singularly impressionable to music. And so this was only another proof of the elaborateness of the plans made by a clever man and a cleverer woman to win back a wanderer! Poor barbarian! Not a chance in a hundred had he. Mason glanced from the man to the woman. Mrs. Elston had moved to the door, and was standing there, a charming figure, an alluring figure, one tapering arm raised slightly, and the hand resting upon the edge of the door, her eyes bright, the delicate flush still upon her cheeks.

"I bid you good night, gentlemen," she said. "And, Louis—you will not be long?"

Elston glanced at the clock.

"In five minutes, Elaine," he said. His face was pale, but his voice was steady.

As the door closed, Holcomb said:

"Old man, you 've made the right choice. And having made it, you can go abroad with an easy mind. There 's no need to discuss details. I 'll attend to all arrangements. You understand?"

"I understand," Elston told him. "Yes, I understand. Money will do—what money can do. You 're a fair man. The matter can be in no better hands."

"Thank you," Holcomb answered; and for a moment there was silence in the room. The three men could hear a dash of rain upon the long windows; there was a sound of rising wind in the branches of the trees; then came the bark of a dog, a deep, melancholy baying. Mason, watching Elston, saw him start. Holcomb, the practical, neither heeded nor, indeed, saw.

"Elston," he said, "I ought to tell you frankly you 've taken this thing well, mighty well. You 'll go back to the place in the world that belongs to you, and you 'll find your path has been made clear."

"Yes," Elston answered.

He was gazing spellbound at one of the windows. Mason, glancing in the same direction, had a glimpse of a face pressed against the pane—of big, black eyes, pleading eyes, eyes that were full of wretchedness and grief. Then there came a cry, not loud, but thrilling in its appeal.

"What 's that?" Holcomb exclaimed, and wheeled toward the window. Mason took a step forward, with extended arm, but was too late. Elston had answered the call. A bound had carried him half across the room, and then he had plunged through glass and sash, and was gone.

They ran to the window, but civilized man sometimes hesitates to follow where barbarian has led. The jagged panes barred their way. Holcomb, with an oath, was struggling with the lock of the window when he became aware that Mrs. Elston was at his shoulder, peering out with them into the gloom of the night. At the entrance to the hotel grounds an arc-light burned; its beams suddenly fell upon three figures, a man and a woman, hand in hand, running through the storm, and a great dog bounding beside them.

Mrs. Elston was first of those in the room to regain self-mastery. She held herself proudly when Holcomb turned to face her, and her voice was cold and even.

"It is now the other alternative," she said. "You will be so good as to file the papers in the action for divorce at once."

She swept out of the room like a princess, leaving two men who eyed each other.

"Holcomb," Mason said at last, "I 'm sorry for you. I won't touch on the merits of the case itself, but I bear tribute to the completeness of your plans. It was civilization against barbarism, as you said, and by all the rules of the game you should have won. Who 'd have reckoned on even a girl savage making a thirty-mile pursuit on foot? She was the one factor you disregarded, and—"

"Eh? What 's that?" said the lawyer.

"Why, the woman! Barbarian or civilized, she 's the one uncertain quantity."

Holcomb shook his head.

"Mason, you 're wrong," he said, with a mirthless smile. "There have been two women here to-night. One may have been uncertain enough, but the other, I tell you, was as deadly certain as the civilization of the centuries could make her."

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CURRENT COMMENT

Why Matisse?

NEARLY two years ago we were treated to a remarkable exhibition of the work of the Post-Impressionist and other "modernist" schools. Perhaps there was more of amazement than admiration aroused in the crowds that visited the show. At least it was proved that "freak art" *pays*. And there was this good service done: your radical never takes the crowd with him *all the way;* but if the pied piper of art has piped a tune that has lured us even a little way out of our placid acceptance of traditional art, the thing has been worth while. To think for ourselves rather than to accept blindly is what Matisse and the others are teaching us to do.

Now another "extreme" show is offered to the public, a one-man affair this time, and that man is Henri Matisse who repelled even those who accepted other painters. There still lingers in the minds of some of us the dark suspicion that Matisse is not the great man his admirers proclaim him. We know that his early conventional work brought him neither fame nor fortune, whereas his later tilting at classicism and his present extraordinary canvases have somehow piqued the fickle jade into smiling upon him; and we still wonder whether the revolt of Matisse represents genius unfettered or the shrewd play of commonplace talent.

We asked Walter Pach, the man who has induced Matisse to exhibit here, and one of his most ardent supporters, to wipe away our skepticism if he could. Mr. Pach's essay on Matisse we share with our readers. It follows:

ON almost the same day that this number of THE CENTURY appears, the New York public will once more have an exhibition of the work of Henri Matisse. It will be composed of fourteen paintings, eleven sculptures, and a large number of etchings, lithographs, and wood-engravings, and the question naturally arises as to the reason for so considerable a showing of a contemporary artist whose work is still the subject of lively discussion. Is the invitation to exhibit which was extended to Matisse merely the result of the admiration and opposition he brought forth at the International Exhibition of 1913, or does his selection among the many participants in the now famous "Armory Show" involve a definite art principle? It is emphatically because there is a quality, or group of qualities, in Matisse's work so significant that for the American artists who invited him to exhibit here this year the event has the importance that attaches to the expressing of a conviction.

The Young Sailor by Henri Matisse

To say that the principle involved in bringing over Matisse's work is the principle of art itself, the insistence on the essential phases of painting and the com-

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plete rejection of the unessential, would be a statement of the case that might suit those who are already convinced of Matisse's greatness, while it must seem like merely putting an assertion into other terms to those who are waiting to form an opinion or who hold an adverse one. I do not think, however, that my statement merely turns in a circle; presently I shall try the difficult task of translating into words the qualities I see in these pictures and sculptures. What is more readily seized is what Matisse omits—the bag and baggage of surface realism, which has become for him unessential, and which no chance to acquire popularity can tempt him to retain in his art. At a time in a man's life, or in the world's life, when a given thing is necessary for expression, it is a virtue to use it; when the thing has become a hindrance to expression, it is a virtue to do away with it. The philosophy which says there is no change in the needs of different eras is what we call to-day the academic (alas! for the real academies of the past where men were taught their trades). To speak of "academic art" is to use contradictory terms, for art is best defined as an expression of life, which is a creative force and such a one as was never brought about by the teaching of a school. The rare men who have dared to give themselves up to the thrill of it know that it needs no apology, or no clothing in the forms which it took a century or even a generation before. It is their refusal to humble themselves with these poor disguises of their truth that has brought down on the great men the hostility which is always their part at first. So Matisse, with his long training at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, under Bouguereau, Moreau, and Carrière, with his prizes and early official successes, cannot be accused by even his bitterest opponent of trying to keep up traditional appearances to secure his acceptance by the crowd, while in reality making his own step onward. And so it really is of significance that Matisse refuses to include in his work what has become for him the unessential. In his own words: "Everything which has no use in a picture is, by that very fact, harmful. A work must have a harmony of ensemble: every superfluous detail would take the place in the spectator's mind of an essential detail."

Another quotation from the article in which the above appears—the only one, I think, that Matisse has written—will best open our consideration of the positive side of the discussion—the things that the painter has to offer us:

> What I pursue above all is expression. . . . This does not, to my mind, reside in the passion that may break forth in a face or manifest itself by a violent movement. It is in the whole disposition of my picture: the space occupied by the bodies, the empty places around them, the proportions, all that has its part in the expression.

In all the discussion of Matisse's work that I have heard or read, nothing else seems to me so exact as the account he has given of his procedure in the few lines cited. At most, I may be permitted to amplify what he has put so concisely. The "proportions" he speaks of are surely not those of the anatomy class; they are proportions in the sense that the Greeks considered them when they decided how to adjust the space of their porch to that of column and cornice. So, too, when a Persian plate-maker distributed reds and greens about the surface he had to decorate, the proportions he considered were those which the spectator feels when he notes the relation of these colors and the space about them. The Orient had its scientists as well as its artists and it was to the former that the wise plate-maker left all questions of the proportions of the flowers and leaves which were his subjects.

Similar observations might be made as to the sculpture and stained-glass of the Gothic period. Time has sanctioned the arts just mentioned, and we call them classic. It is in his harmony with their principles that Matisse is important as a continuer of the great heritage of the past, as being one of the truest exponents to-day of "the classic point of view."

In art we cannot speak of progress as

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Still Life by Henri Matisse
Private collection, Paris

we understand the word in other relations; but there is such a thing as the insistence by a given generation on some quality which has been neglected for a time, and so we have at least the illusion of progress. The phase of art which developed through Corot and Renoir, and which finds its purest expression to-day in Matisse, is that of sensibility. Notice any pair of colors as they come together in his work, and you will feel that they could have been so related only by one who is deeply sensitive to color. Notice, too, how each line in his drawing moves according to the working of his thought, not from the accident of an appearance in the external world. So the volumes and masses of his composition are adjusted always under the control of a mind which is unceasingly in contact with nature. What differentiates the sensibility of Matisse from that of others is its intensity. Where the layman feels the beauty of color and design for a moment and then lets his attention turn to something else, where the mediocre artist gives up the struggle after a short time and contents himself (and his public) with the copy of an object, Matisse keeps up the search for a month, perhaps for a year, and will not let the work go from his studio until the particular expression he needed has been reached. And if it is there, each detail will be found well in its place, and the useless ones, even if agreeable in themselves, will have disappeared. Sensibility is of course no new thing in art, but it is a quality specially emphasized in our time. And the fact that Matisse's work is thus modern in the best sense is reason enough for showing it in New York again.

The pursuit of the image that is our own and that is of interest, beyond all, to convey to others, the really creative act of producing something that did not exist before, develops quite different faculties from those which come from skill in reproducing—either the appearances of

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nature or the pictures of the past. The time comes when an artist working in such a manner gives each thing he sees a new existence, and he has the right to use those lines and colors which seem fitting to him to express it. As long as he is sure that his inspiration is genuine, original, not the result of the minds outside of his own or the things which are equally apart from him, he can add to his subject or subtract from it just what he likes, things seen or things imagined. And men are fundamentally so much alike that when one of them has satisfied himself in such a matter, his fellows will find that he has answered a need of theirs in doing so. There can be no other explanation of the fact that thousands of people who were at first baffled by the difference in exterior between Matisse's art and that of his predecessors have come to admire profoundly the painter whom they thought at first a wanton breaker with all that was best in the past.

At the present exhibition there will surely be many more who will see that the work before them is rich in the classic qualities, re-incorporated by one alive to the spirit of the world he lives in. It is the lesson of such an art that our people, artists and laymen, need more than any other. On one hand we are constantly being asked to intensify our study of the past; on the other we are told that in our new country, where tradition has loosened its hold, we must strive to make something new. Matisse shows how the two things go together.

No effort could be more futile than that of the student who took it into his head to "paint just like Matisse." It has been tried by clever men, and all of them have failed. The stimulus and inspiration he affords are for every one; his means of procuring for us these experiences are personal and indivisible. For those who want to produce art once more, the message of this painter reads clearly, that there is the great world current, with its ceaseless changes, and there are the masters and nature which must be consulted. What have we in ourselves?

What is to Become of Kiao-chau?

ELSEWHERE in this number we print an article on Kiao-chau by an intelligent Japanese. But there are points he does not touch on which we purpose to mention.

With the fall of Kiao-chau, Germany's enormously strategic foothold on the coast of China, Japan accomplished early in November the explicit and fundamental purpose for which she entered the war; yet it surprises no one that she still remains a belligerent. Her original ultimatum to Germany was, in a quite defensible sense, the legitimate act of a loyal ally; but its extremely provocative terms and the equally loose nature of the assurances in regard to the restoration of Kiao-chau to China suggested a background of much wider and more independent intentions than England had bargained for. Thus, the day after its issue, the British minister in Peking admitted himself as frankly "shocked"; while the quasi-official British organ in China, the "North China Daily News," acknowledged reluctantly that "it seemed incredible . . . that Japan acted in the final stages with the full consent of Great Britain." And "The National Review" of Shanghai, the leading representative in China of the British Liberal Government, did not hesitate to say, on those uncensorable shores, that "Japan has now practically forced the hand of England," a position which spells "the beginning of the end of British, nay, of European influence in the Far East."

The actual Japanese plans for the disposition of Kiao-chau become, then, of extraordinarily absorbing interest. Their most authoritative statement since the capitulation of the Germans is that given out by the Vice-Minister of the Navy, Mr. Suzuki, in November:

For the present the territory of Kiao-chau is to be administered by the Japanese.

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When peace in the European war is declared, then Japan will take up with China the question of the transfer of Kiao-chau to the Chinese Government.

It is safe to say that the Chinese attitude, though here and there more tactfully put, is sufficiently summed up in the candid observation of the "Asia Jih Pao" of Peking, that "as for anything like complete restitution, that is a miracle hardly worth while expecting." That does not say that the Chinese are not going to use all the resources possible to a weak nation to secure the retrocession of Kiao-chau. At each successive step of Japanese aggression, at the gradually spreading net which began when the Japanese landed troops on Chinese soil, and continued when they quartered them on the impecunious peasantry, occupied the near-by port of Lungkhau, and appropriated the control of its supposedly international customs service to force the free passage of Japanese goods, seized the partly Chinese railway which connected Kiao-chau with the interior, and finally went out of their way to occupy and loot the principal town along that railroad, Weihsien—against all these indignities the Chinese Government has vigorously and indignantly protested.

But its opportunities for reprisals are exceedingly limited. Consequently, with the rest of the world tragically preoccupied in Europe, the Japanese have in the long run no one but themselves to please in the ultimate disposition of Kiao-chau. And if we are looking for a businesslike statement of their actual position, we shall probably find none more illuminating than a terse and naïve despatch which was only recently given out simultaneously in Peking and Tokio by Japan's official news bureau, and circulated through Reuter's agency. It declares:

> Japan really intends to restore Kiao-chau to China at an early date after the war, and it is thought probable that Japan will suggest establishing Japanese and British settlements at favorable situations at the city of Tsingtao, and throw open the rest as an international treaty port. Germany's railways and mines are to be acquired and paid for by Japanese and British interests.

It is needless to say that if such a scheme as this were carried out, the Chinese would have no share in the administration of Kiao-chau of any commercial or political importance whatsoever. Recent despatches confirm the fact that the Seiyukai, the principal political party in Japan, founded by Marquis Ito, are committed to some such radical assumption of control as this. And with the glamour of military adventure exerting its usually potent giddiness on the mass of the people, it is hard to see how the calmer heads, like Count Okuma, even though he has back of him as premier a government as arbitrary as Russia's, can stem the jingo storm.

National Defense

THE discussion of the preparedness of the United States for war was inevitable with the film of history which daily unrolls before us in Europe. One need hold no militarist views, nor be an alarmist, to realize certain facts which are too clear to brook serious argument. But few Americans believe, with Europe's awful example before them, that their country will ever enter upon a career of swashbuckling and aggression, and this faith in the character of the American people, no less than ordinary common sense, demands that this rich, humane, and potentially powerful nation shall not fail to be adequately protected against any attack, however unexpected the time or source.

The underlying question before the American people is whether they can retain in their entirety the ideals and characteristics of a democratic nation without unduly exposing themselves to outrage and injury on the part of other nations whose ideals are more pliant to their national aims. Between the danger (if danger there be) from oppression of our own creating and the fear of that imposed from without, the choice should not be difficult.

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IN LIGHTER VEIN

"Maria, seeing that I still have our subway tickets, I must have used the theater tickets to pay our fare"

"I shall sue you for damages. Your confounded dog just bit me."
"You 'll have to prove it. Wait a moment, and I 'll see if his teeth fit the marks."

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The Highbrow—*An Appeal to Zoölogists*

By SIMEON STRUNSKY

I CALL this an appeal and not a vindication, because I have made no attempt to treat the subject systematically and exhaustively. My purpose is merely to show that the need for such a thorough examination exists. It is time that this mythical animal be brought under scientific scrutiny and its attributes accurately determined. I say mythical, because it is certain that the species Highbrow, as the ordinary mind conceives it, does not flourish outside of a comparatively small area along the southern reaches of the River of Doubt, where the stream makes a sharp turn to the west and flows by the coast of Bohemia to water the torrid regions of the valley of Laputa. In New York and its environs there may be discerned specimens faintly resembling the mythical Highbrow in this or that particular trait, but the perfect type is yet to be described in these latitudes.

A number of objections to prevalent theories on the subject may be briefly stated.

It is not true that the Highbrow is a linguistic snob. The humorously elongated words of comic Greek origin which are supposed to constitute its vocabulary have been foisted upon it by the sporting editors and the conductors of funny columns, a notoriously untrustworthy and unscientific race of authors whose limited aim is merely to amuse. The odd thing is that these column-writers are themselves the nearest approach to the ideal Highbrow one can cite. This is shown by their constant endeavor to say "simp" for "fellow" and "bean" for "head." For it is a characteristic of the man who begins to suspect himself of being a Highbrow that he immediately seeks refuge in what is supposed to be the language of the common people. Thus it results that our Highbrows—to the extent that they belong to the species—say "simp," "bean," "gink," "boob," "fifty-fifty," and the like, whereas the common people in real life, as typified by policemen and stevedores, are in the habit of saying, "That was a marvelous record Matty established at the Polo Grounds yesterday."

Far from being a snob, the Highbrow in speech is an essential democrat. It prefers the word "fellow," which millions of people have used for at least a thousand years, to the word "boob," which is an exotic of very recent origin, destined, despite its lingering music, to fade from the popular memory in a year or two.

It is not true that the Highbrow goes to the theater only when Brieux is played. "Damaged Goods" attained the crest of popularity in the neighborhood of Third Avenue and Fourteenth Street, and the most adequate critical comment on the play was made by a young girl in the Sixth Avenue "L," who said, "Ain't it fierce?" thereby characterizing with one masterly stroke the play and Brieux's technic.

It is not true that the Highbrow is an ethereal creature that prefers conversation to food and reveals a tendency to dyspepsia. Say Highbrow, and you think at once of German music. But the intimate connection between German music and food is too well-known to need more than mention. On the contrary, the composers of our most successful anti-Highbrow "rags" are slight, anemic, nervous, underfed little men, with the adenoid construction that is the basis of the fundamental nasal whine of the rag; whereas Caruso is an extremely hearty feeder, and Wagner heroines are notoriously substantial.

It is not true that the Highbrow looks down on the moving-pictures. Statistics have shown that everybody goes to the moving-pictures, including aliens, paupers, untaxable Indians, and idiots.

It is indeed true that the Highbrow abhors the comic supplement; but that is only an argument for a government subsidy to preserve the Highbrow type from extinction in the places where it does exist, and to propagate it elsewhere.

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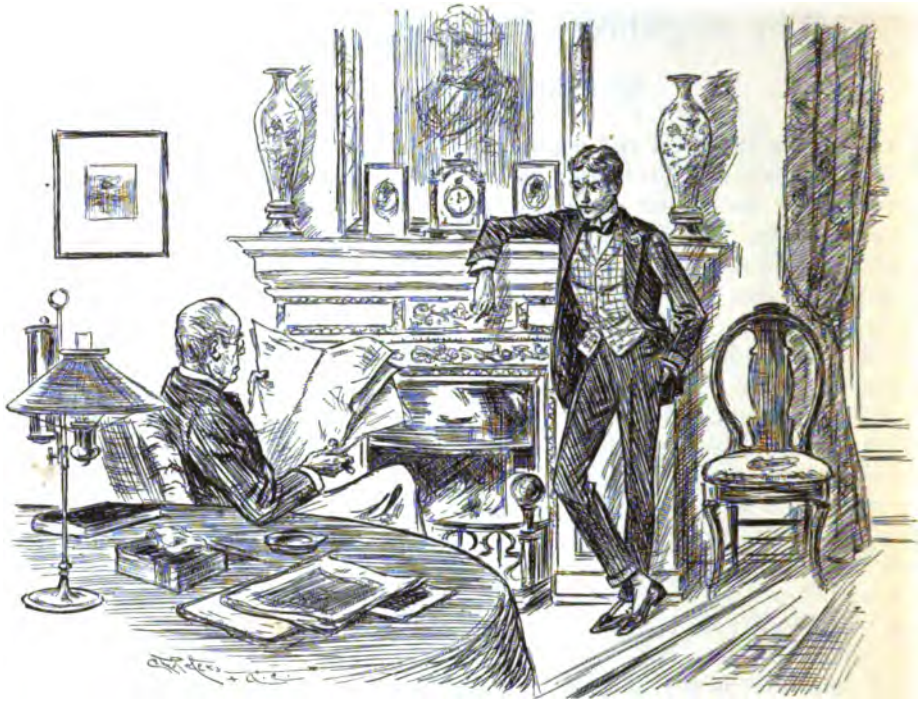

"Father, I think it only fair to tell you that I need about fifty dollars. I 'd rather owe it to you than to some outsider"

LITTLE GIRL: Oh, look Uncle John, what a nice beard that old gentleman has! Why don't you plant one?

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

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Our Sea Dogs

Illustrating the latest type of Dreadnought, with Clipper Bows

From a painting made specially for THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

By

Henry Reuterdahl

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THE CENTURY

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"Cabbages and Kings"

Recollections of great rulers and their courts

By H. R. H. THE INFANTA EULALIA OF SPAIN

Illustrated by Oliver Herford

Chapter I: The Kaiser and his Court

A GREAT crowd filled an immense hall of the gray castle which the past has left in the heart of modern Berlin. People of every rank stood shoulder to shoulder, for it was the one day of the year when the imperial court sets courage and faithful service before birth and noble ancestry, the day of the *Ordensfest*.

I was young, and I felt joyous and happy as I passed up the hall in the imperial procession, with a page bearing my long *manteau de cour*. And every time that I turned from side to side to bow to the people, I caught a glimpse of the kaiser at the head of the procession, a silver figure, like *Lohengrin*, on whose cuirass and helmet the light flashed. Before him walked four heralds in medieval dress, sounding silver trumpets, and when he reached the dais and stood before the throne, looking down the castle hall, I saw in his steel-blue eyes that look of exaltation which his profound and unshakable belief in the divinity of kings gives him.

Was I a princess born in a democratic age, or was I living in the age of chivalry, or at the vanished Court of Versailles? Before me, as I went to the dais, stood an emperor as aware of his godlike qualities as Charlemagne when a pope set the unexpected crown upon his brow, or as the Roi Soleil, unflattered by worship he believed to be his due. It seemed that I should have been one of those infantas of Velasquez in a brocade dress and fluttering a little fan.

The impression the kaiser made on me that morning of the *Ordensfest* was not new, though it came with fresh, almost startling, force. I had known him years before as Prince Wilhelm, simple, unaffected, joyous. Then he became crown prince, and I noted a change. His manner became more imperious, less spontaneous. I felt that he was schooling himself, holding himself in check, aware of the burden of coming responsibilities, fearing, yet longing for, the golden irksomeness of the imperial crown. Since he has ascended the throne, I have never met him

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without realizing that he is dominated by the belief that he is an instrument in the hands of the Almighty, divinely appointed to reign. Yet the emperor has still the charm of manner which made Prince Wilhelm so attractive, and there are moments when he can unbend, when one may forget the sovereign and feel the charm of the man.

As he conferred orders and decorations

A king and a cabbage

on the stream of men who humbly approached his throne at the *Ordensfest,* I could see from their reverence and from the look of awe on their faces that his manner, his regal pose, his glance, had forced them to accept his own belief in the majesty and righteousness of kingship. But when we had passed to the great banqueting-hall, he forgot for a moment to be godlike and became the charming Prince Wilhelm of the past. We sat at a table on a dais, looking down on the great company invited to enjoy the emperor's hospitality, and we were served by young nobles. The page who had carried my train, a handsome boy who looked about twenty, stood behind my chair and handed dishes or filled my glass with the skill of a practised footman. It was the first time that a foreign princess had been present at the *Ordensfest,* and I had received a hint that it was customary to send the page, who served one, a present the following day, and I had learned that there was an unwritten law that the present should be a watch. I was sitting next the emperor, and suddenly he turned to my page with an almost roguish smile.

"You are a happy boy," he said, "to have the privilege to serve the beautiful infanta"—sovereigns always know how to flatter—"What present would you like her to give you?"

"Sire," answered the page, "there is nothing I should like her royal Highness to give me so much as the flower that caresses her neck."

It was a courtly and charming reply.

That was a little incident that relieved the tedium of a visit to the *Schloss* at Berlin; for, despite the charm of host and hostess, I felt then, as I do in all palaces, that I was in prison. Indeed, to me the palace life is so irksome that when I hear the sentry pacing up and down outside my windows, I always feel that he is there to prevent me from going out more than to prevent other people from coming in. Whenever I have stayed with the kaiser and kaiserin, I have been given a beautiful suite of rooms; but a prison is still a prison, however thick the gilding on the bars. Everything one does or says is noticed and talked about and criticized and spread abroad. All day long my Spanish lady-in-waiting sat in an antechamber with the German lady-in-waiting and the German chamberlain appointed to attend me. It was intolerable to think that these three persons were sitting there with nothing whatever to do but to speculate on what I should take it into my head to do next and to exchange court gossip. In an outer chamber was another group of idlers, servants whose chief duty was to conduct me processionally from one part of the castle to another.

Madame la Princesse appears in the antechamber, and the ladies make profound curtsies and the gentleman a profound bow. She smiles—princesses must always appear to be radiantly happy—and she tries to find something agreeable to say

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to each and not to make bad blood by being more agreeable to one than to another. She announces her desire to go to the kaiserin's apartments. The chamberlain passes on that interesting information to the footmen in the outer antechamber. A procession is formed, and Madame la Princesse is conducted, with the pomp of a bishop entering a cathedral to say mass, to the other side of the castle. The procession passes through the kaiserin's antechambers, where another army of servants is idling, and the ladies-in-waiting, who make profound curtsies, and the gentlemen-in-waiting, who make profound bows, expect Madame la Princesse to smile and to repeat the gracious remarks about the state of the weather she has already made to the members of her own suite. The doors of the kaiserin's apartments are thrown open with becoming reverence, and Madame la Princesse disappears, leaving her suite to gossip with the kaiserin's, and probably to speculate on the nature of the royal conversation across the sacred threshold they may not pass unless bidden.

An instrument in the hands of the Almighty

A quarter of an hour elapses, and Madame la Princesse emerges, smiles at the bowing courtiers and curtseying ladies, and, feeling more like an idol than a human being, is conducted to her own apartments.

The etiquette at Versailles in the time of Louis XVI could hardly be more exasperating to a modern woman than that of Berlin in the twentieth century. Before

The shadow of the crown

luncheon and dinner processions converge from all parts of the castle, conducting members of the imperial family and royal guests to the drawing-room.

"The kaiser will be in the drawing-room in ten minutes," was the regular warning I used to receive from a lady-in-waiting, fearful that I should be late and knowing the value the kaiser sets on punctuality. In point of fact, I never was late, and, indeed, punctuality almost ceases to be a virtue at the *Schloss,* where one lives under a rule as inexorable and as precise as that obtaining in a nunnery.

On the way from the drawing-room to the dining-room the kaiser and kaiserin and their guests pass through the apartment in which the ladies and gentlemen in attendance have been discarded. They stand in a great circle, and it is the invariable custom to make the tour of the circle with the usual smile and the usual banal remarks. That duty performed, the royal personages go into the dining-room, and the suites retire to eat in another room. In Madrid the persons in attendance on the royal family dine with them. When I first

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went to Berlin the kaiser's children were young, and, although they lunched with us, they were not permitted to speak unless first spoken to. After the meal the royal party returns to the drawing-room; but it must not be thought that when alone royal persons unbend and behave naturally.

"His attention to details is extraordinary"

The daily discipline of relentless etiquette has its effect on them; they cannot forget that they are royal and therefore obliged to mask their feelings more rigorously than is necessary for ordinary people. Indeed, most princesses I know are reduced by this inexorable discipline to nonentities whose mouths are twisted in an eternal smile. At Berlin we conversed politely for the regulation time and, after making the circle of the suites again, were conducted back to our apartments in half a dozen processions.

Back in one's rooms, it is impossible to emerge without a repetition of wearisome ceremonies. To go out for half an hour's walk by one's self is a relaxation the poorest can enjoy; it is forbidden to a palace prisoner. The etiquette of Berlin requires a princess to be accompanied by a lady-in-waiting. And usually the lady-in-waiting cannot walk fast, so that the enjoyment of a little vigorous exercise in the open air is impossible. Moreover, people about courts are usually uninteresting companions. Obviously, intelligent persons would not consent to lead such aimless lives and to conform to such an inexorable code. How inexorable is that code may be judged from the fact that one of the court ladies in Berlin was confined to her room for three days as a punishment for walking across the courtyard in an indecorous manner; that is to say, with one hand ungloved.

The Emperor William is an excellent host, and his personal kindness compensates in a great measure for the restraint of palace discipline. He studies his guests' wishes, finds out their whims, and does his best to gratify them. For instance, he knows that I like to begin the day with something more substantial than the coffee and rolls most Continentals take in the morning. Accordingly, whenever I have stayed at the *Schloss* he has himself given orders that an English breakfast should be served in my apartments, and I have always been indulged with the eggs and bacon and marmalade I am accustomed to. At first sight it may seem a little odd that an emperor should be at the pains to arrange the menu of a guest's breakfast. The kaiser evidently knows as well as I do that a princess in a palace is less happily situated than a visitor in an English country house, who gives his orders and gets what he likes served in his room. It would never occur to me to ask for a boiled egg at breakfast in a palace where people are not accustomed to have boiled eggs for breakfast, because the order would pass through so many persons before it reached the kitchen that my egg would probably be an *omelette au surprise* or a terrine of foie gras before it arrived in my dining-room. That a man immersed in affairs of state should trouble about anything so unimportant as a princess's breakfast is characteristic of the kaiser's consideration for those about him. His attention to details, which far less busy people would never find time to trouble about, is extraordinary. I once remarked to Count Eulenburg that the perfection with which every detail of life in the castle is managed astonished me, and I congratulated him on the success of his management.

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"I assure your royal Highness," he answered, "that all the credit is due to his Majesty, who looks after everything himself."

But above and beyond the kaiser's love of seeing that things work smoothly in his home is his love of his capital. To him Berlin is a daughter, whom he likes to see beautiful and well turned-out, just as he likes to see the kaiserin and the Duchess of Brunswick charmingly dressed.

"It has been raining hard," he said, coming into my room one morning, "and it has just stopped. I want you to come out with me, because I have something interesting to show you."

I put on my hat at once, and we went down to a carriage which was waiting, and drove away. I was wondering what sight I was going to see and what surprise the kaiser had in store for me.

"Look," he cried suddenly—"look at the streets! There have been torrents of rain, and the weather cleared up only a few minutes ago; but do you see that there is not a speck of mud on the road?"

It was true. The streets were surprisingly and absolutely clean.

"You appear to dry as well as to sweep them," I said.

"I have an army of road-sweepers," he said. "Here they are," and he pointed to a group of men plying their brooms. "I wanted you to see how clean I keep Berlin."

"And is that all you have brought me out to see?" I said teasingly.

"Yes, all," he said; we both laughed.

The kaiser knows that I am passionately fond of dancing, and he used to make a point of arranging small dances when I was at the castle, so that I could enjoy myself without the restraint imposed on royal personages at the formal court balls. They used to call these small dances *les bals de l'Infante*. At court balls we walked round the circle of guests,—at all courts people seem eternally standing in smiling circles,—and the foreign ladies, penned behind their ambassadors, used to afford me considerable amusement, especially the Americans, who used to appear in larger numbers than they do at present. There they stood in the glory of expensive court trains, which could be no possible use to them afterward, and curtsied to the ground when the ambassadors had recited their names to each of us. I often wondered why they came and what pleasure they could possibly derive from seeing us smile and from curtseying to us. Obviously, sensible and representative women would not be among them unless, indeed, their husbands held official positions which necessitated their presence. After circling the group, we went to the dais and sat for a few moments in gilt arm-chairs, facing the general company, before descending to dance the *quadrille d'honneur*. When that ceremony was ended, one's partner, a prince or an ambassador, handed one back

"Especially the Americans"

to the dais, made a low bow, and retired. At courts etiquette does not allow a princess to choose a partner because he happens to waltz well or to be amusing. At Berlin chamberlains had lists of partners for princesses, and one of them would bring me the card on which their names were inscribed, just as a waiter brings one a bill of fare in a restaurant, and I gave my or-

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ders. Each partner came to the dais, made a very low bow, and, when the dance was over, consigned me to my golden armchair with another low bow. The kaiser has caused the minuet to be revived at his court, and when I watched that stately dance from the dais I used to feel certain that I was at the court of the Roi Soleil. But *les bals de l'Infante* were far more charming, for then I could dance with whom I liked and waltz to my heart's content.

It was very good of the kaiser to arrange them for me, and, indeed, he has always shown me great consideration. *"Madame, vos désirs sont des ordres pour Guillaume,"* he telegraphed to me once, and that was an answer to a letter I had sent, begging him to ask the Sultan Abdul-Hamid not to chop off the head of Izet Pasha, who was lying in prison under sentence of death. A Turkish lady, whom I knew in Paris, had been to see me and had begged me to ask the kaiser, who was about to visit Constantinople, to intercede with the sultan for the unfortunate man. I knew nothing about Izet Pasha, but my friend was so distressed and so confident that I would help her, that I was very much touched, and immediately wrote to the kaiser. The lady was overjoyed when I showed her the courtly reply I had received, and the sultan, of course, granted the kaiser's request.

The matter did not end there. Two years later, when I had entirely forgotten it, I arrived one day in Madrid, and the instant I had got out of the train, the queen mother and my sister, the Infanta Isabella, who were waiting on the platform to receive me, began to question me about some mysterious Turk in whom they evidently supposed I was deeply interested.

"Who is this Turk you have sent us, Eulalia?" asked the queen.

"But I do not know any Turk," I said.

"But this Turk who has arrived in Madrid because you want to have him near you," said my sister.

"What crazy nonsense!" I cried. "Are you both out of your minds?"

"Certainly not," said the queen, "seeing that I have a letter from the sultan, saying that he has sent the man here as Turkish minister entirely to please you."

Then the truth dawned on me. Abdul-Hamid must have asked the German em-

His great ancestor

peror why he desired the prisoner he had pleaded for to be pardoned, and the kaiser must have told him that it was the wish of the Infanta Eulalia. Mohammedan ideas of feminine psychology made the sultan see a tale of the Arabian Nights, and, determining to humor me to the top of my bent, he sent the hero of the imaginary romance to Madrid, where, as he expressly stated in the letter the queen mother showed me at the palace, he hoped he would remain as permanent minister, to be for long years an ornament of the court of the Infanta Eulalia.

The charm and grace with which the kaiser turned the reply I have already quoted to my letter about Izet Pasha seemed to me more Latin than Teutonic. And the truth is that, although the Emperor William is a Teuton by birth, he

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has the Latin temperament. He is extraordinarily restless in private, and lacks the characteristic calmness of the imperturbable and phlegmatic Teuton. He moves from chair to chair, or walks up and down the room, talking quickly and apparently incapable of being still. There is fire and vivacity, the quality the French call *spiritualité,* in his conversation, and I think he liked to talk to me because, despite my Spanish name and title, I am *au fond* French. One memorable day he took me to the old palace of Sans-Souci at Potsdam to show me the apartments of Frederick the Great and the relics of the king's friend, Voltaire, which are preserved there. We went into Frederick's library and when the door was closed, I found myself in a circle of book-shelves from which there seemed no exit. And all the books were French. The kaiser smiled.

"Here you are again in your dear France," he said.

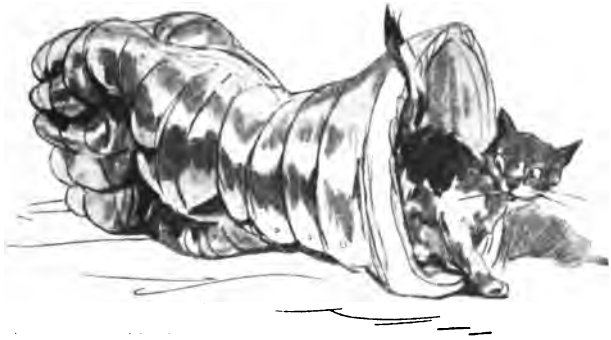
"Yes," I answered, "I am very proud of my French ancestry, and you yourself are very proud to let me see that Frederick lived in a French atmosphere and to show me all these French books with which he surrounded himself."

The emperor laughed; but his eyes sparkled, and I saw that I was right. French art, literature, and the stage, all appeal to him as they also appealed to his great ancestor.

But however great the Emperor William's admiration for French culture may be, there is no sovereign who loves his country and its institutions more than he does and no monarch who works with greater energy and persistence to further the interests of his subjects and to secure their welfare. We have discussed a thousand things together, but above all I like to hear him talk about the progress of modern Germany. His face lights up when he speaks of the increase of German commerce and of German influence, and his expression and the tone of his voice make it evident that he is speaking of the subject that is nearest his heart. And when he mentions his army or his navy, his steel-blue eyes shine.

His enthusiasm for Germany has often caused him to be misunderstood. I should like those who misjudge him to see him, as I have seen him, singing psalms. To do so is to realize that he is a mystic. The intensity of his faith and his power of seeing into a supernatural world, hidden from most, is indeed his most striking characteristic. I have naturally never attended service in the chapel of the castle, but at those ceremonies of the court in which prayers and the singing of psalms formed a part I have seen how real worship is to the kaiser and his power of throwing aside the cares of the moment to be completely absorbed in contemplation of the Creator. It became clear to me that he felt himself caught up into the life of the divinity, just as did our Santa Teresa. He feels himself to be the exponent of the divine will to the German people and, when he claims to rule of divine right, he is sincere.

(To be continued)



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Arms and the Race

The Difficulties in the Way of Disarmament

By R. M. JOHNSTON

Author of "The French Revolution," "The Holy Christian Church," etc.

Decorations by Harry Townsend

A WELL-KNOWN college president, an acknowledged authority on fishes, has lately taken a sudden plunge into history. The results of his investigations lead him to the conclusion that for a nation to arm itself is to choose the worse alternative of "hell or Utopia." [1] This may represent sound reasoning in ichthyological classifications, though it has a suspicious smack of the specialist in head-lines; and to the professional historian, when applied to the policies of nations, it sounds decidedly fishy. Nations that frame their policies on the "hell or Utopia" alternative are more than likely to get into trouble either way.

The real interest lies in seeing a little more closely what are the fixed values behind certain ways of thought and action; militarism and pacifism may serve as convenient labels under which to group them. Let us consider them in their mutual reactions.

Militarism and pacifism, Kruppism and disarmament, hell and Utopia—all these are words that represent something. Yet, as they are most commonly used, they are nothing more than formulas for airing prejudices and giving the go-by to close investigation and precise thinking. To demolish the extreme doctrines of either party is a comparatively easy task; what is less easy is to set down the pros and cons, with their significance, so as to arrive at something helpful.

It may be remarked, then, that militarism and pacifism are equally difficult of definition. A really advanced pacifist believes that it is wicked even to speak of arms, and he would consider a Swiss deputy advising the issue of a modern field-gun as an enemy of mankind. We need not stop to argue the question with him. For an equally earnest, but moderate, pacifist might highly approve of the same Swiss deputy, on the ground that he was merely advocating a measure of necessity for maintaining the independence of his country. It is between these two points, which are far apart, that pacifism oscillates. Between the two lies the pacifist predisposition.

[1] President Jordan, at a public dinner, New York, Dec. 2, 1914.

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Now, the pacifist predisposition undoubtedly proceeds from the advance of economic civilization. Man appreciates more and more the luxuries he creates, and rejects more and more his primitive tendency toward war, with its attendant hardship and suffering. Economic civilization is inevitably materialistic and hedonistic. Happiness of the individual, of the greatest number, of the whole community, becomes all-absorbing. Yet it is curious to note that war is often the greatest spur through which economic development has been reached. The most striking example of this fact dates back about three hundred years, and is worth attention, if we are to see these facts.

If a date must be picked at which the current of international politics turned into the channel with which we are now familiar, the year 1600 will answer the purpose well enough. . . . Holland, at the very beginning of the 17th century, rapidly passed through phases that illuminate the whole current of events from that day to this. Let us glance at a few ancient facts and modern doctrines. One of the theories most ardently propagated by the million-dollar endowments is that war fatally saps a nation's vitality because it destroys the most valuable part of its population. The fallacious assumptions contained in this doctrine are plentiful, but it will suffice for our purpose to attack it at one point only, and with Holland as the example. That country sustained one of the most desolating wars recorded in modern history, and a war that lasted, with scarcely an interruption, for no less than forty years (1568–1609). Toward the close of the conflict, success, coupled with maritime preponderance, inclined to the Dutch arms. Hardly had it terminated when the Dutch people displayed such extraordinary energy as perhaps no European state has ever equalled. Almost immediately they captured the carrying trade of Europe and developed a commercial civilization that was the wonder and envy of all their neighbors. Three years before the truce of 1609 it was already reckoned that the Dutch had three ships to the English one, while half a century later Colbert stated that there were about twenty Dutch ships to every French one. Their cities throve as none other in Europe. Their art rivaled that of Italy and Spain and France. With Grotius, they founded systematic international law. With Spinoza, a little later, they founded the philosophy of ma-

terialism. And all this gigantic work was accomplished by a little nation the vitality of which, according to all the pseudo-historical theories of the sciolists of pacifism, should have been utterly destroyed by war.

What, then, is the truth of the matter? It would appear to be this, that the energy generated by war, the confidence engendered by success, and the adaptability and resourcefulness taught by military enterprise, far offset any debit that may come from the loss of a percentage of the young male population. Successful war, even of such prolonged and devastating character as the Dutch war for independence, is the sure forerunner of a vigorous period of expansion. For modern instances of the rule we need seek no further than our own Northern States after the Civil War, or Germany after the war of 1870.[1]

Whatever their dangers, materialism and pacifism find man in his most developed state. However much we may admire the primitive virtues of courage and generosity, however much we may despise greed and the fear of death or even pain, we are bound to take man's advance in

[1] Johnston, "Three Hundred Years of War," Infantry Journal, November, 1914.

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terms of the intellect. It is by thinking and reasoning that we have advanced, and by thinking and reasoning we have reared a civilization that makes for happiness and abhors destruction and bloodshed. Our great problem is one of balance, of advancing wisely, without imprudence, lest we slip back into the primitive brute or, on the other hand, lose our foothold in a too eager search for happiness.

A moderate or temperate pacifism would thus appear to be the wise road for a nation to follow. Switzerland may be said to conform to this ideal. Spain, with her small army and navy, might be thought of in the same category were it not for her evident lack of vitality. France has been partly pacific, partly aggressive. The rebuilding of her army after the disaster of 1870–71 was a reasonable act of prudence, and for the most part her attitude toward her Continental neighbors has been all that it should be. Yet her African policy has been one of conquest, and at times, under some provocation, she has assumed an aggressive attitude as to Alsace-Lorraine. England, long an active military power in terms of colonial empire, closed an epoch with the end of the nineteenth century. She no longer aims at conquest. And the withdrawal of her ships of the line from the Pacific marked her abandonment of world-wide maritime supremacy. Within her own waters, and along the shores that face her, she still pursues, perhaps inevitably, a policy of naval supremacy. This policy reposes on the vulnerability of her sea-borne commerce and food-supply.

There are two topics of special interest constantly brought forward in pacifist debates—disarmament and the "international mind." Each is worth some discussion. The first is essentially a practical question; the second, an intellectual one.

Disarmament is essentially a practical question. We may accept as a basis of argument that is wholly desirable that the great powers should agree to a permanent peace. On this basis, what are the difficulties of the question, its possibilities, our possible means of action? There can be no doubt, when we view the condition of the great European powers and Japan, and when we consider the reaction of public sentiment that will occur at the close of the present war, that disarmament is urgent. Are the difficulties in its way superable?

One of the gravest obstacles lies in the fact that no two nations are situated in the same way. Will Germany disarm? This means the surrender of her ambitions to expand over the sparsely occupied regions of the world. It means the arousing of a fear that the hostile or alien elements within the empire—the Danes, the Poles, the people of Alsace-Lorraine, even the Bavarians or Saxons—might then attempt to assert local sovereignty. It means fear that the superior numbers of Russia, which could not be wholly disarmed, might prevail against her.

It has just been said that Russia could not wholly disarm. Her Cossacks are the finest raw cavalry in the world, though, for lack of training, useless in organized armies. But if organized armies were superseded, they might then easily prove

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the decisive force. For even if these primitive tribesmen could be made to surrender carbine and sword and ammunition, even if the manufacture of arms were declared illegal, it is obviously they who could most rapidly hammer out from the plowshare the spear-head or the sword; and the days of Attila might be on us again.

In the case of England the difficulty is even greater. The English army has long been maintained for colonial, and not for European, purposes. Would she be required to put it down on a European disarmament, or might she retain it? To put it down would open the Khyber Pass and create a new Mogul empire. Will Afghanistan be required to disarm, and will Arabia; and if so, who will enforce the decree, and how?

The practical difficulties grow the more we study the details. And we need not even state the further complications that the parallel question of naval disarmament introduces. With that also no two countries, no two geographical areas, present the same conditions. England is situated thus, and Austria so. The North Sea may favor a flotilla defensive, the Atlantic a super-dreadnought offensive, and so on indefinitely. Yet there are broad lines that may be stated tentatively, even if they lead to somewhat negative conclusions.

As a general proposition it is clear that with the western European nations the development of national armies coincides closely with that of economic resources. Warfare has become so extensive in scope and in technical complication as to have become an intolerable burden on the comparatively small areas that support it in this extreme form. The question of the size of nations will be noticed later, for the present it is sufficient to observe that the farther east one proceeds, the less is the burden felt; so that the disarmament of the Western nations could only result in the rise of the powers lying east of them.

It would seem, therefore, that all that is practical, all that is desirable, is the carrying forward of the tendency to disarm, without expecting too much or pressing forward too ardently. Militia armies of the Swiss type are clearly possibilities for England or France within the next few years. Such armies would be too weak for offense to be a real menace to peace, but, if efficient, strong enough for defense, for safeguarding independence and interests.

Swiss model armies, however, even though they are a probable phase of the near future for western Europe, could not satisfy the conditions of international police for the maintenance of world peace. Such a force as this means of necessity small and scattered numbers, but high efficiency; in other words, the professional army again, though on a new basis. It is difficult to believe at the present time that we are within sight of a moment when the European powers could effect the tremendous and dangerous change from the basis of numbers to that of quality; yet below the surface causes are working in that direction that are quite likely to show up before many more years have passed.

Professional armies would afford the best basis for a world police, if for no better reason than that international coöperation would become more necessary between powers each of which had only a small army. A professional force, small, but adequate in size, is further a more valuable element of stability within a state than a national army watered down to the Swiss militia standard. For every country, particularly with the growth of industrialism and cities, has to face recurrent periods of disorder in which the local police forces may prove inadequate and require stiffening. In the history of the United States, there is one extraordinary illustration of the far-reaching results that depend on just such an adjustment. Again, turning to the problem presented

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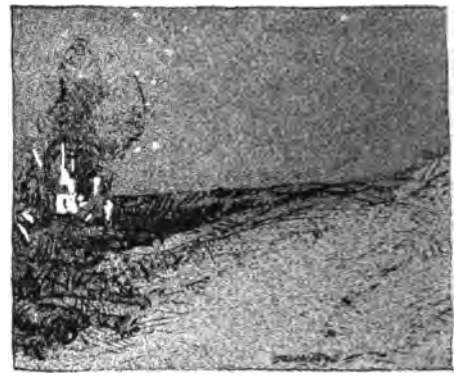
by the Eastern people lying roughly in the great triangle, Belgrade, Kabul, Magdala, it is evident that small, highly efficient forces can accomplish more in the way of pacification than national militias.

Another general idea that we hear much debated is that of the international mind. It is evident that we have here a question that does not bear in any immediate sense on the question of armament. If internationalism is an inevitable tendency, it clearly favors disarmament in the long run. The superficial adjustments of human life, and the standardization of materialistic happiness, make for some such unification as is here in question. It is conceivable that in due process of years the Chinaman, Zulu, and North American will set approximately equal values on plumbing and moving-pictures, or wireless telephones and inexpensive shock-absorbers. But even if they should, could that negative racial antagonism? You may get the whole world thinking alike on ninety-nine per cent. of the questions which the ordinary citizen ever does think about; but one per cent. left unaccounted for may possibly wreck the whole edifice founded on the rest.

A few will go even further than mere skepticism as to the utility of the "international mind." Unification or simplification is a pseudo-philosophical concept based on a misunderstanding of the laws of race and the laws of intellect. Advance goes with complexity and the greater opportunity for selection. Commercial intercourse may require a simplification of language, but intellectual progress demands more and greater complication. The substitution of a single, uniform language for the variety of tongues now possessed by man would within the space of a generation prove a disaster for the power of expression and the power of thought of the race.

Turning from these remote possibilities, we shall find something more tangible in the state of affairs we may designate as Kruppism. One of the least edifying features of the competition for armaments has been the growth of huge industrial



enterprises earning millions out of the development of engines for taking human life. To this must be added the employment of methods, often savoring of corruption, for obtaining favorable contracts. It should be said, however, that such methods are not peculiar to firms engaged in such industries. It might be possible to get an international agreement prohibiting the manufacture of arms and war material by private firms, together with commerce in such articles from one country to another. Even Russia might be persuaded into such an agreement; and it would amount to a step in restraint of war. On the other hand, it will doubtless be argued that private competition stimulates invention and improvement.

To close the chapter, we might glance at another formula of the extreme pacifists. It may fairly be stated as follows: that armaments create war, and that any risk is wiser than to create armaments. This formula is compounded in about equal parts of truth and untruth. It is true that the race of armaments may under favoring circumstances bring about the very result which its advocates claim to prevent. Without any doubt the great war of 1914 was in part caused by the mere existence of an immense war machine. That machine had long been the dominant force of European politics, it had long been perfected and strengthened into one of the wonders of Western civilization; but no one had seen it at work, though all that was needed to set it going was the pressing of a button. Inevitably that button had to be pressed some day.

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Few would care to deny this, yet it does not justify the conclusion of the pacifist formula. That thing has happened with a given country under given conditions. We may even push further and say that the thing tends to result from increasing armament. But is that tendency of necessity a strong one? Is it not, on the contrary, in nearly every case we know, a slight one? And is not, in reality, the practical problem one of balancing the pros and the cons? Let us glance at the present cases of France, England, and the United States.

France has been one of the great competitors in the struggle of armaments. Within recent years there was a moment, after the introduction of the seventy-five millimeter quick-firing gun, when she led handsomely in the race. Yet this did not result in appreciable departure from the restrained attitude toward her Continental neighbors that she had till then maintained. The English fleet, with some ups and downs in efficiency, has generally held a commanding superiority during the same period. And there is virtually nothing we may rightly call aggression in England's attitude save in what relates to her determination to fight rather than permit Germany to establish a naval base in the middle Atlantic. This determination was not directly the outcome of naval superiority, but of a different set of reasons.

The case of the United States is very similar within the sphere of American politics. Following the Spanish War, we began to expand our navy until in a few years, almost suddenly, it became one of the great navies of the world. Within the political theater of the West Indies and South America it was far more preponderant than the German war machine was in Europe. Have we become militarists in consequence? Have we abused our force in Mexico? Is there any unwise and inflammable tendency among our people so to abuse it? Those who argue that an increase in the size of the American army would turn the American people into militarists, pay a pretty poor compliment to the common sense and the rooted good qualities of our people.

These questions of militarism or pacifism, of Kruppism or disarmament, of Hell or Utopia, are of vast interest and importance. They are exceedingly agreeable. But the man who will serve his country best will have the patience to study each particular problem as a definite case; and the more he studies such problems, the less he will be likely to solve them with a long word, the more he will be likely to find himself forced in the direction of practical, makeshift measures, which no eloquent formulas are likely to fit, but that may yet be of great value to his country.

And now the map. One of the greatest facts behind the conflict now proceeding is the world's shrinkage. Communication, the interrelation of nations, the circulation of the human corpuscles within the world's body, are all immensely increased, intensified. And the great war in Europe is, among other things, a result of overcrowding, of friction, a struggle for size.

Had the Germans reached Paris, and the French continued to fight from behind the Loire, nobody could have missed the point. France, with forty millions of people, is oppressed by the weight of Germany, with her sixty-five millions. To these sixty-five millions add the Germans within the Austrian Empire, together with the Slav populations over which the Germans are extending political and economic suzerainty, and the weight becomes well-nigh overpowering.

But the Germans themselves are in turn overweighted. Beyond them lie one hun-

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dred and sixty millions of Russians, and a sparsely populated country of almost boundless agricultural and industrial possibilities. Just as the French feel the weight of the Germans, so do the Germans feel the weight of the Russians. And these relations of weight and bulk, so to speak, are becoming every day more appreciable, owing to increasing facility of communication.

Turn the question another way about. Until half a century ago Europe remained large enough for practical purposes. Then comes the consolidation of the Italian people, who are followed by the Germans, and at the same moment occurs a great extension, through railroad construction, of means for circulating. Before then the mountainous regions of central Europe, with no large national grouping, together with imperfect and difficult roads, had held Europe sufficiently dispersed. Economic development and more pacific conditions have rapidly brought fast-growing nations closer together. And in most of western Europe the population by the beginning of the twentieth century was outrunning its agricultural resources. Food-supply was ceasing to be local and becoming international. A few great areas of wheat were emerging as the central food-supply of many nations.

In a way Europe itself was outgrown. Draw a line from Königsberg on the Baltic to Odessa on the Black Sea. West of that lies a stretch of country, highly favored by climate and water communication. But it is now rapidly feeling its relatively small size. It would hold comfortably between Key West and Chicago, the Aroostook and Mobile. Yet within it are crammed half a dozen civilizations, a dozen languages, and well-nigh twenty armies, three quarters of which are in a high state of efficiency. The hostile lines of competing tariff systems are just as numerous; while a multiplicity of traditions, in which war and religion play a great part, are hopelessly rooted in a past that is not altogether edifying. Imagine all this in between Chicago and New York, and how unhappy we should be!

Partly as a result of this, Europe is now pouring a population in ever-increasing numbers across the Atlantic that is eager for more space and opportunity. Even the governments feel the pinch. France creates an African empire. England develops great colonial areas. Italy attempts to flow back around the eastern Mediterranean, as Rome did before her. Little Belgium tucked central Africa into a pocket of which the lining has now been destroyed. Germany alone failed, or at most picked up when it was too late a few leavings. But all this merely eased what is at bottom a hopeless situation. For Europe cannot stand the presence of expansion much longer if it continues on the same lines as during the last fifty years.

In any case Russia overbalances Europe. The Germans are largely justified in their fear of Russia. Not justified in terms of civilization, perhaps, for there is as yet no ground for supposing that Russia is incapable of equaling such developments as Germany can point to; but justified in terms of size, in terms of self-assertion, of independence. Take the mere matter of bulk. From the Prusso-Russian frontier near Warsaw it is just over a thousand miles to the extreme western point of France; but eastward to Vladivostok on the Pacific is four or five times that distance, and all under the Czar's flag.

Clearly the bulk of Russia, now that railroads are rapidly killing distance, overtopples that of western Europe. A grown-up Russia, half Europe and half Asia, will make the terms Europe and Asia obsolete. And in the war now being waged, the Slavs are only just beginning to display the huge military power which the future holds in store for them. While France and Switzerland and Germany can place in the field perhaps one male in every five, Russia is as yet too poor and too uneducated to place even as many as one in twenty.[1] France is at the end of her tether in terms of conscript armies;

[1] On paper Russia disposes of from four to eight millions of soldiers; but her past record in such matters leaves one rather skeptical.

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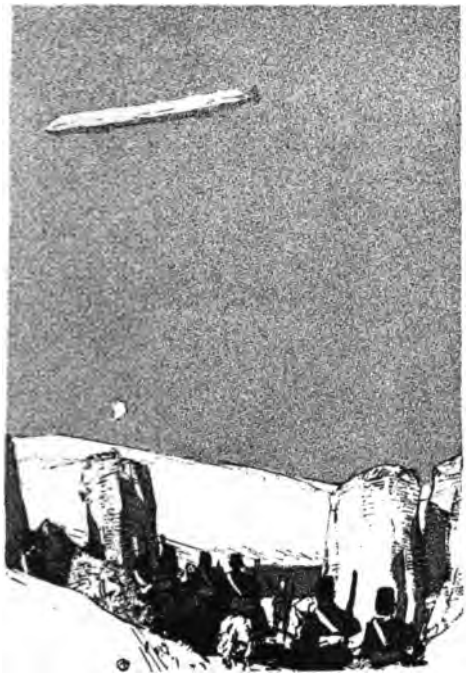

Germany cannot make any large gains; but Russia is only just beginning. A success in the present war may merely whet her appetite; a failure will leave her more determined than in the past to develop her resources further.

Incidentally to these struggles the question of customs unions arises. In an attempt to gain size, in the case of nations, one may expect after the war to see efforts made at larger customs zones in Europe. Prussia has already tested the efficacy of such means for political enlargement. And it may also be pointed out that no adjustment is more conducive to peace than a destruction of the customs barriers between countries. If a few of our extreme pacifists would go out of oratory and go into negotiations for demolishing tariff walls, they would accomplish much more for the peace of the world.

The old distinction between Europe and Asia is fast becoming less clear. In the north, Russia nearly spans the two continents. In the south, the transitions from Vienna through Constantinople to Delhi and thence to Tokio are not to be thought of merely in terms European or Asiatic. Economic resources and organization, military power, are in many ways more important touchstones.

In undeveloped economic resources, in martial spirit, in religious zeal and cohesiveness, the Mohammedan world presents a problem for the near future. If the califate of the Ottoman Turks at Constantinople is now doomed, as many believe, a new califate will inevitably come into existence. The question is where? The most probable points are Mecca, Bagdad, Cairo, and Kabul. No one can as yet prophesy the course of events within the Mohammedan world; at the most a few factors and tendencies may be pieced together for what they are worth.

First, then, is the fact already pointed out, that a new califate will probably soon arise. To this one may add that the same tendency as in Europe toward shrinkage is proceeding in Asia and Africa, though at a slower pace. Yet pan-Mohammedanism, which is a product of this shrinkage, is distinctly in sight, and a new califate will almost inevitably tend toward a greater empire, which might eventually stretch from the heart of Africa to the head of Asia. Even if this consummation lies beyond the view of our own generation, a nearer step may not be very long deferred. The Afghan princes may quite conceivably regain their lost foothold in India, and plant the crescent once more on the towers of Delhi.

Should Mohammedanism in any form create a new empire in southwestern Asia, then once more let us turn to the map. Asia would then have most of her immense territory divided into three great masses: Russia, China, and the Mohammedan lands, with the southeast parceled out on a smaller scale. And each of those three great divisions would in turn contain easily, almost twice over, the European states lying west of Russia. In terms of bulk, in terms of modern methods of communication, Europe, compared with Asia, would be very much as Belgium was to Germany before recent events. And let us add that seventy-five years ago communication was much more difficult in Europe than it has become in Asia.

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But neither India nor Japan has yet been mentioned. It is difficult to believe that a people as intelligent and as proud as the Japanese will not perceive a tendency from which they are almost certain to suffer eventually. At the present day they have attained a momentary supremacy in Asia. They have imposed their will on China and Russia. Their alliance with England, when first entered into, was one whereby the dominant Pacific power gave them an aid which was indispensable. But the present crisis has reversed the rôles of the two allies. Great Britain first drew her fleet into the North Sea, and has now drawn her army toward the same point, so that in fact she is leaning on her alliance with Japan for securing the stability of Asia. For ten years Japan leaned on the support of England; now it is England who leans on the support of Japan. That is a considerable fact in the history of Asia.

Undoubtedly the Japanese realize all this, and perceive the precariousness of England's Asiatic prestige and position. Yet the precariousness of their own position is just as evident, because the future belongs to the great countries, and they are small. The question is, Will they attempt to seize a favorable moment and to gain expansion while there is yet time? Their policy, past and present, points on the whole to this conclusion. Their successful wars of the last twenty years have been followed by enormous annexations of territory, and an even greater spread of economic suzerainty. And now, though heavily burdened financially and free from any military menace, they have decided on large increases for their army and navy.

Japan's policy, if, as seems possible, it is to take an aggressive form, may lie along one of several lines. China for the moment holds together in the hands of a strong and politic military dictator. But is it worth more than his life? Is not rupture in sight? And may not Japan eventually succeed in creating a great continental empire from the fragments? If this is not her ambition, or if she finds her way barred, then she may turn to the Pacific, and in the Pacific it is the colonies of European powers, and our two great possessions, the Philippines and Alaska, that might prove the most tempting baits.

For the moment, however, it would seem as though the Japanese statesmen were wisely bent on avoiding quarrels with Europe and America, while concentrating their efforts on the political and economic penetration of China. This course may be less dangerous to us than the other; but the values involved are very shifting. The great events proceeding in Europe may affect the world situation profoundly; and in a general sense it is true to say that Japan feels the spur of the situation, and is likely to respond in ways that in any case must constitute a danger.

The question of the Pacific cannot be approached merely from its Asiatic side; there is also an American one. To understand that we must glance back at the course of our history. Our early statesmen, George Washington and Monroe among them, wisely believed that our remoteness from Europe was our greatest blessing, and that we should utilize it by keeping out of all possible entanglements. It might even be better on occasion not to trade with Europe at all than to run the risk of complication. As to diplomatic intercourse, the less the better; and that

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carried on by plain citizens, men of business or of law. That position was entirely comprehensible, let us say wise.

It was wise, in view of our size at that epoch, of our relations with the outside world, and of the state of communications. But from that epoch to the present, in a hundred years or so, a tremendous transformation has proceeded. Our people have slowly filled up our boundaries, and in places have already begun to migrate beyond. Communication has been phenomenally increased and cheapened. Our relations with the outside world are growing by leaps and bounds. Would Washington, at the present day, lay down for us the same policy that he did a century ago? It is not conceivable.

Already by 1823 the situation had changed. Our power had increased, our outlook widened; and we stated to France and Russia, and other powers, who were glancing across the Atlantic at South America, that we were more interested in that part of the world than they, and that we *commanded* them to abstain from interference there.

Then came the steamboat, and the Atlantic and all the other seas began to dwindle. And after the steamboat came the telegraph, and a message flashed from America to Europe in seconds instead of weeks or months. In 1861 came the great military and naval expedition of France against Mexico; but it so happened that the United States was able to place half a million soldiers in the field at that epoch, and eventually compelled France to withdraw. Since then the processes of expansion and interpenetration have proceeded with ever-increasing velocity. At the present day a population about equal to that of France and Germany occupies in the United States a territory that could hold those two countries six times over. Within the last few years we have come into close contact with the Spanish-American people lying to the south of us. We have fought Spain, and taken from her Cuba and the Philippines; we have dug a canal through Spanish-American territory; we have imposed a protectorate on some part of Central America; and finally we have intervened, though with uncertain policies, in the internal affairs of Mexico. These are all symptoms of a tendency of which the foundations are to be found in the racial and economic expansion that we are now going through. And it is safe to predict that this expansion still has before it a lengthy future.

The effect of these events on the United States in terms military presents features of resemblance with what may be seen in Germany. In the latter country a tremendous outburst of economic energy was coupled with a large increase of industrialism and city population. Food productions rapidly fell toward the danger-point. A badly conducted diplomatic policy tended to encircle Germany with enemies and threaten her supplies, while on the other hand colonial ambition was aroused. A powerful navy was the inevitable result.

In the United States the reasons through which a great fleet came into existence were similar, but not the same. The Spanish War revealed the inadequacy of our armaments; no American citizen can afford to leave unread Admiral Chadwick's admirable account of how some of our supposed men-of-war had to be towed around the Caribbean Sea! This revelation, together with the increasing demand for the application of moral pressure at Spanish-American ports, indicated the need for an adequate navy. The pressure of our capital, of our exports, of our mining and engineering experts; the digging of Panama; the consciousness of future developments of ever-increasing magnitude in the same direction—all made for the creation of the present American navy.

But the expansion of the United States can be seen in its true proportions only as a phase of the expansion of England. And England, in the form of Canada, lies to

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the north of us, our neighbor on the American Continent. Canada and the United States together are roughly of the same size as all Europe, including European Russia; or of the Russian Empire; or of China; or of the federation which some day may be created in South America. The climatic, agricultural, and economic conditions of the two countries are similar. Political and social ideas are tending in the same general direction. A common language creates a strong bond, increased by a similar tendency toward pacific and industrial aims. The most serious international problems, those that come from over the Atlantic and over the Pacific, are the same for both countries. To the thinking American, Canada is virtually with us, save for an uncomfortable line of customs that checks a closer intercourse between two kindred communities.

Canada and the United States are face to face with the same troublesome and dangerous question, that of Asiatic immigration. It fortunately does not belong to the present discussion, and we need only note its danger and difficulty, with one point more. With the same problem to face, Canada and the United States inevitably tend to act together. It is probable that behind the scenes British diplomacy, with the advantage of the Japanese alliance, has already attempted to find a solution by pacific means. If such means should fail ultimately, then it is our fleet coming through Panama into the Pacific that must protect not only the coast of California, but, should the occasion arise, that of British Columbia as well.

It is through coöperation between Canada and the United States, it is at the point where the English-speaking people bulk largest in numbers and space, that a greater association can be formed. For a good many years past Great Britain has attempted to find a formula for Imperial Federation. She has failed. Her failure is due to two things: one is that it is not possible to build a tariff wall within which she and her wide-spread colonies can enter on equal terms. The other reason is that however great her wealth and power, she is too small and lies in a geographical spot that is bad as the expansion of the world proceeds to-day.

The world cares far less than it did twenty-five or even ten years ago about what the terms empire, monarchy, republic, federation, may be held to imply; but it cares more than ever it did about the economic conditions affecting the ordinary citizen under whatever form of government he may be living. . . . It is along such lines as these that the advent of the American fleet into the Pacific should bring us closer to the other English-speaking states, and lay the foundations of a new and greater empire. We surely have outgrown any jealousy, any dislike, with which we formerly looked on the British flag. We surely have become too great to continue the country attorney policies that have too often done duty for statesmanship in the conduct of our foreign affairs. We surely can see the advantage, and the honor, of advancing on a broadened path of nationalism toward a future in which we should form the solid and splendid base of a group of mutually supporting Commonwealths. With its center and bulk of population stretching from Key West to Vancouver, one of its members wide across the Atlantic, another wide across the Pacific, the English-speaking world would take a new shape, and the British Empire would make way for something far stronger, in which not only Great Britain and the United States would find an equal place, but also the four growing young sisters, Canada, New Zealand, Australia, and South Africa. To understand and to wish a thing is half way to having it. If in the momentous developments of the next few years, in which the Canal and Asia must play a larger part, we fix our minds on the possibilities here indicated, not in any petty spirit of aggrandizement, but in that broader and humane spirit that has marked so much of our Mother Country's accomplished work, who knows but that we in turn may carry that work on to even greater ends? All that we need is to rise to a larger view of our responsibilities.[1]

[1] R. M. Johnston, "The Imperial Future of the United States," Infantry Journal, Nov., 1913.

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Love-songs

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

WHAT is love?
Love is when you touch me;
Love is a noise of stars singing as they march;
Love is a voice of worlds glad to be together;
What is love?

There is a strong wall about me to protect me:
It is built of the words you have said to me.

There are swords about me to keep me safe:
They are the kisses of your lips.

Before me goes a shield to guard me from harm:
It is the shadow of your arms between me and danger.

All the wishes of my mind know your name,
And the white desires of my heart
They are acquainted with you.
The cry of my body for completeness,
That is a cry to you.
My blood beats out your name to me, unceasing, pitiless—
Your name, your name.

My body talks about you in the night,
My hand says soft, "His hand is like a shield."
My cheek grows warm, remembering your lips.
My arms reach blindly out into the dark;
My pulses say, "We cannot beat without him";
And my eyes do not speak at all, for what they know is
beyond being said.
My body talks about you all night long.
I cannot sleep, my body talks so loud.

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See, I lead you to my heart.
It is a winding way, the way to my heart;
It is thorn-beset and very long;
It is walled and buttressed; it is sentineled,
And none could ever find the way alone.
So take my hand,
And I will lead you to my heart.

Our hearts lie so close
That when your heart trembles,
Mine will be afraid.

Our hearts beat so near
That when your heart stirs,
Mine will hear it.

Our hearts speak so loud
That all the world must know.

I have lost track of what world I am living in
Or what day I am seeing;
I only know that there is blue about—
The blue of your eyes;
I only know that there is music somewhere—
Words quick and broken that you have said.

Your parted lips hard on mine,
Your sudden arms crushing heaven into my heart,
Your broken words that tell me nothing and everything—

When God is thundering the last world into oblivion,
And quenching the farthest star,
And putting blackness around,
We two will cling to each other.

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"'Them bees never stung a livin' thing before, human or critter. I hope they hain't misliked y'"

The Bees

By SOPHIE KERR UNDERWOOD

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

HESTER RINGGOLD hurried down through the garden, past the rows of herbs and vegetables, ducking under the branches of the lilac-bushes until she came to the flowering crab-apple-trees, which showered pink-and-white petals on her colony of bee-skeps, shining like mounds of gold in the sun. She paused a moment, for all her haste, to look at them with pride. Hester was the only woman in the whole neighborhood who could twist a rope of rye-straw and wind it into a shapely, weatherproof bee-skep, and she took keen pleasure in the simple art and would have none of the new-fangled hives of sawed boards. This morning, though, she had little time to linger and admire. Her hands were full of strips of black cloth, hastily torn, and at each skep she stopped and knotted a piece of the somber stuff into the yellow straw. She moved quite fearlessly among the bees, without veil or gloves, a tall, magnificent woman, with a coil of heavy, tawny, sunburned hair that matched the deep sunburn of her smooth skin. She worked quickly, and had reached the last skep but two when her husband, Anse' Ringgold, called from the barn:

"Get your hat, Hes'. I 'm comin' right up."

In a few minutes he appeared, leading the bay mare hitched to the spring-wagon. He had on his ugly Sunday clothes, and a cheap black derby hat that aped the fashion and did not suit his placid, rustic head. Anse', in his way, was as fine and handsome as his wife, though his shoulders

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were stooped a little and thickened from the heavy farm work, and he was awkward, as are most country men, unless they are at some accustomed task. He got into the spring-wagon and waited, reins in hand. Presently Hester came up from the garden and handed him a great bunch of dark-fronded tansy sprays.

"Here, Anse'," she said, "put these in the back, f'r it 's likely they might want some to lay in the coffin. I was tellin' the bees. Seemed 's if I ought to do that after Unc' Jonas taught me all I know about 'em."

He nodded and did as Hester directed, and she went on into the house. Presently she came out in her hat and shawl, and climbed into the spring-wagon beside Anse', and they drove away. They talked little on the road. Once Anse' exclaimed regretfully:

"I wisht I could 've got them melons in." Hester answered:

"Death takes no 'count of seed-time ner harvest, 'pears like. Funny, when you spoke up about the melons, I was sittin' here studyin' about the bees. Last year come this time I 'd had two swarmin's. I hope some of 'em takes it into their heads to swarm to-day whilst we 're off."

"You always talk like they was humans," said Anse', with a little smile.

"They got more sense 'n humans some ways," maintained Hester. "Unc' Jonas ust to quote Bible that bees was the wisest of insecks. Land! what store he set by the old sayin's! If I 've heard him say over

> A swarm o' bees in May
> Is wuth a load o' hay

oncet, I 've heard him say it a million times. Seems like I cain't figure out that he 's gone."

"He was prob'ly glad to go, 'flicted like he was," Anse' replied reflectively.

"Prob'ly," assented Hester; "an' he was well prepared, if ever anybody was."

There was a long silence between them after that, but finally Hester brought out with a sigh:

"I should n't wonder if there 'd be conflictions between Aunt Myry and Zelia over the prop'ty. They ain't never agreed over nothin' sence Unc' Jonas brought Aunt Myry home. 'T ain't in natur' to like a stepmother ner a stepchild, I suppose; but they cert'n'y have had powerful rookuses between 'em. I cain't never be sure whose fault it is, neither."

"If you ask me, it 's Zelia's," replied Anse'. "She 's always been a forward piece an' she 's got a kind a mean streak in her, like her ma's folks." There was no malice in his condemnation. He was merely telling what he had seen and concluded.

"I reckon you 've made out the rights of it," said Hester, sighing again. And she would have said the same if he had laid the blame the other way. Whatever Anse' said was right to Hester.

They drove briskly, for they had fourteen miles to cover, and the road was very rough. Twice they had to ford streams, and there were long hills that tried the bay mare, and long stretches of sand that could be traversed only at a walk. Though they had started early, it was near noon when they reached the farm, Jonas Massey's farm, who was Hester's own uncle, and who now lay dead in the front room of the two-story house that he had built with his second wife's money, and of which he had bragged inordinately even when his "afflictions" were laid on him and he became a bedridden sufferer.

The yard and the lane were full of vehicles, for the country-side had rallied to what they knew would be a notably big funeral, even in a community where funerals were always mighty gatherings. Hester Ringgold got out and went into the house to condole with the mourners and to help with the dinner—the lavish dinner that must be prepared for all who had come, no matter how many. It was the pride of those bereaved to make this meal something to be told of with admiring envy throughout the neighborhood for months afterward. A family that did not provide amply, nay, extravagantly, for the funeral dinner was the target of certain scorn, and held to have slighted the dead.

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Anse' stayed outside to unharness and feed his horse, and then he joined the other men, who had gathered in the shade of the corn-crib, out of the warm sun of the May noon. Desultory talk went on among them.

"He left a pretty good passel of worldly goods," said one of the older men as Anse' came up. "Yes, sir, I call it a pretty good passel."

"'T wa'n't his, though," broke in another. "'T was mostly all come to him with Myry. Jonas did n't have much tell he married the secont time."

"Cur'us, hain't it," philosophized another, "how frequent men gets it good in their secont marriage that had n't no luck at all with the first? Seems like a man gits better jedgment with women when he picks a secont—more choicy like."

"Jonas's first was a Deevers," piped up an old man, "an' while there ain't no call to misname the dead, it ain't fur from the truth to say she had all the Deevers temper, and was puny besides. An' Zelia 's her very spi't an' image, only not so puny. But Myry, now, she 's a good woman, Myry is."

"I don't hold with secont marriages," said Anse' Ringgold, slowly, his big body towering over the group. "I hold that ef you 're married oncet, accordin' to Bible you 're married f'r this world and the next."

"It 's a fine p'int," said a little lame man, a local preacher of some repute. "I don't know 's but I think you got the Bible with you, Anse'."

"Yes, Anse' has got the rights of it," remarked another, dryly, "f'r everybody knows he 's got one of the finest-hearted women that ever stepped. He don't want no secont, certain."

A chuckle went around the group. Anse' started to answer when a little girl about ten came running down from the house and stopped before them.

"Ma says," she began, twisting her toe into the dirt in confusion—"ma says you-all should come ter dinner." Then she turned and fled into the house twice as fast as she had come.

"One o' Myry's, hain't she?" asked the local preacher as they straggled toward the house.

"Three older, 'n' two younger," succinctly replied Jonas Massey's nearest neighbor. "An' all livin'."

There was a long table set across the kitchen floor, and the men sat down around it, to eat and be waited on by the mourning family and the women friends who had come to help. Just as Anse' Ringgold would have taken his place, Hester touched him on the arm and beckoned him outside.

"Come off a little ways," she whispered, and they walked down toward the barn until they were well out of earshot.

"It 's about Zelia," she said. "I had n't no more 'n got my hat off when Aunt Myry opened out. She says Zelia sha'n't on no 'count stay with her, an' she don't lay out to give her nothin' of what Unc' Jonas left. An' Zelia she up an' said she would n't have nothin' even if 't was give', an' she would n't stay even if Aunt Myry wanted her; and they had it back an' forth."

"Yes, honey," said Anse', smiling; "an' *you* said you did n't want no hard words passed whilst the dead was unburied, and that Zelia was welcome to come along home with us to-night, did n't you?"

"How 'd you know?" said Hester, drawing back.

Anse' gave a little chuckle.

"Think we ain't lived together fifteen year' come Christmas that I don't know what 's in your head as well as if 't was mine?" he asked.

"Well, you got the rights of it, Anse'," said Hester. "I said pretty nigh them very words. Zelia 's my own cousin, an' I don't 'low for any of my blood kin to want f'r a home whilst I got one. But you know I won't do nothing without your say-so, an' if it ain't agreeable to you to have Zelia, we 'll just pass her on to Aunt Ca'line Massey, acrost the valley."

"S' far 's I 'm concerned, Hes'," said Anse', "if you 're satisfied, I 'm satisfied. If Zelia 's minded to be purty round the house and help you fair, I say let 's take

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her an' treat her kindly. But she ain't goin' to come an' start any of her tantrums. That 's flat."

"I 'll take care o' that," said Hester. "Now you go long an' eat. We got to get things cleared up f'r the services. Aunt Myry 'lows to have things mighty fulsome. She 's got three preachers, an' ol' man Janders to pray."

It was almost sundown before the long burial service was over and the slow procession returned from the family burying-ground on the hillside above the green wheat-field. Anse' hurried to hitch the mare to the spring-wagon, and Hester helped Zelia pack her belongings into an old skin-covered trunk, and tried to cheer the girl in what her tender heart felt to be a tragic situation. But Zelia wanted no cheering. She flung her clothes into the trunk in raging haste. She snatched from the wall the picture of her own mother that had always hung there, and she pushed out of her path spitefully the wondering little stepsisters who had been no party to her hurt. As they went downstairs, Hester put a protecting arm around her; but Zelia held herself as straight and stiff as a ramrod and would not acknowledge the kindness. By Hester's heroic figure she looked no more than a little girl, or a little doll—one of those little china dolls children used to have, with scalloped black hair on her forehead and hard, bright blue eyes. Her lips and her cheeks were as red as if they were painted, and her throat was singularly white. She climbed up into the spring-wagon and did not turn her head to say good-by to the worn-out and goaded stepmother who came to the door with her children about her, and would have taken back her harsh words of the morning if Zelia had shown any signs of softening.

Anse' looked at the rigid little figure curiously, then, as Hester got in beside them, he and she exchanged a meaning look over Zelia's head.

"You 'd 'a' better said good-by to your stepma," said Hester, mildly, as they drove away. "After all, she 's been pretty good to you, an' she was feelin' tol'able upset this mornin' when she spoke like she did."

Zelia made no answer, but her little doll-like face set into rigid lines of obstinacy.

"Well, well," went on Hester, "we 'll say no more about it. Oncet you 're home with Anse' an' me, we 're goin' to try to make you forget how onpleasant things has been f'r you. I 'm layin' out to teach you to help with the bees. Unc' Jonas he was a master hand with bees, an' I expec' you 'll prove the same."

"I hate 'em," said Zelia, sharply. "Nasty stingin' things!"

Anse' and Hester again exchanged a look over Zelia's head. During all that long drive Zelia did not speak again, and when they reached the house, late in the cool darkness of the May night, she got out stiffly, and without a word suffered herself to be conducted to the little bedroom that opened off the kitchen. Hester turned back the top of the gay Rose of Sharon quilt and the white homespun sheet and left her with a kindly good night. But even then Zelia's sullenness did not break. Hester went back to Anse' with a look of discouragement in her kind eyes.

"Maybe it 's just that she 's wore out with her pappy's dyin' an' the funeral an' Aunt Myry an' all," she said to Anse', excusingly.

Anse' inserted his heel in the bootjack and gave a mighty heave.

"I wisht I thought so," he said dryly. "Here, where you goin'?"

Hester paused at the doorway.

"I just thought I 'd run down the garden an' see if the bees was all right, 'r if they 'd swarmed or anything."

"Now, Hes'," said Anse', poising the bootjack for another bout, "you can't see nothing in this dark."

"I c'n *sense* a swarm," retorted Hester and was gone. "Ever'thing 's all right," she reported happily a few moments later.

"Well, I 'low you got somethin' besides your bees to baby over now," prophesied Anse', gloomily attacking his stiff shirt

"'Huh, what you gawpin' at me that away for? Sometimes you act like you was moonstruck or somethin'"

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collar. "If Zelia keeps on like she 's started, y' got your hands full."

But the next morning Zelia had thawed a little. She got up early, and helped with the breakfast and the milking. After that she went with Hester to feed the chickens. Anse' was striding off far down the lane, hoe over his shoulder, his melon-seed box under his arm, all his thoughts on the delayed planting. Zelia looked long after his departing figure.

"Cousin Anse' shorely is a big man," she vouchsafed at last.

Hester laughed richly.

"Laws, child," she said with relish, "when we was courtin', he was the fines'-lookin' young feller you could ever think of. We 're both gittin' along a little now, an' he ain't so up-headed as he was, but he 's got the best heart—an' he 's the kindest. He could n't say a ha'sh word to nobody." She gazed after him with pride and love in her eyes. Zelia continued to look, too.

"Yes, Cousin Anse' shorely is one big man," she repeated. In the clear sunlight her fresh red-and-white prettiness was more doll-like than ever. Hester glanced at her admiringly; it seemed to her that if she had a daughter of her own she would want her to look just that way. And the thought of Zelia's recent bereavement made her reach over and give her a tender pat on the shoulder.

"Now come along an' see my bee-skips," she said. "An' then we got to dust round and churn and get to thinking about dinner. I was layin' out to bake some potato custards. Anse' likes 'em, but Anse' 'd eat crumb pie if they wa'n't no other kind of pie to be had."

"Is Cousin Anse' so pow'ful' fond of pie?" asked Zelia, curiously, as they turned to the garden.

"I never yet seen a man that was n't pow'ful' fond of pie," laughed Hester, throwing back her fine head, gaily; "but Anse' is the beateree."

"Don't you never wear no sunbonnet?" asked Zelia, her cold, blue eyes fixed on Hester's sunburned throat.

"I cain't, somehow," said Hester, unconsciously checked in her mirth. "It seems to kind o' smother me."

"That 's why you 're so terrible brown," said Zelia in a self-satisfied tone. "It 'u'd just kill me to get all browned up like that."

There was a silence.

"There 's the bees," said Hester, trying to keep her voice natural and cool. "Anse' laughs at me, I 'lot on 'em so. But I work out here in the garden s' much by myself that they kind o' make comp'ny f'r me. There 's somethin' powerful folksy about bees, oncet you get to know 'em. Don't them old-fashioned skips look purty settin' out like that? Jest the color of the honey they got inside. Uncle Jonas taught me how to make a bee-skip, an' I make all o' mine. If you want, I 'll show you how, an' you can start one or two for yourself. More, if you want 'em."

"I don't want to bother," said Zelia. "I 'm afraid of 'em."

Hester went on ahead a little.

"You need n't be afraid of mine," she said. "They 're nice-dispositioned." But even as she spoke, three or four bees from the nearest skep began to buzz angrily about, and Zelia waved her arms wildly and backed away.

"Stand still!" commanded Hester. "It drives bees crazy to have people jumpin' about. Stand still, I tell y', or you 'll get stung."

The words had hardly left her lips when Zelia shrieked and, throwing her apron over her head, flew for the house. Hester hastened after her, worried and puzzled.

"Where 'd you git stung, Zelia?" she asked, as they gained the vantage-ground of the kitchen.

"Here on my arm," snapped out Zelia, wrathfully. "The nasty thing! I told y' I was afraid of 'em. I don't see why you made me go along out there."

"There, there," soothed Hester, "it 's all upset y'. Lemme draw the sting out and put hartshorn on the place, an' it 'll stop hurtin'." But she turned away to rummage in her medicine-shelf with a puzzled air, and when she came back with

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the bottle of hartshorn, she said: "I cain't und'stand it. Them bees never stung a livin' thing before, human or critter. I hope they hain't misliked y'."

The rest of the morning passed more pleasantly. Zelia unpacked her trunk and made up her bed. She swept the big front room that took up all the space of Hester's little house save the tiny kitchen and kitchen bedroom. She even said a word in admiration of the exquisite log-cabin quilt that decorated the four-post bed in the corner. She swept up the fireplace with the little hearth broom of twigs. Hester marked it all, and her feelings of misgiving and uncertainty melted away before the girl's evident desire to be useful.

"It 's just that she was n't never treated right at home that makes her act so unlikely now an' again," she thought to herself. She made several plans for the future while she was rolling her pie-crust. She would take Zelia into Four Corners some time soon and trade in enough eggs to get her stuff for a white summer dress. Hester had a pleasant vision of the two of them sewing through long, warm afternoons. Maybe, too, Zelia would like to learn to spin and weave, two old-fashioned arts in which Hester excelled. She thought of her little flax-wheel up in the loft, and how much pleasure it would be for her to teach the girl the use of it. "It 'll be most the same as if we had a da'ter," thought Hester, wistfully. It had been a constant heartache to her that she had borne no children.

But when they sat down to their noon dinner of flaky quick biscuit, dried beans cooked with salt pork, and one of the potato custard pies, the spirit of perversity again seized upon Zelia.

"Land! Cousin Hes'," she shrilled out, glancing at her plate, "you eat 's much as a man."

Hester flushed a little, but drew her lips together and did not answer. Seeing that her shot had told, Zelia preened herself complacently and asked Anse' most amiably about his crops. This was sheer art, for his farm was the thing dearest to Anse's heart.

He expatiated on his corn, his oats, his melon-patch, just made. He 'lowed to raise a little patch of buckwheat, too. Hester, seeing that he had not marked Zelia's thrust at her, was well content to see him pleased and interested. She even made excuses for Zelia's ill temper to herself. "She ain't nothin' but a child," she thought, "an' she just outs with everything that comes into her head. I do wisht, though, the bees would 'a' took to her. I cain't understand how they come to sting her."

"Now, Zelia," she said aloud when the meal was over, "you jump up an' get y'r Cousin Anse's pipe an' t'bacca. It 's up on the chimney-shelf."

Zelia jumped to do her bidding with alacrity. She even brought in a live coal for a light, with little cries of alarm lest she should drop it. She played at service with a rustic coquettishness that sat well on her round little figure, and when she laughed, looking up at Anse' as he puffed out the first great clouds of smoke, she was as pretty and as cunning as a playful kitten.

"My goodness!" she cried, "I don't reach up to y'r elbow hardly. You shorely are a big man, Cousin Anse'." She affected to measure herself against his arm, and in so doing rubbed her plump shoulder against him. Watching her, a queer, cold feeling crept into Hester's heart.

"Now," she said briskly, "let 's get the dishes red up before we se' down." And Zelia, with a toss of her head, came to help.

THE fair vision that Hester had had of a daughter who would sew and bake by her side, to whom she could teach her skill in spinning and weaving, who would take pleasure in her garden and delight in her bees, slowly, very slowly vanished in the days that followed. To be sure, Zelia had her good days—days when she would be gentle—that is, quiet—enough, would work skilfully and well, would restrain her sharp tongue, and then, presto, all was changed. She would loaf and loiter, and slight the light round of duties that Hes-

ter had laid out for her, and would lose no chance to cast some petty taunt, some malicious little slap, at Hester. But she never did this before Anse' or when there was any danger of his noticing it. Before him she was as sweet as honey, waiting on him, cajoling him, playing around him, all artlessly artful, now the teasing child, and now and then, very subtly, the alluring woman. He commented on her favorably to Hester.

"Zelia 's doin' purty well, seems to me. I reckon all she needed was to git away from your Aunt Myry. She 's a good biddable girl here."

And Hester always acquiesced. Her heart ached over Zelia. She did not want to send her on to the drudgery of Aunt Ca'line Massey's meager home, though there were moments when she was tempted to do it. She brought all of her homely common sense to bear on the situation. Once she meditated on answering Zelia with a taunt as cruel and as keen as Zelia's own, but her big heart forbade. Then, remorseful for having even thought of such a cruel thing, she made a special trip to town and came back with a parcel of gifts which she felt sure would definitely win Zelia's affections. There was white lawn for a dress, a lace collar, and a length of scarlet ribbon for her hair.

This last Zelia seized upon.

"Oh, ain't that the purtiest thing!" she cried out. "Thank y' kindly, Cousin Hes'."

Then she turned quickly to the mirror, and knotted the ribbon about her black curls. It was startlingly becoming, and she smiled at her image and turned her head this way and that to get the full effect. In the glass she could see Hester standing behind her, and without turning her head or taking her eyes off herself, she said laughingly: "My—oh—this here 's a regular man-catcher, fer sure. I 'm goin' right down to the field and show it to Anse'. I 'll bet he 'll like it." And she flashed out of the house like a gay little parrakeet flying to its mate.

For a moment Hester stood perfectly still, struck dumb with the insolence of it. Then she slowly picked up the length of lawn and the lace collar and carried them into Zelia's room and laid them on the chest of drawers. She looked about the disordered little room, the bed carelessly made, clothes thrown about, the furniture set crooked. "She did n't even say 'Cousin Anse'," said Hester Ringgold aloud. "Ta'nts me to my very face. Well." The red of slow anger surged up under her brown skin, and her cheeks burned. She slowly took off her town dress and put on her calico and big apron. She was just pinning this when steps sounded on the porch, and Zelia came flying in, a thunder-cloud on her face.

"He was n't there," she said angrily. "He 's gone to the mill." She snatched the red ribbon off her hair, and untied the bow with a jerk. Then she turned on Hester sharply. "Huh, what you gawpin' at me that away for? Sometimes you act like you was moonstruck or somethin'."

Hester caught her breath. She looked down at Zelia with entire calmness, though she could feel not only her cheeks, but her whole body, burn with rage.

"Now," she said, "you 'n' me 'll have to have an understandin'. Whilst you 're in my house, you 've got to keep a civil tongue in your head. You don't rightly sense what an ugly way you got of speakin'. Don't you never again, s' long as you live, use such words to me."

She wanted to go on and tell Zelia plainly that she must leave Anse' alone, but her pride forbade. She could not put such an indignity on her love for Anse'. Besides, Zelia looked so little, so young. Hester's anger left her as suddenly as it had come. "Now, Zelia," she said soothingly, "what 's the use of you havin' these ugly spells? Why can't you live here with Anse' an' me as peaceable as we always lived before you come?"

At Anse's name, Zelia flung up her head and looked at Hester, and the hate in her eyes was as black as the color of them. With a comprehending little laugh that was all sneer, she drew back and went into her bedroom, and did not come out until supper was ready. Then she ap-

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"It seemed to her she would die before Anse' spoke"

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peared, serene and smiling, the red ribbon on her hair again, cajoling and flattering Anse' with every trick she knew, and now and then looking across the table to be sure that Hester missed nothing of his responsive teasing and playfulness.

"You 're so quiet, Hes'," said Anse' at last, anxiously. "Ain't you feelin' good?"

"I reckon I got a little tired goin' to the Corners to-day," answered Hester.

"Then you let Zelia here clean up the dishes whilst you set out on the porch with me," he said. And he would have it no other way.

In the cool darkness of the porch Hester looked gratefully across at Anse', and moved her chair so that she could touch his shirt-sleeve without his knowing it. In this mesh of painful circumstance that surrounded them she could still count on Anse' absolutely. This was Anse', her own man. A feeling of calm and security stole over her racked nerves. She touched Anse's arm.

"Look at that moon over yander," she said softly. "It 's as round and yeller as one o' my bee-skips."

"Just about," he answered. "How you feelin' by now, honey? Any more rested?"

The peace and content that that evening hour with Anse' brought to Hester were not with her when she wakened the next morning. She dreaded to face the day, as she had been dreading the days before. She dreaded Zelia. She could not mistake the hate in the girl's heart. But she took a larger part in the conversation, and she quietly checkmated Zelia in some of her attentions to Anse', although her quickened perceptions told her that this was only a feeble defense. She felt that Zelia would fight desperately for the affection on which she had centered her perverse and thwarted nature. The increasing heat of summer made the strain of the situation sharper.

To work in her garden, where the drowsy humming of the bees drifted pleasantly through the greenness, was Hester's chief solace. Zelia never came near her there, because of her fear of the hot-tempered little people of the yellow skeps, so Hester could go about her garden tasks in comforting solitude. As her quick, brown fingers flew in and out among the bean-vines, her mind dwelt on Anse' and Zelia.

"If she only had a suitor!" thought Hester. "But none of the young men hereabouts can abide her. Seems like they sense her double nature. I cain't help a-wondering if there 's *any* good in the girl. I 've took her in and done for her as if she was my own, but it ain't no use. It 's just 's if, instead of being sick to her body, she 's sick to her natur', full of hate an' despisery an' ill wishes. And then her everlastin' foolin' around Anse', an' he never s'spectin' a thing. Or maybe does he?" It leaped into her head with a terrifying emphasis. But she loyally pushed the thought back.

She lifted up the pan of beans she had picked and started slowly for the house. Anse' was at the well, drawing a bucket of water, and he did not hear or see her coming. Neither did Zelia as she stole out of the house behind Anse'. Standing on her tiptoes, she reached up and around, and clapped her hands over his eyes.

"Guess who," she called out gaily. Hester stopped and watched. The familiarity of the playful gesture turned her sick and faint. She trembled with the fierce beating of her heart. It seemed to her she would die before Anse' spoke. What would he say! *What would he say!*

"Here, look out!" he called impatiently, shaking himself free. "Y' made me spill about ha'f. Sometimes y' act like y' had n't good sense, Zelia."

There was no mistaking the impatience in his voice and his complete unconsciousness. Hester stepped behind the corner of the house and drew a long breath. Then she walked briskly around to the well. Zelia had drawn back sullenly, and Anse' was quite intent on his bucket. He looked up as Hester approached.

"Want a drink, Hes'?" he asked good-naturedly. "I 'm pret' near parched down in the corn-field. I 'm a-goin' to stop cultivatin' now tell the sun goes off a little

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this aft'noon." And presently he went off, unknowing, care-free.

It seemed to Hester Ringgold that she could not set her foot inside of her house again while it held Zelia. She had to force herself over the threshold and into the kitchen. Zelia eyed Hester narrowly as she entered.

"I 'll shell them beans," she said, holding out her hand for the pan.

"Nev' mind," said Hester, not looking at her and hardly opening her lips. And Zelia, with her characteristic toss of the head, left her alone.

But Hester could not get back her self-control. As she went about her homely preparations for dinner, peeling potatoes, shelling beans, piling wood into the cook-stove, her heart went on pounding, pounding. The trembling that had shaken her from head to foot seized her again and again. At last she went out and walked among the bee-skeps, up and down, aimlessly, while the bees hummed around her in friendly recognition. The strips of black that she had knotted into the straw still clung there, weather-beaten and frayed. One by one Hester pulled them out.

"Your own child, Unc' Jonas," she said aloud, accusingly—"your own child striking at her own blood kin. I cain't figure what she 's made out of. We was so peaceful, Anse' an' me—an' my garden —*an' my bees*—" she looked woefully about her. "An' now—*now*—oh—I ain't a-goin' to think about it. I ain't goin' to think about it."

But she could not help thinking about it, and she could not help watching—watching. Every moment that Anse' was in the house she found herself watching him, wondering, then watching Zelia, wondering—wondering. But there was nothing to see, nothing to hear. Anse' was just the same as he had always been, big and kind and gentle. Or was he changing? *Was he changing?* Sometimes panic seized Hester, and she felt as if she must die of pain. She would not say a word to Anse'. She held her head up, and bore her suffering without a sign. But she lived in a maze of cruel emotions, in a keen suspense. What—what was happening to her—and Anse'? If she could only know!

There came a cloudless Sunday in late August when they lingered long at breakfast. Anse' picked up his pipe and went out on the little porch. Zelia slipped after him. Hester was piling up the dishes, but she paused and listened. Zelia's voice came to her distinctly.

"You shorely air a powerful big man, Cousin Anse'. I thought so the first time I seen you, an' the more I look at you, the bigger an' more pow'ful you look to me. How come you ever married a great, strappin' woman like Cousin Hes'? Mos' big men takes up with little women—like me."

The voice was insinuating, coaxing. Without looking, Hester knew that Zelia had her hands on Anse's arm, perhaps leaning her head against his shoulder, a childlike custom that she much affected. Hester put down the plate in her hand and waited, straining every nerve to hear what Anse' would say. Red flamed into her face. Her breast rose and fell stormily.

"You better not talk so much about things you don't know nothin' about," came the answer at last in Anse's deep, quiet voice. "An' I 'low you better go on in an' he'p Hes' in the house."

Hester drew a long, sobbing breath, half pain, half relief. She did not want to meet Zelia's eyes as she came in. She went out into the morning, and unconsciously turned her steps toward her refuge, the golden, singing bee-skeps. At first she did not look at them at all. And then she looked, and then she looked again, unbelieving, amazed.

She lifted one of the skeps, another, and then her cry brought Anse' and Zelia both.

"Anse'," cried Hester Ringgold, lifting her arms to heaven—"Anse', *the bees is gone!*"

It was true. The hives were empty. She lifted them all, one after another. They were empty. The bees were gone.

Then Hester Ringgold turned, like

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some great avenging goddess, and pointed her finger at Zelia.

"It 's you!" she said with terrible emphasis. "It 's you that done it. This here 's a sign. Many and many 's the time Unc' Jonas has told me that bees won't stay where there 's hate in the house. You know what you been doing. From the very first day sence you been here you tried to turn Anse' Ringgold to you—away from me. An' you 've despised me continual' an' wished me ill. The bees has told on you complete."

Zelia fell back before the accusation. The scarlet left her cheeks, and she looked withered and old and ugly. Hester went on:

"You little pitiful whiffet! You think you c'n turn Anse' from me! I 've lived with him f'r nigh on to fifteen year', an' we never had a cross word. Anse' an' me ain't two people; we 're bound together so 's nothing but death can part us, an' death could n't part only our bodies." She turned to Anse', and her voice softened and fell. "Sunlight an' moonlight, sleep an' waking, my life an' Anse's is shared together. There ain't no other man in the world for me, an' I know that there ain't no woman in the world f'r him but me. You cain't no more really come betwixt us than you can alter your sinful spirit, Zelia Massey. What did you try it for? We took you in an' fed you an' kept you, an' you would 'a' been like our own da'ter ef you had behaved yourself seemly. *But now you go.*"

Zelia was whimpering with anger and fright. She turned to Anse'.

"Cousin Hes' must be crazy," she sobbed. "I ain't done nothin'. Air you goin' to let her treat me so?" She peeped at him between her fingers.

Anse' looked at her blackly.

"You go in an' pack your things," he ordered. "I 'm goin' over to Jim Peters an' ask him to take y' over to Ca'line Massey's before noon." As Zelia went into the house, Anse' went up to Hester and put his arms around her. "You said it true, Hes'," he said, "sunlight an' moonlight, sleep an' wakin', our lives is shared together."

For three days the bee-skeps sat empty and silent, and then, as suddenly and as mysteriously as they had gone, the bees returned, and took up their work. Hester had come down the garden to make the first picking of the sage when she became aware that the friendly voices of the hives were again alive. She turned to look. Yes, they were there, cheerful and unconcerned. Something swelled in Hester Ringgold's heart, and the tears that would not come when she was most miserable now swam in her eyes. She took a few stumbling steps toward the bee-skeps.

"Oh—you—you don't know what you done for me!" she cried aloud. She wiped her eyes, and went on until she stood among the skeps. The bees winged about her friendly-wise. Hester laid her hand on the nearest skep and spoke, as one registering a vow before a high altar. "You 'll never have no cause to go away again," said Hester, passionately, to her bees.

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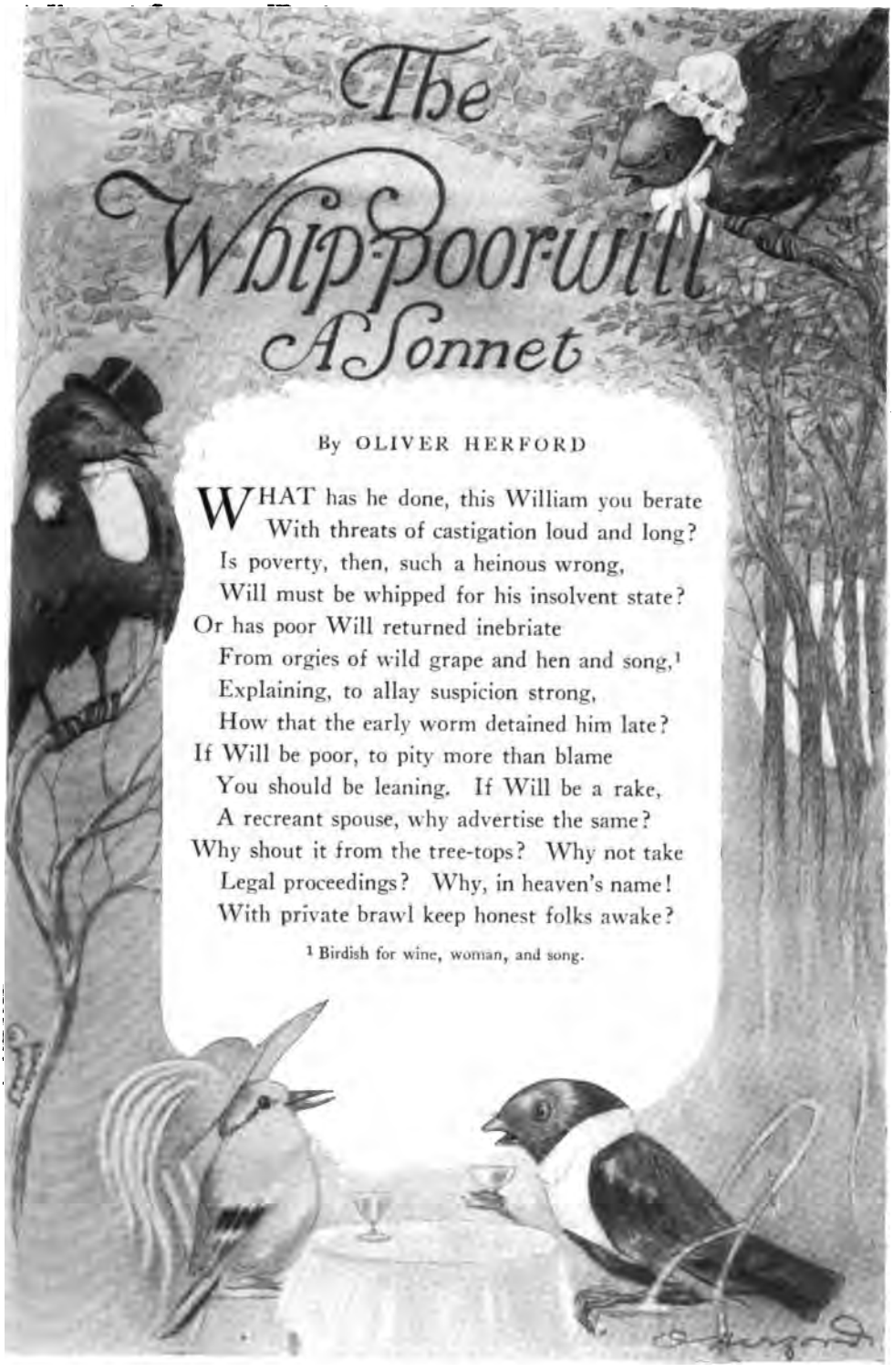

The Whip-poor-will
A Sonnet

By OLIVER HERFORD

WHAT has he done, this William you berate
With threats of castigation loud and long?
Is poverty, then, such a heinous wrong,
Will must be whipped for his insolvent state?
Or has poor Will returned inebriate
From orgies of wild grape and hen and song,[1]
Explaining, to allay suspicion strong,
How that the early worm detained him late?
If Will be poor, to pity more than blame
You should be leaning. If Will be a rake,
A recreant spouse, why advertise the same?
Why shout it from the tree-tops? Why not take
Legal proceedings? Why, in heaven's name!
With private brawl keep honest folks awake?

[1] Birdish for wine, woman, and song.

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Mine and anchor outboard

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Mounted cavalry soldier

National Defense

By LINDLEY M. GARRISON

Secretary of War

POPULAR government, like all other good things, has the defects of its virtues, and one of them is that it is difficult to center the popular attention upon a matter for a sufficient time to produce an intelligent and comprehensive treatment of it. Now that our people are to a greater or lesser extent concentrating their attention upon the matter of national defense, let us who desire to see it wisely and properly solved do whatever we can to that end.

One of the essential reasons for forming a Federal Government, as expressed in the preamble to the Constitution of the United States, was "to provide for the common defense." Those who had just had experience with the loosely formed confederacy, realized the necessity for the provision inserted in that preamble. John Adams said that "The national defense is one of the cardinal duties of a statesman"; and whatever is the duty of a statesman is a matter of interest, and should be of intense interest, to every citizen.

There is an extremely unfortunate tendency in the human mind to assume that if you are not blindly committed to one course, you must be wholly committed to its opposite. This is illustrated in the attitude of those who are worthy and zealous advocates of peace, and who cannot conceive that any one disagrees with *their way* of securing peace unless he is actively for war. I do not think it is an exaggeration to say that no sane person is for war. In the early history of mankind undoubtedly warfare was one of man's most constant activities. In the early history of communities warfare was rather the normal than the abnormal condition. Warfare has persisted throughout all the ages of recorded history, but in modern times the attention of mankind has been attracted to other and better methods of utilizing the energies, so that warfare, for its sake alone, no longer exists.

It is likewise no exaggeration to say that every sane man is for peace and for all of the blessings which peace brings with it. The real disagreement between those who are honestly minded is over the methods of producing and continuing the condition that all agree is desirable. In this consideration nothing whatever is gained by overlooking facts, and nothing

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whatever can be accomplished without considering human nature as it exists.

It hardly seems too strong a statement to make to say that the very purpose of forming a government is to provide a forceful method of compelling obedience to the rules of conduct which are established for the community. Were it not for the necessity of this force residing in such a governing authority, there would be no necessity for the formation of governments. However far humanity has progressed along the line of advancement or in civilization, it has not advanced far enough to do away with the necessity of force in the administration of its government.

In civil affairs we have reached the point where we submit our disputes to judicial tribunals. We have not done away with disputes. Men's conduct toward each other is not such that righteousness always prevails. Bitter antagonisms are aroused and continue long; opposing positions are taken on many subjects and are firmly held. Except in sporadic instances, such quarrels are decided by tribunals established for that purpose; but the enforcement of the judgment or decision is made possible only by the fact that the whole power and force of the government is back of it. The disappointed and defeated one does not yield from any agreement or acquiescence in the righteousness of the decision or because he has changed his mind or has been persuaded that he was wrong, but because the community, as represented in the government, is stronger than he is, and will overcome him if he continues to resist.

In international affairs there is as yet no similar tribunal, backed by combined force, ready to judge like disputes between nations. Whether such a condition can be brought about, is a subject of intense interest, but is not relevant to the matter that is being considered.

Every nation must have at hand force to suppress domestic insurrection, to secure the enforcement of the laws, and to repel invasion. We are all, I think, proud of what we conceive to be the American spirit. We sincerely believe that we are an upright and honorable people, not covetous of anything that belongs to another, and without intention to trench upon the rights of others. Our own history, however, shows us how even such a people and such a nation have had to face the horrors of war through about one fifth of the one hundred and forty years from the beginning of the Revolution to the present time. Without enumerating the numerous wars which preceded that of the Revolution, we find that, including and since that time, our wars have been as follows:

The war of the Revolution lasted seven years; the War of 1812 three years; the Florida war seven years; the Mexican War two years; the war between the States four years; the Spanish-American War one year, the Philippine Insurrection three and one half years; the Boxer insurrection one year; interspersed with numerous Indian wars throughout the whole period down to about 1880 or 1885. In addition thereto there have been many internal disturbances requiring the use of Federal troops, notably Shays's Rebellion, the Whisky Rebellion, the railroad riots of 1877 and the railroad strikes of 1894.

From the adoption of the Constitution to 1903 there were fourteen well-defined instances of domestic violence against the established laws of state or Federal Government which caused the President to proclaim a state of domestic insurrection. In addition to these, there have been many other occasions where Federal aid has been solicited, and in most cases has been furnished, but that were not regarded as of sufficient importance to warrant the application of all the rules laid down by the statutes. There has been scarcely a year since the beginning of the Government that the army has not been called upon to quell disturbances too great for the state authorities to handle. To date, the Federal troops have had to come to the assistance of the civil authorities in about ninety instances.

By reason of the attitude which our people have taken toward military matters, we had never taken proper precau-

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The battery on the right is in action; the battery in the foreground is waiting its turn to fire

tions, and have consequently been in no condition for any of the wars in which this country has engaged. Revolting, as the earlier settlers did, against anything that smacked of military despotism, they very naturally, but unfortunately, refused to give proper attention to military precautions, and hence were not properly prepared or ready when the time of need came.

There is nowhere in the pages of history anything more pitiable than Washington's experience with the military situation with which he had to contend. While in those days there was a very much larger body of men whose lives in the open made them acquainted with the use of the rifle than there ever has been since, the untrained, undisciplined, unformed troops that were furnished to him make his eventual success seem almost miraculous.

Scarcely was the Revolution over before we were on the verge of war with France, and actually did go to war again with Great Britain in 1812. Notwithstanding the frightful experience of the Revolution and the lessons which it should have taught, our nation had taken no proper precautions, and entered into that struggle absolutely unready and unprepared for it. An almost unbroken series of disasters on land was the inevitable result. The notable exception, of course, being the battle of New Orleans. Of the backwoodsmen and frontiersmen whom Jackson there commanded, it has been said, "They could shoot the eye out of a squirrel." The city of Washington was captured and burned by a force far inferior to our own, and after those defending the city had fled with a total loss of eight killed and eleven wounded.

The other wars, down to the Rebellion, were not against trained armies, and do not therefore bear upon the subject in hand. In the Rebellion neither side started with trained armies, each side suffered the frightful loss in men and treasure due to the lack of training, and the effect of that experience is to demonstrate the inevitable result of such conditions. In the Spanish war, and in the war of the Philippine Insurrection, the great disadvantages arising from lack of proper precautions were numerous and humiliating.

In all our other relations in life we seem able to face the facts and to deal with them reasonably and sensibly. Why cannot we do similarly in this most vital

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one? Precautions exist against civil disorder, which call for a police force; against fires, which call for a fire department; against pestilence and epidemics, which call for sanitary bodies; and against numerous other ills to which flesh is heir, for each of which we have trained personnel and material. As science, study, and experience demonstrate newer and better means of meeting these various ills, we readily and willingly adopt them, whatever the cost. It is only in the matter of national defense and the precautions to be taken with respect to it that we find an unwillingness to study the past, face the facts, and do what experience dictates.

In every nation, what should be done, of course, varies with respect to its own individual situation, and from time to time varies with the other factors which must control. In our own nation we are in a singularly fine position at this time to give full, intelligent, dispassionate, and wise consideration to this matter. There will not be the slightest suspicion in any mind that we intend aggression against any other people. We have not any warrant to believe that any other people intend aggression against us. Our duty should not be governed by considering whether war is highly *probable* or not: we must consider whether it is reasonably *possible* or not; and so long as it is reasonably *possible*, our duty is to take such precautions with respect thereto as wise, sensible men should take.

Not only because of the abhorrence and fear of military domination, but also because of an inherent distaste for a large body of trained professional soldiers, this country never has had, and probably never will have, a large standing army. I, for one, certainly do not desire that it should have. On the other hand, without a body of trained soldiers, you can have no trained officers, no means of keeping abreast of military science, and of trying out various appliances and equipments. So the question is, How large or how small, in these circumstances, should the regular army be?

I think we shall all agree that, under our conditions, our military establishment must be top-heavy. We must have many more guns than we have men, much more ammunition than is needed for the present force, much more artillery and artillery ammunition, and in general a large reserve of everything that cannot be quickly improvised and secured. We must be top-heavy also in the matter of officers. That is to say, we must have a much larger proportion of officers than we have of enlisted men. Since our reliance is not to be upon a large standing army, the need of a large number of trained officers seems perfectly obvious. As the States have organized militia, and this can be made available for national purposes, we can count upon the regular establishment plus the organized militia as the first line in case of national emergency. In order to make this at all a safe thing to do, the organized militia must be kept up to as high a state of efficiency as is possible under our system of government.

In our country, our present force of troops who can be moved from place to place does not exceed 33,000; and when the garrisons in various outlying places are completed, this number will be reduced to less than 25,000. I desire to increase the total mobile army to 50,000 men, with an increase of 1000 officers.

The paper strength of the organized militia is about 118,000. For various reasons, nothing like so large a number could be counted on for actual service, and many of those in actual service would not have had sufficient training to be specially valuable at first. Counting the full strength on paper, the organized militia and the mobile regular army at present make up a force of fewer than 150,000 men.

In addition to desiring to add 25,000 men to the mobile army, I am also recommending at the present time the addition of about 10,000 men to the coast defenses.

I think sufficient has been said to indicate the imperative necessity of concentrated study upon this question, so that we may reach and adopt a wise, sensible, progressive, and permanent military policy.

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Twelve-inch battery in action

If military training of itself detracted from the physical or moral well-being of the citizen, it would be an extremely important fact to know. Fortunately, the fact is exactly the contrary. The qualities which are inculcated into, and which make a good, soldier, are cleanliness, obedience, self-reliance, courage, truthfulness; and these are, it will be observed, qualities of the very best citizenship. It is a proved fact not only in this country, where experience is of course limited, but abroad, where experience has been wide, that military training adds greatly to the economic efficiency of the man. It not only prolongs the life of him who has received its benefits, but during his life makes him a much more valuable economic unit in the community.

Before passing from the regular establishment and the organized militia, we should realize that they have one other imperative need aside from their numbers at any time, and that is a reserve to fill up their organizations and to replenish the wastes of war. To accomplish this, it is proposed to shorten the term which an enlisted man shall serve with the colors, and keep him in reserve for an agreed term. My proposal is to have a three- or four-year enlistment,—the exact length of service does not particularly concern me,—and then to permit the authorities to discharge into the reserve and out of active service all those who so desire and who show proficiency after twelve months of service. Experience has demonstrated that twelve months of service in any branch not requiring technical knowledge is ample to make a very useful soldier; and it is certainly better to have men who have had that much experience than it is to trust to volunteers whose only experience would be six months of training before taking the field.

If all of the suggestions above made were adopted, at this point we should find that we had a regular establishment of 50,000 enlisted men in the mobile army in the United States proper, from which would be discharged into the reserve at the end of twelve months' service all those who so desired and had shown themselves proficient. We would have sufficient officers for that army and several hundred left over to be utilized with the organized militia, at schools and colleges, training-camps, and other places where military instruction could be given. We would have our coast defenses manned by sufficient officers and men to make up the minimum demand. We would have a surplus of small arms and ammunition, of artillery and ammunition, and of clothing and all other equipment necessary for a force, say,

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A mortar-pit

aggregating 500,000 men, which, by the way, is the minimum force of trained men which would be needed in the event of any real conflict of military importance. We would have an organized militia of, say, 118,000 men, properly officered, with a reserve similar to that of the regular army, trained and obligated to return to the ranks during the reserve period. And that is all that we would have in the way of organization.

In addition to these organized forces, we would have all of the discharged soldiers and officers who have retired from the army and are still in condition to serve, but who at present are not only not compelled to return to the service, but are not kept track of or in any other way made available. Scattered throughout the country we would have boys and men who had received some military education at military schools such as the Culver Military Academy and the Virginia Military Institute. We would have also those who had received some military education in the colleges where military instruction and training is given, such as the land-grant colleges, and some of our great universities that have recently taken up this matter. And we would also have those who had received training in the summer camps instituted in 1913, and which are rapidly growing into great favor, and which have, I think, great possibilities for usefulness.

While each of these elements would represent something of value in the military line, it will readily be perceived that it would not, in the present circumstances, be very great. The War Department has no check of any sort upon these people, does not know where they are, or how to communicate with them; and even if it did, it has no organizations into which they might go. It could learn their usefulness only after the outbreak of the conflict, the very worst time for experiment and for careful, wise use of material.

It is therefore entirely obvious that the next requirement of our military policy must be to increase the number of those who have received training of the proper

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A salvo of twelve-inch mortars

character and extent to make them useful officers and soldiers in time of war, and they must also be so situated and circumstanced as to be available to the Government when needed. That is to say, we need not only those who are trained, so that they may be useful, but we must have them in some sort of organization, so as to be available.

It does not seem to me wise to postpone the doing of certain things which can be done readily, and which will be of great value, until after we reach a mental conclusion that we have exhausted the subject completely and found the ideal solution.

We all will agree, I think, that our nation has had a career of a remarkably fortunate character. Our land is of great extent, and its fruitfulness in supplying all the needs of man is certainly as great as, if not greater than, that of any other nation. Our people were drawn from virtually all the other nations of the earth, and came together under exceptionally favorable circumstances to make them sturdy, self-reliant, and proud.

While, therefore, it is true that we have this vast population, this alert, self-reliant, and resolute citizenship, it is not true that of itself, and without the necessary training, we have therein any real defensive force, any actual military asset. Untrained citizens are in no more real sense a military asset than unmined minerals are in any real sense money.

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We are not in any position where conscription or any similarly compulsory character of military service needs even be discussed. We however do need a much more wide-spread knowledge of the facts concerning the military history of this country and the woeful results of a lack of a proper military policy. We do need that a larger number of our citizens should have sufficient practical experience of a military character to make them really useful and available in time of need. I do not think that at the present time it would be desirable to have the Federal Government participate in this movement further than in marking out the course to be followed and furnishing trained supervisors or inspectors to see that it is followed. Broadly speaking, the educational authority and responsibility are vested in the States, and there I think they should remain.

It might be well to consider the desirability of having young men who are attending the higher schools not only taught the truth about our military history, but instructed along the proper lines concerning proper policy of national defense. If, in addition thereto, the rudiments of military training—the health-giving exercises and drills, with special attention to marksmanship—were voluntarily taken up and pursued, the result could not help but be beneficial, and might, when properly developed, largely, if not wholly, supply the remedy we seek.

With respect to the benefits that are derived from this character of training, I was much gratified at an expression of approval made to me last summer by the president of one of our largest universities. He was telling me the great satisfaction that ensued upon the organization of a course of military training at the university. He concluded by saying that the effect of that course was so beneficial to the student in all of his other work in college, that he, if compelled to choose, would abandon the military course the last of all.

It will be gathered that I am not attempting to lay down in detail at this time the precise manner and method that in my judgment should be pursued. In the first place, it would be presumptuous for me to do so; furthermore, I do not pretend to have so embraced this matter, which is novel to our people, as to feel any self-assurance concerning the best way of accomplishing what I think we will all agree should be accomplished. What I hope to do is to have the best thought and the earnest sympathy of our people directed to this matter, so that we may all, by common and mutually helpful consideration and effort, work it out to our satisfaction. I am entirely confident that the Federal authorities, both executive and legislative, will be found ready and anxious to coöperate with the state and the educational authorities and with our citizens to make successful this great national desideratum.

I cannot close without expressing the great earnestness of my desire that our people should realize the vital duty to themselves and to their country which is involved in this whole question. No one who wishes to be considered a good citizen has the right to dismiss it from consideration because it is distasteful for him to consider it or because the only proper solution involves expense or trouble or other disturbing elements.

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On the Newfoundland Banks

"Wake up, Jack! a sail!"

Lonely Labrador

Pictures
by
M. J. BURNS

I
"WAKE UP, JACK! A SAIL!"

II
THE ICEBERG

III
A HAIL AT SEA

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The Iceberg

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A Hail at Sea

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Courtesy of Maison Ad. Braun et Cie. Braun & Co., successors, New York & Paris

"And He said to Them, Love One Another"

By Henri Danger

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The Bondage of Modern Religion

By THE REV. P. GAVAN DUFFY

Author of "Shavian Religion," etc.

IN what way, if at all, is modern religion related to the dreadful war that is raging in Europe? This is a question that is in many minds, as well as upon many lips. Some are asking it curiously, some thinkingly, others tauntingly and triumphantly, and still more despairingly, as they hear and read of millions of men professing and calling themselves Christians, sons of Christian nations, in the death-grip at each other's throat. And it is a question that should be faced boldly, for in the reply matters of moment must necessarily enter consciousness that are not even second in importance to the tragedy now being enacted in Europe.

Of course there *is* a relationship, just as organized Christianity is related to every social and economic problem discussed in times of peace, for the world must always in some real measure reflect in part the prevailing spirit of the church. Thus, when we are horrified with the spectacle of mammoth artillery daily dealing out death and destruction to thousands of people and precious things, and reflect that war is conceived invariably in the womb of such spiritual vices as greed, pride, and envy, the chief of the spiritual diseases Christianity is sent to cure, a relationship is established at once that calls for some analysis and understanding. Potentially, religion is either the greatest molding force in the affairs of humanity or the first among delusions, and if after nineteen hundred years it is found incapable of having built up sufficient force of restraint over the primitive passions of brute force, it is not surprising that men and women, with some real concern, are turning their eyes to the religious sphere to find the explanation of the present catastrophe. And the more we frankly face the facts, the more ready and potent the help we can render the cause of religion and humanity.

For there are hard facts to face, and have been, only possibly it needed this bloody emphasis of war in an age of prosperity thoroughly to awaken people to them. This is particularly true of the average religious mind: historically it has been the last to become aware of its relation to, and responsibility for, the vexing questions it should have been the first to meet. In our own day we have been too fond of letting it slumber, or too fearful of awakening it, because of our dangerously false attitude of respect—not for what it is so much as for what it once was—that shrinks from seeming to give offense by telling it the plain truth. Possibly it is because religion has become more and more largely a matter of feminine interest and concern that men have unconsciously grown to regard it as of that gender, and so adopted toward it a spirit of mistaken chivalry. At any rate, to its own disadvantage and by its own consent, organized religion has occupied a position of privilege which has shielded it from the free criticism essential to the life of secular organizations, with the result that one is regarded with a certain disapproval if he ventures to question the values of much in its corporate life.

Well, now, what is wrong? Surely it is the part of wisdom to face the situation

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frankly and not to leave the awakening that must come to the repeated application of the stinging lash of a Shaw or the gibe and jeer of the openly hostile. For, quite apart from preaching, we are bound to recognize that what we call the spiritual life is a force the world always has had to reckon with, and potentially able to advance human ideals and progress in a manner no other force can. It is, for example, no mere turn of rhetoric to speak in the twentieth century, as does one of the Anglican collects, of "the *might* of Jesus Christ"; for we are made aware of it as fact in the triumph of the moral and religious spirit over the forces of simple physical strength, in the steady advance of civilized life, and in the revolution in the human point of view. We are compelled to recognize the splendid aggression of that Spirit which sought to reproduce itself when the whole world was dead against it, and which declared, what we see now as certain of ultimate fulfilment, that the meek should inherit the earth. Contradictory as it first may seem, it is that ideal which thousands are struggling and dying for in this present war. And the very power of that strange might of the Prophet of Nazareth, because so marked in the past, makes its present seeming impotency all the more remarkable and striking in contrast.

Now, we need not go over to Europe to find the why of things; organized religion in the average is much the same here as abroad, and what is wrong is common to the whole and not to any particular national brand of it. For the appalling drift from the ranks of corporate Christianity is as emphatic on one side of the Atlantic as on the other, the only difference being the coloring due to local environment and the direction of mental and spiritual attitude afterward. True, the American man may have a better, because more clearly defined, understanding in his own mind for his action, but generally speaking the plain, simple truth seems to be that the old charm, which once attracted and held the hearts of men, has somehow or other gone out of the modern life of religion. More and more in America the tide of men recedes from the church, and despite any attempted defense of the religious statistician, we are all well aware, in observing the ethics of the religiously professed in daily life, that whatever male numbering there is, the allegiance or profession is mostly nominal. We judge of the potentiality of causes by effects.

We have grown so familiar with this commonplace of American life as to lose the special and startling significance of it, for among all men the American is the one *par excellence* to make use of what he believes and finds to be helpful. The common expression, "What 's the use?" is one he never applies to what suggests probable, or even possible, power in what may be related to the efficiency of his life. As a matter of fact, the American man is a born pragmatist, even though he remains unaware of it; and this is as true of his mental attitude to religion as in most other things. The one and sole reply to the question, which forms a hackneyed religious diversion at religious conventions, namely, Why don't men go to church? is to be found in the statement that the American man is a pragmatist. He asks, Will it work? And his absence from church and his general indifference to the life of religious organization is his reply. The significance of this we have lost sight of. The most telling thing about it all is that he has ceased to offer excuses for his action; and perhaps the most pathetic thing, the religious world so thoroughly misunderstands his silence as to lose its meaning and encourage in itself false hopes.

This attitude of the modern man is not altogether the matter to be deplored and mourned over, as many religious people regard it; on the contrary, it is the occasion for hope as to religion's future welfare. For, despite what appears upon the surface, he is not blind to the fact that in a general way, as borne out in the advantages of civilization, and despite the all too often minimum of effort on the part of its followers, Christianity has worked in the past. More, he has sufficient of the

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childlike nature—distinct, of course, from childishness—to find a thrill in what he occasionally reads of the wonders and venture of early Christendom. And there is none to whom adventure appeals more strongly than to the American; it is his very life, the spice of his business, the subject of his dreams, the delight of his heart. So that some day he will not be content with the surface answer to the question, Does it work? He will dig down beneath and ask, Can it be made to work again? That is the great hope of American religious life, and one, if we are to judge from those who claim gifts of spiritual perception, that bids fair to be realized before a great while. The saints of the future are likely to be made up largely of American blood, and of American men at that; for once the thrill of venture is again restored to religion, or recovered, this child of adventure will be unable to resist its attraction.

But at present the religious organism has but little appeal to him, and he is apt to point to just such things as the bloodshed among Christian nations to-day as a confirmation of what he feels more than expresses. Where is the molding force of which he has heard so much and found so little? He looks abroad, and finds warring nations; he searches at home, and finds the drab colors of worldliness plus Christian veneer in the working-day life of what is supposedly Christian product, and discerns the spring and movement of what is termed spiritual operation in the power and depth of the purse. Perhaps it is just that latter, above all other things, that causes him to recoil. Almost necessarily steeped in the commercialism of his age, familiar with its spirit, compelled to some great extent to walk in its ways, he turns for relief to the spiritual power, and finds it rooted in the same soil from which he would, at least temporarily, escape. It dulls instantly his hope of venture. In a word, the average man demands that the power of the God he is to worship be different from, larger, greater than, and vastly above the manifestations of, the power of the world, with which he has grown wearily familiar. Whether the ecclesiastic knows it or not, much of the supposed indifference among men to-day is due to their dislike of a conception of Providence in which the purse plays so exaggerated a part. Moreover, they know too much about the filling of the purse and the ethics that governed the process. They resent the kind of saintship which is known in the halo churchmen generally are willing to place around the philanthropy of the rich, for the modern philanthropist is too often merely one who is good after he has got the money.

The strange thing is that corporate religious life has pursued its way in seeming unconsciousness of the bondage in which it has lived these many years, seeking to justify its claims in the present by its glories of the past. But now shocked to the point where we feel bound to seek to relate organized religion to the conditions that prevail, whether the war of Europe, or the bloodless one of misery that grows out of social injustice and economic conditions,—in a word, all the phases of life in which holds the iniquitous doctrine that might is right,—the manner in which religious forces have been accessory before and to the facts must become clear. For, manifestly, corporate religion has in more than a few generations courted the powers that afterward enslaved it. Sent into the world to fight its pomps and vanities, its reputation is not unstained with more than a suspicion of partnership in them; sent to uphold the weak, it has had a rare liking for the strong; kings have been petted and fawned upon, to become in turn its masters; here to preach detachment from the world and things of the world, each period of reformation has uncovered, as among the chief sources of its corruption, an inordinate love of the world's treasures through a growth of avarice.

It is a recalling, in all kindness, of these facts which tells the story of the lack of spiritual power, as we have known it, to mold humanity to the point of restraint and that throws light upon present conditions. For the church ever has been

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over-indulgent where the whims and wills of the flattered mighty were concerned, whether monarchs of nations or those who ruled through the influence of great possessions in the world of material wealth. Humility has been an excellent virtue for the poor, the discipline of the will a positive duty for the great mass of humanity; but there has been a divine right that protected not merely the old order of princes, but, down to the present, that safeguarded the rulers of great vested interests. Too often, to paraphrase the psalmist, she has bound her kings in chains of flattery and her nobles with threads of silk. It is this which largely explains the powerlessness of the Christian organism to restrain the forces of might when circumstances have arisen, as in the present, where might clashed with right. The delicate threads, specially constructed to hold in check the wills of the favored powerful patrons, have snapped at the first real strain, and humanity has been helplessly dragged into the maelstrom of woe and terror as the result. For corporate religion cannot attack the interests it has been content to share in and often helped to build up, or assail with any real vigor or effectiveness the sins and follies of those it has enthroned as its patrons. Religion that is state religion, that enjoys the protection of kings and courtiers, must generally pay for its privileges by stifling its voice. Surely this is one of the obviously elementary lessons of history.

Here in America, of course, where the state wisely protects itself and the religious organism against that partnership which ever has been fraught with dire consequence for both, the bondage is no less real, though it has been manifested differently. The spirit of the age has so eaten into its life as to become very, if not the ruling, part of it. It is that, seemingly so hidden to the religious body itself, but so obvious to the onlooker, that accounts for the attitude of the average modern American man and the atmosphere of helplessness which he alone sees as surrounding it. Preëminently, mystery always has been not only a necessary part of religion, but a large measure of its attraction, and in a time when spiritual operation manifestly rests on a material basis, it is not surprising that thinking men fail to find it; for mystery ceases to be mystery when its acquirement is found to be largely a matter of purchase.

Of course some will carp and take exception to this plain assertion, for a certain portion of the corporate religious conscience is peculiarly over-sensitive to criticism. But this is not a time for either, but a day when men are seriously determined to get at the root of things. In the midst of war we hunger for peace, but we do not want peace until we have so cut into the roots from which war springs as to make it virtually impossible to rear its ugly head again. There is a grim determination about the thought and conduct of the men of the immediate present. Facing death hourly, and with others sharing the feeling of those who face death, men are thinking again seriously about the one thing that promises to throw light and hope upon both death and life; with the result that the tendency is to take these vital matters of religion into other hands than those which merely argue or play with them, and a disposition to get to the bottom of things—to find more than promise or to unearth consummate delusion. And so, too, in the religious world itself there is slow, but sure, awakening taking place, and thinking men and women are turning from the prophets of smooth things, who have lulled the religious conscience to sleep all too long, and are insisting that mere apology shall cease and give way to corporate self-examination. Their eyes have caught a new vision, and their pulses throb with a new hope, as they dig down beneath the surface of things and find trace of spiritual treasure and power hid away under the dust of men's opinions and religion's compromised actions.

To a large extent the hopefulness of the present situation in the religious world itself lies in the more or less unconsciousness which underlies and governs it. Needless to say, it is not the writer's in-

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tention to suggest that the bondage of present-day religion has been produced by deliberate design of cold commercializing. For in a large measure we are the victims of the past, and suffer in that we have simply accepted, and then unfortunately extended, the legacy of methods our immediate forefathers left us; and in the extending, because of the nature of our times, we have gone further than ever they had intended. Therefore, when we interpret the "means" of spiritual propaganda in the terms of money, measure the usefulness of laymen by the depth of their purses, adjudge parishes strong or weak by their relative material wealth or poverty, read the qualifications for spiritual leadership among the clergy in the amount of the stipends they seem able to command, it is not because of a desire deliberately to fly in the face of Christ's standard of values, but because unaware of what the awakened religious mind only could regard with unfeigned condemnation. It simply means that living so far away from the ages of great faith, when spiritual power achieved out of its own inherent forces, regardless of the world's fear or favor, and to the world's stupendous wonder, the religious mind has unconsciously grown not only to share in the common pitiable spirit of inordinate reverence for wealth, but to covet the means upon which it depends and which are essentially those which make for success in the world. It is just the clash of misunderstanding between notions of might to which in the flesh we are closely wedded and the strange unspeakable might of Christ.

But unconsciousness does not release from bondage, and unfortunately many of the men who might strengthen the weak and weakening forces of organized Christianity remain apart, judging simply, and not altogether justly, from externals; whereas they need to inquire with every atom of sincerity they possess, which pierces through humbug and sophistry to the heart of facts. Where are the old power and the old attraction of the religious life, which were able to achieve out of themselves and to prove their necessity in the lives of men by the wonders they accomplished in and for them? The answer is bound to be that they are still with us, only hidden and chained; hidden, because vision has been dulled in an age when the only gospel was that of material success; chained, by the fetters of mammon, which have been forged out of a position of compromise in the alliance of the spiritual body with the powerful interests of society. The day men and corporate religion burn with desire to put that question and to face the answer, there will dawn an era of memorable things when treasures new and old are brought forth, chief among them a power that will make, as nothing else can make, for righteousness and peace among the nations of the earth.

Of course in all our considerations we must avoid the melodrama of the popular reforming novel, which depicts the church consciously linking arms with the wicked rich man, dining with Dives, and spurning the inherently holy poor. We have been nauseated with such cheap and sickly sentimentality and have sufficient common sense to realize that moral goodness or badness is not determined simply by the presence or absence of large material possession. None the less, there has been a very marked suspicion of one-sidedness in the attitude of corporate religion to society. Recently in London, Dr. John Neville Figgis, who has been called possibly the keenest and brightest intellect in the Anglican communion to-day, in speaking of corporate attitude of Christians to the masses said:

> Is it not the case that all the horrors of our present system are felt less keenly by church people than by many who are not Christians at all? Mr. Bernard Shaw once said that all religious organizations in this country [that is, England] have sold themselves to the rich. Does not that give for thought? I am not saying that it is true, but I am persuaded that it is far truer than the officials of any religious organization would admit. One evidence of this is the nervous fear that we all have when we talk

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upon such topics. "There are dangers. The Church may make blunders. It may support rash schemes. It may find itself in the wrong box. It may neglect its essentials, other-worldly ends." So it may. But why should we all be so desperately afraid of going wrong through supporting the poor, and hardly afraid at all of ministering to the materialism of the rich? If we are going to make mistakes, for God's sake let us make our mistakes on the side of the oppressed and not against them.

If in these words we have a conservative statement of facts, telling with proper restraint of spiritual conditions in England, who shall paint certain of the conditions in America where, in many cases, the money spirit so unblushingly reigns that we call our churches after living millionaires instead of past saints, because they so largely exist as the result of their pleasure? If one permitted oneself to catalogue the signs of bondage to the mammon spirit in our modern ecclesiastical life, from the dollar-appraisement of spiritual values to the six-thousand-dollar-a-year apartments which deck the splendor and success of some who preach the gospel of the penniless Christ—well, where would one stop? Yet, leaving the extremes and coming down to what represents the norm of corporate religion's attitude and conduct, there is much that tells, free from sensationalism, of an atmosphere in which it is evident that conception of spiritual potentiality is stifled in an exaggerated world-dependency that holds in bondage. The striking unity of conflicting creeds in their relationship to money, and the unanimity of incessant appeal for it from pulpits of differing faiths, cannot escape observation. Not, of course, that religious organization can exist without money, but there is such an undue emphasis and exaggeration of place given to it as to suggest a powerlessness to achieve results apart from it, which was the wonder of early Christianity and such powerful movements as that of St. Francis Assisi. So that it is not surprising that the average thinking man feels bewildered when, hearing the words, "My kingdom is not of this world," he finds its methods in modern practice not merely conspicuously like the world's, but identical with them.

A short time ago the Board of Missions of the Episcopal Church issued an Eastertide bulletin. It consisted of six closely printed pages not about Easter, as the title might suggest, or anything connected with it, but telling of dire things that must happen if the board did not have a certain considerable sum of money by a certain date. And this was not the only singular contrast with the title: in its difficulties the board made no suggestion of the use of the spiritual means to an end; it did not breathe a word about prayer or potentialities of faith, and the only thing to distinguish it from the commercial appeal of some secular organization was that it did mention just once the name of God in the whole six pages.

Well, what must be the obvious interpretation placed upon such a document by the average reflective mind? Simply that the spiritual means were passed over because they were felt to be powerless to effect the needed ends, and that a man was asked to give of his material possession to send out missionaries to teach prayer and other spiritual powers which, when in a tight place, the authorities at home had but little confidence in. This is not a satisfactory condition of affairs or a welcome spiritual conclusion to be forced to by the actions of a Christian agency of the influential body of the Episcopal Church, especially when we realize, and as the public protest of the Bishop of Vermont recently gave fresh emphasis to, it costs us over one hundred and sixty-four thousand dollars yearly for the support of the distributing machinery before spiritual activities are begun. There is something suggestive of disproportion here that naturally gives people pause.

Again, the Joint Commission on Clergy Pensions, appointed by the General Convention of the Episcopal Church in 1913, proposes as the basis of apportionment not the self-denial or service of the clergy, but

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the amount of their stipends. In other words, a premium is placed upon success and a penalty imposed upon the clergy who feel moved to sacrifice the material comfort of large income to serve in needy places where the stipend is meager. And if this be considered far from the intention of the commission, are we not forced back upon the equally unpleasant alternative that its members did not for a moment contemplate that any of the clergy would be sufficiently impressed with what used to be taught as a common Christian duty, namely, self-sacrifice and self-denial, as to seek in the present day to practise it? There is something so amazingly like the spirit of the world in this whole proposition that it is not likely to escape the notice of those who feel religion is fast becoming a mere respectable appendage of success, a sort of Sunday edition of commercialism. For manifestly it is the direct opposite of the Christian ethic, and returns least to those who have given most. Nor are men blind to the fallacy of supposing that a munificent salary paid to the preacher is a tribute to a man of exceptional ability, and therefore greater service. There are just two plain and simple reasons to account for princely stipend being paid to the modern clergyman, and neither of these lends support to the erroneous notion of superlative abilities. One is that the minister preaches the uncompromising gospel—revolutionary in its character and attitude to the ethics of the worldly—to a congregation of saints or those who want to know the hard truth at any cost. The other, that, sent to preach the truth, he discreetly conceals that part of it which would cause discomfort to the possibly sensitive feelings of his ease-loving congregation, and seriously interfere, as a consequence, with his own income. There are such parishes as the former, but they are conspicuous by their rarity.

Naturally, one does not care to dwell upon such things as these, and one would not give them notice were they not unfailing marks and signs not of certain mere aspects of modern religious organic life, but of the normal life of conduct that prevails, part of the very atmosphere in which spirituality struggles for expression. Side by side with this rule of corporate conduct, the preaching of poverty as a blessing becomes the impudent hypocrisy and humbug Mr. Bernard Shaw aptly terms it; for its very acceptance substitutes the world's standard of values for the Christian rule of the past, and of necessity ends in exalting the possessors of material wealth to a point of influence which very largely accounts for what Mr. H. G. Wells speaks of as "our Muffled Christianity." Worst of all, it leaves organized religion cut adrift, for the largest part, from the poor, who have ever formed the spiritual element in humanity, and robs it of a knowledge in experience of powers which, though spiritual in nature, are able to operate in the physical sphere. It is certain that we can give only what we are aware of possessing, and it is more than worthy of remark that the only point of view from which religious forces approach the problems of hungry men and women, unemployment and distress, is the money one. Could anything be in greater contrast than the attitude last winter of religious bodies to the armies of men who claimed to be hungry and the feeding of five thousand in the wilderness nineteen centuries ago? Not, of course, in the inability to repeat the miracle, but in the complete lack of knowledge of some of the mysterious power of it that, somehow or other, the early Christians caught in the reflection and knew well how to use. For quite clearly there was then—there have again and again been glimpses of it since in the great spiritual movements in the centuries—some real secret of filling the hungry with good things out of spiritual powers which could boast of having nothing, yet possessing all things.

And this brings us back to the point of view of the modern thinking man: the Christianity he reads of is one that possessed scarcely any money, but much power; the Christianity he sees reverses the order, and pitiably lacks power de-

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spite material possession. Where is that spiritual power to-day? When was it lost? Why was it lost? How was it lost? Can it be recovered?

There is a hunger for the revival of a religion of power, an antidote of Nietzscheism and kindred philosophies that seem to threaten to swamp modern thought and civilization, if not checked by just the mysterious power that Christianity possessed in happier days. As they contemplate the happenings in Europe, thinking people are realizing as never before that the chief promise of salvation and the preservation of the foundations of society lie in humanity's being forced back, under the tyranny of circumstances, to the sheltering arms of the Crucified. More and more there looms up a vision of what is meant by the might of Jesus Christ as the restorer of peace, and the strange, but all-powerful, force that is able, where men correspond with it, to subdue the raging of troubled minds and turbulent outbreaks by arms that heal instead of wound, by sword-thrusts that give life instead of death.

So there is bright and brilliant prospect of revival; in all the miseries we confront to-day there is that great hope that comes out of them. And glorious are the days, charged with meaning, that lie before the reawakened corporate body of religion, if the reactionary influence, which is satisfied with the bondage of to-day, can be shorn of its appeal.

For these are critical days for Christianity, and though the word crisis is one we invariably associate with fears, it simply means a time when matters have so shaped themselves as to leave humanity very plastic and capable of being molded easily for the good or ill of a cause. To-day we are forced to face the truth of the miserably small influence of Christianity in what are professedly Christian countries. We see men rushing to death-grips, calling on the aid of the One who said, "My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight." It is humiliating when we reflect that the ruling spirit in the ranks of Christendom itself is still martial, is still the appeal of the sword rather than of the cross. But it is a boon and an undeniable blessing to learn in our weakness the measure of our real strength and to realize that war grows out of the spiritual conditions which organized religion has been willing to tolerate, and the growth of the dangerous spiritual vices in which she herself has shared, while confining her crusade against sin to pillorying the lesser, but more obvious, ones of the flesh, which respectability hypocritically condemned. She has been playing with temporal things when she should have been prosecuting her full spiritual warfare, so that to-day, with her empty churches and her constant complaint and wail that men no longer seem willing to give their lives for her service and ideals, she looks across the seas and beholds a passion of sacrifice and devotion, which might have been hers, so misdirected as to lead millions gladly to give life, and all that it means and holds, to serve earthly kings and causes.

It is all important, then, to remember that in the troubled present there is probably more at stake than the future existence of great empires. This is a new day of opportunity for religion, or, it must be said, a possible day of doom. And the issue depends rather upon the individual awakening than upon the results of conflict with the sword; the realization that it is the old story of the religious men, at a time of need, going down into Egypt to buy corn, and lingering too long in a land that delighted till they fell into bondage.

One of the most hopeful signs of our times is the clear restoration of prophecy, though the prophets come clothed in secular or other strange garb, and are often condemned by the unthinking and the religiously proud as the enemies of religion. And hand in hand with the rise of the prophets, calling and even shocking people to the point of awakening from a slumber that is dangerous in a burning house, is a large number of thinking men, some of them in the past possibly non-religious, but not irreligious, full of the glimmering of a new hope, and yearning

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for the possible revival of an old power made new. These are they who fault the mammon spirit in the religious sphere, and are in search of a religious force that is greater than the purse, a Providence that is not played by men, but by God Himself. They are seeking for something that can take the weak and wretched and make them strong and happy; something that can separate by its own powerful life the things of the world and its Cæsars from the things of God, and yet not leave the children of need in their despairing conditions of misery. And if Christianity means anything at all, it means just these very things, in which, in its practice to-day, it manifestly fails woefully. Instead of it giving all its time to the service of humanity, particularly to that portion of it that needs the service most, saving bodies as well as souls, and offering and giving salvation here and now, and not merely hereafter,—in a word, gladly losing its life that it may find it,—we must be courageous to face the truth and realize that too large a part of its time has been consumed in seeking to save its own life by an appeal to the patronage of the powerful to guarantee its existence.

Now, the power to free from bondage lies within the spiritual body corporate itself, by a willing surrender of patronage which may make for temporary comfort, but lasting impotency. For it is evident that it is only as we mix up and take the divine prescription that we can look for results, and a large ingredient in that prescription—large beyond all others—is abhorrence of and freedom from the spirit of Mammon. At present the religious mind would do well to try to realize the deadly unattractiveness of the ventureless, anemic thing it calls to as the spiritual life. To attempt to describe so many of those who practise it to-day, is to be reminded of Mr. Compton Mackenzie's characterization of *Madge* in one of his delightful books: "a round-faced, fluffy-haired girl, pretty, but always apt to be mistaken for some one else." We know the type in the world and what it well might cover, regardless of sex, in the religious world to-day, and we shall only develop stronger and more rugged types of spirituality as we really call into use the life and conduct that actually molds.

It is only the unthinking who will feel disposed to condemn as merely destructive what has been written, because unable to see that certain forms of seeming destruction are really constructive. Of course unsightly things in the spiritual fabric are neither pleasant nor popular things to write about; nevertheless, the unsightly must be removed, pulled down, to restore the true beauty of structure. And we cannot destroy the unsightly and alien until we perceive it, and it is forced into our consciousness. Far be it from the writer to utter a mere wail or bemoan pessimistically the poor outlook for religion and religious things. On the contrary, he insists that a day has dawned, even though ushered in to the sound of cannon and clashing sword, that is bright with promise, such as men have not seen possibly in centuries, in the religious domain. These are moments fraught with meaning, and times when new avenues will be opened up that will assuredly demonstrate that the golden age of religion lies ahead and not behind us, by the development of a saintship which is a more man-appealing thing than the sexless kind we have conceived in our own minds and preached about rather ignorantly. For saintship is religious genius, and if genius be, as Sir Gilbert Parker would have us believe, the power of taking all that is worth while in the past and making it new in the present, then a wide and glorious possibility opens for the truly religious minded. For how better define saintship than that which keeps alive the freshness, and declares the spontaneity of religion by its power of living and teaching all that presents the eternal youth of Christianity? In this recovery once more men will discover in the religion of Christ not simply a solace in earthly troubles, or a divine sympathy with human affliction, or a patience with men's infirmities, but a power that is able of itself not only to show, but actually to be *the way out.*

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"I could not picture any man, even Billy, embracing Lucia ridiculously."

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The Reed of Pan

By AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Author of "The Invasion of Reality," etc.

Illustrations by W. T. Benda

IT was obvious that Nature must have been in a sentimental mood when she was working at Lucia, for if ever a woman was especially designed for romance, it was she. Not for casual touch-and-go affairs, you understand, but for the great passion of which commonplace folk get only the crumbs. Somehow, I always imagined her in the arms of a *Tristram* or a *Lancelot,* and when she told me of her engagement to Billy Sterling,—needless to say, Lucia called him "Will," with as much adoration in her tone as if he had been Shakspere,—I was shocked.

Not that there was anything wrong with Billy. It was simply his absolute commonplaceness that made the news incredible to me. Billy Sterling! An honest, jolly, law-abiding, bundle-carrying commuter! Laudable attributes, of course, especially as related to the bundles, but could all the domestic virtues, unsupported, qualify a man to win Lucia? Evidently, for there she sat, manifestly in love and glorying in it, her wonderful blue eyes starry with happiness, her voice hushed to a reverent rapture, and her smile of a Luini Madonna more wistfully tender than ever.

I leaned over and kissed her; words were beyond me for the moment. As my lips touched her soft cheek, I had a profane, grotesque wonder how Billy had ever risen to the sacramental solemnity of his first kiss. I imagined him the type who gets flustered in such circumstances, and plants a hasty smack wherever it may happen to lodge; but I could not picture any man, even Billy, embracing Lucia ridiculously. Whatever touched her must turn beautiful.

"I can't speak of it, even to you; but—" She drew a folded paper from the bosom of her dress and pressed it into my hand —"but it 's there—as much of it as I can ever say. Read it; I want you to read it."

Although it had always been Lucia's way to versify her feelings,—and to my partial eye her verse had at least a spark of the right Promethean fire,—again I experienced something of a shock. I had taken it for granted that love, when it came to her, would go too deep for words. When at last I gave her back the paper, however, I gripped her hand in silence. She had given perfect form to something that had been inarticulate in my heart for more years than she had lived. Like a

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dumb man who has received the gift of speech, I could have worshiped her in my gratitude.

"It is—the eternity of it—" she murmured, and the tears gathered slowly and beautifully in her eyes. "The eternity of it—"

Well, it died hard, but die it did. The process took three stormy years, and was a trying one for everybody concerned. Of course it was fortunate that the affair had gone no further, but that was a truth that Billy did *not* recognize. He was bewildered, angry, heartbroken—and in less than a year after the break, he was married. I expected that Lucia's pride might be a little nettled by such extremely swift consolation. Her entire indifference amazed me.

"It 's strange," she explained frankly—"it 's strange that a person—or a thing—can mean so much to you, and then, in such a little while, mean nothing at all."

"Nothing, Lucia? Honestly?"

"Nothing. It 's like something I read in a book—something that happened to other people centuries and centuries ago. It 's no more real to me than that."

"And it never was real to either of you. You were both in love with love. No, it was only a dream always, but—thank God that you can see it, Lucia!"

"I do," she returned simply.

There was an indescribable, but familiar, undertone in her voice that startled me. I looked at her with sudden suspicion. That starry look of happiness was also familiar.

"Who is he, Lucia?" I demanded. I would not have ventured that question a year ago, but it seemed all at once that Lucia had come down from her pedestal to the level of every-day humanity. She smiled wonderfully as she answered, her voice hushed to a reverent whisper, "Florian Roviston."

For the life of me I could not have helped the sharp echo that broke from me.

"The musician, do you mean?" I added, painfully aware of ineptitude. Would there be two men in the world with that absurd name?

"Yes," Lucia murmured.

"But, my child," I protested, "how long have you known him? A week or two—"

"Always," said Lucia.

I made no reply. My irritation could not have expressed itself short of taking her by the shoulders and shaking her.

"It seems to me that is the only way for love to come," she went on.

"How?" I inquired dryly.

"Like lightning—not a mechanical habit, but the instantaneous recognition of two souls that have been meant for each other from the beginning of time."

"I understand that Mr. Roviston has a soul," I said. He had a soul, if report did not belie him, as Sir Willoughby had a leg, and made as conscious a parade of it. "You will surely write a beautiful poem about this eternal love, Lucia," I went on rather unkindly.

"I have," Lucia returned, with entire simplicity, quite oblivious of the jeer. She searched in her bag. "I thought I had it with me. I meant to tell you to-day, if you had not guessed. I 'll send it to you. It was all so sudden; I did n't know my own heart till he showed it to me last evening."

"Do you know it now?" I asked her.

She met me with steady, glorious eyes, where the tears gathered slowly and beautifully.

"Yes, I know it now," she said. "I love him for life—and death—and whatever may be beyond them."

And when I had read the lines she sent me, it seemed that she must be right this time, and that my only course was to readjust as best I could my idea of Florian Roviston. No worthless simulacrum could inspire a love that rang so true that I could hardly bear to read the words that expressed it.

They were to keep the matter a secret for a while, till they could settle on a date for their marriage.

"One thing I can say with certainty," Lucia affirmed impressively: "it will not be a long engagement."

Nor was it. Love went lightning-fash-

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ion, as it had come, and this time she did not delay about admitting the truth. So much at least Billy had taught her. Florian took his dismissal as ungraciously as had his predecessor, but his bitter protests caused Lucia as little solicitude as had Billy's. That all this should leave no trace on her! Her smile was as gravely sweet, her eyes were as clear and unshadowed as ever. Trivial! trivial! I thought contemptuously, and felt that I was charitable to give her lightness no worse name.

I was glad that she went away for a visit about this time, for I found it painful to keep up the appearance of former cordial affection, and yet did not feel that I had the right to wash my hands of her. That I should ever have come to feel Lucia a burden—the pity of it! But absence, as usual, dulled the edge of disapproval, and I began to find excuses for her as soon as I began to miss her. So well did I succeed that there was no insincerity in my welcome to her when I heard her quick, assured step on my stairs again, the day after her return.

She settled comfortably on her usual stool beside my chair, taking off her hat, and pushing back the masses of bright hair from her lovely, low forehead with the movement that always delighted me like a strain of music.

"Well, tell me all about your visit," I said. Then, so secure did I feel, I ventured a joke at the expense of the past. "Have you written any poems while you were away?"

She looked up at me, then took a folded paper from the pocket of her coat, slipping it into my hand with the gesture I knew so well by this time. I opened and read it with no feeling more acute than a numb, helpless amazement. Yet as I read, my eyes filled despite myself.

"How can you know all this? How can you say it?"

It came out before I realized fully my tactless frankness, but Lucia saw nothing amiss. She turned on me again that luminous look that was so old a story.

"I only speak from my heart," she said.

"Are you going to marry him?" I managed by a conscious effort not to emphasize the last word unduly.

"I can't. He is married."

I held my breath, wondering just how far the strange, capricious gnome that Lucia called her heart had chosen to lead her. The Luini smile was as divinely pure as ever; but so it would be, I had come to believe, among the wreckage of all the ten commandments, and the conventions into the bargain.

"But, Lucia—his wife—" I suggested.

"They are separated; she never understood him," said Lucia.

"Did he tell you so?"

"He? No; other people. Don't you see—I could n't talk with him about—that. What have I to do with the petty details—the housekeeping part of his life? It is his soul that counts for me. Just as it is my soul—only my soul—that he cares for."

I took a freer breath. Florian Roviston deserved my gratitude for teaching her that point of view, if for nothing else.

"I think I see. But—this—" I touched the paper, feeling my way cautiously—"this sounds a little more—human, shall we say?—than you do."

"Well—and if it does?" I could hardly hear her. "He does n't know, and he never will know, that I care for him like that. It 's mine—mine to keep sacred in my own heart all my life. That is a greater happiness than ever comes to many women."

"It is the greatest happiness that ever comes to some women," I said. Poor Lucia! But what did she, what could she, know of the meaning of the words she used so easily? This would pass, like the others.

After all, there was a definite, tangible gain from all this harrowing of the ground. Lucia had begun to publish, and the fruit of her experience almost justified the experience itself—quite justified it, I sometimes thought. It startled me, to be sure, when I saw in a magazine the poem that Billy Sterling had, so to speak, fathered; but why not? It was no longer a personal matter to Lucia, so why should

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not so beautiful a thing be given to the world? It was a trifle grotesque to find in another magazine, the same month, those other lines that she had sent me when Florian's star was in the ascendant. Grotesque, nothing worse. I had felt for Lucia pity and aversion by turns; now I only watched her with amusement and an intense curiosity as to what her next manifestation might be. My anxiety as to her last obsession had been set finally at rest by the appearance of his poem in cold, impersonal print. Knowing Lucia, I found in that all the force of an epitaph.

It was only a day or two after I saw it that she came to me, and at first sight of her I cried:

"What is the matter?"

Something had shaken her. All her radiant composure was tremulous and disturbed. Even her step had lost its firm buoyancy, and the eyes that she turned to me now were those of a sick child, bewildered by a pain it cannot understand. I almost laughed hysterically when she thrust two papers into my hands; then I saw they were letters. Perplexed, I opened them. One was in Florian Roviston's hand, one in a writing I did not know, and each contained, beside its note, an inclosure of three clippings—those three clippings that I had put between the pages of my most intimate book.

"Read them—read them both," said Lucia. She watched my face as I read, and as I let the second letter fall into my lap she laughed out uncontrollably.

"It 's funny, is n't it? Oh, it 's funny! Why don't you laugh at me, now that I see what a joke I am?" she asked. "You must have seen it years ago. What it must have cost you to keep a straight face! But you never laughed at me then,—that was kind,—not even when I handed those out so solemnly, as if each were the only one of its kind in the world. And they were just stock sizes that would fit any one. I don't blame Florian for thinking I meant to call him back. It 's a natural mistake; they do all sound alike. And as for the other—well, that serves me right. I sent that last one—*his*—to a magazine, hoping that it might be printed, hoping he might see it and understand what I wanted him to guess, but did n't dare to tell him. There was something in it that I knew he would recognize, something that would mark it as meant for him—"

"Lucia!" I interrupted sharply. "Do you know what you are saying?"

She fell on her knees beside me, still laughing.

"I was ready to go to the ends of the earth with him, do you understand?" she said. "To love him for life and death—just as I loved Will, just as I loved Florian." A shiver went over her. "Well, he is safe from that, at all events. But—oh, my dear, you 've always understood me; I 've always felt you did, anyway. Understand me now when I can't understand myself. Why can I feel things only long enough to tell about them? What am I? *What* am I?"

With more than my old tenderness, I took her in my arms. Holding her close, I told her what she had expressed for me, what I had thought I must carry in my heart unspoken all my life. And I was only one of many.

"You are a reed for God to make music through," I finished reverently.

For a moment she lay passive against me; then she rose. Her spring was gone, but there was a grim strength I had never seen in her.

"Thank you for telling me," she said. "That seems to put some sense into the thing. It 's not all waste, that 's a comfort. *He* 's not much hurt. He never need know the thing that would really have hurt him." She took the notes from my lap, and without another glance at them dropped both into the fire. "That ends it," she said. "He won't try twice; he 's no Florian." For a moment her whole face seemed to shrivel as if a blight had gone over it; then she turned to me, herself again, and yet not quite the self I had known. There was a touch of humor in her now.

"After all," she said, "a reed is all right in its place, if only it knows it is a reed—and hollow."

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"The Miracle of St. Anthony of Padua," in the Church of San Antonio de la Florída

Goya in the Cupola

By THOMAS WALSH

SCENE: *The scaffolding in San Antonio de la Florida, at the gates of the royal Casa de Campo, near Madrid, June, 1799.*

Fray Felix Salzedo, Prior of Aula-Dei, Saragossa:

'T is as the *copla* sings, "Mid flowers and shade
Thy hermitage is set, O patron saint
Of the Florída, to whose shade and flowers
Thou owest the sweet name, Antonio blest."

Francisco Goya y Lucientes:

As keen in memory as in wind and limb,
My Father Prior. Why, you climbed as though
The scaffolding into our cupola
Were just the slopes of Fuendetodos, where
You caught me scratching pictures on the barn—

Fray Felix:

And fine court gossip make they of it now,
That you had drawn an angel there, forsooth!
Francisco, come, confess,—you might as well,—
That earliest portrait was the pig!

Goya:

Hush! Hush,
Fray Felix, for the love of heaven! This dome
Throws down an echo. Wait; we 'll be alone.
[*Calling.*] Julio! Julio! drop your brushes, lad,
Lock fast the outer door, and when there comes
A carriage to the fountain bring me word.
Now, Padre, we 'll talk freely, if I can but see—
But see your lips, for spite all flatteries,
My ears are deaf as stones. Your prayers, *amigo,*
That God may spare my sight; else I, alas!

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Shall be shut off from everything on earth.
I feigned to hear you as we drove—

Fray Felix:

I praised
Your creamy-coated mules; we ne'er have seen
The like in Aragon.

Goya:

Their legs are good;
Mine, since that jennet threw me, limp a bit.

Fray Felix:

It seemed to me at San Vincente's gate
The guards but half repressed their mirth that you
Should air your ghostly friar; more gallant freight,
No doubt, they look for in your carriage seat.
Which minds me now, Francisco, should it hap
These scornful gibers on your way to court
Rout your true worth with their nobility,
Send them to me at Saragossa, where
Your mother's, Doña Gracia's, family shields
Were green with moss long ages ere Madrid
Was thought of as a cure for Carlos' gout.

Goya:

My frescos there in Aula-Dei—

Fray Felix:

Peace!
Our friars have almost grown resigned to them.
After that fracas in Del Pilar's church,
Who would have thought that I should ever find
My Goya in the cupola again!
At least no friar or canon scolds you here.
A boudoir, so it seems, half chapel, half
A lodge-house by the royal park, where maids
Come laughing down the Manzanares' banks
To pray Antonio for a marriage-ring;
Where only the old sacristan bestirs
On Sunday morns to shake the cobwebs off,
And drive the bees so some intendant's wife
Can hear convenient mass; where prayer and rite
Are hushed and hurried if some courtier snore—

Goya:

Nay, but the good old proverb says, "Of king
And Inquisition mum 's the word!" Padre,
When have you known your Goya play the saint?
And least of all with you! What harm to paint
My lovely duchess, if she deign to come
To have me set the rouge upon her cheeks?
Am I not artist in my studio
As any maid or valet in her house?
You scold me for a paramour or two:
Your scamp Francisco—to believe the town—
Has hundreds both at court and in the slums.
I thrash some bully at the fair; presto,
They say I kill my man a fortnight now;
I use our broad-staff style of Aragon,
Behold me wizard of the fence! You know
How with the neighbors' boys I 'd bait the bulls
Near Aula-Dei; now I take a seat beside—
Beside Romero or the Costillares,
And every stroller on the Alcalá
Proclaims I am their rival with the dames
At court, as in the arena with the bulls!
Such idle chatter suits this idle town.

Fray Felix:

Lad, lad, but somebody must pay
For knavish tricks, such as that painted bruise
They say you wrought to keep the faithless wife
At home when her poor spouse would cart her hence;
"Majas Undraped," and "Draped," that have a leer,

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As though to tell the town your great one's name.
And now what have we here? In church again
You paint the only angels you have known—
"Flesh of camellia white and eyes of fire,"
Disquieting spirits, strangers in our Spain,
Carrying their pulsing bodies into heaven
In worldly bubble o'er this frivolous shrine.

Goya:

Nay, Padre mine; but San Antonio—
Do I succeed with him, the Paduan mild
That wears your own Franciscan robe of brown?
A moment, Padre. Let me touch his face
Till it resemble yours the more.

Fray Felix:

Nay, then,
If I must be the saint, let you in turn
Be pictured in the dancer on the rope.

Goya:

Agreed. Now is my miracle performed?

Fray Felix:

Let 's say the saint is pleasing, neither bold
Nor doubting, yet a bit amazed to hear
The dead man speaking. Do I see aright
Your father's face and Doña Gracia's
In those on either side, with lifted arms—
Antonio's parents, who have been accused
Of murder—while the corpse, by chance unearthed
Within their garden, at the saint's command
Gives answer to relieve them of the charge?
Legend or history, who shall say? You know
How popular fancy has a way to make
Heroes and scapegoats; if the carnal heart
Fashions its knights and damozels, we, too,
Have had such chivalry of saint and monk
As decks our chronicles with fables still.
The scene is rendered well. As for your crowds,
They trouble my old soul—

Goya:

Was it not so
From art's beginnings, Padre? Think you not
When Raphael took the peasant girls to make
His high Madonnas, there was none to carp?
When the proud Veronese showed the lords
Of Venice banqueting with Christ, that none
Took scandal?

Fray Felix:

Truly so it may have been;
Yet in the earlier manner of the arts
The offense seems smaller; beauty claimed a lift
Beyond the actual day. But here, Francisco—

Goya:

Here, Padre, you would say, my rabble throngs
With life too common round a miracle.
Should Spaniards make a pother at the thought
Of supernatural deeds? A corpse is brought
To light; our race has ne'er been squeamish there.
The urchins clamber on the railings; nay,
There 's no offense; I 've seen them do the like
Even at Del Pilar's shrine. The merry imps—
Mind not these idle gossips, Padre; look
Yourself and see. Where are the scandalous groups
They 've made such chatter of? In all this dome
What see you but such faces as we know?
Some touched with holy light, some with surprise,
Some deadened to all wonder, some engrossed
On private themes that give no time to pause.
Amid our modern crowds where mark we now

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Such splendor as the old Italians saw?
'T was mostly fiction; mine are honest crowds.
I show their fascination grim; for pomp
And grandeur look elsewhere! A saint, you cry,
Performing at a fair, as though to draw
The crowd away from a funambulist!
Yet each surpasses nature's laws, the saint
By grace divine, the dancer on his rope
With skill that flouts our feet, a marvel, yet
No contradiction or denial of law.
You know how loath I ever am to speak
Of technicals; my rules are deeds performed.
Give me a lump of charcoal, that 's enough.
I know but sun and shadow; as for lines,
Where do we find them save in studios?
My eye sees only masses; things designed
And rendered for themselves must be undone
And merged to proper state to form the mass.
A brush or rag will do. Then, if you wish,
Test it by day and lamplight, nothing more.
So if my lynx-eyed critics claim to spy
Manolas I have known among the crowds,
Martincho, or some *picador's* dark frown,
Or, as the gossip goes, the queen herself,
The doñas of San Carlos, Santa Cruz,
Montijo, and the radiant Alba, here
Smiling as angels, let them know the truth;
My memory acts not quite unlike my sight;
It sums the charms and individual way
Of each, till consciousness, obscured, becomes
But comprehension of them all.

Fray Felix:

There sounds
The mighty Goya! Heaven had marked you out
For miracles. Alas! your wasted years!

Goya:

Perchance, my hearing gone, sight but half spared,
God still may claim me for His holy cause?
Padre, I bring but tainted hands; mayhap
They yet can serve—

Fray Felix:

As hers that loving brought
The ointment to the stranger's house. Who knows,
When we and many generations lie
In dust, what men with newer minds shall come
And, hearing my dear Goya's name, be swept
With thrill ecstatic, venerating this
Which now confounds me—Hush! your Julio calls.

Julio [*Shouting and gesturing from below*]:

The carriage, *Excelencia,* awaits
Beside the Fountain of the Fan!

Goya:

Padre,
A whisper; 't is the queen herself commands.
Though deaf and lame, I still am dangerous.
How seems my coat?

Fray Felix:

That of a perfect Don
Who breaks a heart or head—

Goya:

Or fights them off.
Show Julio how to keep my mules in check;
Josefa waits at home for chocolate
Among the children; I shall come in time
To drive you to your cloister door myself.
Nay, you 're the elder, Padre; take my arm;
I know the steps. And now, with cloak and sword—

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Tales of the Tea-leaves

By

Elizabeth H. Ingham

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The New Poets

By ARTHUR C. BENSON

Author of "The Upton Letters," "From a College Window," etc.

THERE 'S a dark window in a gable which looks out over my narrow slip of garden, where the almond-trees grow, and to-day the dark window, with its black casement lines, had become suddenly a Japanese panel. The almond was in bloom, with its delicious, pink, geometrical flowers, not a flower which wins one's love, somehow; it 's not homely or sweet enough for that. But it 's unapproachably pure and beautiful, with a touch of fanaticism about it—the fanaticism which comes of stainless strength, as though one woke in the dawn and found an angel in one's room: he would not quite understand one's troubles.

But when I looked lower down, there was a sweeter message still, for the mezereon was awake, with its tiny porcelain, crimson flowers and its minute leaves of bright green, budding as I think Aaron's rod must have budded, the very crust of the sprig bursting into little flames of green and red.

I thought at the sight of all this that some good fortune was about to befall me; and so it did. When I came back there came a friend to see me whom I seldom see and much enjoy seeing. He is young, but he plays a fine part in the world, and he carries about with him two very fine qualities; one is a great and generous curiosity about what our writers are doing. He is the first man from whom I hear of new and beautiful work; and he praises it royally, he murmurs phrases, he even declaims it in his high, thin voice, which wavers like a dry flame. And what makes all this so refreshing is that his other great quality is an intensely critical spirit, which stares closely and intently at work, as through a crystalline lens.

After we had talked a little, I said to him:

"Come, praise me some new writers, you herald of the dawn! You always do that when you come to see me, and you must do it now." He smiled secretly, and drew out a slim volume from his pocket and read me some verses; I will not be drawn into saying the name of the poet.

"How do you find that?" he said.

"Oh," I said, "it is very good; but is it the finest gold?"

"Yes," he said, "it is that." And he then read me some more.

"Now," I said, "I will be frank with you. That seems to me very musical and accomplished; but it has what is to me the one unpardonable fault in poetry: it is literary. He has heard and read, that poet, so much sweet and solemn verse, that his mind murmurs like a harp hung among the trees that are therein; the winds blow into music. But I don't want that; I want a fount of song, a spring of living water." He looked a little vexed at that, and read me a few more pages. And then he went on to praise the work of two or three other writers, and added that he believed there was going to be a great outburst of poetry after a long frost.

"Well," I said, "I am sure I hope so. And if there is one thing in the world that I desire, it is that I may be able to recognize and love the new voices."

And then I told him a story of which I often think. When I was a young man, very much preoccupied with Tennyson and Omar Khayyam and Swinburne, I

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went to stay with an elderly business man, a friend of my family. He was a great stout, rubicund man, very good-natured, and he had a voice like the cry of an expiring mouse, shrill and thin. We were sitting after dinner in his big dining-room, several of us, looking out into a wide, dusty garden, when the talk turned on books, and I suppose I praised Swinburne, for he asked me to say some, and I quoted the poem which says

> And even the weariest river
> Winds somewhere safe to sea.

He heard me attentively enough, and said it was pretty good; but then he said that it was nothing to Byron, and in his squeaky voice he quoted a quantity of Byron, whose poetry, I am sorry to say, I regarded as I might regard withered flowers and worse. His eyes brimmed with tears, and they fell on to his shirt-front; and then he said decisively that there had been no poetry since Byron—none at all. Tennyson was mere word music, Browning was unintelligible, and so forth. And I remember how, with the insolence of youth, I thought how dreadful it was that the old man should have lost all sympathy and judgment; because poetry then seemed to me a really important matter, full of tones and values. I did not understand then, as I understand now, that it is all a question of signals and symbols, and that poetry is but, as the psalm says, what happens when one day telleth another and one night certifieth another. I know now that there can be no deceit about poetry, and that no poet can make you feel more than he feels himself, though he cannot always make another feel as much; and that the worth of his art exists only just in so far as he can say what he feels; and then I thought of my old friend's mind as I might think of a scarecrow among lonely fields, a thing absurd, ragged, and left alone, while real men went about their business. I did not say it, but I thought it in my folly. So I told my young friend that story; and I said:

"I know that it does not really matter what one loves and is moved by as long as one loves something and is moved by its beauty. But, still, I do not want that to happen to me; I do not want to be like a pebble on the beach, when the water draws past it to the land. I want to feel and understand the new signals. In the nursery," I said, "we used to anger our governess when she read us a piece of poetry, by saying to her, 'Who made it up?' You should say, 'Who wrote it?' she would say. But I feel now inclined to ask, 'who made it up?' and I feel, too, like the sign-painter on his rounds, who saw a new sign hung up at an inn, and said in disgust, 'That looks as if some one had been doing it himself.' Your poet seems to me only a very gifted and accomplished amateur."

"Well," he said rather petulantly, "it may be so, of course; but I don't think that you can hope to advance, if you begin by being determined to disapprove."

"No, not that," I said. "But one knows of many cases of inferior poets, who were taken up and trumpeted abroad by well-meaning admirers, whom one sees now to have had no significance, but to be so many blind alleys in the street of art; they led nowhere; one had just to retrace one's steps, if one explored them. Indeed," I said, "I had rather miss a great poet than be misled by a little one."

"Ah, no," he said, "I don't feel that. I had rather be thrilled and carried away, even if I discovered afterward that it was not really great."

"If you will freely admit that it may not be great," I said, "I am on your side. I do not mind your saying, 'This touches me with interest and delight; but it is not to be reckoned among the lords of the garden.' What I object to is your saying, 'This is great and eternal.' I feel that I should be able to respond to the great poet, if he flashed out among us; but he must be great, and especially in a time when there really is a quantity of very beautiful verse. I feel myself that perhaps this time is one that will furnish a very beautiful anthology. There are many people alive who have written per-

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haps half a dozen exquisite lyrics, when the spring and the soaring thought and the vision and the beautiful word all suddenly conspired together. But there is no great, wide, large, tender heart at work. No, I won't even say that; but there is no great spirit who has all that and a supreme word-power as well. I believe that there is more poetry, more love of beauty, more emotion, in the world than ever; and a great many men and women are living their poetry who just can't write it or sing it."

"A perverse generation seeking after a sign," he said rather grimly, "and there is no sign forthcoming except the old sign, that has been there for centuries! I don't care," he added, "about the sign of the thing. It is the quality that I want; and these new poets of whom I have been speaking have got the quality. That is all I ask for."

"No," I said, "I want a great deal more than that. Browning gave us the sense of the human heart, bewildered by all the new knowledge, and yet passionately desiring. Tennyson—"

"Poor old Tennyson!" he said.

"That is very ungracious," I said. "You are as perverse as I was about Byron when the old banker quoted him with tears. I was going to say, and I will say it, that Tennyson, with all his faults, was a great lord of music; and he put into words the fine, homely domestic emotion of the race—the poetry of labor, order, and peace. It was new and rich and splendid, and because it seems to you old-fashioned, you call it mere respectability; but it was the marching music of the world, because he showed men that faith was enlarged and not overturned by science. But these two were great because they saw far and wide; they knew by instinct just what the ordinary man was thinking, who yet wished his lip to be set to music. These little men of yours don't see that. They have their moment of ecstasy, as we all have, in the blossoming orchard full of the songs of birds. And that will always and forever give us the lyric, if the skill is there. But I want something more than that; I, you, thousands of people, are feeling something that makes the brain thrill and the heart leap. The mischief is that we don't know what it is, and I want a great poet to come and tell us."

"Ah," he said, "I am afraid you want something ethical, something that satisfies the man in Tennyson who

> Walked between his wife and child
> And now and then he gravely smiled.

But we have done with all that. What we want is people who can express the fine, rare, unusual thoughts of highly organized creatures, and you want a poet to sing of bread and butter!"

"Why, yes," I said, "I think I agree with Fitzgerald that tea and bread and butter are the only foods worth anything —the only things one cannot do without. And it is just the things that one cannot do without that I want the new great poet to sing of. I agree with William Morris that art is the one thing we all want, the expression of man's joy in his work. And the more that art retires into fine nuances and intellectual subtleties, the more that it becomes something esoteric and mysterious, the less I care about it. When Tennyson said to the farmer's wife, 'What 's the news?' she replied, 'Mr. Tennyson, there 's only one piece of news worth telling, and that is that Christ died for all men.' Tennyson said very grandly and simply, 'Ah, that 's old news and good news and *new* news!' And that is exactly what I want the poets to tell us. It is a common inheritance, not a refined monopoly, that I claim."

He laughed at this, and said:

"I think that 's rather a mid-Victorian view; I will confute you out of the Tennyson legend. When Tennyson called Swinburne's verse 'poisonous honey, brought from France,' Swinburne retorted by speaking of the laureate's domestic treacle. You can't have both. If you like treacle, you must not clamor for honey."

"Yes, I prefer honey," I said, "but you seem to me to be in search of what I

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called *literary* poetry. That is what I am afraid of. I don't want the work of a mind fed on words, and valuing ideas the more that they are uncommon. I hate what is called 'strong' poetry; that seems to me to be generally the coarsest kind of romanticism—melodrama in fact. I want to have in poetry what we are getting in fiction—the best sort of realism. Realism is now abjuring the heroic theory; it has thrown over the old conventions, the felicitous coincidences, life arranged on ideal lines; and it has gone straight to life itself, strong, full-blooded, eager life, full of mistakes and blunders and failures and sharp disasters and fears. Life goes shambling along like a big dog, but it has got its nose on the scent of something. It is a much more mysterious and prodigious affair than life rearranged upon romantic lines. It means something very vast indeed, though it splashes through mud and scrambles through hedges. You may laugh at what you call ethics, but that is only a name for one of many kinds of collisions. It is the fact that we are always colliding with something, always coming unpleasant croppers, that is the exciting thing. I want the poet to tell me what the obscure winged thing it is that we are following; and if he can't explain it to me, I want to be made to feel that it is worth while following. I don't say that all life is poetical material. I don't think that it is; but there is a thing called beauty which seems to me the most maddeningly perfect thing in the world. I see it everywhere, in the dawn, in the far-off landscape, with all its rolling lines of wood and field, in the faces and gestures of people, in their words and deeds. That is a clue, a golden thread, a line of scent, and I shall be more than content if I am encouraged to follow that."

"Ah," he said, "now I partly agree with you. It is just that which the new men are after; they take the pure gold of life and just coin it into word and phrase, and it is that which I discern in them."

"Yes," I said, "but I want something a great deal bigger than that. I want to see it everywhere and in everything. I don't want to have to walk in a little space and make it silent and beautiful, and forget what is happening outside. I want a poet to tell me what it is that leaps in the eyes and beckons in the smiles of people whom I meet—people whom often enough I could not live with,—the more 's the pity,—but whom I want to be friends with, all the same. I want the common joys and hopes and visions to be put into music. And when I find a man, like Walt Whitman, who does show me the beauty and wonder and the strong affections and joys of simple hearts, so that I feel sure that we are all desiring the same thing, though we cannot tell each other what it is, then I feel I am in the presence of a poet indeed."

My young friend shut up the little book which he had been holding in his hand.

"Yes," he said, "that would be a great thing; but one can't get at things in that way now. We must all specialize; and if you want to follow the new aims and ideals of art, you must put aside a great deal of what is called our common humanity, and you must be content to follow a very narrow path among the stars. I do not mind speaking quite frankly. I do not think you understand what art is. It is essentially a mystery, and the artist is a sort of hermit in the world. It is not a case of 'joys in widest commonalty spread,' as Daddy Wordsworth said. That is quite a different affair; but art has got to withdraw itself, to be content to be misunderstood; and I think that you have just as much parted company with it as your old friend the banker."

"Well," I said, "we shall see. Anyhow, I will give your new poets a careful reading, and I shall be glad if I can really admire them, because, indeed, I don't want to be stranded on a lee shore."

And so my friend departed; and I began to wonder whether the art of which he spoke was not, after all, as real a thing as the beauty of my almond-flower and my mezereons. If so, I should like to be able to include it and understand it, though I do not want to think that it is the end.

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The Way to Tipperary

By EDGAR JEPSON

Author of "Captain Sentimental," "The House on the Mall," etc.

Illustrations by H. J. Mowat

IT had been a warm corner and was growing warmer, for the German shells came more quickly than ever as their infantry advance began. The stretcher-bearers had just cleared the trench of wounded; but it was still no place in which to be spending a blazing August afternoon. On the still air the malodorous, choking fumes of high explosives hung heavily; from the pools of blood drying in the sun-blaze rose a smell beyond words acrid; and clouds of flies worried the sweltering platoon.

At the left-hand corner of the trench Private George Taylor was complaining bitterly that the cup of tea they had been promised at four o'clock had not come; and it was now 4:50. He had, indeed, complained bitterly all the afternoon. At 1:45 he had complained bitterly, for five and twenty minutes, of indigestion. At 2:20 a fragment of shell tore half of the heel from his left boot; and for a quarter of an hour he had complained bitterly that the German gunner was out of sight. At 2:40 he had complained bitterly for ten minutes that the Gordons on their left had a nice shady wood to fight from, dwelling at length on the gross favoritism with which the Scotch regiments were treated. From 2:55 to 3:30 he had for the while lost interest in the world-conspiracy against him, and had slept peacefully.

At 3:30 he had awakened to complain bitterly that while he slept some one had scoffed the last half-cigarette he possessed from the left-hand pocket of his tunic. He was still complaining of this when, at 4:05, he found the half-cigarette in question in the right-hand pocket of his tunic, and till 4:30 he complained bitterly of his failing memory, owing to repeated nerve-shocks from Prussian shells. At 4:35 he complained bitterly of Captain Carter's refusal to let him crawl out of the trench and bring in some apples from the row of apple-trees on its left, which was being shelled more heavily than the trench itself.

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But it must not be supposed that the flow of his complaint was continuous; he paused now and again for as long as two minutes at a time. Also it is only fair to George Taylor to say that no one took any notice of it except his chum, Joe Harris, who said stolidly perhaps as often as three times in the hour, "You brought it on yourself, George; an' well you know it."

Beyond Joe Harris, who was sleeping again, every two or three minutes Captain Carter raised his head to his loophole, and swept the ground in front of them with his glasses. He had not been popular with the men before the war. He drawled a little and was supercilious, with a gift of sarcasm very trying to those who may not answer back. But now they were very well content with him. He was shepherding and nursing them almost with a mother's care that he might bring them into action fit. He got them their share and more than their share of any food that was to be had; he saw to it that they had about a third more sleep than any other platoon in the battalion; and, above all, when they were in action, they felt themselves led.

Beyond Captain Carter two sleeping men snored peacefully; beyond them three men were playing nap; then came a corporal writing a letter, two more sleepers, a man reading, a little group yarning, and so on to the end of the trench.

For all his grouchiness, George Taylor did not miss much; and he saw Captain Carter's back stiffen, and that he kept his glasses fixed on a point on their right front. Then with a faint sigh of content he said:

"You can stop your everlasting 'grousing' for a bit, Taylor, and get ready to let your rifle do a little of the talking. They 're coming."

A ripple ran down the trench. The sleepers were awakened; the card-players put away their cards, the reader his book, the corporal his letter. They took their rifles, ready to thrust them through the loopholes.

"Ha! I know that tea 'll come when I 'm too busy to attend to it; and it 'll be stone-cold before I 've done," said George Taylor, with extraordinary bitterness. But he took up his rifle gently and ran a fond eye over it.

"Don't you worry about that tea, Taylor; the motors got away an hour and a half ago," said Captain Carter, who, as usual, had missed nothing.

George Taylor groaned. Captain Carter watched the advancing enemy through unmoving glasses. Then briskly he bade the picked marksmen sight their rifles for a thousand yards, the rest of the platoon for six hundred.

The men kept peeping through their loopholes despite his sharp orders to them to keep their heads down. The line of approaching infantry was not more than a mile away.

Presently George Taylor said in a persuasive tone:

"I 'm sure I could get a few from fifteen hundred down, sir."

"You won't—not in this glare," said Captain Carter, firmly.

George Taylor mumbled to himself a bitter complaint about never being appreciated at his true worth. Then he complained bitterly that the smoke was blurring the advancing line so that he would not be able to distinguish the officers and get one at every shot. Then looking round to see if the Gordons were yet engaged, he saw the girl.

As his eyes fell on her, she stood under the last apple-tree of the row, reaching up to pluck an apple; the sunlight, falling through the shrapnel-stripped boughs, lighted up clearly her brown hair and eyes and cheeks and very red lips; and in his surprise and consternation the picture stamped itself on George Taylor's brain as if bitten into it with an acid.

"Oh, Lord!" he almost yelped; and then he yelled ferociously: "Come out of it! Come out of it!"

The girl was already coming out of it. Indeed, she had only snatched at the apple as she came swiftly along the row of trees, and before the sound of his voice had died on the heavy air, she had slipped down

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into the trench beside him, and bitten into the apple with very white teeth.

George Taylor gazed at her with a ferocious eye and, breathing quickly, mopped the sweat-beads from his brow.

"You 've no business here, you know," he said thickly.

She shook her head, smiling at him, and, tapping her chest, said:

"Française—je suis Française."

"You 've—no—business—here," said George Taylor, raising his voice that she might understand him.

"Don't be so effusive to lady visitors, Taylor. You 'll lay yourself open to misapprehension," drawled Captain Carter over his shoulder; and he said a few words in French to the girl.

She answered him eagerly and quickly. He put the glasses to his eyes again, and, surveying the advancing infantry, drawled:

"She 's on her way to her uncle at Arras, and she appears to have decided to go with us."

George Taylor regarded her darkly and said bitterly:

"Nurses, that 's what we are—nurses. All we want is perambulators. I don't think!"

She smiled at him an engaging smile of childlike appeal, and he saw that she was munching her apple very hungrily. From a hole in the side of the trench on his left he drew a thick sandwich of bully beef that he had reserved to eat with the tea which never came.

"Oh, merci bien, monsieur!" she said with eager thankfulness, and again she smiled at him.

"Get ready!" said Captain Carter.

George Taylor put the barrel of his rifle through the loophole, and his keen eye ran along the advancing line, trying to pick out an officer. He found, or thought he found one, and watched him, waiting.

"A thousand! Get busy! And mark your men," said Captain Carter.

George Taylor got busy. He shot the German he believed to be an officer, and went on shooting without any hurry, aiming deliberately, and firing about every twenty seconds. Now and again he heaved a sigh of content, the sigh of a man thoroughly enjoying himself.

Captain Carter kept calling the range, and at about eight hundred yards the Germans began to fire volleys. Thousands of harmless bullets sang over the British trenches. Above the German line the shells from a couple of British batteries were bursting with admirable precision. Whenever one burst, there was a gap in it for half a minute. Sometimes a shell tore a lane through it before bursting. Not a shell seemed to be wasted. Scores of bodies strewed the fields for two hundred yards behind it.

Along the trench the inferior marksmen were fidgeting. They kept looking at Captain Carter with pleading, almost piteous, eyes; and some one at the other end of the trench was saying in tones of veritably poignant pathos:

"I could n't miss them if I tried. No; that I could n't."

"Now—now—now—keep quiet—keep quiet! You 'll be giving them a bellyful in about three minutes. Seven hundred!" said Captain Carter.

The German line still moved briskly forward under the impulsion of its officers just behind it, and still in far too close formation; about a hundred and fifty yards behind it a second line of equal strength advanced yet more briskly. The British artillery leaving the first line to the rifle-fire, began to shell the second with the same admirable precision.

"Now, ready, you others! Mark your men!" snapped Captain Carter; and then: "Six hundred! Give the beggars a clip!"

As if at a concerted signal the volley rang out all along the British trenches. Before the gust of lead the German line did not waver; it waggled. Men went down in scores, in hundreds. Then, shoved or driven, it came on again, firing wildly from the hip. A little more thinning, and it would be in proper open order.

George Taylor was still shooting quietly, humming quietly to himself with great satisfaction. He could pick out the officers with the greatest ease now, and he was picking them out.

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The German line came on, the machine-guns and rifles tearing it. The second line, stumbling over the piles of the fallen, but so far only torn by the shells of the field-guns, was catching up the first quickly.

They were barely three hundred yards away when Captain Carter said in an uncommonly cheerful tone, "Fix bayonets!"

The clash, faint in the din of the firing, ran along the trenches.

George Taylor fixed his bayonet, and looked down at the girl. She was just finishing the sandwich.

He bent down, touched her shoulder, and said in her ear loudly and distinctly:

"I 'm—just—going—away—for—a little while. You stay here. Stay—here—till—I—come—back."

She smiled at him amiably. Captain Carter repeated the injunction in his serviceable French, and she nodded and smiled again.

George Taylor, with a sigh of relief, turned to his loophole and looked out for another German officer. He found one.

"Charge!" cried Captain Carter.

George Taylor came out of the trench in a scrambling jump, and rushed for the gray line. It was not above a hundred and fifty yards away, and he sprinted for it, yelling. He had just time to observe the grayness of the strained faces, and then he was observing the curious wobbling of the backs of the Germans as they ran. Every one round him was yelling, and he yelled and sprinted after a tall, long-legged German officer who was getting away at a very good pace. George Taylor had suddenly set his heart on having his helmet. The German was outpaced, and furthermore was jostled by his own men as they fled. George Taylor caught him inside of sixty yards, balanced himself, and drove his bayonet into his back, crying exultantly:

"Pass that on to William!"

He jerked his bayonet free from the falling man, turned sharply, and drove it into a flying private he had outstripped, just as a fragment of shell from a German gun, impartially shelling friend and foe, ripped away the tunic, the shirt, and a fragment of skin from his shoulder. He danced up and down, then stopped short, and cried with extraordinary bitterness:

"Gawd! Am I the only man in the 'ole British army these blighters can hit?"

He felt the wound, and found it only skin-deep. With a grunt of relief, he ran on. The flying Germans had run into their reserves, who had stood firm, and he ran into the jam. He could not use his bayonet; he could only shove, cursing furiously. Then a man on his left shouted, "Arsenal! Arsenal!" and they all shouted, "Arsenal! Arsenal!" and it seemed to give them the extra force to get through. George Taylor came through with half a dozen other men; and once through, they had room to use their bayonets, and began to dig their way back with them. They were still shouting, "Arsenal! Arsenal!" when they came out on the other side, the officers were blowing their whistles, and shouting to them to get back to the trenches.

George Taylor looked for the row of apple-trees, and found that he had been carried about fifty yards to the right of it. He fell back in a slanting course, therefore, firing as he went, and as he passed the officer he had bayoneted, he picked up his helmet and jammed it on to his head. He found himself in the company of Captain Carter, who was walking slowly back to the trenches with a calm and dignified air, reloading his revolver as he went. There was a pleasant light in his eyes, and the blade of his sword, hanging from his wrist, was dripping.

In his satisfaction he unbent so far as to say:

"Crowded hours of glorious life, Taylor. What?"

"You may well say so, sir," said George Taylor, with unusual cheerfulness; and he turned and fired into the swaying German line, which neither advanced nor retreated.

The shells were now bursting over them from a dozen batteries; but George Taylor was chiefly annoyed by the fact that he had only half a heel on his left boot.

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"'You 've no business here, you know,' he said thickly"

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Twice he dropped down by a dead man and transferred the unused clips from his cartridge-belt to his own, which was feeling uncommonly light.

When he came to the edge of the trench he was pleased to see that the girl had followed his instructions and stayed where she was. He dropped down beside her with a smile on his sweaty, black, and bloody face; and she smiled amiably at him.

The order came to fall back; Captain Carter bade them get what was left of their kits and come on. George Taylor fastened the German officer's helmet to his knapsack, slung it on his back, surveyed the unpleasant-looking six hundred yards of bare stubble which lay between them and the wooded road down which their way lay, drew the girl gently to her feet, and with incredible bitterness said to the world in general:

"Ha! Off to England again!" The shrapnel was bursting freely about them; overhead was the long-drawn whine of thousands of bullets, for the German infantry had recovered enough to be wasting its ammunition furiously. He took the girl's hand and said loudly: "Run! Run!"

She understood his tugging hand, and they ran hard for a good forty yards. He stopped, dropped, and dragged her down with him. She laughed a little breathless laugh, and pulled her skirt down to her ankles. He saw that her big brown eyes were shining brightly, and he said very bitterly:

"Yes, it 's all very well; but you 've no business here, and well you know it."

Then he fired three careful shots at the German infantry, now advancing again. From it there came the sudden harsh rattle of machine-guns, and he swore softly. They could hit with those. His eyes ran along the line till he found them. He fired five careful shots at the gunners, and apparently most of the English line who had dropped to fire did the same, for before the gust of lead the German line about those guns thinned till there was a clear gap in it, and the harsh rattle died down to a mere splutter.

He dragged up the girl and ran on—ran till he was fairly dragging her along, panting breathlessly. Then he dropped again.

"Seven hundred!" cried the clear voice of Captain Carter on his left, without a suspicion of a drawl in it. "And keep those damned machine-guns quiet!"

George Taylor did his best to keep them quiet, and he was well seconded; they were quiet.

For a good five minutes he lay firing carefully, waiting for the girl to recover her breath. The rest of the line had gone back another fifty yards. From that distance Captain Carter was inquiring loudly, but querulously, whether George Taylor purposed to spend the night in that stubble-field. At last the girl was breathing easily; he took her hand, and they ran again. The line beyond them blazed away in hope to cover them. When they reached it, Joe Harris sprang up, as he had been bidden, from beside Captain Carter, caught the girl's other hand, and helped to pull her along. She giggled.

"That 's it! Larf! Larf!" said George Taylor, with veritably furious bitterness.

They were within a hundred and fifty yards of the road when they dropped again, the girl gasping, but still smiling. George Taylor and Joe Harris got to work again, sighting for nine hundred yards. The line came slowly back to them, running, dropping, firing, running. The shells were bursting short of it.

"Nine hundred!" cried Captain Carter. "Now get her into the road."

George Taylor and Joe Harris got her into the road. She sat down and panted at the foot of the bank; they did some careful shooting over the top of it. A dozen wounded men, helped along by whole comrades, came stumbling over it. Then came the rest of the platoon; and on the instant Captain Carter formed them up and sent them at the quick march down the road.

George Taylor, Joe Harris, and the girl led the way.

"The pleasantest afternoon I ever had—spoilt!" said George Taylor, in a bitter wail. "I like retiring to England under

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machine-gun fire—I like it,"—he looked round ferociously for some one to contradict him,—"but when it comes to escorting ladies under it, I don't. And that 's a fact."

He looked round ferociously again, but slipped his arm gently through the girl's to help her along.

"You brought it on yourself, George; an' well you know it," said Joe Harris.

"Brought it on myself, parrot! What the hell are you talking about?" howled his suddenly indignant friend.

"You 'groused' till you got the best place in the trench to pot Germans from; an' it serves you right," said Joe Harris.

Honest indignation held George Taylor speechless; and they came down on to the rear of a company of Northamptons just formed up.

"Brought your missis with you, I see," said a man in the rear rank in the friendly tone of one setting out to make a new acquaintance.

George Taylor, for all his boiling indignation, took it as it was meant, and answered in a confidential tone of extraordinary bitterness:

"It 's always the way. You never can get a little quiet fun nowadays without the women chippin' in an' spoilin' everything."

"You may well say so," said the Northampton in a tone of genuine sympathy. "It 's them suffragettes."

"Get on there! Get on!" cried Captain Carter from the rear.

"Get on, hell!" said the Captain of the Northamptons in a tone of acrid protest. "Quick march!"

The Northamptons stepped out, and the platoon swung along after them.

"It 's the strain on the nerves; and she does n't speak a word of English, if you understand me," said George Taylor to the Northampton.

"You must be fair fed up," said the Northampton, over his shoulder, sympathetically.

Then away down the line of the Northamptons half a dozen voices began, "It 's a long way to Tip-per-ar-y."

Forthwith the two companies took up the tune as one man, and from them it went roaring up and down the whole length of the column. They were still full of the exaltation of the fight, and it was their song of triumph. The girl brightened to the tune, and stepped out more briskly, with brightly shining eyes. Even on the face of George Taylor was an expression of content. He took off his cap and put it gently on her bare head. She thanked him, smiling. He saw that her brown eyes were indeed very large.

They marched on for two hours through the dusk into the dark, with an occasional pause, when a block in the road ahead jammed the column, and with one rest of ten minutes. When the column jammed, and they were jostling and squabbling cheerfully with the Northamptons, the song died down; in five minutes after they had started again it had risen to a steady roar.

In the jams and during the rest George Taylor talked to the girl. Seeing that he was talking into her ear, he could talk quite loudly enough to be understood. He gathered that her name was Mathilde Lambert, and spent some time trying to teach her to call him "M. George," and not "M. Georges." She kept him so busy that for the whole two hours he did not discover a grievance.

At the end of the two hours they rested, and again marched on. They still sang "The Way to Tipperary"; but it was no longer a song of triumph, but a marching song; they were singing it less loudly, but doggedly. At half-past eight they came to a big lorry of the supply-train beside a farm-house. Three great fires were burning round the well in the yard, and every kind of vessel in which water could be boiled had been turned into a tea-pot. There was *milk* in the tea, and a biscuit with a dab of jam on it for each man.

Mathilde received her ration with the rest, and received the mug of a badly wounded man who was on the lorry. She made a little face at the first taste of the tea, but drank the last half of the cup with considerable relish. It was beyond belief

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grateful to their parched throats, and after it they grew cheerful again; the approved humorists began to crack their jokes, and George Taylor complained bitterly that the jam was apricot, and not strawberry. Captain Carter drew the platoon to the well at the back of the yard, and requisitioned half a dozen buckets. The men poured mugful after mugful of water down their throats, and filled their bottles. Mathilde herself drank two mugs. At the last moment George Taylor had the happiest thought: he obtained a spare water-bottle from the lorry, and had it filled with tea for her. Away down the road behind them the German guns were booming away.

Strengthened and refreshed, they set out again briskly, roaring "The Way to Tipperary." At the first jam George Taylor once more complained bitterly of this perpetual retirement to England.

Soon they were off again, singing again. On they went, hour after hour, growing wearier and wearier, marching doggedly, singing doggedly. If the song died on their weary lips, some one would shout, "Are we downhearted?" There would come a shout of, "No!" and the song would begin again. Mathilde was heavy on George Taylor's helping arm, and now and again she stumbled. By half-past eleven the loss of the heel of his left boot had grown a serious matter: it seemed to force little-used muscles into play, and produced most painful cramps in his leg if a halt were long coming. His shoulder was stiff and aching from the blow from the fragment of shell; but he was not grumbling now: every now and again he said something cheerful to Mathilde in a pleasant, loud voice. She did not understand him; but always she lifted a little to the sound of his voice, and murmured a faint, cheerful assent. Always behind them the guns boomed just as loud, and the sky was bright with burning villages fired in their advance by the triumphant Huns.

At about half-past twelve George Taylor's firm resolve to be Mathilde's sole helper weakened. The loss of his boot-heel was too much for him, and he bade Joe Harris, who had preserved an unbroken silence for nearly two hours, to take her other arm. Without a word, Joe took it and helped her along.

For the most part they were now marching in silence; but now and again some one would break out, "It 's a long way to Tipperary," and in a couple of minutes the whole column would be singing it doggedly and rather huskily.

The halts came often now; during them Captain Carter exhausted command, exhortation, cajolery, and abuse in his efforts to keep his men on their feet. Once they lay down, many would never get up again for an hour or two. George Taylor and Joe Harris let Mathilde lie down against the bank readily enough, and then they just leaned against one another. She was asleep on the instant every time; and when the column started again, they dragged her to her feet and along the road, almost sleeping still. At times they were very faint, and chilled by cold sweats. The booming of the German guns was now fainter and farther away, and the light from the burning villages was not so bright.

It was past two when the order came to halt and bivouac. It was the simplest matter in the world to bivouac that night: the brigade, empty, hungry, thirsty, and exhausted, dropped where it was halted, in massed formation, along the road and in the fields beside it.

George Taylor was hard put to it to provide for Mathilde. He went up and down shouting for a blanket for a lady. Then he came upon a large, snoring Northampton sleeping on an officer's mackintosh. He rolled him off it, and carried it to her. She was already lying fast asleep on the bare ground. He and Joe Harris lifted her gently on to the mackintosh, fastened it round her, and lay down very close to her, on each side, to keep her warm. The three of them slept like logs.

At five they were roused in a chill, gray dawn, and were at once set to work to intrench a position across the road. They were chilled and very stiff after their long

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"'It 's a long way to Tip-per-ar-y'"

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march and sleeping cold on the hard ground; also they were famished. Joe Harris and George Taylor were in a little better case than their comrades, for Mathilde forced them to drink some of the tea from her water-bottle. George Taylor complained with incredible bitterness that there were no basins of water and soap. He could judge from the faces of his comrades what an abominable appearance he must present, and he resented it. He tried to explain to Mathilde by gestures that he deplored his condition and was not to blame for it. He hoped faintly that she understood him.

She sat on the mackintosh for a while, watching them with drowsy eyes as they dug away. Then she rose and walked away toward a big farm on the right, where the brigade staff had established itself. George Taylor did not see her start, and he looked after her with a puzzled, disappointed air. He thought that she had left them for good. He said nothing, but turned to his digging, and dug away steadily. They were given a rest about twenty minutes later, and of a sudden he saw her coming back. His face grew bright, and with inconceivable bitterness he complained that there were no larks singing in the morning sky. Even Captain Carter blinked a little at this monstrous demand on nature in northern France at the end of August.

Mathilde came up, smiling happily at him; and it was quite clear that she had washed her face. She looked quite fresh, and her big brown eyes were bright. She carried a small parcel wrapped in newspaper and a folded white cloth. She sat down beside George Taylor, took from the parcel two large slices of bread and butter, and gave one to him and one to Joe Harris. They had no difficulty in making her understand that they were grateful.

George Taylor had eaten half his slice when he saw the rather cold eye of Captain Carter rest on it with a greed he could not repress. At once he cut off two thirds of the remainder and offered it to him.

Captain Carter shook his head and said:

"No, no. Eat it yourself. We shall want all your shooting to-day; and the fuller your stomach, the better you 'll shoot."

"And the fuller your stomach, sir, the better shooting I shall get," said George Taylor, politely, but firmly.

But Captain Carter shook his head and said more firmly:

"No, no: eat it yourself. We shall all get something presently."

George Taylor understood that if the platoon did not eat, Captain Carter did not eat. He finished the slice, and he finished it thankfully.

Then Mathilde gave them coffee, still hot, from her water-bottle, and then she handed George Taylor the folded cloth. It was wringing wet; and she made signs to him to wash his face. He set to work on it eagerly, and dealt with it thoroughly. When he had done, there was a clearly visible, fresh-colored George Taylor above a week's growth of stubbly, brown bristles, —they did not hide his thin, sensitive, humorous lips,—but the cloth was black. He smiled a broad and sheepish smile at Mathilde, and she smiled back a smile of amiable congratulation.

"That 's first-class," he said loudly and distinctly.

Captain Carter translated the phrase for her. She nodded with emphasis and smiled, and said that it was indeed good —very good. She beamed on the transformed George.

Presently they were rested, and fell to their digging again. The soil was light below the baked surface, and by half-past six, when a British battery on their left opened fire, the trench was deep. At once Captain Carter bade Mathilde betake herself to the rear and continue her journey along the western road toward Arras. Mathilde smiled amiably, but shook her head. Neither the commands, adjurations, nor persuasion of either Captain Carter or George Taylor shook her resolve. She protested that where she was she felt quite safe from *"les Bosches,"* and unless they carried her to the rear, there she would stay.

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There was nothing for it: Captain Carter could not detach a squad to carry her to the rear; she must stay. Moreover, they were not insensible to the compliment she paid them. None the less, as he and Joe Harris dug out a deep niche for her in the wall of the trench, George Taylor complained with extraordinary bitterness of the modern intrusion of women into spheres in which they were wholly out of place.

The German batteries began to get to work about half-past seven, and the shrapnel was bursting over the trenches. Mathilde sat placidly in her niche between Joe Harris and George Taylor while he dwelt bitterly and at length on the modern woman's aversion from her own fireside. When at last the sun warmed her, she went to sleep; and he and Joe Harris and most of the company also slept.

Captain Carter, the lids of his eyes red from lack of sleep, since he had been busy for much of the time his men had slept during their bivouac, stood looking out over the wall of the trench; now and again he swept the ground in front with his glasses.

About nine o'clock a motor-omnibus came along the road to within three hundred yards of them, and presently each man received two biscuits. There was a veritable outburst of cheerfulness in the trenches. Presently it died down, and they went to sleep again. Captain Carter gave his glasses to a trustworthy sergeant, stretched himself out, and slept, too. They were now sweltering under a blazing sun.

Captain Carter slept heavily till the noisy hail of shrapnel with which the Germans prepared the way for their infantry attack awoke him.

Again the infantry made no impression on the intrenched English: they held them up at seven hundred yards; then the artillery beat them back. But the attack had awakened the men, and they began to talk and write letters and play nap. George Taylor and Mathilde gave one another instruction in English and French. The information their eyes conveyed to one another was not linguistic. Captain Carter slept again. Joe Harris and three other men with about thirty water-bottles crawled off to the farm on the right. The German shells had set it blazing; but they learned from the next trench that the well-tackle was still unbroken. Only three of them came back. They had left the fourth in the farm-yard. Joe Harris brought back his left boot and his cap. George Taylor put on the boot gratefully, and offered the cap to Mathilde in place of his own. She tried it on him, found that it fitted, and made signs to him that she preferred the one he had given her. He was pleased.

The German gun-fire grew hotter and hotter, but the casualties in the trench were trifling: three men were wounded, only one of them seriously. All the while the German infantry were coming up and massing in front. About noon they advanced to make their grand attack, and the order came to Captain Carter to retire. He looked longingly at the mass in close formation before he gave the order. A murmur of disappointment ran along the trench, and George Taylor said bitterly indeed:

"Precious little food and precious little fun, and off to old England again!"

Captain Carter sent them to the road at the double, a score at a time in loose formation. George Taylor and Joe Harris, holding Mathilde's hands, pulled her along as hard as she could go. Again she giggled, and George Taylor jerked out bitterly as he ran:

"That 's it! Larf again! Larf again! Just when we 're sweating to get you out of range. Oh, the sense that some women have!"

When they stopped, he was still scowling; but her gleeful, disarming smile quickly smoothed the scowl from his face. Once in the road, Captain Carter formed them up and sent them briskly down it. They were in much the same company as the day before—their own regiment, Northamptons, and Gordons. The German batteries had the range of the road; and for a good half-mile the shrapnel was bursting over them. Again the platoon

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was lucky: two men were hit, but not badly enough to fall out. Before they were out of the danger-zone a cheerful soul had burst out, "It 's a long way to Tipperary!" The song ran down the column in a cheerful roar. Mathilde joined in it; she seemed to have mastered enough of the unfamiliar words. During the halts she talked French and English with George Taylor.

Now they went fast, and now they went slowly; but hour after hour they marched on through the sweltering afternoon. They received no more food; but fortunately they obtained water at a deserted village. Mathilde seemed to bear the march better than she had borne that of the night before; she was not nearly so heavy on George Taylor's helping arm; she did not tire him. Indeed, they seemed to stimulate one another. Weary and very hungry, but still singing doggedly, the column came to Le Cateau in the short autumn twilight.

The platoon was billeted, along with two hundred other men, at a farm a mile to the right of the town. They found themselves in the very lap of luxury; there was not only a supper of bread and coffee, but straw to sleep on in the stables and stalls. The platoon had definitely adopted Mathilde as its mascot; it had decided, not perhaps unanimously, that it owed the fewness of its casualties that day to her presence with it. She was given a whole stall to herself.

She was also plied earnestly with bread and coffee; and when she had eaten and drunk her fill, she went to the people of the farm, and presently came back with three cigarettes. It was then that George Taylor, Joe Harris, and Captain Carter, smoking them, rose to the very height of luxury. The rest of the weary platoon went off to its stables; and as soon as Joe Harris and Captain Carter had finished their cigarettes, they went, too. Mathilde and George Taylor sat on yet a little while by the dying fire. They did not say anything; they did not want to talk; they could see one another's eyes.

Then with a sigh she rose, and he rose, too. They went slowly toward the door of the stable, and came out of the glow of the fire into the shadow under its wall. Hesitating and clumsily, he put his arm gently round her; she quivered and leaned against him. He bent down and kissed her.

"Oh, I do like you!" he said fervently.

She put her arms about him, held him, and murmured:

"Je t'aime."

"That 's it. Je taim, je taim," said George Taylor.

They clung to one another, and then they went into the stable, treading carefully among the sleepers. At the entrance of her stall he kissed her again.

Joe Harris had kept his place for him next the partition. When he lay down, George murmured through a crack in it:

"Je taim, je taim."

She prayed for him.

Thrilled as they were, they were too weary to lie awake long; but when he had sunk into the very depths of sleep, she was praying for him still.

At five o'clock the column was awakened and, after more bread and coffee, marched out to some shallow trenches dug for them the day before by the people of Le Cateau, and set about deepening them.

On the way to them Mathilde and George Taylor said very little, but their hands kept touching as they went, and their eyes were eloquent enough.

It was not long before the German guns were booming away on their right; but it was nearly eight o'clock before a battery opened fire on the line of trenches in the middle of which the platoon was posted; and by that time they had dug themselves in in quite satisfactory fashion, and cleared much of the ground as far as a farm seven hundred yards away. As the morning wore on, it was plain that they were in a much bigger action than that of the day before; the British guns were more numerous, and the German guns far more numerous. But once more (it may be that Mathilde was indeed their mascot) the platoon suffered very little from the shrapnel. Two men were badly

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wounded by the same shell, and the fragment of another cut Captain Carter's left arm slightly. To most of the men it had begun to seem the natural mode of life to sit or lie in a trench with the shells bursting about it; and to-day they talked or read or slept or played their cards without giving a thought to them. George Taylor pursued his acquisition of the French language with tranquil perseverance. It seemed to him that he was acquiring it under the most favorable circumstances from the most excellent teacher. At half-past twelve came the advance of the German infantry. They came to within five hundred yards of the trenches, and were driven back to the shelter of the farm; and there, sniping away in a wholly futile fashion, they were held.

All the while Mathilde sat placidly in a niche in the wall of the trench, plying her needle. Now and again George Taylor paused from his fairly successful efforts to pick off careless Germans to say a few carefully thought-out words in French to her. They were growing hungry; but no food came to them.

The firing in front was heavy enough; but on their right it was far heavier. None the less, when, soon after three o'clock, the order came to retire, there seemed no necessity to do anything of the kind, and George Taylor, who was thoroughly enjoying both the shooting and his lessons in French, complained more bitterly than ever of this new, but apparently incurable, habit of the British army of retiring to England.

To-day they retired at their ease and in excellent order, and once more took the western road to the sad strains of "The Way to Tipperary."

Then, as suddenly and as unexpectedly as the meeting, came the parting. They had not left the trenches half an hour when they came to a road running to the northwest across the road they were on, and a sign-post told them that it was the road to Cambrai and Arras.

Mathilde pointed to the sign-post with a faint cry of dismay as the column jammed and they came to a halt. Quickly she told Captain Carter that she must leave them, and he quickly told George Taylor. George nodded gloomily, and Mathilde gazed at him with parted lips and eyes swimming, and caught his hand.

Involuntarily they stepped out of the ranks, and stood on the Arras road, staring at one another with straining, anxious eyes. A group of refugees, coming through the ranks of the platoon, jostled them; they did not perceive it. George had lost all his French, and what there had been would have been useless in so great a crisis.

He turned to Captain Carter and said:

"Tell her I 'm coming back, sir—coming to Arras. Tell her I shall know French when I come."

Captain Carter translated quickly.

Mathilde nodded, and smiled at George through her tears, and spoke.

"She says you 're not to be long coming," said Captain Carter.

The jam loosened; the front ranks began to move. She threw her arms round George's neck; their lips clung in a long kiss; she loosed him; and mechanically he stepped into his place in the moving ranks.

"Adieu!" she cried, and choked on a sob.

"Good-by—adieu! I 'm coming back—to Arras," he struck himself on the chest, and raised his voice that she might understand and cried, "Me—Arras!"

She nodded and cried:

"Adieu! Adieu!"

The platoon gave her a cheer and swept on. The trees by the road hid her from view.

George Taylor moved on heavily, frowning, his shoulders hunched.

"Damn this retiring!" he growled bitterly.

"You may well say so," said Joe Harris, sympathetically.

Twenty yards farther on George Taylor drew himself up; his face cleared a little, and he began:

"It 's a long way to Tipperary,
It 's a long way to go!"

It went roaring down the column.

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Young man with a stick, by Velasquez

Two wood engravings

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Young woman opening casement, by Vermeer

by Timothy Cole

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The Confederate submarine *Hunley*

The Art of Submarine Defense and Offense as Applied to International Peace

By SIMON LAKE

IN 1893, when the United States Government advertised for inventors to submit plans for a submarine, no successful boat of the kind had yet been built. Over a hundred attempts had been made, but all had been found lacking in the essentials necessary to produce a weapon of value either for defensive or offensive warfare. At this time the favorite method of control was by the use of vertical and horizontal rudders placed at the stern of cigar-shaped craft. Water was then admitted into various tanks until the vessel would have a buoyancy of only a few pounds. By the use of the horizontal rudder, the vessel's bow was depressed, and she was made to dive until the desired depth was reached. Then the rudder was changed to allow the bow of the vessel to assume such an angle that the downward inclined thrust of the propellers was just sufficient to overcome the buoyancy of the vessel. Theoretically, the vessel would then make progress in a straight line.

The largest and most important of the vessels built to operate on this principle were the *Plongeur*, 1864; the *Gymnote*, built in France in 1888; the Nordenfelt boats, built for Russia and Turkey in 1887 and 1888; the *Peral*, built by a Spanish naval officer for Spain in 1888; and the boats built by the Confederates and by Mr. John P. Holland in this country.

At first glance this seems an ideal method of control, but it has been the cause of the loss of many vessels and lives. The method fails because the submarine is not a body with a fixed center of gravity. The submarine is compelled to carry water ballast, fuel, crew, and stores, the combined weight of which is both variable and movable. The amount of water ballast must vary according to this weight. It must also vary according to the density of the water in which the vessel is operating, which varies at times as much as three per cent.

It is very difficult to secure a fixed center of gravity in a long, shallow vessel that must depart from a level keel to dive under water. The early builders of this type of vessel did not understand the importance of this fact, with the result that

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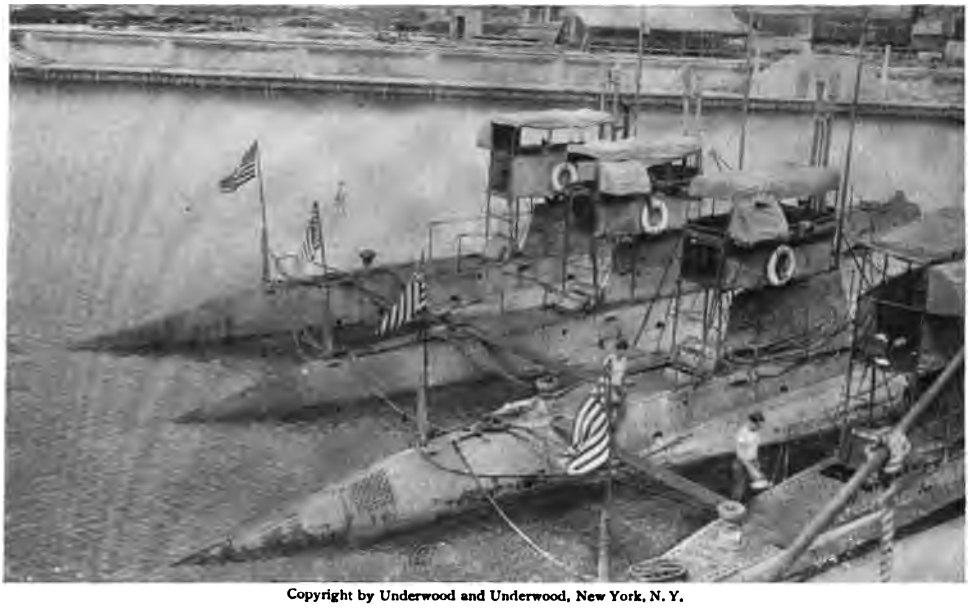

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Guards for the Panama Canal

Four of the five submarines which, accompanied by the monitor *Mohawk* and a collier, made a record trip to Colon from Cuba.

when the bow of the vessel was depressed by the horizontal rudder, the water ballasts shifted to the forward end of the partly filled tanks and further depressed the bow. The angle then became so excessive that the crew was thrown forward, still further depressing the bow, and the vessel dived to the bottom.

I am informed that this is what occurred in two instances on the *Hunley,* a Confederate submarine. Twice she was found with her bow sticking in the bottom of the river, with the bodies of her crew of nine men in the bow, where they had died from suffocation. The *Lutin* and *Farfadet* of the French navy, and several vessels of this type built for the British navy, were lost through this diving tendency.

By means of numerous small ballast- and fuel-tanks, so that the water or fuel cannot shift forward or aft, and large horizontal rudders under power control, much of the early difficulty has been overcome, and the type still survives in both the American and English navy. Mr. John P. Holland spent a large part of his life in trying to overcome the inherent tendency of the diving-boat to make uncontrollable dives. That this type still exists is due principally to the refinements of ballasting and control mechanism introduced into the art of submarine navigation by him and his associates.

The writer was one of the three inventors who submitted designs to the Navy Department in 1893, under its well-advertised call throughout the world for plans for a submarine torpedo-boat. The fact that there were submitted only three propositions proved how little the subject was understood.

My plans contained several features entirely new to the art of submarine navigation at that time. The most important of these was that the vessel was designed to be submerged on a level keel, water ballast being admitted, as in all other types of submarine. The vessel was also fitted with horizontal rudders aft and forward, but these were designed to keep the vessel always on a level keel, instead of causing her to depart from it, as in the diving type.

My boat was intended to prevent the dangerous shifting of water ballast or fuel that had proved disastrous in the earlier boats. Submergence was effected by four hydroplanes placed forward and aft, at an equal distance from the center of gravity

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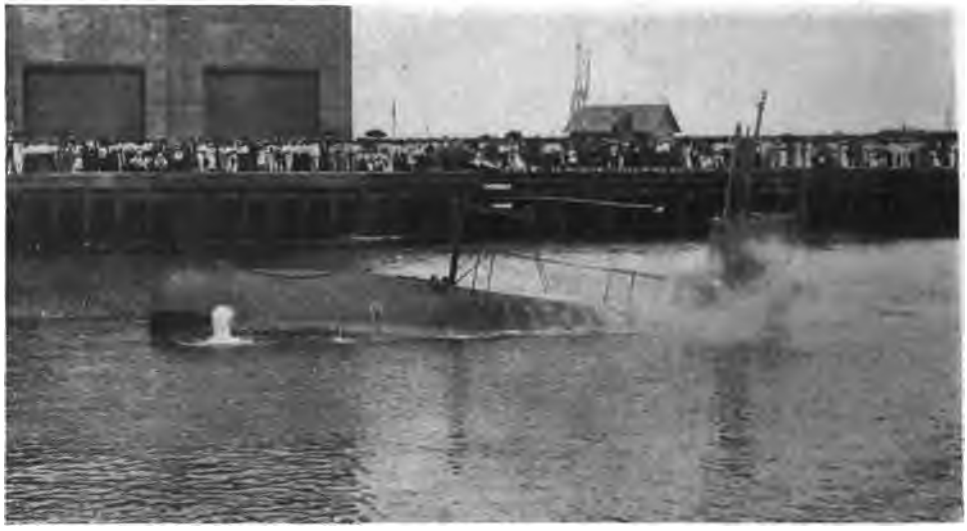

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Submarine practice at Panama

Crowds watching a submarine coming to the surface at Panama, July 4, 1914.

and buoyancy of the vessel, so that when they were inclined either up or down, they raised or submerged the vessel and did not alter the trim.

The feature which attracted the attention of scientific journals of the period was that the vessel was not only designed to travel on the surface and at any desired depth below the surface, but that it could also be navigated on wheels over the water-bed itself. An air-lock and diving-compartment were provided. From the compartment a door could be opened, and the crew, by donning diving-suits, could walk out on the bottom of the ocean and work on wrecks, cut cables, plant mines.

The matter of awarding a contract was held in abeyance for over a year. Finally the award was made to the Holland Company for the construction of the *Plunger* on certain guaranties of performance, which were destined never to be fulfilled. This boat was to have done many things that even to this day have never been accomplished by any submarine boat. Her construction extended over a period of several years, and she was finally abandoned in 1900, after the Holland Company had brought out a much simpler vessel in the *Holland*, the first United States submarine torpedo-boat to go into commission.

In 1894, I built a small coffin-shaped vessel of wood, fourteen feet long, and provided it with wheels and a diving-compartment. This vessel was built simply to demonstrate the practicability of my method of navigating on the water-bed and opening a door under water. It was propelled by revolving the wheels by hand.

The complete success of these experiments enabled me to secure sufficient capital to build the *Argonaut*, which was launched at the Columbian Iron Works in August, 1897. She was the first submarine to be fitted with an internal-combustion engine.

I carried on extensive experiments with her in the Chesapeake Bay and on the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean off Cape Henry. Many of these experiments were made during the Spanish-American War, when the entrance to Hampton Roads was mined. I remember lying all one night at the edge of the mine-field, with only my sighting-hood above water. This was before the invention of the periscope. At this time there was much excitement in the country for fear that Admiral Cevera's fleet, which was known to be on the Atlantic, would attempt to enter the capes and make an attack on the vessels at Hampton Roads, or even attempt an at-

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The British submarine *B-1*

A boat of the Holland type, and virtually the same as the C-type in the United States navy.

tack on Baltimore. The search-lights from the fort were played all night long, and although the rays frequently shone into the windows of my sighting-hood, the watchers at the fort never once saw me. Had I been an enemy, I could have easily destroyed the efficiency of our observation-mine defenses by cutting the shore connections.

I had previously written to Mr. Roosevelt, when he was assistant secretary of war, offering the *Argonaut* to the Government for such uses as she could be put to, and he replied that a board would be appointed to look into the matter; but nothing ever resulted.

While at Hampton Roads, I met two officers who were attached to the *Harvard,* one of the American Line ships that had been converted into an auxiliary. One of these officers had been engaged in a cable-cutting expedition on the Cuban coast and had to grapple and lift the telegraph-cable close to the shore while under fire from the Spanish.

He thought the *Argonaut* was just the thing for that purpose and for mining and countermining. Both officers were anxious to make a trip down to the capes on the bottom, which I was delighted to have them do. All arrangements were made; but on applying to Capt. Sigsbee, their commanding officer, he refused permission, on the ground that he did not feel justified in allowing them to take the trip, as some accident might happen which would deprive the Government of their services.

While I did not obtain recognition from the authorities at Fort Monroe, I gained much valuable experience. I found that navigation over the bottom was much simpler than running a bicycle. The buoyancy could be adjusted so nicely that the submarine would mount any obstruction she could get her bow over. It was interesting to sit in the diver's compartment of the *Argonaut* and watch through the open door below (air pressure kept the water from coming up into the boat) the changing sea-bottom, often covered with oysters. One day we went outside the capes after a severe northeast storm, and found near the bottom a heavy ground-swell that would lift the vessel bodily and dash her to the bottom. After breaking a jaw-clutch eleven inches in diameter attached to our wheel-shaft, we were forced to come up.

This experience exploded the theory that the effect of a wave extends below the surface to a depth only equal to its height, and led me to put the wheels on swinging-arms and to provide a cushioning device that would permit the hull of the vessel to rise and fall while the wheels rested on the bottom. The cushioned wheels solved the difficulty. After com-

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The German submarine *U-8*

A modified Lake type. A sister ship of the *U-9*, which sank the British cruisers *Aboukir*, *Cressy*, *Hogue*, and *Hawke*.

pleting tests to my entire satisfaction and learning much about bottom conditions in Chesapeake Bay and on the coast, I brought the *Argonaut* to New York under her own power.

Another important lesson learned was that a cigar-shaped vessel is not seaworthy as a surface vessel. I was caught out in the October storm of 1898, and was compelled to lock down all hatches and lash myself to the top of the conning-tower. The *Argonaut* was at this time a cigar-shaped craft like most of the submarines that had been built up to that time. In a storm at sea she would not rise sufficiently with the waves, which would at times go over the top of the conning-tower in a solid mass. She was lengthened twenty feet, and a buoyant, ship-shaped superstructure was added to increase her surface buoyancy.

This light, plated superstructure was not designed to withstand pressure, to prevent collapse, and was filled with water before submergence. My light, water-tight superstructure had been adopted on modern types of submarines, except the Holland boat, and is more seaworthy in surface cruising in rough weather.

In 1901, I was called to Washington by a telegram from Senator Hale, then chairman of the naval committee, to submit plans to the Navy Department for a submarine torpedo-boat. I submitted three designs, one for a small boat to be carried on the deck of a battle-ship or cruiser, one sixty-five feet long, and one a large sea-going or cruiser type. The Board of Construction stated that, in their opinion, the plans were the best that had yet been proposed either in this country or abroad. They wished to have vessels of my type in the naval service, but said they were powerless to get them, as Congress had left no authority with the department as to the type of vessel they should buy. They suggested that if I could build, at other than government expense, the intermediate-size boat, they would have it tested, and if it was found satisfactory, they would recommend its purchase and the adoption of the type for the United States naval service.

I returned to Bridgeport and raised sufficient capital to build the *Protector*. The boat worked perfectly on her first trial. Any one who could steer a motor-boat could control her submerged without any previous experience in a submarine. The department was notified that she was ready, but certain interests opposed her trial until another boat could be built to compete with her. Finally, Mr. Taft, then Secretary of War, appointed a board to try her in comparison with boats then in the United States naval service. This board tried her out, and reported her superior to any other boat, and recom-

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The French submarine *Pluviôse*

This class of boat uses the Lake buoyant superstructure and hydroplane control

mended her purchase and the purchase of four others for coast defense.

Mr. Taft sent the report to the Senate, and recommended the purchase of the *Protector*. The Senate, after two days' discussion, voted to purchase her for $250,000, but the proposal was killed in the House. Consequently, I accepted an offer for her, and she was shipped to Russia.

On the arrival of the *Protector* in Russia, she was submitted to exhaustive trials in the Gulf of Finland, in competition with another type, over which she proved her superiority. She was then shipped overland to Vladivostok, where she was placed in commission just previous to the signing of the treaty of peace. Several others of her design were built for the Russian Government, and later larger boats of the cruiser type. These boats were the largest and most powerful that had been built up to 1909. They also performed satisfactorily while submerged on their first trials. They were designed for fourteen knots, but the engines were found to be faulty and could not be driven at full speed. They are probably the most powerfully armed submarines in commission up to the present time, as they are armed with torpedo-tubes which may be fired ahead and astern, or on either side.

The tactics of the submarine will largely depend upon the type of submarine in possession of a country and whether the submarine is being used for defense or offense. If it is proper to carry the defense of one's country to the extent of destroying the enemy's warships and transports in their own harbors, then entirely different tactics must be pursued from that of the purely defensive, and special types must be constructed for that particular purpose.

What might be termed a semi-passive defense is the simplest form of defense, but it would be thoroughly effective in preventing the invasion of a country or the bombardment of any of its coast cities.

If the days of common sense ever arrive and all nations get together and agree to disarm, weapons for a semi-passive defense should be the only kind permitted.

A perfect defense of any harbor or coast-line may be provided by inexpensive submarines with a comparatively small radius of action, both surface and submerged. They should be assigned to fixed stations, off the coast as light vessels are assigned, and to harbors and entrances of

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A Russian submarine of the Lake type

This boat is powerfully armed, being fitted with four torpedo-tubes, firing fore and aft, and with apparatus for firing on either side.

estuaries of the sea. They should have sufficient freeboard and surface buoyancy to enable them to ride at anchor comfortably in all ordinary weather and should be fitted with powerful search-lights, wireless, submarine signals, and sound-receiving apparatus. Finally, there should be sufficient of them to form a complete cordon about the port or city to be defended.

The Fessenden oscillator is a new invention, and its tests have proved that communication may be carried on between submarines for a distance of twenty miles. Wireless conversation may be carried on under water for several hundred yards. With this arrangement, submarines may be kept in constant communication with shore stations, high-speed scout ships, or with submarines on watch duty. They are able to receive information of the approach of an invading force in ample time to house their wireless apparatus and submerge, leaving only their periscopes or invisible conning-towers above the surface. On sighting the enemy, the submarines lift their anchors and proceed to the attack entirely submerged, occasionally coming to rest for an observation. One of the first principles always to be borne in mind is not to let the enemy know of the presence of the submarine, otherwise the quarry will see the white wake of disturbed water, and take to flight.

The commanders of the submarines may, by means of their oscillators, keep one another advised of their course of approach and distance from the enemy, so as to prevent running foul of one another.

Assume the entrance to New York is to be defended by submarines with the characteristics above mentioned, each submarine carrying eight Whitehead torpedoes, each torpedo capable of sinking a battleship. If three lines of defense were established from the entrance at Sandy Hook, one line of defense on a radius of ten miles, with four submarines distributed over the outer semicircle, three distributed over the second line of defense on a five-mile radius, and one located at the entrance, it would be impossible for any enemy's ship to reach the entrance without having to run the gantlet within torpedo range of at least three submarines. During its progress, the submarines could fire at least twelve torpedoes without leaving their stations. The commander of the submarine would, however, on observing the approach of the enemy, manœuver to intercept or get a nearer shot. The chances of the enemy ever getting by the outer line of defense would be very small. This distribution of submarines would be an equivalent to the mining of an area of about two hundred square miles with automobile mines. Such submarines cannot be discovered by sweeping or any other method known to the art of naval warfare at the present time.

A sea-going submarine called a submarine cruiser was first proposed by the writer to the United States Government in 1901. This vessel was designed to have a speed equal to the cruising speed of a battle squadron. A large surface buoyancy was secured by a superstructure and

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The United States submarine *Seal*

This boat is unique in that she was the first vessel built with deck torpedo-tubes that could be fired under water as well. She held the record for speed in the navy

sufficient freeboard to make the vessel seaworthy and habitable in surface cruising. A number of vessels of this type have since been built after designs by the writer for foreign governments and the United States. Sufficient experience has been had with them to show that they are excellent sea-going boats, and are well able to fulfil the functions for which they were designed as far as the boats themselves are concerned. As yet no engine-builder has produced a suitable submarine heavy-oil engine with sufficient reliability to warrant an ocean voyage of several thousand miles. There are no engine repair-shops on the Atlantic highway.

Engine designers and builders are now beginning to listen to the demands of the submarine boat-builders, and are coöperating with them to fulfil the requirements. Last year Congress made an appropriation for a twenty-knot submarine. The Navy Department, recognizing the difficulty of securing a suitable engine, has allowed three years' time in which to construct such a vessel. Two builders put in propositions, backed by guaranties, to build. I believe that even higher speed will be developed before the expiration of the three years, if the present war continues.

To prevent a long period of suffering due to one nation driving the commerce of another nation off the high seas and thus isolating it from the rest of the world, a commercial nation cannot permit a hostile fleet of commerce-destroying ships, battle-ships, or transports, to remain "in being." As Winston Churchill, the First Lord of the British Admiralty says, it must "dig them out."

By holding its own fleets of battle-ships and commerce-destroyers back of mine-protected bases, and sending out cruising submarines to destroy the convoys of merchant ships, it is conceivable that one nation might gradually wear down a manufacturing country until it became bankrupt through its inability to carry on maritime commerce.

To destroy ships in a harbor or back of mine-protected bases requires a different kind of vessel from either the coast defense or the cruiser type. It requires the sly and cunning tactics of a rat, which burrows under or gnaws its way through obstructions, and does its work in the dark.

These vessels should be small, provided, like the *Protector,* with wheels to enable them to manœuver on the bottom. They should be provided with guards to ward off mines while passing through mined fields at low speed, and they should have diving-compartments to enable divers to leave or enter the boats and to plant mines underneath the enemy's vessels while they are lying at anchor. This type should be provided with telescoping periscopes for taking observations by day, and invisible conning-towers for taking observations by night, so as to get direct vision, because the periscope is useless for night work.

It is surprising how accurately the human ear can detect sound under the water. The writer first discovered in his experiments in Hampton Roads, in 1897, that

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when the machinery was shut down in the submarine, he could distinguish the approach of surface vessels from considerable distances by simply resting a stick against the plating of the submarine and putting the other end into his ear. The steel hull of the vessel became a great sound-receiver, and the stick carried the sound-waves to the ear. This did not give a sense of direction, so I devised a rotary receiver which could be rotated on top of the hull to pick up the direction of the sound. Shortly afterward Mr. Mundy of Boston introduced his submarine signal and receiving-apparatus, which gives a very correct indication of the direction of the sound. Now the Fessenden oscillator improves on that to the extent that conversations may be carried on under water for considerable distances. Not only can you detect the direction of the sound, but a little experience with the receivers gives a good idea as to the distance. Every ship has sounds peculiar to itself; the smash of paddle-wheels, the slow, but deep, pound of the bearings in large, powerfully engined ships, and the high-speed machinery of the destroyer can all be distinguished by the operator at the receiver. Without any sound-receiving device, while in a submarine resting on the bottom, with all machinery stopped, I have heard even the whir of the machinery in a Whitehead torpedo nearly a mile away.

The "evading submarine" has the advantage of sight and hearing over the surface vessel in searching for its prey. It has invisibility for itself, and carries either mines or automobile torpedoes capable of attacking the surface vessel in the most vulnerable part of her structure. It can make its approach on the surface or awash until near the danger zone of mine-fields. It can submerge to the bottom, and proceeding according to the chart, work its way through the cables of mines or under nets or booms until it reaches the vicinity of the enemy's anchorage. If the enemy has its torpedo-nets out, the submarine can creep up near the vessel, send a diver out and attach a bottom mine under her, to be electrically exploded after the submarine has moved a safe distance away. If desired, a mine can be attached to the bottom of the surface vessel and exploded hours later by clockwork mechanism. In this manner mines can be placed under several ships, and all can be blown up simultaneously at a given hour, when the submarine may be miles away. If desired, the submarine can take up a position within torpedo range of several ships, wait until just before darkness sets in, take very accurate bearings, and as soon as darkness arrives, fire torpedoes with net-cutting attachments as rapidly as possible in the direction in which the ships had been located. With this night method the mark of bubbles left on the water by the air-exhaust from the torpedo engines would not betray the direction from which the torpedoes are fired, and the chances are the ships would be destroyed without observing the attacking submarine.

Does this weapon, with such a potential power of destruction, tend to improve mankind, or is it a step backward?

The inventors of submarine boats, and those who have given the most serious study to their possibilities agree that they will be the most potent influence that has been conceived to bring about a permanent peace between maritime nations.

Mr. John P. Holland years ago called attention to the important fact that "submarines could not fight submarines." This simple fact makes submarines so potent that I believe they will be able to enforce peace between maritime nations. How can one ward off an attack from the unseen? Dreadnoughts may be pitted against dreadnoughts, aëroplanes against dirigibles, gun against gun, man against man; but take away sight, and all becomes chaos. In this lies the superiority of the submarine, since human vision is incapable of penetrating through the water except for a distance of a very few feet.

The submarine is unique in that it is the first weapon which has a potential power to destroy an invading force and also to prevent an invading force from leaving its own harbors or roadsteads, but which is itself useless for invading purposes.

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Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by Robert Varley

A Cossack firing on his pursuers

The Czar's Flying Squadron

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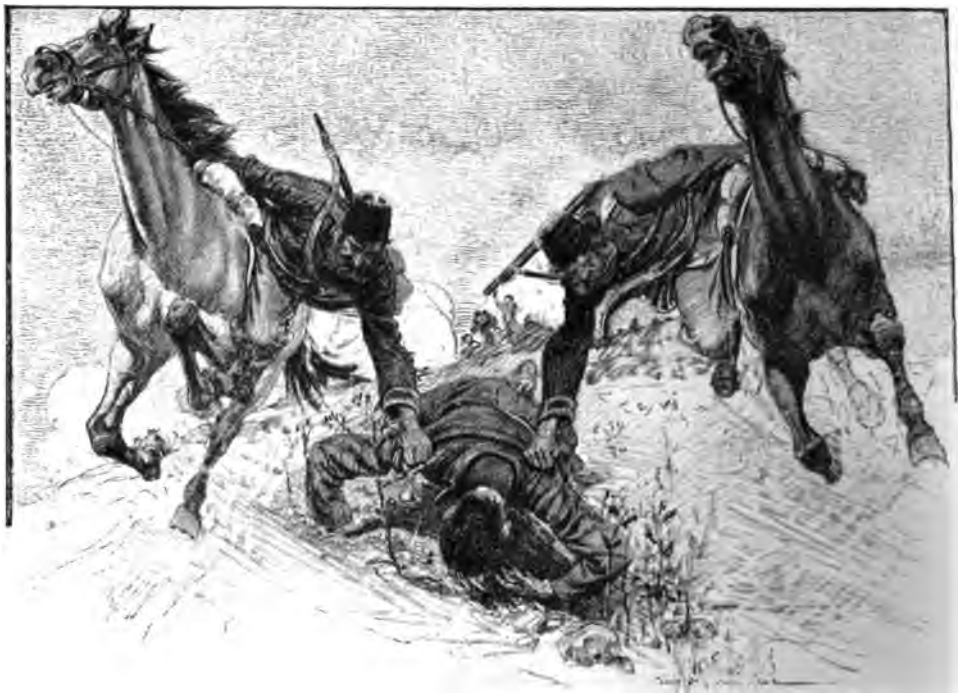

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

Cossacks picking up a wounded comrade

Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

Cossacks swimming their horses across a river

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Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

Cossacks fighting in hollow-square formation

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Drawn by George Wright. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

Cossacks attacking a supply-train

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The Democratic Russians

A Fresh Point of View

By EDWIN DAVIES SCHOONMAKER

Author of "Russia and the Open Sea," "Has the Church Collapsed?" etc.

OF all the changes that have come over the thought of the world within the last few decades, none is so remarkable as that which has to do with democracy. For centuries the word was confined to the narrow circle of politics. A democracy was a kind of government; a people was democratic if it had won for itself the right to make its own laws. In the matter of religion they might have nothing to say, a few might own the land and enjoy the revenues of industry, there might be a dozen slaves to one free man; but if the citizens were free to meet and discuss public affairs and make laws, that country or city was a democracy, that people was a democratic people. It is undoubtedly true that among millions, even in enlightened lands, this old habit of thought still persists, but gradually all over the world the new idea is making way. Certainly the leaders of humanity everywhere are aware of this revolution that has taken place, and the unparalleled changes which to-day are shaking and recasting the world are due chiefly to this new vision that democracy means something more than government.

Indeed, no word in the language has so enlarged its circle as has this word democracy. Faster than we have been able to follow it, the commotion has spread to the very bounds of life. State, church, school, industry, the relations of man to man—all these are being jostled by this new unifying force.

It is this sudden crowding of institutions upon the soul of man and their demand for new interpretation and reshaping that has set the ground to trembling beneath our feet, and has startled us into consciousness that the hour for great things has come. Democracy, the power of the people—that is the tocsin of the new age. Never before in the history of the world was it so important to get clearly in mind the meaning of a word as it is to-day to get the meaning of the word democracy. For upon our conception of this one word depends not only the peace, but also the well-being of every man, woman, and child of the generations to come.

To start with, then, let us put away once for all the view of democracy as a phase of government, and with mind and heart open and unafraid journey out to the rim of that wide circle and see if we cannot spell out the larger meaning of this powerful word that for years has been making itself flesh among men, and is now through blood and death thrusting the old order into the trenches, there to be buried forever.

Perhaps we can best arrive at what we are after if, instead of attempting to keep the whole world in view, we separate some part of it, as a chemist takes a part of an element and finds out the nature and laws of the whole, no matter how widely scattered it may be, whether it is buried in the earth or blazing in the gases of the farthest sun. And probably no land will afford a better illustration of the lights and shadows that play about the word democracy than will Russia, a country where, if looked at from the old point of view, no such thing as democracy exists. And it is true that writers on democracy have a way of ignoring Russia or of using her as a dark background against which to bring out and emphasize the democratic institutions especially of England and the United States. In these latter, it is pointed out, the power of the people is supreme; whereas in Russia even the ideal of free institutions has not yet been born. Russia and the czar are synonymous. But these writers also have

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a way of ignoring the larger circle, of using words with the meaning that attached to them a hundred years ago. To classify Russia as an autocracy and then pass on, as is commonly done, is just as unfair as it is to speak of England as a monarchy and stop at that. To find the heart of any land you must go below the government, especially in Russia.

Democracy is the passionate movement of a people toward power in every social endeavor, and it is the presence of this passion in a people, not their form of government, that determines their part in the future renovation of the world.

With new test of democracy in hand, let us consider the Russian people and what their rise to power augurs for the world. Is the Slav, whose light or shadow, as it is variously interpreted, fills the northern horizon of Europe and Asia, a friend or a foe of democracy? That is by far the greatest question in the world to-day. If he is a foe, there can be no permanent peace until he is destroyed or put down. If he is a friend, there is hope for a long period of international coöperation and brotherhood.

In the popular imagination, which invariably seizes upon a single point and rushes to a generalization, three things stand out as representative of Russia: the czar, the Cossacks, and the Siberian penal system. The vast unknown spaces between these three, where the Russian millions come and go, have been filled in with these dark colors of oppression and crime to harmonize with the objects in the foreground; so that to-day, in almost every land, especially where the light of truth comes dimly through the painted windows of the newspapers, a Russian, be he muzhik or grand duke, hand-worker or brain-worker, is looked upon as a police official in disguise, as a Siberian exile who knows the inner workings of the Revolutionary movement, or at least as one of those wild riders about whom many hair-raising stories have been told. Just so for decades in the minds of the European every American was either an Indian fighter or a cow-boy.

It is of course always the daredevil, romantic elements in a people that first catch attention, and these are bandied about and played upon until they become national traits. How long it will take the Russian people to eradicate this popular misconception and stand forth in their true character it will be hard to say. Possibly as long as it will take present-day America to live down in the minds of the European the idea that every American is a braggart or a millionaire. Until a people has had an opportunity to create its own institutions, it is obviously unfair to draw conclusions with regard to their character from abuses connected with such institutions. Probably in no country on earth, as we shall see later, is the government so misrepresentative of the people as is the Russian Government. The Siberian penal system, the Cossacks as a military institution, as well as all those persecutions with which the whole world has been made familiar, are creatures of the Government, not of the people.

But it is the people we are here concerned with, for it is the qualities of the people that eventually will show forth in the institutions of Russia, just as the character of the Saxon has asserted itself in English institutions, and the character of the old Teuton that has molded Germany.

What, then, are the deeper traits of the Russian muzhik, or peasant? For what the Russian peasant is to-day, that, quickened and refined by education and by the stir of larger interests, will the Russian nation be to-morrow. What rudimentary idea of his own rights and the rights of others lies enfolded in the slow brain of this shaggy fellow of the steppes?

Let us enter at random any one of the thousands of villages that dot the immeasurable spaces of this vast land and examine in the seed this world-shaper of to-morrow.

The first thing that strikes us is that the Russian village is a democracy similar to the Saxon village of early England. But in the Saxon there has always been an element which rebelled against social control. The Saxon is by nature an in-

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dividualist. He is willing to take his chances in a general mix-up. And therefore it is that at the earliest opportunity he threw off the shackles of collective ownership. In that long and successful assault which the barons of England made upon the people's land, the Englishman fell far short of that unconquerable spirit of resistance and counter-assault which we think of as the natural reaction of the Saxon to injustice. Had the aggression been political, there is no doubt that he would have shown his old spirit. It is this inability of the Saxon to comprehend the larger meaning of democracy that has made England what it is—a people willing to see their land taken over by the barons, though it means starvation for themselves. For this is right in line with the Saxon theory of the rights of the individual, whereas group control is slavery. The wide-spread poverty in which England finds herself to-day is due to this excessive individualism. The age of cooperation has come, and the Briton cannot adjust himself. He will starve, but he will not give up his lords.

Let us now pass into Russia, the land of autocracy. Here we see an exactly opposite development. Instead of the baron absorbing the property of the commune, the commune is succeeding to the property of the baron. It is the village, not the individual, that owns the land, and at irregular intervals redistributes the land, though not the homes, among the members of the commune, or *mir,* as it is called, —every family is a member, and is represented by its head,—according to the size and the respective needs of the families. And there is here none of that instinctive rebellion on the part of the individuals composing it, but, on the contrary, a submission to its will which to-day, to any man of Germanic blood, is irritating and inconceivable. While in Russia, too, there is poverty, this condition is at least not due to the fact that the people are outcasts from the land. That is the chief difference, one might say, between Russia and the "civilized" nations, namely, that whereas in the former the poverty of the people is due to the Government, to what it has done and what it has left undone, conditions in the latter are due to the people themselves. And therefore while in Russia education and the resultant political changes may remedy the condition, in the more "advanced" nations an improvement can be brought about only by a social revolution. And it is worth mentioning in passing that the starost, or head, of the Russian village never seeks the office, but has it thrust upon him, another illustration of the difference between the Slav and the Saxon.

Though unquestionably there are evils connected with this system of agricultural communism,—many of these could undoubtedly be eliminated or at least lessened by the establishment of schools,—consider what it means for a people throughout the length and breadth of a great land to own their homes, rude though these homes may be, and a few acres of land to which, if for any reason they have left them, they may return in their old age or during those times when work has become scarce in the large centers of population. Is there any compensation for this in the consciousness enjoyed by the expropriated masses of the English people, and other peoples as well, that at least they have remained loyal to the sacred principles of individual freedom?

No better illustration of the fundamental difference between the Saxon and the Slav can be found than that afforded by the respective ways in which Saxon America solved the slave problem and Slavic Russia the serf problem. Passing over the fact that in America it required half a century of the most active propaganda to convince the people, even the people of the North, that slavery was wrong, whereas in Russia no such extensive agitation was required, we come to the still wider chasm that yawns between the ways in which, after their emancipation, the slave and the serf were treated in their respective countries. So obsessed is the Saxon mind with the idea that freedom is a matter of politics that it seemed even to

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the abolitionist that ample justice had been done the negro when, after his liberation, he was given the vote. In Russia, on the other hand, where the people are unpractised in politics and see things rather in their social aspect, the permanent freedom of the serf seemed to depend not upon the franchise, but upon the essentials of livelihood. Therefore, while the armies of the North at the point of the bayonet were enforcing the negro's right to the ballot, the Russian Government was quietly endowing its fifty million serfs with land. And when we remember that in both cases the emancipated peoples were a childlike people, the supreme folly of the Saxon-American becomes apparent. And he himself has become aware of this, or rather half aware of it; for while he has reversed his policy, he has reversed it only half-way. He has recovered the vote which he gave to the negro, but the latter's right to some part of the land which he has tilled for centuries the Saxon-American will not concede. And the reason why he will not concede it is as clear as day: the Anglo-Saxon is inherently an aristocrat.

In studying the evolution of industry among the Germanic peoples, much has been made of the gild. And wisely so, for out of this small institution has unfolded the whole vast and complex structure of modern industry. All those elements of efficiency which have made it possible for this race to conquer the markets of the world, as well as all those abuses which, in their aggregate, have created among these peoples a menacing proletariate, lie in embryo in the old gild system. It requires only the most casual acquaintance with the growth of this institution, as it developed first in the merchant gild and later in the craft gild, to discover in it the germ of that plutocratic aristocracy against which the forces of socialism are marching.

As far back as the very beginning of English trade the right to buy and sell was enjoyed exclusively by the owners of property, just as until within recent times the right to vote depended upon a similar qualification. And these landowners who controlled the trade of the towns came very shortly to control the towns themselves and the populations of the towns. Inside a baronial feudalism there grew up a feudalism of merchants that shut the people out of the privileges of the markets and grew rich upon the tribute which they levied without having recourse to the laws. It was against the intolerable oppression of this aristocracy of merchants that the craft gilds were formed, organizations of men whose hands produced those articles from the sale of which the merchant class became rich. And under the assault of these artisan bodies the power of the merchant class as a rival for leadership in the commercial world was ended forever. Henceforth the position of middleman, the buyer and seller, was to be subordinate to that of the producer. But it would be a serious mistake to confound this artisan producer of the gild system with the working-classes of to-day. For in this old system of production it was the master workman, the employer, who was supreme and who has since expanded into the powerful figure of capitalist-manufacturer, just as the old Saxon and German chiefs through the centuries have evolved into king and kaiser. The mass of workers, the journeymen and apprentices, had no voice whatever in determining the conditions of their labor, and every effort which they made in this direction was for centuries successfully thwarted by the controlling industrial aristocracy, at first by the sheer power of their organizations and later by the aid of the state, which they had finally come to control.

There is a tragical significance in the term "journeyman" thus early applied to the English workman, a man who had then, and was to have through the centuries, no permanent home, but was to wander from place to place in search of work, and for a long time, as we know, even this wandering was forbidden him. To what vast numbers has this journeyman increased, this free Anglo-Saxon, stripped through the ages of his land and

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finally of his very tools of industry! Along with the other institutions which this world-conqueror has built, is the institution of pauperism.

Re-reading the history of England in the new light which is spreading over the world, it is incomprehensible that we should ever have been beguiled into conceiving of the Anglo-Saxon as the pioneer of democracy. That he is an individualist, and that his dogged insistence upon the rights of the individual in matters of state has been of incalculable service, there can be no doubt; but times have shown only too clearly that individualism may be as great a foe to democracy as the most unrestricted autocracy.

Consider now the Russian workman. Despite the early start which the other nations had over Russia in industrial development, there has quietly grown up in the latter an institution which shows her in reality much further advanced than the former in the conception, as well as in the establishment, of industrial democracy. This institution, which is known as the *artel,* had its origin, according to a report recently made to the British Government, among the Cossacks of the Dnieper before the gild system appeared in England or in Germany. Though still in the hunter stage, these Cossacks perceived a truth which the leading nations of Europe and America are only now beginning to perceive, namely, that it is better to coöperate than to compete. And so, instead of hunting individually, they hunted in groups and divided the game. It may be said that savages everywhere have done the same. If so, it is to the glory of the Russian people that they have realized that in certain respects the savage is superior to the civilized man. Despite the allurements of "civilization," they have continued this barbarous practice of coöperating, and it is to-day to be found in such widely separated parts of the country, both in the rural districts and in the cities, as to prove beyond controversy that the Russian is instinctively democratic; in other words, that he naturally foregoes those pleasures of self-assertion which would work to the injury of the people as a whole. And therefore we find him grouped in these *artels,* pure democracies the heads of which are elected by the members, performing all sorts of work, from the simplest field labor to the building of houses and the carrying of the mails. In the craft gilds of the Teutonic peoples it was the master workman who took the contract or financed the home manufacture, and who exploited to his heart's content those whom he hired, whereas in the *artel* it is the group that is the master; it is the group that, like a joint-stock company, pools its labor, and sometimes its capital, and shares the profits. While individualism in industry exists in Russia, as it does in every other commercial nation, the *artel* exists only in Russia, and may therefore be taken as an index of what the Russian people will do when their great strength, which is now wasting itself upon the borders, is called back to begin the work of internal development. For though in some cases this institution has been sapped and has gone down before the more aggressive individualistic system of the Teutonic peoples, as the national consciousness deepens, and Russia discovers the true value of her own creations as other peoples have discovered theirs, the *artel* will replace the Cossack in the attention of the world.

Already signs are at hand that the hour of its conquest has begun. In various parts of the empire these *artels* are enlarging the sphere of their activities and are entering the broader field of manufacture. Rural workshops, called *svietelkas,* owned and operated by these *artels,* are being established to take over the household industries. And in autocratic Russia the establishment of these industrial democracies is being encouraged by the authorities. Compare this long stride which the Russians have made toward a wide democracy with what has been done in America by the labor-unions. These latter have not advanced even in thought beyond the old aristocratic wage system. Their aim has been toward shortening the

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hours and raising the wage of labor, not at all toward ownership and freedom. Does this prove nothing as to the relative democracy of the two countries?

It has been maintained, however, that these democratic tendencies of the Russian people are simply primitive impulses surviving from their barbaric past, and that these will be outgrown and left behind, as they invariably are as a people becomes more enlightened. The answer to this lies deep in the character of the Russian people. It is true that the influence of surrounding nations has altered Russian institutions and will probably continue to alter them, but we must not overlook the fact that within these nations themselves a profound change is taking place—a change which, when in full force it reaches Russia, will tend toward the preservation rather than the destruction of these crude democracies. Socialism, which is democracy at work in the bread-getting business of life, will see to it that these precious seeds are not destroyed. Just what modifications this influence will bring about cannot be foretold. The deciding factor, as has been said, will be the character of the Russian people.

But how does the Russian character fit in with the aspirations of democracy? How shall we reconcile Russia the known with Russia the unknown, the Russia of the Siberian penal system, of pogroms and world-wide conquests, with the Russia of the *mir,* of the *artel* and the *svietelka?* It would be futile to attempt to reconcile them, for no reconciliation is possible. We are here confronted by a contradiction similar to that which we face in nature when we see on the one hand the healing of a bird's wing and on the other the tidal wave and the earthquake. In no other nation perhaps are these two qualities, kindness and cruelty, brotherhood and tyranny, so accentuated as they are in this twilight land where day and night mingle. Usually it is either the one or the other that stands out as the chief characteristic, but in Russia it is both. Her temperament is a compound of opposites; her history is a contradiction. On every page are crimes against humanity that make the heart sink and the blood run cold; in every chapter are monsters compared with whom the later Cæsars are novices. On the other hand, open any book on Russia, whether written by friend or foe, and note the epithets employed to describe the Russian people. Dreamy, imaginative, inoffensive, simple, affectionate, childlike—all these are almost invariably the words one meets. Nowhere is there a hint of those qualities which are thrown up as dark shadows on the canvas of her horizon. It is the unanimous verdict among even casual observers that the Russian people "have none of those stern qualities of which conquerors are made." And yet almost from her earliest history she has gone forth sword in hand. This is the dualism which confronts us. While with one hand she is conquering the world, with the other she is writing appeals for the establishment of a Hague court. In the same generation she produces a Plehve and a Tolstoy, both in a way true to the national type.

No one living in countries inhabited by Germanic or Latin peoples can possibly understand the Russian nation, even that part of it which lies west of the Urals, if he conceives of it as an entity similar to that of his own nation. Russia is made up of two parts that have never fused and that never can fuse, for the first part is to the second as a school of sharks is to a colony of corals. The real Russian people lie almost unseen under a foreign overlay which has somehow got itself recognized among the nations as Russia, and which began to be deposited more than a thousand years ago when Ruric the Norseman, with his followers, came in and established themselves as rulers of the land.

Then for more than two centuries the land was under the heel of the Tatars, another conquering people who left behind them a deep deposit of violence and crime. And almost immediately after the expulsion of the Tatars there began a third period of foreign domination, that peaceful Germanic invasion which from the days of Peter the Great has persistently

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warred against the ideals of this peaceful people, which became the source of the bureaucratic system and which, as an active influence in Russian politics, is responsible for many of those crimes that the world has ignorantly laid at the door of the Slavic people. It is not generally known that the present house of Romanoff, which has held the scepter for three hundred years, is half German. We in America who know something of the part played by George III of the House of Hanover-Brunswick in the oppression of the Colonies and how, in opposition to the idealists of England, he fought this conflict to the bitter end, will understand something of what two hundred years of Germanization has meant to the Russian people.

For a long period when the great mass of the peasantry were serfs upon the estates of the Russian nobility, the taskmasters upon these estates were as a rule Germans who had been imported to wring a larger return from the labor of this unfortunate people. And the record which they left in the land accounts in a very large measure for the enmity between the Slav and the German which is finding vent in the present war. And in the higher offices of the ministry, too, it has been the hand of the German, especially the German of the Russian Baltic provinces, that has too often set the Russian Government in opposition to the Russian people. Count Witte, for example, the famous financial minister, who has probably had a greater influence in shaping the policy of the Russian Government than any other man during the reign of Nicholas II, is one of these. According to a German writer, no man has laid a greater burden upon the Russian people in order to bolster up the false system of Russian expansion. And, if we except Pobiedonostsef, the fanatical Procurator of the Holy Synod, Count Witte has been the ablest champion of the reactionary movement. He it was who fought the establishment of the Provincial Assemblies and who, in a manifesto to the czar, expressed his conviction that there was no way of ruling the peasant except by the knout. And Plehve, the notorious Minister of the Interior, was another Baltic German. I do not mention these facts as a reflection upon the German people, for they too have suffered at the hands of these same oppressors in the Fatherland, but simply to show that neither upon her borders nor within her interior can all the inhumanity of Russia be fairly charged to the Russian people. In speaking of the Russian character as it shines through the enforced service of the Russian soldier, von der Brüggen, the eminent historian, who certainly cannot be charged with prejudice in their favor, makes it all too plain that even in the brutal business of conquest the Russian does not forget, in his contact with foreign peoples, that kindly brotherhood which marks him in his association with his kindred. "Wherever the Russian finds a native population in a low state of civilization, he knows how to settle down with it without driving it out or crushing it; he is hailed by the natives as the bringer of order, as a civilizing power, and does not awaken the embittered feeling of dependence *so long as the Government does not conjure up national or religious strife.*" The italics are mine.

That this whole vicious system of Russian outrage is a thing entirely separate from the Slavic people and absolutely contrary to their nature becomes even clearer when we remember that of all the idealists and friends of freedom who have assailed this system not one of them compares in passionate utterance to Russia's own prophet, Tolstoy. Here is the living voice of the Russian people, as Lincoln is the living voice of the American people. Tolstoy is the glorified Russian peasant uttering his heart to the world from the cross of the ages. From this man alone, in modern times, has gone out the living conviction that peace and brotherhood are realities destined sooner or later to conquer the world. From this heart of the Russian people we see, like a saving spirit in the midst of blood and death, spreading out over the world, that wide circle of democracy beyond which you cannot go.

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En Route

By PHILIP PRESCOTT FROST

Author of "The President's Son," etc.

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

AT two minutes after nine on that June morning twelve years ago two gentlemen stood in the train-shed of the old Grand Central Station and regarded each other with widely differing emotions. Between them an iron gate had just been closed and locked. Mr. Addison Gaylord Brown, on the observation-platform of the White Mountain Express, had at last shaken off the pursuit of the slender, suntanned young man just outside the gate on the concourse. The train was due to start. In the train Miss Ruth Brown remained serenely unaware of this pursuit. Mr. Brown settled his short, stocky frame firmly in one of the convenient wicker chairs and pulled his golf cap low over his keen eyes. The platform began to move. The incident being thus closed, he indulged himself in a grimly humorous smile at the expense of the loser.

Dare Williams did not smile. He had come half-way across the continent, without an invitation, to be at her commencement. His notes and flowers had been ignored or intercepted, from some functions he had been excluded, at others he had been ignored or avoided. No opportunity had been given him to learn what had come between him and his one-time confidante. Had it been any one else on earth, his pride would have ended the matter. There was an emotion involved, however, stronger even than Dare Williams's pride. He had trailed them up over the Pennsylvania to New York, had lost the trail and found it again, and now was thwarted by a locked gate, a mere matter of seconds. With all northern New England in which to search for them, limited both as to time and money, he was beaten. He saw the taunting smile, understood as he had not understood before that her father was actively opposed to him, and in the abject misery of her loss forgot to resent it at all. He felt, as he saw the train recede down the vista of tracks and empty platforms, that not even Addison Gaylord Brown, who notoriously married for money, would have done this if he had fully understood.

"Carry your bag, sir?" It was a station porter. Williams looked down at him, dazed, as he stooped for the luggage. The porter, glancing up, saw that something was wrong, and, straightening,

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asked, "Miss your train?" Williams nodded.

"Where to?"

"White Mountains."

"Quick—this way! The nine four!" Catching up the suitcase, the porter bolted down along the line of the iron fence, dodged through a gate which was just closing, and landed him, bag and baggage, on the rear car of a train.

"Missed the White Mountain train," he explained to the brakeman as the train moved. "It 's a ten to one shot, but it 's a chance."

"Better 'n that," said the brakeman, and hauled the passenger to safety as the station porter quickened his pace to keep alongside. "They 're due at New Haven nine minutes ahead of us, but sometimes when they 're loaded extra heavy, we get there first. Such times you can just drop off and wait for 'em to come along. Of course you have to take a chance on it, but it is n't a bad gamble." The porter ignored a proffered coin, and dropped off with a frank smile and a genial, "Better luck next time, sir!"

Their spontaneous friendliness touched Williams the more that it was in such vivid contrast with his experiences of the last few days. Moreover, it had replaced defeat with a fighting chance. He picked up his suitcase and went inside to find a seat, and presently the brakeman joined him with a folder and more information.

"This is the Boston Express, you see. That White Mountain train pulls out just two minutes ahead of us, and we pass 'em at 125th Street,—they stop, and we don't, —and then it 's nip an' tuck on parallel tracks all the way to New Haven. It 's four track all the way, you know, so each train has one clear. Our three regular stops are their flags, and when they have to stop, too, it makes a pretty even thing of it. We used to get held up at New Haven every other day by their being late, but now the first one to get the block outside of New Haven goes in ahead, and has the right of way over the double-track line from there to Springfield. If they can't keep within nine minutes of schedule, we take the line ahead of them, and they have to hold back for us."

The aching alternation of light and smoky darkness in the tunnel at length gave place to steadily brightening daylight, and as the train climbed out of the open cut and the windows began to go up, the two stepped to the rear door. As they whipped across 125th Street, sure enough, there was the White Mountain train standing at the platform, unmistakable by reason of two Boston & Maine day coaches. The engine hissed by, receded, and could just be seen to be getting under way as it was lost to view. The race was on.

The brakeman went to turn out the lights in the car, and then for a few minutes they stood in the rear door and watched the blur of road-bed shoot back, resolve itself into cross-ties and rock ballast for an instant, and then drop into distance. They were on the outside track of the four, and occasionally a semaphore pole would flash by, one arm rising to "danger" behind them, and the other giving a clear track to the engineer of the White Mountain Express. When a long stretch of straight track had lined itself out behind, they would strain their eyes to catch a glimpse of the train following, and as the inevitable curve shut out the view at last, they would crane their necks to keep the far-away point in sight as long as possible. Then would come a letting down of the tension, a consulting of watches, and a little chatting about the probable length of their lead. When the straight track had lengthened out into two or three miles, they began again to watch, until finally, just as the car struck a curve, the great locomotive of the pursuer shot into view far behind, swung head on, and was blotted out as its last cars were just disappearing in its wake.

"Here she comes!"

"Get the time, and let 's see how much we 're ahead, somebody."

"What 's the excitement all about?" The passengers were beginning to wake up to what was going on and were getting interested. The brakeman explained,

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and then all grew quiet and watched. One minute was gone, two minutes, two minutes and thirty seconds, thirty-five, forty, forty-five seconds, and then:

"There she is again! Hurrah! Look at her come!"

"How much do you make it?"

"Two minutes and three quarters must mean about three miles, does n't it?"

"Only about two and a half at the rate we 're going," replied the brakeman. "This is about a fifty-mile-an-hour clip we 're doing now, I think; we average forty, including stops."

The next time they caught sight of the other train it had crept up fully half a mile on them by the watches. As they stood there, crowding the rear platform, time-pieces in hand, it became evident that the heavier train was rapidly cutting down their lead. At every curve the pursuer showed a gain, and it almost seemed as though the greater weight was an advantage when once the train was under way. Minute by minute the distance grew less until the two miles were cut down to one, and that in turn was reduced to a fraction of itself. Hardly would the other train be lost sight of around a curve when suddenly the big boiler would sweep into view again, and come rushing after on the second track. Capped with its plume of smoke, vibrating with power, and sparkling in the sun, it was an awe-inspiring sight, and as it crept up on them, looming higher and higher in air, all talking ceased on the rear platform.

Then the great machine, with its flying wheels and roaring exhaust, lay pitching less than a car's length behind, its engineer bent forward, straining to catch some glimpse of the flying track and signals through the volley of dust and cinders from the train in front. The group on the rear steps of the Boston Express all at once realized that they were being overhauled, and cheered and laughed, and dared the White Mountain engineer to pass them if he could—all save one. Williams clung to the hand-rail and watched in anxious silence.

As the mammoth engine crept slowly, inch by inch, nearer, overlapped the platform, and still moved up until one could have reached out and touched the spinning six-foot drivers or shaken hands with the fireman, swinging steadily between fire-door and coal, the whole world swept back in a riotous avalanche of dust and sound and flying houses, bridges, track, and forest. The tender jolted past, and then as the baggage-car crept slowly by, the cinders danced on its roof and eddied down into their faces. In its turn came a combination baggage and smoker, and as the smoker crept up to the crowded rear platform racing beside it, the occupants with one accord dropped their newspapers and cards and crowded to the windows.

"What train is that?" "Hurry up there; you 're getting left!" "We 'll tell 'em we saw you," came faintly across, above the roar of the trains. Down the line of the White Mountain Express the trainmen and porters were on the steps of the cars, the vestibules open, and as the five day coaches passed slowly in review, window by window, car by car, steadily, inevitably, the young man watched in vain for a familiar face. With the appearance of the first car he had realized that he was to have the privilege of seeing Ruth Brown again, of looking her squarely in the face at close range, and that, wedged into the crowd on the platform as he was, he would be obliged also to see, and be seen by, her father. They were not in the day coaches; so he scanned the windows of the Pullmans with added expectancy.

The first and second of the Pullmans passed slowly and uneventfully by, the third; and so they reached the rear car, and the two trains ran side by side. Up ahead the engineer of the White Mountain Express was driving the locomotive of his eleven-car train past the locomotive of the ten-car Boston Express, himself already abreast its boiler as those on the rear platform crept down his last Pullman, and for the first time the Boston engineer realized that he was being distanced, that the coveted right of way might be in danger. The White Mountain engine was doing its very utmost, had

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"She sat very quietly, looking at him intently,—a little wistfully, he thought"

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been doing its best for half an hour; but the other still had a little in reserve, and so it happened that just as Williams found himself looking into the surprised eyes of the girl of his choice, the Boston Express gradually increased its speed, and the two trains became relatively stationary, with her window hardly three feet from his face.

She sat very quietly, looking at him intently,—a little wistfully, he thought,—questioningly, as though she would ask, "Why are you here?" The double windows of the Pullman and the din of the trains made speech hopelessly impossible, but it seemed to him that he must cry out and answer her question, tell her that it was by no mere chance that he was there, tell her why, with all its inevitableness, he had come. He knew that he might never see her again, that in a moment she might slip from him, never to be overtaken.

Perhaps the strangely familiar sight of her reminded him—perhaps the urgent need of it—of an incident of the old days. They had lived within less than a block of each other on opposite sides of the avenue, and her window had been in sight from his own. Once when she had been quarantined after an illness he had watched for her with his telescope, and when she had come to her window, had attracted her attention. She, too, had obtained a glass, and they had spent many happy hours spelling out messages by means of the deaf-and-dumb alphabet, reading them with the aid of their telescopes. It had been slow, but it had served them once, and it might again. Looping an arm through the hand-rail to steady himself, and trying not to attract the attention of those about him, he began. It helped that the crowd on the rear platform was thinning.

"I missed your train, so took this slower one," he spelled. "I have something to say to you."

Her eyes lingered on his hands for an instant after he had finished, then came swiftly to his own. Warm color had come to her face. There was a light in her eyes; she leaned toward him. Her hands fluttered together as though to reply, and then she drew back, and only looked at him searchingly.

"Where can I find you?" he begged. "Please, Ruth dear!"

She frowned, bit her lip, paled, shook her head, and raised her eyes unwillingly to his own, and he saw that her eyes were bright again, and just then the Boston train began to pull ahead. Before she could answer she had drifted back, and back, and was gone.

The car lengthened out window by window, and as the open vestibule came past, an insane impulse seized him to try to swing himself across. Even as the thought entered his mind, the trains leaped apart on a curve, a gulf of death yawned between, and he found himself clinging weakly to his hand-rail. He looked up and saw her looking at him as from a great height, with terror in her eyes. When the trains came together again, he was half-way down the second car, and she was gone.

When it became evident that the Boston train was again taking the lead, the crowd stampeded back, and Williams found himself caught on the platform and obliged to witness the reverse of the former review. The White Mountain train lost ground rapidly as the lighter train increased its speed, until at last they read the number on the front of the big boiler. When it was a mile in the rear, it seemed quite out of the race. At Stamford the Boston train was just starting as the other came in. It seemed too bad not to improve the opportunity of crossing to the White Mountain train, but the brakeman dissuaded him.

"You might not be able to get over to that track in time, or you might not be able to get on if you did get there, and you never know sure that they 'll stop. You 'd feel sick to see this train out of sight and then have them go humming through."

At South Norwalk he went out on the rear platform and watched again. On they came, and when the engine was about two hundred yards away, he suddenly

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"Stepped like the lady that she was upon the chair, grasped the emergency-brake cord with one small hand, and pulled"

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realized that this time they were not going to stop. The last hundred feet was covered almost in the tick of a watch, and with a crash and a roar, a leaping succession of car bodies and a blinding, choking swirl of dust, the White Mountain Express took the lead. Leaning out beyond the side of the train, he saw its observation end disappear around the next curve. His own train was already getting under way, but with exasperating slowness.

Dare Williams went into the car and sat down. The rear platform had suddenly become the most boresomely uninteresting place in the world; the clear sunlight and the sharp blue of the sky were bleak. To lose had been hard. He had met with nothing but defeat until this morning, but so nearly to win and then to lose seemed worse. He had little hope that the other train could be beaten now, and he knew Ruth Brown too well to imagine that she would aid him unduly in his pursuit. He did not feel sure that she would aid him at all. He had no way of knowing how much or how little her looks might have meant. Still less could he know what reaction of feeling might since have come. Driven by his uneasiness, he presently left the rear car, and went forward to the front of the smoker.

The White Mountain Express won out in the race to Bridgeport. Track elevation work was in progress there, and as his train crept in over the single rough, temporary track, Williams several times caught glimpses of the crowded observation-platform of the other train just ahead. It paused at the station while they waited on a trestle outside, and then moved on to make place for them. As they were pulling out in their turn, a district messenger came through, calling Williams's name. He paid the boy and took the letter, addressed to him in her hand and written on the stationery of the train.

WHITE MOUNTAIN EXPRESS

en route

Dear Mr. Williams:

If necessary, this train will be delayed so that you may reach New Haven first. I shall be glad to hear what you have to say. We go through on this car to Bretton Woods.

Sincerely,

R. B.

Williams read this note four times. It did not strike him as a cold or a formal missive. It gave him everything that he had asked. He read far more between the lines than he would have cared to have had her put in words. It left him a little overwhelmed. When he started to read it the fifth time he suddenly grasped the import of her first sentence. "If necessary, this train will be delayed." How? Money would not hold a crack train back ten minutes, he felt sure. He suddenly saw his air-castles in ruins again; she simply could not do it. Slouching his hat over his eyes, he went out on the front platform and peered out from behind the sheltering corner of the baggage-car.

The observation-platform of the leading train flew on and on, effortless, not fifty feet before him. Slowly it was conquered, crept past him yet more slowly, and Mr. Addison Gaylord Brown, at his ease, looked at the man on the open platform beside him, tossed this way and that, buffeted by fierce gusts, smothered by dust and cinders, and did not recognize him. His daughter, who had not left the writing-desk since intrusting her note to the porter, smiled instant recognition. When she drifted beyond him, Williams entered the car and strolled back down the train, keeping always opposite her.

The conditions below Stamford were, however, now exactly reversed. The White Mountain engineer, looking back, saw that he was threatened, and dropped his lever another notch. The engineer of the Boston Express had already done his utmost, and could not answer the spurt. Williams saw her window hesitate, cease to fall behind, begin to drift the other way. At a run he made the next platform ahead, and, as she came past, answered her look of inquiry with a shake of the head. It was the signal she awaited. With a sober little nod she rose briskly from her

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"In the instant he knew that he had no right to speak, yet that he must speak"

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chair, looked quickly about the empty car, gathered her skirts daintily, and stepped like the lady that she was upon the chair, grasped the emergency-brake cord with one small hand, and pulled.

Her window paused decisively in its advance; again drifted toward him; hurried by, with a glimpse of her flung in a heap on the writing-desk; the next vestibule leaped past; and then, windows, vestibules, cars, and engine, the White Mountain Express volleyed itself toward the rear like an avalanche. With a grinding of brakes and a whistling of air it fell from them, and half a mile ahead the silent semaphore outside New Haven opened the way for the slower Boston train. The miracle had been done.

Six minutes later Williams hurried down the New Haven platform to meet the incoming White Mountain Express, almost unnerved by conflicting hopes and fears. He had hoped for this hour so long, so vainly, and now it was upon him, not to be put away. If he spoke the right word, made no misstep, heaven might open before him. If he made a mistake, he knew that it would be the end.

The great engine rolled down the platform with ponderous swing of massive connecting-rods and slow *clang, clang* of bell. The open baggage doors passed swiftly by, men waiting in them ready for the stop, vestibules passed with their freight of trainmen and waiting passengers, and as the last cars approached, the spurting fire from the wheels grew sharper, and the train came heavily to rest.

Williams stood in the crowd about the steps of the two rear cars as the incoming passengers disembarked. The pounding of his heart suffocated him. His throat was dry. He did not know what he should say, what he could do. He was no ladies' man, he was not even a "gentleman" any more in the sense that he was familiar with the ways of the rich and socially secure. He was only just an honest man in love. What chance had he?

The last arriving passenger was off, those on the station platform began to climb the steps of the Pullman. His turn was coming—

Some one touched his arm, he turned, and looked straight into the eyes of the girl he sought, the cool, clear, level eyes which always saw straight to his soul. In the instant he knew that he had no right to speak, yet that he must speak.

"Ruth," he said, and it was to the girl of the other years, straight across as though nothing had since been—"Ruth, I have n't made my fortune, but—if you can wait—I can't forget!"

Suddenly her eyes shone with a wonderful light, and her hand touched his arm again and was gone.

"I thought I had, Dare—but I have n't."

Dare Williams came back to earth, and he stood on a railway platform, his suitcase still in his hand, with the steps of a Pullman before him. Ruth was by his side, was to remain at his side while he lived. Reality was to take on the color of dreams. He was happy, and he was terribly afraid—afraid that, after all, this could not be; afraid that he might not be a man wise and strong enough for the rôle he had undertaken.

"Dare Williams, is n't it?" Her father gripped his hand as he climbed aboard, and looking up into the keen eyes, he saw that they were not unfriendly. The father had seen. His daughter had chosen, and, like many parents before him, he had quietly put away his own plans and hopes for her and pledged himself to do all in his power to insure the success of her plan. If Dare Williams it was to be, Dare Williams he would back to the last ditch, fighting for him as whole-heartedly as he had fought against him. Dare saw it, realized vaguely that this man was not defeated, but had changed sides, and felt a strange moving of the heart toward him. Unselfish as he knew his own love for Ruth to be, he realized that her father's love for her was even more unselfish, and in his success he was humbled, and in such humbleness he began to perceive the possibilities of the way upon which he had entered.

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Julian Carrillo

The Herald of a Musical Monroe Doctrine

By MARÍA CRISTINA MENA

Author of "Doña Rita's Rivals," "John of God, the Water-carrier," etc.

HE comes with a vision to inspire and a pair of hands to help. So splendid is the vision, so practical are the hands, so little is known of the man except in musical Europe and Spanish America, that before offering the public an account of the movement with which *Maestro* Julián Carrillo has already captured the imaginations of a growing circle of musical artists in New York, the writer feels it necessary to tell something of who and what he is. May the story be told some day by an abler hand, and at greater length than is possible here.

He was born in—well, I 've forgotten the name, except that it ends in 'huacán. It is a Mexican pueblo with a census of one hundred souls. Our hero was the youngest of a family of nineteen. His father was a saint, he relates, on eighteen *centavos* a day.

This would seem to be a good place for "local color," but the writer resists that fatal allurement. Nor will she couple with her hero the august phrase "pure Castilian blood," chiefly because in Mexico most of our leading Castilians are money-lenders or something in the small grocery line. No; we must reconcile ourselves as well as we can to the fact that Julián Carrillo's blood is pure Mexican, not a drop of it being traceable to any European fount, but all flowing to him from the vast and ancient reservoir of the indigenes, a fruitful source, it would seem, in the light of the fact that his father's family was not considered in that pueblo a scandalously large one.

He became the infant prodigy of the local school, and in his eighth year the village schoolmaster, who was removing himself to San Luis Potosí, the capital of the state, bought the little Indito a pair of shoes,—perhaps a pair of pantaloons, too,—and, with his sagacious mother's consent, took him away to a field where

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his intellect might find more to feed upon. He perhaps did not have much learning, that humble Indian schoolmaster, and I 'm not sure that he did not think more of his protégé's arithmetic than of his music; but I should like to have his picture. In after years Carrillo dedicated to his memory, in loving words, a treatise on harmony which was destined to make a respectable reputation.

I could beguile the reader with many steps in the progress of a musical prodigy —the forming of an orchestra of street urchins armed with every variety of improvised instrument; a schottische composed at eleven, and orchestrated not by rule, but by instinct, for a military band of sixty pieces which was visiting the city; the amazement of the bandmaster, and his actual performing of that extraordinary composition; the composing of a mass at sixteen, still without instruction in composition, and its performance in church; and many other incidents that would lend themselves to a leisurely biography. But we must hurry past these temptations to record the fact that the boy made friends right and left, gained the foundations of a musical education, and at length was sent to the capital with the recommendation of the governor of San Luis Potosí that he should be examined for admission to the National Conservatory.

THE candidate stood before the examining professor. He was an eager, round-faced, ruddy-brown youth, with high cheek-bones, a smiling mouth, eyes as lustrous as agate, and a mass of thick, stiff hair, the color of charcoal, standing straight out from his head and cropped symmetrically to a surface like that of a shoe-brush. Such was the candidate. I don't know what the examining professor looked like.

"How many are the signs of alteration?" questioned the functionary. "What are they, and for what do they serve?"

"The signs of alteration are seven," replied the candidate, with a crisp, frank ardor like that of a young hunting-dog. "They are the sharp, the flat, the natural, the double sharp, the double flat, the mixed sharp, and the mixed flat. The sharp serves to make the sound half a tone higher than the so-called natural, the flat"—

And he went on with his definitions, according to the text-books, until he had explained five of the signs. There he stopped, and there was an Indian look in the agate eyes.

"And the remaining two," prompted the professor—"the mixed sharp and the mixed flat, for what do they serve?"

"For nothing, Señor Professor," replied the young candidate, earnestly; "and not only do they serve for nothing, but they are a notable prejudice to practice, making the reading of music unnecessarily difficult."

This within the walls of a shrine dedicated to the conservation of the established order!

"Answer me," commanded the professor, "as a first-year student of theory, and not as a musical critic."

It was said crushingly; but the young person with the shoe-brush hair was not to be crushed. He had his reasons. He assumed that even a first-year student of theory could have reasons.

"Sit down," he was commanded.

He sat down, unterrified, and still bursting to express what was in him. With heavy sarcasm he was asked why, if the signs in question were useless and obstructive, they should be used by the *maestros* in Europe. He replied that he could not answer for the *maestros* in Europe, but that he would be glad to demonstrate, with the aid of the blackboard, that they were wrong.

He went on to point out that when we read, for instance, "Fa sharp," we need not go back to see whether a previous "Fa" was flat, or double flat, and that therefore the "natural" sign preceding the sharp in the "mixed sharp" has no logical object, and hinders instead of facilitating the reading.

That exhibition of musical free thought almost cost the ruddy-brown-faced one his chance of being admitted to those aca-

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Carrillo and his family

demic shades. It needed the intervention of the broad-minded director of the National Conservatory to save the rash youth, who, as Fate willed it, was one day to be his successor.

THE new student did not cease to question established forms and dogmas. Also he became an active force among his comrades.

He conceived the idea of a conservatory orchestra, to be directed by the most advanced pupil, and the one which he organized became a successful institution. He tried to found a journal in connection with the class of composition, but had to abandon the project on making the discovery that journalism costs money. He organized a students' society, and got up debates on musical subjects, asserting that it was good for musicians to speak in public, and to revise their beliefs in the light of reason.

Among other activities, he started an agitation to change the very name of the art of which they were all votaries. *Música,* traced to its somewhat vague Greek origin, struck him as not at all descriptive. He demanded a name which would convey the idea of colored and measured sound. There being no response to his demand, he triumphantly coined the word *Cromometrofonia,* and, with all the fervor of twenty, flung it to the world, which he longed to embrace.

Cromometrofonia—it was his first challenge to Fame, his bragging innuendo to the Muse, his "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" to the stars.

The secretary of the International Musical Congress, Paris, 1900, was Romain Rolland, the author of "Jean-Christophe." Some months before the date of the congress he received a letter from a student at the Royal Conservatory at Leipsic, inquiring by what method he could place before the congress a dissertation on the absurdity and inconvenience of there being no international, singable, monosyllabic names for the half-tones in the sol-fa scale. A friendly correspondence ensued, as a result of which the student forwarded his treatise. Rolland urged him to come to Paris and defend his views in the con-

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gress. Jadassohn, professor of composition at Leipsic, also urged the young man to go, warning him to keep his head in debate. The warning may have been needed, for it was the shoe-brush head. Its owner had been pensioned by President Diaz to pursue his studies in Europe at the expense of the republic. You see, we do some things not so badly in Mexico.

The dissertation on the deficiencies of the sol-fa scale was duly read by its author, debated by the congress, and acknowledged to afford a logical basis for a much-needed reform. But the activities of the shoe-brush head did not end there. It bobbed up in every warm discussion, and generally gave a good account of itself.

One notable fracas brought it face to face with a distinguished-looking, decorated delegate, whose apostolic blond-gray head tossed tragically as he shouted, "Profanation! Profanation! Profanation!" at Carrillo's proposal that an authoritative interpretation should be provided for certain abbreviations in the works of the old masters, and that appropriate directions for the guidance of executants should be inserted between the lines of their scores. But after Carrillo had cleverly defended his idea, his opponent sought him out, complimented him charmingly, and carried him off to a reception. It was the illustrious Guilmant, than whom there lived no greater organist.

Secretary Rolland had watched the encounter of those two with intense amusement, as he afterward told Carrillo. He and the irrepressible Mexican had become great friends; they correspond to this day. I am sure that Rolland must have discerned in Carrillo some of the qualities of his own impetuous *Jean-Christophe*. And I rejoice to report that Carrillo found in Rolland, tall, ascetic, lofty-browed, a companion of rare humor, grace, and sensibility.

RUSHING back to his studies at Leipsic, Carrillo went to work at his first ambitious composition, a Symphony in D Major, which was destined not only to be awarded the prize, "with honor," for the best work of the year, but also to be acclaimed by Reinecke, Nikisch, and other *maestros* as a first-rate contribution to modern music.

With his fiddle our Indito from San Luis Potosí already ranked as a virtuoso, having won the coveted honor of a first-violinship in Nikisch's impeccable orchestra.

On leaving Leipsic he crossed the Belgian frontier, pacifically, and carried off the gold medal for violin-playing at the Ghent Conservatory.

Returning home, he was received as one who had honored his country in the eyes of musical Europe, and was appointed professor of composition at the National Conservatory, of which at a later period he was made the supreme head, ruling his old instructors, and in two years increasing the student enrollment by almost three hundred per cent.

Musical Mexico began to wake up. Carrillo vitalized the conservatory and infected the public with his zeal. He toiled, reformed, and exhorted. He excited wonder and shame by describing the spirit of Leipsic, where concert tickets were the object of as many sacrifices as bull-fight tickets at home.

He instituted a movement to remove the conservatory from the capital into the country, cloistered in a group of splendid temples, amid the spiritually fertilizing solitudes of nature; and he demonstrated that the plan was a financially practicable one.

He studied the problem of students aspiring to study with one teacher rather than another, decided that it was not a result of caprice, but of a genuine mental need, and formulated a plan by which the student should have the liberty of selecting his own professor.

He worked at the simplification of the study of composition, evolved a new method by which the pupil should begin to harmonize from the outset of his studies, and wrote a work on the subject which is about to be published in English.

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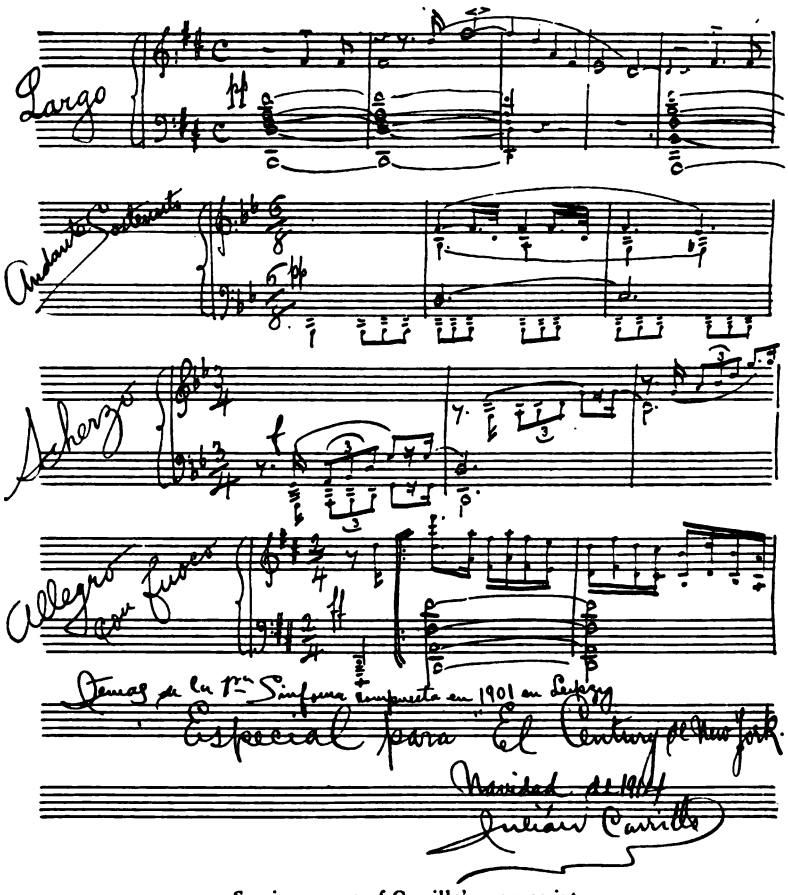
Specimen page of Carrillo's manuscript

having already won recognition in other languages. He also published a book on counterpoint, another on orchestration, and a miscellany of memoirs and opinions. All of them were vigorously iconoclastic and at the same time constructive.

Between whiles he composed another symphony, two suites for orchestra, a sextet, and some trifles; reorganized for the government the bands of the federation, formed the Beethoven orchestra, conducted a concert tour of Mexico and part of the United States, made a comfortable fortune, married a wife, built a beautiful home, and became the father of six ruddy-brown little Mexicans, all of them with incipient shoe-brush hair.

As a conductor he exhibited an astonishing power of memory, always directing without the aid of a score, even in the case of such a composition as the Faust Symphony of Liszt, which takes an hour and a half in the performance.

Meanwhile all Mexico was looking forward to the completion of the new National Opera-House, which had been building at a cost of twelve million dollars. It was proposed that Carrillo should be commissioned to write a Mexican opera for the dedication. But could the *maestro* be expected to perform such a task without previous experience? The *maestro* laughed and assured his countrymen that the opera genre of music was pitifully inferior to that of the symphony, and might be undertaken with a good heart by one who had cultivated pure music. And straightway he went to work and composed the opera.

But Mexico fell upon evil days, and the dedication had to wait. Alas! it waits yet.

ANOTHER International Musical Con-

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gress—Rome, 1911. Grave uneasiness, alarm, indignation. What was this? An attack on the classics? *Per Bacco!* Those sacred, snow-clad summits of musical form, the symphony, sonata, and concerto, had actually been made the targets of a revolutionary thesis, which was now in the hands of the delegates, printed in their several languages, that they might familiarize themselves with its detestable heresies in advance of its delivery by its temerarious author.

You are right, sagacious reader; the shoe-brush head was abroad again.

Since his first student days at Leipsic, Carrillo had been troubled with an idea—and he is one whom ideas trouble mightily—that all was not well with those classic forms of music; and now, in the teeth of the world's guardians of music, he dared, this Indian, after passionate soul-searching, and in defiance of the remonstrances of his official colleagues, to point the way to what he believed to be a new and inevitable doctrine in the religion of his art.

"Ideological unity, tonal variety"—that was what he ventured to think that the world should require of the symphony, and also of its little sisters, the sonata and the concerto. In other words, the successive parts of a symphony, instead of presenting themselves as a sequence of four diverse themes, should follow a clear line of evolution, one growing out of another, each a logical consequence of its predecessor, as grow the five acts of "Othello"—these comparisons are Carrillo's—and the four music-dramas of Wagner's Ring.

Never had there been such a whispering of illustrious *maestros*. For once Carrillo's ruddy-brown face was drawn and anxious under its charcoal-colored thatch. He felt that he was in for a ferocious drubbing. He feared that through him his country would be held up to cultivated reprobation and ridicule. He braced his spirit for the storm, telling himself that, whatever they did to him, the truth would still be with him.

Suddenly a delegate crossed to him and shook him by the hand. It was the Russian, Sergei Liaponow, come to announce himself a convert and supporter. He added his new-born conviction that Liszt, Tschaikovsky, and others of the masters had felt the imperfection of the classical form and had struggled in some of their works to remedy it, but without receiving the clear illumination of truth as it had arrived to the mind of Carrillo. The Mexican *maestro,* who is never at a loss for words to voice his quick emotions, left the generous Russian in no doubt as to his overwhelming gratitude, and they swore friendship on the spot.

Liaponow proved a powerful ally in the debate that followed the reading of the thesis. It lasted for three days, that debate. The opposition was fierce and stubborn; but it wore away, and at length melted beneath a wave of conviction, with the triumphant climax that the congress unanimously adopted the Carrillo doctrine, recommending it for practice in all the conservatories of Europe and America. And then, by way of compliment, they voted the delighted Mexican into the presidential chair.

Those were the brave days of Rome for *Maestro* Carrillo. He must needs give a concert of his works. The critics praised them to the skies. Royalty honored him, society smiled on him. And *Maestro* Carrillo wished that his saintly father, of the nineteen children and the eighteen *centavos* a day, might have lived to be made aware, as well as his simplicity would permit, of the miracle that had befallen his little brown Benjamin in the city of the Cæsars.

BUT the more he drank in the delights of musical Europe, the more he mourned for the lot of her forlorn dependent, musical America.

Clearly he saw, this seer into the heart of things, that the natural and just evolution of American music was seriously hampered by that dependence; and sadly he saw these, our twin, continents stifled and mute for want of the authority and the machinery to organize an implicit musical expression of their individuality,

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and of the forces generated in their titanic life. He had observed repeated instances of American musical genius driven to Europe by the whipping need of recognition and interpretation. In cases in which that pilgrimage had been rewarded with European success,—and the obstacles had been heartbreaking,—the fortunate ones had returned with their laurels to their own countries, to make a nine-days' wonder before sinking back into stagnation and obscurity, marooned by the width of an ocean from the great world's workshops and markets of musical art.

He saw in Buenos Aires a public with ears as sensitive and critical as those of Milan; in the United States a mighty people hungry and thirsty for good music, and following fast after the Germans in their understanding of what was best. In both cases the demand drew its supply across the waste of waters, while native talent shriveled for want of opportunity, or drifted into reckless vices of technic that made musical Europe shrug her fine shoulders with the scornful smile she reserves for all things American.

In a waking vision he saw the Americas, North and South, become spiritually federated by the free evolution and jealous nurture of a music neither of North nor South, but of America; and he felt a prescience that that music of the Western World would assert its fountainhead, by the force of logic, in the United States. He saw a day approach when great orchestras would voyage across the Atlantic from west to east, and say to the inhabitants of the other shore:

"We are American. Give ear, O Europe, for we come to give you the music of America!"

A DREAMER, this man? Oh, yes: but one with the will to hew and haul the first rude stone for the tall palace of his dream. Consider what he, "Monsieur the Professor of Energy," as Rolland dubbed him, has now set out to do, under the spur of his day-dream, which does not leave him. He has uprooted himself from his proper soil and come to New York, and in a month or two has recruited to his baton a hundred of the best instrumentalists on this side of the world. These he has organized on a coöperative basis, an experiment in musical democracy, as the America Symphony Orchestra; and that orchestra is pledged by its director and members to give a trial performance, *free of expense,* to any serious, high-class work of any American composer, known or unknown, the only stipulation being that the work be adjudged by a committee of disinterested musicians to be worthy of such a trial.

If you have a friend, dear reader, who composes orchestral music, or could do so under encouraging conditions, he will tell you what this new opportunity means to him and all the ardent brotherhood of the makers of harmony. He will tell you how much chance a struggling composer of such music, howsoever promising, has ever had of hearing his own work, much less having it heard by others, at the princely guerdon payable to an illustrious symphony director, not to mention the union rate for each separate artist for each separate rehearsal. And you may wonder that music should ever come so high for the men that make it. Carrillo is fond of saying that some day it will be free to all, like love, and the sky, and the grace of God. Just at present, however, this is what he says to his artists, who have landlords and butchers to pay:

"*Mis compañeros,* we are equals; we divide the gains, and your director will accept whatever proportion you may award him."

Popular? I wish I had room to tell of the enthusiasm of those artists, men of note from the Metropolitan Opera and other important orchestras, who have abandoned excellent engagements to enroll themselves under this ruddy-brown American of the aboriginal breed, whose day-dream of patriotism embraces the Western Hemisphere.

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Labor and Class

South of Panama: *Fifth Paper*

By EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

Professor of Sociology, University of Wisconsin; Author of "Changing America," "The Old World in the New," etc.

THE Spaniards brought with them to the New World the old Latin fondness for town life, and few of their descendants have ever acquired rural tastes. The extreme backwardness of country in comparison with town is in fact to-day one of the chief things marking off Latin America from what I may call Anglo-America, that is, the United States and Canada. In the Cauca Valley in Colombia I noticed that the owners of agricultural land do not live on their farms, if it is possible to manage them from towns. Every Monday large numbers, leaving their families in Cali, ride out to their farms up and down the valley, and there they remain most of the week. Even greater is the infatuation for the capital. The land of the fertile plateau of Bogota is held in large estates, the owners of which live for the most part in Bogota, and daily go out, often a long distance, in order to direct their peons.

AVERSION TO RURAL LIFE

ALL the productive land of the Ecuador "sierra" save the toilsome and hazardous tillage the patient Indians have pushed far up the bleak flanks of the volcanoes is owned by absentees, who live in Riobamba, Ambato, or Quito,—when they do not live in Paris,—and leave their estates, sometimes of vast extent, to be managed by a *mayordomo* of mixed blood. There are no independent white farmers tilling land of their own, nor is there a rural gentry, as in Europe. The landowner lives in town, and an occasional visit on horseback to his hacienda does little to modernize an agriculture that descends directly from that of the Incas.

He never dreams of settling his family on his hacienda, for the country lacks roads, decent houses, wells, police, postmen, schools, and society. It is not that the landed families here have given up country residence and removed to town, as we have seen them do in other parts of the world. They *never* lived on their estates, not even in colonial times. From the conquest on, the Spanish dwelt in towns, under protection, and required their assignment of agricultural Indians to send in produce and servants for the town household. Later, when grants were of land rather than of serfs, the master took more notice of agriculture; but it will be long before he lives on his hacienda and helps form a rural society.

It is much the same in Peru and Bolivia. The glitter of Lima, Arequipa, and La Paz is chiefly agricultural in origin, though, to be sure, one must not forget the mines. The current that feeds these arc lamps of civilisation is not rents paid by tenants, but the profits from the direct cultivation of estates by means of semi-servile labor. An American, long established in Cuzco, thus sums up what he sees about him:

> The passion for city life deters the owner of a large place from living on it and improving it. He leaves much to his *administrador,* who robs him, of course, and agriculture goes on as in the days of Solomon. The reading of an agricultural journal like "La Hacienda"—published, be it noted, in Buffalo, N. Y.—has absolutely no effect upon their methods. On the *finca* everything is done according to the time of the moon.

Thus the inherited contempt for rural life and distaste for things bucolic acts like a ball and chain on the economic advancement of these countries. One finds no alert progressive resident farmers; no enlightened country gentlemen vying with

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one another in the improvement of breeds or making elaborate experiments in tillage; no agricultural fairs; no stimulating agricultural press; no development of an intelligent, prosperous rural population. Special crops, like sugar and coffee, do receive some expert attention, but in general the landowners are mere parasites on agriculture, absorbing all the profits, but furnishing nothing in the way of capital or intelligence.

In Chile the *hacendados* had country residence forced upon them by their slaves being wild Mapuches, not docile Kechuas. Hence the master class acquired a rural habit that has made it more English than any gentry in South America. Of late its taste has changed, and with it the very foundations of Chilian society and government. Formerly the landed families lived on their estates the year round save for a short season in winter. Now town life is everything to them, and they stay on the hacienda for only two and three months in the year.

Through the park-like Central Valley the small towns ministering to the country-side are stagnating because more and more the big landowners spend their time and money in siren Santiago, while the little ones haunt some provincial capital like Chillan or Talca. Observed a shrewd ranchman: "The *dueños* about here all live in towns, with the result that they net little from their estates. The *mayordomo* gets the profits, while the owner gets the experience." Often I heard it remarked that the landowners who interest themselves in starting rural schools or providing better dwellings for their *inquilinos* will be residents of the nearest town who have kept in touch with their haciendas. On the other hand, the estates most neglected and the *inquilinos* least considered belong to absentees who have become extravagant and insatiable from trying to keep up with the smart set in the capital. Santiago is ruining the rural gentry of Chile, as Paris and Versailles ruined the feudal nobility of France.

In the south of Chile the German landowner, as plain and thrifty as our Pennsylvania German, lives on his place and improves it, while the Chilian, with an estate no bigger, lives in town and farms from the saddle. If the German merchant has a farm, he goes out to it often and looks after it very closely. The difference in return is so marked that the Chilians begin to follow the sound example of their German neighbors; so that the province of Llanquihue bids fair to develop a wholesome rural life sooner than any other part of South America.

In Argentina, where there was no native population to till the soil, the Spanish colonists had to live out on their ranches and form some kind of rural society. The Latin love of town life was never extinguished, as we see from the mushroom growth of Buenos Aires; but on the huge *rancherias* grew up an expansive, free-handed, patriarchal manner of life which must have been very similar to that which prevailed in old California before the advent of the gringos.

THE LABOR SYSTEM

Most travelers in South America have no eye for the fundamentals which make society there so different from our own. One may read a bushel of books on these countries without ever learning the momentous basic fact that from the Rio Grande down the West Coast to Cape Horn free agricultural labor as we know it does not exist. In general, the laborers on the estates are at various stages of mitigation of the once general slavery into which the native populations were crushed by the iron heel of the *conquistador*.

TYPES OF COLONIZATION IN AMERICA

To account for this servile stamp, one must appreciate the profound contrast between English America and Spanish America in the relation of the colonizing whites to the natives. The North American Indians, inasmuch as they had not emerged from the hunting stage, could not be enslaved; they were too "wild." So the English colonist drove them away, and put his own back into the labors of

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the field. The Spaniard, on the other hand, came upon peoples who had made marked advancement in agriculture and the industrial arts. Such were the Chibchas of Colombia, the Nescas, Chimus, and Kechuas of Ecuador and Peru, the Aymaras of Bolivia, and to some extent even the Mapuches of Chile. The masterful invaders had only to beat these native peoples to their knees, seat themselves firmly on their backs, and remain there while the Indians washed gold for them or tended herds or grew food. Thus the colonial Spanish never had to set foot upon the ground, and even to-day their descendants will go any lengths rather than humble themselves to the physical labor necessary to existence.

Spain never really colonized her possessions; she exploited them. The number of white men who subdued the New World was trifling. Cortez invaded the plateau of Mexico, with its population of several millions, with a band of 553 men, and finished his conquest with the aid of the 880 soldiers of Narvaez, together with a few squads of adventurers. Pizarro brought to ground the empire of the Incas, containing perhaps ten million inhabitants, with 310 soldiers, to which were added six months later the 150 men enlisted at Panama by his lieutenant Almagro. Valdivia tackled Chile, inhabited by perhaps half a million natives at about the culture level of the Iroquois, with 150 Europeans, later reinforced by 70 troopers from Peru. All these bands were aided by thousands of native auxiliaries who bore the brunt of the fighting in order that the precious handful of white horsemen might be held in reserve.

The English colonies in America were peopled from Holland, France, Germany, and Sweden as well as from the British Isles. Spain, on the other hand, allowed none but her own subjects to settle in her possessions. The English colonies attracted great numbers—Puritans, Quakers, Huguenots, Presbyterians, and Roman Catholics—who preferred the hardships of the wilderness to suffering religious and political oppression. The Spanish colonies offered no asylum to liberty-lovers, while their mineral riches attracted the avaricious and ruthless rather than the industrious and frugal.

LATIFUNDIA AND PEONAGE

BROADLY speaking, light and freedom wax as you go south from Panama. Ecuador is less medieval than Colombia, Peru than Ecuador, Chile than Peru. Hence, the status of the agricultural laborer, which is at its nadir in Colombia, rises gradually until in Argentina the last traces of servile condition have disappeared.

In the rich region about Pasto in southern Colombia the land is all held in large estates. There is no chance whatever for the agricultural laborer to become an owner of land. Four days in each week he is bound to work at a wage of from five to ten cents a day in return for the use of a plot for his house and truck patch. Of course such pitiful earnings do not suffice for the needs of his family, so he is obliged to run into debt to his *amo,* or master, for money or supplies. Since he can never work off this debt and the law does not permit him to leave the estate until it is liquidated, the peon becomes virtually a serf bound to work all his life for a nominal wage and liable to be flogged. He can change employers only in case some one pays his debt, and this binds him to a new master.

An Englishman of twenty-five years' residence in Colombia thus describes the labor system:

> The peon gets ten cents a day if he works, but is charged twenty cents for each boon day he fails to work. For what he buys through his patron he pays double. If he is in the way of getting out of debt, a timely present of a couple of bottles of *aguardiente* will make him drunk, and in this expansive mood he may be induced to take enough goods to plunge him again up to his neck in the quagmire of debt. In a court of law the master's book-account always outweighs the word of the peon. It is the game of the masters and of their allies the priests to keep the peons ignorant savages, the more

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easily to exploit them. As regards the free peons, the masters are too shrewd to bid against one another for their services. This would violate class ethics, just as with you it is "wrong" for one lady to "steal" the domestic of another by offering her more wages.

In Ecuador the peon has the free use of an acre or two on which he raises food for his family. Four days in the week he must put in eight hours of labor for his master, for which he receives about forty cents in the lowlands, where there is chronic scarcity of laborers, and twenty cents in the uplands. As there are no stores within reach, he takes his pay in supplies, furnished always at a good profit and often at an exorbitant price, seeing that the peon is too ignorant to know when he is being fleeced. Most of them are in debt, and their condition, as an Ecuadorian statesman put it to me, is "virtual slavery." It is certainly worse than the villeinage of the Middle Ages, for the debt may be sold, and with it the debtor. Flogging is practised on some plantations, and the police will bring back the peon who has run away from his debt. The chief differences between this *concertaje,* as it is called, and chattel slavery are that the family is left intact, the *concierto* may not be obliged to work more than four days in the week, and he has no claim on his master in sickness or old age.

Since 1895 the Liberals have been in the saddle in Ecuador, and they have made some effort to safeguard the interests of the peon. For example, the master's account against the peon does not become a legal debt until it is acknowledged by the peon himself in the presence of a public official. Once a year this formality takes place. Formerly the day's labor of an indebted peon wiped out only five cents of his debt. Now the law gives it a value which appears to be about three quarters of what the free laborer receives for the same work.

The business man admits that *concertaje* is a medieval institution, but defends it on the ground that if you cut the lariat of debt slavery by which the planter holds the peon, the fellow is likely to decamp, squat on the wild land, of which there is an abundance in coastal Ecuador, and go to working on his own account. This would leave the cacao and sugar plantations without an adequate labor force, and might "ruin" the planter. The ghastly alternative of paying the peons what their labor is really worth the planters cannot bring themselves to contemplate. A heavy European immigration, indeed, by providing the planters with plenty of white labor, would free the peon's neck from the noose of debt; but so long as the huge sign confronts the railway, *"Se necessita continualmente peones"* ("laborers in constant demand"), the planters will want a legal hold on the laborer.

One planter wiped out all debts due him from peons, with the result that his peons worked for him six days a week instead of four, and having cash to look forward to, they worked better. He advocates limiting by law the amount of debt for which the peon may be obliged to labor, but still would not abolish the system entirely. In bad seasons the peon would starve without help from his master, and his master will not advance him supplies without some form of security. Others say, "Slash off this manhood-destroying *concertaje* and let the peon start to learn the necessity of living on his cash earnings instead of relying on advances from his master. The sooner he starts, the sooner he will learn."

For all its fair front of modernism and liberalism, Peru is feudal at the core. On the great ranches north of Lake Titicaca one gains a peephole into the thirteenth century. The Indian herdsman earns fifty cents a month for every hundred head of alpacas, llamas, or merinos he tends, and for every fifty head of cattle. If an animal is missing, he has to make it good out of his wages. He has the use of land for his house, potato-patch, and pasture for his own little flock, from which his family clothes itself. Altogether his income is two or three dollars a month, out of which the master must be paid for the

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wheat, maize, and coca-leaves he has furnished at a liberal profit to himself.

If an Indian landowner is so unfortunate as to "join farms" with a white man, every year he must deliver his neighbor a quintal (one hundred pounds) of alpaca wool at a customary price of $8.00. The master sells this quintal in Arequipa for $22.50. The Indian must also furnish one sheep, worth sixty cents, for which he is allowed twenty cents. Then, too, he is to help his white neighbor during sheep-shearing and sheep-killing without other wages than food, coca, and rum. In case he has the temerity to withhold these feudal dues, the herders of the ranch-owners will slaughter his live stock without mercy whenever they happen to stray upon the white man's land.

THE HOOKER AND THE HOOK

THE mining companies in Peru recruit most of their underground labor through agents, who go about and "hook" (*enganchar*) the guileless native. The "hooker" turns up in a village some weeks before the annual fiesta in honor of its patron saint. On such an occasion the Indian is wont to "blow" himself, because his entire emotional, recreative, and social life centers about this fiesta. What with presents of vestments or jewels to the effigy of the saint, fees to the priest for masses, and a feast for his numerous relatives and friends, he is in a mood to embark on reckless spending. Comes now the wheedling "hooker" and offers him from $30 to $50 cash, provided only the Indian will sign a bond to repay the debt by labor. After sobering up from the fiesta, the Indian reports to the "hooker," and is sent up to the mines to dig ore at 14,000 feet above sea-level. The Cerro de Pasco Mining Company alone has four thousand natives in its employ under this system. The miner gets, say, seventy-five cents a day, of which a third keeps him, while the rest is applied on his debt. On the average, four months of labor is necessary to make them free men again. The estates of the Montaña region, east of the Andes, as well as those of the Coast, snare the natives of the highlands by this method.

Often the Indian signs the contract when drunk, and usually he fails to realize where he is to work and how. He thinks he is to work for the "hooker," whereas he may be sent a hundred miles away, to toil in a freezing mine gallery or a hot cane-field. Buried far from home in a coast sugar hacienda or a Montaña coffee estate, the poor fellow finds himself a slave, without a shred of legal protection and quite at the mercy of his employer.

Repeatedly I was assured that the laws of Peru do not compel the debtor to work off his debt; but, to quote the words of a foreign diplomat, "Lima has no rule outside the cities." Peonage is fixed in usage, the victim does not know his legal rights, and, moreover, the *gobernador* or sub-prefect, who stands in with the capitalist or the "hooker," threatens imprisonment if the debt is not repaid. The manager of the Cerro de Pasco Company reports a loss of $12,500 a year by advances on *enganche* contracts, and complains of the increasing difficulty in inducing the "hooked" to "come up to the scratch" because the Liga pro Indigena, a society standing up for the rights of the natives, has told him he is not obliged to work off his debt. The manager declares that cash wages will attract Indians for surface work, but that only the "hook" will provide enough underground workers. The Liga pro Indigena stigmatizes *enganche* as a device for evading the payment of a just wage that would make up to the Indian for the hard and health-destroying work in the mines. The operators, however, insist that the Indian lacks initiative and that no offer of cash wages would supply the mines with labor from a distance.

In Bolivia a farm is a *finca,* and the laborer is a *pongo.* In return for the use of the from two to four acres that he puts into barley, potatoes, or beans for his family, the *pongo* works every week two, three, or four days for his master. For these "boon days" he receives nothing but

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his ration of coca-leaves, *aguardiente,* and usually but not always, his food. Besides, every year the *pongo* gives an entire week of unpaid service called *pongueaje*. If the master does not need all the customary services of his *pongos,* he may rent or sell them. He takes a contract to build a section of road or a railway embankment, has his *pongos* do the work, then pockets the proceeds. Not only does all this yield him an exorbitant rental for the plot the *pongo* uses, but, thanks to the ignorance and timidity of the Indian, the master often exacts from him services and produce over and above the customary dues.

The master lives in town and manages his *finca* through a *cholo* foreman. Under him are trusty native *capataces,* or headmen, who carry a whip and see that the *pongos* duly render their customary services. The *pongos* are not indebted, nor is debt slavery legal in Bolivia. I heard of no forced labor save in the rubber districts, which are beyond the reach of the law. Although the *pongo* is free to leave, the lure of mine or railway job does not strip the *finca* of its labor force. The family of the miner or the navvy sticks to the ancestral plot and renders service in his place. Besides, the men always return at harvest-time to gather their own crops and the master's. The laboring population of the farms is so stable that a *finca* is advertised not as so many hectares, but as a place with so many "arms," or, as we should say, "hands."

THE *INQUILINO* OF CHILE

In Chile the *inquilino* has the use of a hut, a plot of from two to six acres, the aid of the master's oxen in plowing his plot, and pasture for a couple of animals. In return he works for the master for the wage current in the district, which, thanks to the master's joint pressure, is certain to be low. About San Fernando I found he gets from ten to eighteen cents a day and meals, while the independent peon gets fifty cents a day. Masters are careful not to bid against one another, and they compete only in respect to the accommodations, privileges, etc., that they offer. At Chillan the *inquilino* has the use of six acres, pasture for five animals, and wages of sixteen cents a day, with food. He is to furnish three hundred days' work a year at this price. The hired peon gets from twenty cents a day in winter up to fifty cents in summer. As one approaches the frontier, the status of the *inquilino* rises, until finally all that distinguishes him from other laborers is that he contracts by the year and takes part of his pay in kind.

The *inquilino* is free to leave the estate, but, owing to his feudal attachment to the master's family, he tends to remain in the hut of his forefathers even when he could better himself by removing. Newspapers, town influence, and labor agitation are undermining this attachment, but it will take at least a generation to make the *inquilinos* keen pursuers of their own interest. The masters dread schooling lest it make the *inquilino* restless and demanding. They want him so custom-bound that he will stay in the mud hut, eat beans, accept the old wage, paid in a depreciated paper currency, and resist the lure of higher pay elsewhere. There is no tenancy, no breaking up of big estates, and no chance for an *inquilino* to become independent.

The servile features of *inquilinaje* are not quite effaced. Said one master, "If I go on a journey, I am entitled to have any one of my *inquilinos* attend me as my servant without pay." The *inquilino* is regarded as *belonging* to his employer. Remarked a landowner, "I should n't think of accepting the *inquilino* of a neighbor without first speaking to him about it." The *inquilino* is liable to eviction at any time, although he has the right to gather the crop on his plot. Formerly the master or the *mayordomo* treated the pretty daughter of the *inquilino* as his legitimate prey, but this is said to be dangerous nowadays.

The ration of boiled beans provided for the laborer is handed over to him as if to a dog. No board, bench, or dish is provided. Often the man receives the help-

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ing of beans on his shovel, and eats it with a chip. An American told me with a chuckle how he had scandalized his neighbors by providing his four hundred *inquilinos* with table, benches, and great tubs of beans from which each could help himself. He finally had the best *inquilinos* in the district, but his neighbors were furious with him for forcing the pace.

When he is paid by the job, the Chilian is a great hustler, but the customary wage paid on the estate furnishes him no inducement to let himself out. "Go slow" is the word. Never owning a place of their own, the *inquilinos* often become wanderers. They drift to the nitrate-fields, to Bolivia, to Argentina. Want of a home makes the laborer loath to assume family responsibilities. He "takes up" with one woman after another; but the woman must take care of herself and the children, while the man wanders on and on, a hard-drinking vagrant. A tenant system under long leases would be a great boon to Chile. If the capable *inquilino* could look forward to a home and all he could make off his holding above a fixed rent, he would rise rapidly in the social scale, and agriculture would speedily improve. Now he is without hope, and intensive agriculture is impossible.

In Argentina agricultural labor is as it is with us. During the dictatorship of the cow-boy hero Rosas, 1835–52, the laborers on the estates shook off the last fetters of feudalism. This, indeed, is the one society in which I have found a visible capillarity, some laborers rising to be tenants, and some tenants becoming landowners. Nevertheless, although land has been the chief opportunity in Argentina, her land policy cannot for a moment compare with the land policy of the United States in point of liberality to the poor man. Her enormous public domain has never been distributed in a democratic spirit, and until lately it has been granted or sold in such a way as to foster great estates. Nothing but the difficulty of access to land can explain why the Argentine farm-hand should receive only half of what is paid the American farm-hand. Not only does the fixity of economic conditions set a great social gulf between landowner and peon, but even the renter will not sit at table with his peons. As soon as a man employs labor, he enters a higher social class. The peon sleeps in barn or granary, with his saddle blanket for a bed and his poncho for a coverlet, while his food is passed out to him from the master's kitchen.

DISDAIN OF LABOR

UNDER the exploitive colonial régime, labor became indissolubly associated with servility, while complete exemption from useful exertion was the hall-mark of the master caste. Again and again in their remonstrances to the King of Spain against his edicts aiming to abolish or mitigate the slavery under which the Indians groaned, the Spanish inquired, "Who, then, will till the fields and tend the cattle?" "If we may not exact personal service from the natives, who will serve us?" The idea that they might themselves work and wait upon themselves in the house no more occurred to them than that they should eat grass like Nebuchadnezzar.

Thus became rooted the idea that labor is vile, that there must be an upper caste to think and enjoy and govern, and that it must be served though the rest starve. The whole religion, social philosophy, and ethics of the colonials became adjusted to the parasitic manner of life. The separation from Spain a century ago and the adoption of liberal institutions did not break up the old habits of thought. The vicious colonial traditions live on, so that even to-day Spanish America is cankered with a contempt for labor which reveals itself in a hundred ways.

No first-class passenger carries any hand luggage to or from the railway-coach. Not that he minds the exertion, but no gentleman dares be caught doing anything tainted with utility. A swarm of men and boys storm every cab and car, and their incredulous amazement and disgust at seeing a gentleman lug his satchels is most diverting. They simply cannot imagine he is going to carry them himself,

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and half a dozen will present themselves one after another, each attributing the discomfiture of the others to some lack of obsequiousness.

No self-respecting person will appear in the street with a parcel in his hand; he always engages a boy to carry it. No *caballero* will carry his saddle between house and corral. A traveler who blacks his shoes is as dirt in the eyes of the hotel staff. In Quito, where the servile Indian has left the deep stigma on every form of manual labor, the plazas are haunted with well-dressed, white-collared never-works, some of whom are fain to dull their hunger with parched corn eaten from the pocket.

In Argentina the machinery expert setting up American steam-threshers who yields to his impulse to doff his coat and "pitch in" may find himself at elbows with the peons in the barn instead of sitting at the ranchman's table. So he has schooled himself to keep on his white collar, shun overalls, and stand about directing stupid peons, although his fingers are twitching with eagerness to "take hold and show them how."

A German professor of science found his pupils quite aghast at the idea of doing the experiments themselves. They wanted to watch the professor do them. Even after he had broken them to laboratory work, they held themselves above the drudgery of it, and would call for a servant to clean up the muss caused by the breaking of a retort or the overflow of a test-tube.

Americans have the name of being wonderfully "practical," so one of the engineering schools in Peru sought to have its students in mining acquire some experience in one of the big mines under American management. The chief engineer was willing enough, so a few of them were placed under his direction. They lasted about two days. The budding engineers firmly refused to don overalls, flounder about in mud and water, and lay hands to the greasy machinery. Their idea of a gentleman's technical education was to stand by in clean raiment and watch the machine go while a professor explained to them its operation.

American astronomers have noticed how it grates upon the Argentine assistant in the observatory to care for his instruments, clean up after a breakage, or unpack costly apparatus. Confronting a packing-case containing perhaps $2000 worth of imported instruments, his impulse is to turn it over to a peon worth fifty cents a day. The star-gazer's idea of astronomical observation is to lie on a mattress, with his eye to a meridian telescope, and call the instant of transit of a star, while one assistant adjusts the instrument, another records his readings, and a third computes their significance. He wants to confine himself to the purely mental process, which alone comports with the high dignity of science.

In Peru the ambitious *cholo* apes the "decent people," shuns real labor, and seeks a light clean-cuff, ill-paid job rather than work as carpenter or smith. He will stoop to any parasitism, accept any lick-spittle dependence, in order to avoid honest sweat and be able to wear white linen, swing a cane, and play the dandy on street corner or in church porch. In Chile, where the master aim is to "live at the fiscal teat," to use a local phrase, the poor flee useful labor at the first chance. "My *mozo*," said a Valparaiso physician, "who came raw from the hacienda seven years ago, a mere ragamuffin glad to carry a bag for a dime, is now so uppish that he won't be caught on the street with a parcel in his hand, let alone carrying a box on his shoulder."

Not only manual labor, but any kind of strenuous exertion, is regarded as something for the lower orders. Until the German military commission came out to Bolivia about five years ago and smartened up the young officers till they became social pets, army service was looked down on by the youth of good families there as too much like work. The evening of the reception to Colonel Roosevelt on Santa Lucia Hill in Santiago I was talking with a Conservative senator about the Boy Scouts, of whom I had seen fifteen hun-

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dred reviewed the day before. Don José was patronizing.

"They are all boys of the poorer classes," said he, "and I think it is rather a good thing for the children of the poor. Of course the movement does not extend to the children of the higher social classes."

DEMAND FOR MENIAL SERVICE

THE traditions from a parasitic upper class cause the South Americans to require much needless personal service. The lady of the house is very loath to answer the door-bell. Waiting in the vestibule of a residence, how often have I heard the mistress or her daughter scurry in quest of an Indian servant to open the door! In Peru, when a lady appears in the street, she is attended at a respectful distance by a small servant carrying her umbrella. At Cuzco the Peruvian ladies were at first rather taken with the accomplishments and self-sacrifice of the ladies of the mission hospital. But presently it became known that at times these English ladies could be seen openly plying broom and dust-cloth. This damned them socially. The high-toned families inferred these gentlewomen "must have been *cholas* in their own country," and ostracized them.

In Chile a lady will ring for her maid to put on her slippers or to hand her something in the room. No matter how late master and mistress remain out, the servants must stay up for them. I heard of a lady who routed out her servants at one o'clock A.M., and berated them for presuming to go to bed. The foreigner who waits upon himself is despised by the servants, and is not served so well as the exacting Chilian.

Happily, once the vicious tradition is broken, the young South Americans appreciate our democratic feeling about service. The Young Men's Christian Association of Buenos Aires shocked its Latin members when it installed a "help-yourself" restaurant in its basement; but presently they "came round." In the association summer camp amid the Uruguay hills not a servant was about, for the members of the party took turns in serving at table. The young South Americans soon caught the spirit, and some who at first had nursed their dignity later insisted on serving. The American rector of the University of Cuzco, in numerous archæological excursions with his students, induced them by his example to care for their animals, make camp, and cook their meals. Once the spell was broken, they took their tasks gaily, and became just as self-reliant as young Americans.

THE ARISTOCRATIC TEMPER

"THE whole Peruvian people is aristocratic," observed a Lima publicist, "the whites from *conquistador* traditions, and the Indians from their recollections of the Inca régime. Spanish pride and Inca pride combine to produce a people aristocratic to the backbone." Certainly I have never beheld such port and glance of pride as one sees in the ladies attending mass in fashionable San Pedro in Lima. On these handsome, well-chiseled faces, marbly with the pallor of the tropics, sat enthroned the unshakable conviction of superiority. Their look said, "Whatever be the fate of others, *we* must be provided for." The Government does, indeed, make desperate efforts to provide for the decaying families of the higher class by maintaining for their members a great number of useless jobs in the civil service.

Not merit, but caste, determines social consideration. When an American organized a foot-ball team among Cuzco lads, he found that the son of the blacksmith was liable to be roundly scolded for tackling hard the son of a gentleman. "How dare you knock over your patron?" the other boys would exclaim. In Bolivia, on the other hand, appearances seem to count for more than caste. In a private house with a stately reception-room, the kitchen may be vile, for no caller will see the kitchen. An American was called on by a man in frock-coat and silk hat who, when he sat down, disclosed a complete absence of socks. In La Paz fashionable attire is so essential that the missionaries have to acquire silk hats in order to receive any social consideration whatever.

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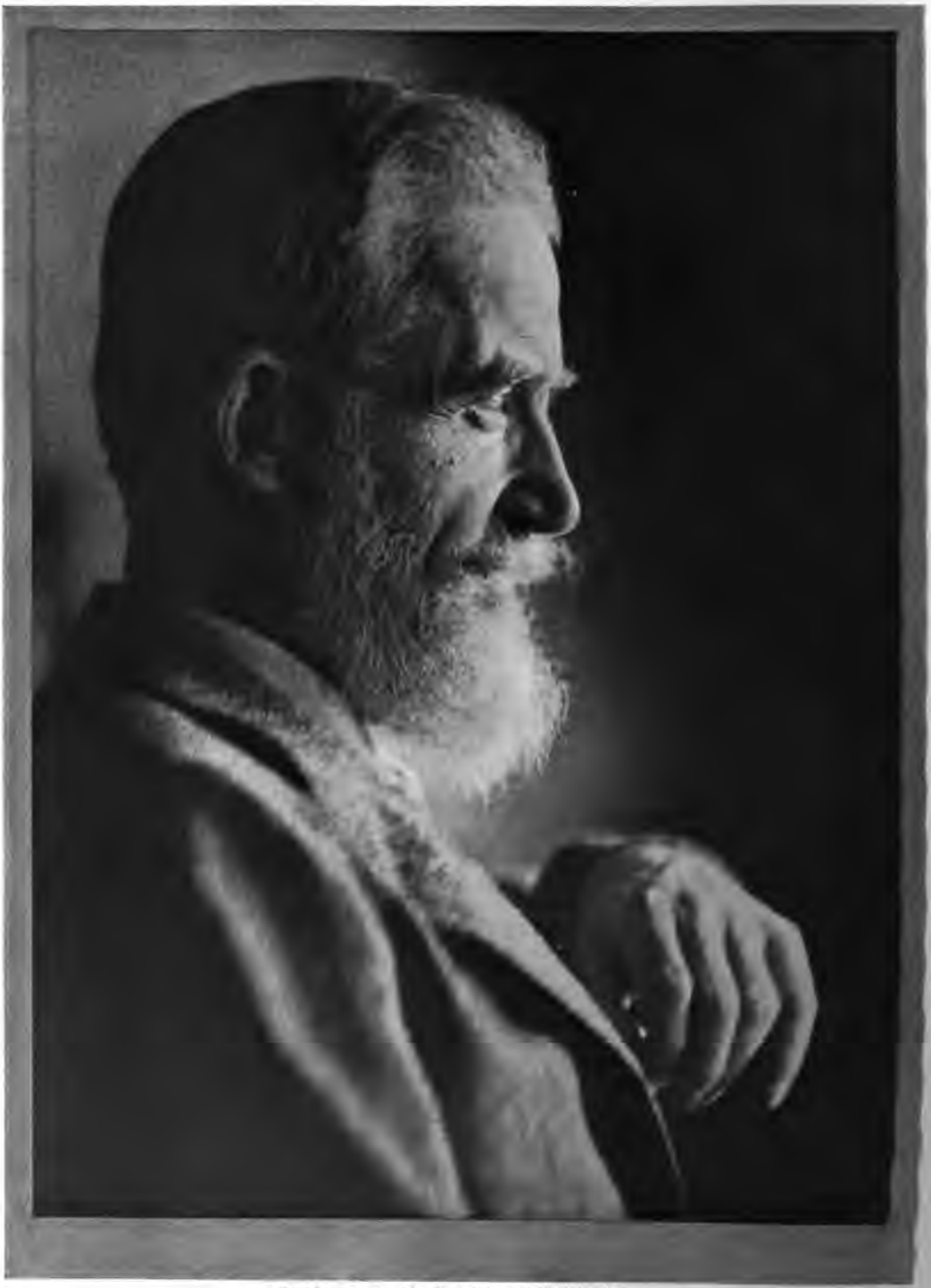

Color-Tone, engraved for THE CENTURY, by H. Davidson

BERNARD SHAW

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALVIN LANGDON COBURN

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George Bernard Shaw

Harlequin or Patriot?

By JOHN PALMER

THE first fallacy is that Bernard Shaw is an immensely public person; that he is a sort of twentieth-century Grand Monarch who, if manners allowed, would dine like Louis XIV in the presence of the people and receive the press in his dressing-gown. Now, it is true that Bernard Shaw has been photographed by Alvin Langdon Coburn without a stitch; that at one period of his career he almost lived upon a public platform; that he invariably tells us the private history of each of his books and plays; that, partly from a sense of fun, and partly from a determination that what he has seriously to say shall be heard, he talks and writes a good deal about himself; and that he has allowed Mr. Archibald Henderson to compile a sort of concordance to his personality.

Nevertheless, it is not true that Bernard Shaw is an immensely public person. Or perhaps I should put it this way: Bernard Shaw whom the public knows is not an authentic revelation of the extremely private gentleman who lives in Adelphi Terrace. The Bernard Shaw whom the public knows might more accurately be described as a screen. What the public knows about Bernard Shaw is either trivial or misleading. Thus the public knows that Bernard Shaw can read diamond type with his left eye at a distance of twenty-eight inches; that he can hear a note the pitch of which does not exceed 30,000 vibrations per second; that, when he sits down upon a chair, the distance between the crown of his head and the seat is 3 feet, 1.8 inches. These things are trivial. Or the public knows that Bernard Shaw is a very striking and provocative writer of plays, that he is also a socialist and a vegetarian; and these things are misleading.

That is why any satisfactory account of Bernard Shaw rendered to those who have allowed themselves to be deceived by common fame must necessarily take the form of a schedule of popular fallacies. Such a schedule will at any rate be found more useful, and certainly less hackneyed, than a personal "interview" and description of one who has been more often photographed and handled in the picturesque and familiar way of the expert pressman than the most popular member of the British Cabinet. Perhaps, therefore, I may regard myself as excused from accurately sketching the wicket-gate which leads to Bernard Shaw's private dwelling, or from telling the story of his velvet coat, or from recording the number of times he has been met upon the top of an omnibus (where he used virtually to live), or betraying what he writes to young people in confidence about the nose of a celebrated author.

Intimate revelations of this kind do not

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take the public far. They do not seriously disturb the inaccessible privacy which Bernard Shaw has always contrived to maintain. The truth is that the authentic author of "Man and Superman" has never really been interviewed; has never really "plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut" to visitors who are likely to be hiding a kodak under their coat or to be surreptitiously fingering a note-book. Bernard Shaw of the interviews and the funny stories is public enough; but this Bernard Shaw is almost entirely a legend. Before this legend gets as firm a hold upon New York as it has upon London, it may be well to number some of the more striking fallacies of which it is composed. There is only one serious drawback to this method of approach, and this drawback vanishes almost as soon as it is explained. Exploding popular fallacies is disagreeable work, and it usually gives to the sentences of the author engaged upon it an air of quarreling violently with his readers and with his subject.

Such is not the intention or mood of this present article. I have an immense enthusiasm and liking for Bernard Shaw and for the greater part of most of what Bernard Shaw has written. I claim, indeed, to admire Bernard Shaw for sounder and weightier reasons than have yet occurred to Bernard Shaw himself. These reasons will be presented later in a postscript of appreciation. When the worst fallacies regarding Bernard Shaw have been briefly described and contradicted (it would require a large volume to describe and contradict them in detail), I shall be in a better position to assert, briefly again, wherein Bernard Shaw's genius truly consists; exactly how serious he is; and, more particularly, why he has just written a pamphlet about the war, and why he ought not to have done so. Meantime I hope that readers of this article will agree to digest the fallacies and to wait for the postscript; also to believe that my habitually indignant manner is simply the result of writing regularly about the British theater.

The first fallacy is already declared; namely, that Bernard Shaw is a public person. The second fallacy is that Bernard Shaw is an easy and profitable subject to write about. He is not. It is true that Bernard Shaw's interviews with the press are the best interviews, and that he invariably galvanizes the dullest of his appreciators into liveliness. Pronounce the name of Bernard Shaw in almost any company, and immediately every one perks up with an epigram or a paradox or an anecdote. Bernard Shaw, like *Falstaff*, is not only witty himself; he is the occasion that wit is in other men.

Nevertheless, Bernard Shaw is not a good subject. It is not encouraging to embark upon an enterprise with the sure knowledge that the thing has been done before and better done. Bernard Shaw is not a good subject because he has already been exhausted. There is not more than one expert upon Bernard Shaw. Every one professionally required to write about Bernard Shaw sets out under an unfortunate sense that the ground has already been covered; that the job has already been done brilliantly, thoroughly, and finally.

The best essays on the work of Bernard Shaw, the most impartial, authoritative, and penetrating, are by Bernard Shaw himself. The best stories about Bernard Shaw, whether they are the cruel, illuminating anecdotes which delight the envious, or the flashes of resource and honesty which are cherished by his friends and admirers, are once again by Bernard Shaw himself. Should you set out to extol or to advertise Bernard Shaw, you know that this has already been done with incomparable energy and talent, and that it has been done by one who knows. Should you, on the other hand, set out to expose or pull to tatters the reputation and character of Bernard Shaw, again you know that you are the merest amateur compared with G. B. S.; know also that, if you want to do the business effectively, and leave Bernard Shaw obviously for dead on the field of controversy, you will have to call in G. B. S. to help you. It is possible

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to slay Bernard Shaw; but it is possible to slay him only in alliance with himself. It is a joke of the two hemispheres that Bernard Shaw better understands his merits than any one else in the world. It is a finer joke, and not so threadworn, that he better understands his limitations. Either way, whether you are celebrating his genius or asserting your position as the candid friend, you are forced to acknowledge at the last that your researches into Bernard Shaw are simply not in the same class with his own either in intimacy (which is surprising in an age when the press is often more intimate with a man than his own tooth-brush); in detachment and absence of favor (which, again, is surprising, in an age when men of letters take themselves very seriously); or in a severely just recognition of the subject's merit (more surprising still in an age when public men carefully cultivate a reputation for modesty).

SHAW NOT AN ORIGINAL THINKER

THE third fallacy is that Bernard Shaw is a profoundly original thinker and a propagandist of absolutely new ideas. He has repeatedly told his readers and his friends that he is nothing of the kind. His biographer somewhere quotes him as saying, "I am an expert picker of men's brains, and I have been extremely fortunate in my friends." Nor need we go to Bernard Shaw's biographer for this. Bernard Shaw has spent half his life in telling the world the exact scientific truth about himself, and of course the world has refused to believe him. It is hardly exaggeration to say that whenever Bernard Shaw tells people soberly and honestly exactly the sort of man he is, and exactly the kind of work he has done, they laugh heartily, and say that Bernard Shaw is a very funny and inventive person. Similarly, whenever he ventures into fun and fiction, his hearers insist upon taking him as seriously as they would take a prophet.

It follows that Bernard Shaw, who is a modest, conscientious, kindly, industrious, and well-read man of letters, is commonly regarded as a reckless firebrand who lives by the cart and the trumpet, is up to his neck in all that is lawless and improper, is without compassion or shame, speaks always in paradoxes, and claims to be greater than Shakspere. Not fewer than fourteen years ago Bernard Shaw told the world that he was an elderly gentleman who had made an immense reputation by being the best of a bad lot and by plagiarizing the English classics. He really meant what he said; but the preface in which he said it is still supposed to be the *locus classicus* of his claim to supersede the author of "Macbeth." Here, again, it is impossible to say of Bernard Shaw any true thing he has not already said of himself. He has repeatedly urged his critics and followers to reject utterly the legend of G. B. S. "I find myself," Bernard Shaw wrote in 1900, "while still in middle life almost as legendary a person as the *Flying Dutchman*. Critics, like other people, see what they look for, not what is actually before them. In my plays they look for my legendary qualities, and find originality and brilliancy in my most hackneyed claptrap. Were I to republish Buckstone's 'Wreck Ashore' as my latest comedy, it would be hailed as a masterpiece of perverse paradox and scintillating satire."

Nothing in modern literary history is more remarkable than the reputation of G. B. S. for original and daring speculation; and no one, myself possibly excepted, more thoroughly appreciates the funny side of G. B. S. as philosopher than the man to whom this reputation is so persistently attached. Five years ago I came to London burdened with the classic wisdom of an ancient university. I had read some philosophy in one school and some economy in another. As a musician I had read Wagner for a venerable classic. As the merest Philistine in connoisseurship, I recognized in Rodin a great sculptor of the last generation, as firmly established in immortality as Michelangelo, and I saluted in the New English Art Club a thoroughly respectable academy of painting. As a playgoer destined to succeed Max Beerbohm, who himself in remote

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antiquity had succeeded G. B. S. on the "Saturday Review," I had become weary of Ibsen, and had begun to wonder why Granville Barker seemed old enough to be my uncle. Now, I do not regard myself as being in the least in advance of my time; yet when I came to London I found that Bernard Shaw, who still preached Ibsen and Wagner, who spoke with Rodin as a contemporary, who preached a philosophy which was already introduced into examination-papers at a place not suspected of modernism, who talked economy out of university text-books which it was a scholarly and pedantic exercise to confute in the lecture-rooms of Oxford—that this thoroughly safe, orthodox, and almost medieval Bernard Shaw was being received by the literary societies and the press of London as an original and revolutionary thinker. I then began to understand why Bernard Shaw has very little respect for some of his contemporaries.

THE "BETTER THAN SHAKESPEARE" FALLACY

THIS brings us to the fourth fallacy. The fourth fallacy is that Bernard Shaw has made enormous and extravagant claims for himself as a critic, philosopher, sociologist, and dramatist. Let us take a passage of Bernard Shaw's preface to the "Plays for Puritans." It is the famous "Better than Shakespeare" passage, the foundation of a public charge that George Bernard Shaw thinks too highly of himself. It is a conclusive proof that he does nothing of the kind. It harks back to our second fallacy:

> My stories are the old stories; my characters are the familiar harlequin and columbine, clown and pantaloon (note the harlequin's leap in the third act of *Cæsar and Cleopatra*); my stage tricks and suspenses and thrills and jests are the ones in vogue when I was a boy, by which time my grandfather was tired of them. . . . It is a dangerous thing to be hailed at once, as a few rash admirers have hailed me, as above all things original; what the world calls originality is only an unaccustomed method of tickling it. Meyerbeer seemed prodigiously original to the Parisians, when he first burst on them. To-day he is only the crow who followed Beethoven's plough. I am a crow who have followed many ploughs. No doubt I seem prodigiously clever to those who have never hopped hungry and curious across the fields of philosophy, politics and art. Karl Marx said of Stuart Mill that his eminence was due to the flatness of the surrounding country. In these days of Board Schools, universal reading, newspapers and the inevitable ensuing demand for notabilities of all sorts, literary, military, political and fashionable, to write paragraphs about, that sort of eminence is within the reach of very moderate ability. Reputations are cheap nowadays.

Who, after that, will say that Bernard Shaw has in him a particle of author's conceit? He has never claimed more than is due to him. There is not the least evidence of vanity or self-importance in the printed work of George Bernard Shaw, there is even less in his speeches, letters (the private letters of George Bernard Shaw will be his masterpiece when, and if, they ever come to be published), conversation, or general demeanor. It is true that he has frequently and vigorously claimed not to be entirely foolish, and that sometimes he has insisted that he really does know what he is writing about. But it is also true that no critic has more persistently assured the public that there is nothing really important or new in any of the ideas and devices which so curiously amazed the first audiences of his early plays. Has he not soberly assured the American public that "the novelties of one generation are only the resuscitated fashions of the generation before last"? And has he not proved this with instances out of "The Devil's Disciple"? Did he not prophesy that a few years would expose that play for "the threadbare popular melodrama it technically is"?

Nevertheless, though it is possible for any one read in the works of Bernard Shaw to parallel these instances of self-assessment from almost any volume, pamphlet, speech, or anecdote of his life, the

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belief still rules that Bernard Shaw is too highly appreciated by Bernard Shaw. The truth is that Bernard Shaw has had to expend vast stores of energy and time in reproving his friends for thinking too much of him and in snubbing the worship of his followers. He has had continually to explain to the superior socialists that he is not really a great orator; to the dramatic critics that he is not really the greatest dramatist who ever lived; to men of science that he is not the erudite physician they have imagined from "The Doctor's Dilemma" and not the expert in acoustics they have inferred from "Pygmalion"; to distracted heads of families that he is not in the least qualified to tell them how to control their marriageable daughters. Bernard Shaw has worked harder to escape the greatness which is thrust upon him than many of his contemporaries have worked to achieve wealth and a blue ribbon; and the harder he has worked, the more convinced the public has become that he is an incorrigibly insolent and pertinacious champion of his title to be infallible.

It is essential to get this notion of Bernard Shaw as the *miles gloriosus* corrected at the start, otherwise we shall never handle the key to his achievement. You will ask how it has arisen. It has arisen simply and inevitably from the fact that Bernard Shaw was for many years of his life a professional critic, and that he was by nature able to regard himself and his own performances with complete detachment. Naturally, when he came to write plays, and found that the said plays were incompetently criticized, he used his native gift for regarding himself impartially, and his acquired skill as a professional critic, to inform his readers exactly how good and how bad his plays really were. Hence he has acquired a reputation for vainglory, for it is a rooted idea with some people that a man who talks about himself is necessarily vainglorious.

Bernard Shaw's detached and disinterested observation of his own career and achievements is not within the power of the average man of letters. It was accordingly misunderstood. Not every one can discuss his own work as though it were the work of a stranger. The self-criticism of Bernard Shaw, read as a whole, shows an amazing literary altruism. It shows exactly how far he is from consenting to occupy the throne into which he has been thrust. Bernard Shaw, in his prefaces, is not a prophet claiming inspiration for his script; he is one of the crowd that reads and judges for itself; only he reads and judges a little more closely and severely than the rest. Bernard Shaw's modesty—his curious aloofness from his own fame—is the more attractive in that it is absolutely innocent of stage-management. There are men who have made corners in retirement—men of whom it is at once exclaimed how humble and unspoiled they are. Shrewd observers will always suspect the man of letters who is famous for his modesty; who seems to think it positively indecent that his face should be seen; who has always "just left the theater" when there is a call to be taken; who has a reputation for inaccessibility. Bernard Shaw, of course, is entirely free of this organized and blushing humility. His very real modesty consists in his being able to assess himself correctly. He is one of the few living authors who has not been taken in by his own performances. It does not occur to him to divide the literature of the day into (a) the works of Bernard Shaw and (b) other people's works. He thinks of "Man and Superman" as he thinks of "The Silver Box." It is a play of contemporary interest and of some merit, and he does not see why he should be barred from discussing it as an expert critic just because he happens to be the author. Bernard Shaw has certainly imposed upon many of his friends and observers. He has not imposed upon himself.

SHAW NOT A JESTER

THE fifth fallacy is that Bernard Shaw is an incorrigible jester, that he is never serious, that he is ready to sacrifice his best friend and his firmest conviction for the sake of a really good joke. Now, the

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first thing to realize about Bernard Shaw is his overflowing gravity. He has taken more things seriously in his career than any living and notable person. He has taken music seriously, and painting and socialism and philosophy and politics and public speaking. He has taken the trouble to make up his mind upon scores of things to which the average heedless man hardly gives a second thought—things like diet, hygiene, vaccination, phonetic spelling, and vivisection. He has even taken seriously the English theater, unlike virtually every other English man of letters who has had anything to do with it. Compare for a moment the conduct of Bernard Shaw at a rehearsal of one of his own plays with the conduct, say, of Barrie. Barrie is happy so long as no one takes any notice of him. He has so immense a disdain for the minutiæ of theatrical production that he would rather write ten plays than control the rehearsal of one. Bernard Shaw, on the other hand, with the amazing industry of a really serious person, turns up with a closely written volume of notes, determining down to the minutest detail where, how, and when his company shall deliver their lines and do their necessary "business." It is only because Bernard Shaw is so immensely serious that he can be so tremendously casual and brilliant. He is ready for everything and everybody because he has seriously considered everything and seriously regarded everybody. A first-rate impromptu usually indicates a mind richly stored and well arranged. Bernard Shaw can extemporize on most subjects because he has seriously thought about them. The more brilliantly he sparkles upon a given theme, the more sober has been his education in its rudiments. Unfortunately, many people have come to exactly the opposite conclusion. Because Bernard Shaw has a rapid and vital way of writing, because he presents his argument at a maximum, seasons it with boisterous analogies, and frequently drives it home at the point of a hearty joke, he is suspected of sacrificing sense to sound. The dancing of his manner conceals the severe decorum of his matter. It is true that Bernard Shaw can be funny, but it is wholly false that he is in the least a flippant writer or a careless thinker. He is as serious as Praise-God Barebones and as careful as Octavius Cæsar.

HIS REPUDIATION OF REASON

THE sixth fallacy has to do with the all-head-and-no-heart formula. It is said of Bernard Shaw by some very excellent critics that he is an expert logician arguing *in vacuo,* that he has exalted reason as a god, that his mind is a wonderful machine which never goes wrong because its owner is not swayed by the ordinary passions, likes, prejudices, sentiments, impulses, infatuations, enthusiasms, and weaknesses of ordinary mankind. How the critics square this notion of Bernard Shaw with the kind friend and counselor who lives in Adelphi Terrace they alone can tell. It is probably this idea of Bernard Shaw which most heartily tickles him. Bernard Shaw greatly enjoys contemplating the motley crowd of his legendary selves; but none can please him more thoroughly—because none could be more outrageously fictitious—than Bernard Shaw the vivisector of his kind, the high priest of reason and common sense.

This last superstition has grown mainly out of the simple fact that G. B. S. as a critic of music, art, and the drama was actually a critic. He took his criticism as seriously as he took his socialism or his conviction that tobacco was a noxious weed. Being a serious critic, he found it necessary to tell the truth concerning the artistic achievements of many sensitive and amiable young people. Naturally, Bernard Shaw got the reputation of being a heartless brute for his candor, and a logical brute, owing to the soundness of his arguments. Then, when Bernard Shaw came to write plays, it was discovered that his young women behaved like reasonable creatures and that his young men appreciated the importance of five per cent. This was unusual in the soft, romantic stage creatures of the late nineties; so here was more evidence of Bernard

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Shaw's insensibility, of his arid and merciless rationalism, of his impenetrable indifference to all that warms the blood of common humanity.

Of course there was not the slightest real evidence of all this. If there is one idea more than another that persists all through the work of Bernard Shaw, and defines his personality, it is to be found in his perpetual repudiation of reason. Almost his whole literary career has been spent in adapting the message of Schopenhauer to his own optimism and belief in the goodness of life. Not reason and not the categories determine or create, but passion and will. Bernard Shaw has always insisted that reason is no motive power; that the true motive power is will; that the setting up of reason above will is a damnable error. Life is the satisfaction of a power in us of which we can give no rational account whatever—that is the final declaration of Bernard Shaw; and his doctrine corresponds with his temperament. Rudyard Kipling has described the rationalists as men who "deal with people's insides from the point of view of men who have no stomachs." Bernard Shaw would agree. No one, in habit or opinion, lives more remotely than Bernard Shaw from the clear, hard, logical, devitalised, and sapless world of Comte and Spencer.

SHAW FAR FROM BEING AN ANARCHIST

THE seventh fallacy is that Bernard Shaw is an anarchist, a disturber of the peace, a champion of the right of every man to do as he pleases and to think for himself. This idea of Bernard Shaw is so deeply rooted in the public mind, despite Bernard Shaw's serious and repeated disclaimers of its accuracy, that, if any young person in London runs away from her parents, or if any elderly gentleman abandons his wife and family, these things are not only regarded as the results of Bernard Shaw's pernicious teaching, but their perpetrators are upheld and justified by the belief that they are disciples following the lead of G. B. S. as prophet and master. These startling misconceptions have arisen from the fact that Bernard Shaw has pointed out in a popular play that children do not always agree in all points with their parents, and that he has argued in a less popular play that one or two reforms in the marriage laws of Great Britain are already overdue. Was ever a reputation won upon slenderer evidence? Why, Shakspere told us three hundred years ago how

> The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long
> That it had its head bit off by its young,

and it is now on record in a British blue-book that a committee of the most respectable gentlemen of the British bar and church have agreed with Bernard Shaw that British divorce is unnecessarily expensive, inequitable, and humiliating. The practical extent of Bernard Shaw's anarchism coincides with the anarchism of our judges and our bishops.

Those who dig deeper than this, with the preconceived resolution to find that Bernard Shaw is an anarchist, will only be more hopelessly misled. They will find that he preaches, as we have already discovered, the ultimate supremacy of passion and will; that he sees the gods and the laws of each generation as mere expressions of the will and passion of their generation; and that he claims for posterity the right to supersede them as soon as posterity is moved by a higher will and a finer passion. But this is not anarchism. It is so far from being anarchism that side by side with these doctrines Bernard Shaw has, in "The Sanity of Art," written down one of the best defenses of law and order—of the convenience and necessity of policemen, churches, and all kinds of public authority—that has appeared in popular form within recent years. It is true that Bernard Shaw pleads for liberty, and points out that it is better for a man to act and think responsibly for himself than to run to the nearest constable or parish priest. But it is also true that he wants people to have no more liberty than is good for them, and that he very seriously distrusts the ability of the average man to think for himself. Bernard

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Shaw knows that the average man has neither the time nor the brains nor the imagination to be original in such matters as crossing the road or getting married or determining whether he ought or ought not to cut the throat of his neighbour.

Nothing could be further from the mind of Bernard Shaw than the philosophic anarchy of Godwin or John Stuart Mill. Bernard Shaw is not an anarchist either in speculation or in practice. He is as sound on the question of law and order as Mr. Asquith. He is as correct in deportment and as regular in his conduct as the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford. The most pictorial way of emphasizing the difference between a real anarchist and Bernard Shaw is to compare the handwriting of Bernard Shaw and, say, of Cunninghame Graham. Bernard Shaw writes like a sensible citizen who intends his pages to be read. It is true that he asserts his individuality as one who values what is comely by writing the most beautiful hand of any author living, just as he insists that his books shall be printed in a style that proclaims him a pupil of William Morris. But he writes mainly to be read, aware that the liberty of writing illegibly is not worth the trouble it would give to a community which practised it. The writing of Cunninghame Graham, on the other hand, requires an expert in caligraphy. It has baffled half the big printing-houses in London. It is the last, insolent assertion that every man has the right to do as he pleases regardless of the discomfort and loss of time he thereby inflicts upon his neighbors. It is, in one word, anarchic, a graphic illustration of the great gulf that is fixed between two public figures of the time who, nevertheless, have impartially been described by the careless as anarchists.

SHAW A PRECISIAN RATHER THAN A CARELESS MAN OF LETTERS

THE eighth fallacy is that Bernard Shaw is a headlong, dashing, and opiniative writer, without technical equipment, who succeeds by an impudent trust in his unassisted genius, and brings off his best efforts by a happy fluke. This fallacy has stuck to Bernard Shaw all through his career as a critic of music, painting, the drama, as a playwright, as a pamphleteer, as a public speaker. When G. B. S., as Corno di Bassett, was writing about music for a London newspaper, the public insisted that his appointment was a joke. It was the public's own joke, and the public enjoyed it immensely. Indeed, it chuckled so heartily that G. B. S. had not the malice to undeceive it. He played with this popular legend of himself, as he has so often played with a hundred others. He was thought to be merely a rude young man who knocked the professors' heads together without the least idea of what they contained. Bernard Shaw's characteristic confutation of this public error was to reduce it to absurdity. When people handed him a score, he held it carefully upside down and studied it in that position. When he was asked to play the piano, he walked to the wrong end. Bernard Shaw's conduct as a critic of music, acting under provocation, was very natural; but it was in the result unfortunate. Popularly imagined to be an irresponsible amateur with a literary knack, Bernard Shaw, in all he has undertaken, has, if anything, erred from an excessive knowledge and interest in the expert professional and technical side of his subject. Bernard Shaw knew years ago all about the enormity of exploding undiminished chords of the ninth and thirteenth on the unsuspecting ear, just as to-day he thoroughly understands the appallingly scientific progressions of Scriabin. Similarly he can tell you the difference at a glance between real sunshine in an open field and the good north light of a Chelsea studio, or explain why "values" are more difficult to capture when colors are bright than when they are looked for in a dark interior. As to the technic of the theater—well, the subject is hardly worth discussing. Some of his later plays are nothing if they are not technical.

The fallacy that Bernard Shaw is a happy savage among critics and artists, ignorant and careless of form, unread in

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the necessary conventions, speaking always at random with the confidence that only a perfect ignorance can give, is particularly deplorable, because it necessarily blinds its adherents to Bernard Shaw's most serious defect both as critic and creator. Usually Bernard Shaw knows too much, rather than too little, of his subject. He is too keenly interested in its bones and its mechanism. His famous distinction between music which is decorative and music which is dramatic is quite unsound, as I would undertake to show in nothing less than a small pamphlet; but it is not the mistake of a critic ignorant of music. It is rather the mistake of a critic too keenly absorbed in the technic of music.

If the professors in the early nineties had objected to G. B. S. because he was liable to lapses into the pedantry of which they themselves were accused, they would have been nearer the mark than they were in foolishly dismissing him as an ignoramus. Similarly, as a dramatic critic, G. B. S. erred not by attaching too little value to the forms and conventions of the theater, but by attaching too much. It is true that he did not make the absurd mistake of some of his followers, and regard Ibsen as a great dramatist on account of one or two pettifogging and questionable reforms in dramatic convention, such as the abolishing of soliloquies and asides and extra doors to the sitting-room. But he certainly attached too much importance to these things, mainly because he knew so much about them; and this critical insistence of his as a Saturday Reviewer has had its revenge in some of his own plays, where his purely technical mastery of theatrical devices, his stage-cleverness, and craftsman's virtuosity have led him into mechanical horse-play and stock positions unworthy of the author of "John Bull's Other Island" and "Major Barbara." Bernard Shaw has continually suffered from knowing his subject too well from the angle of the expert, and he has frequently fallen into the mistakes of the expert. Far from being the happy and careless privateer of popular belief, he is usually to be found struggling for freedom under the oppression of things stored for reference in his capacious memory. The great critic, like any ordinary, unskilled spectator, should be able to look at a work of art without prejudice in favor of any particular form or fashion. It should not matter to him a jot or influence his judgment in the slightest whether the music he hears is symphonic or metrical, whether the thirteenth is exploded as a thirteenth or prepared as a six-four chord. He should be similarly indifferent whether a dramatist talks to him in blank-verse soliloquy or in conversational duologue. Preoccupation with manner, *apart from matter*—usually implying an *a priori* prejudice in favor of one manner over another—is the mark of pedantry; and of this pedantry—always the pedantry of a man who is expert and knows too much—Bernard Shaw is not always free, though he is far too good a critic to be often at fault.

THE REAL SHAW

We have not yet exhausted the popular fallacies about Bernard Shaw, but as most of my readers will already be wondering what is left of the man who has just described Sir Edward Grey as a Junker, I will turn now from George Bernard Shaw, who is as legendary as the *Flying Dutchman,* to the very positive and substantial author of "Commonsense and the War." I have yet to explain why Bernard Shaw, stripped of his professional masks, and rescued from the misconceptions of his admirers, remains one of the most striking public figures of our day, and must fairly be regarded as the most important apparition in the British theater since Goldsmith and Sheridan. We have seen that Bernard Shaw is not original in what he preaches, is erudite rather than adventurous, is in no sense revolutionary or anarchical, is extremely serious, and is far from being an orgiastic and impudent rationalist for whom drifting humanity is stuff for a paradox. Bernard Shaw has not won the notice of mankind because he has thought of things which have hitherto occurred to no one else; nor

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has he won the notice of mankind because he has a native gift of buffoonery and a talent for the stage. The merit of Bernard Shaw has to be sought outside his doctrine. The secret of his genius lies deeper than his fun, and has scarcely anything to do with his craft.

HIS SELF-CRUSHING CRITICISM

It ironically happens that Bernard Shaw as a critic has virtually made it impossible for those who accept his criticism to allow that Bernard Shaw as a dramatic author has any right to be really famous. We have seen that Bernard Shaw as a critic repeatedly fell into the grievous error of separating the stuff he was criticizing into manner and matter. Thus, confronted with the Elizabethan dramatists, Bernard Shaw always maintained that they had nothing to say and that they were tolerable only because they had an incomparably wonderful way of saying it. Comparing Shakspere with Ibsen, for example, he would point out that, if you paraphrased Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," it still remained good intellectual stuff, and that, if you paraphrased Shakspere's "Life 's but a walking shadow," it became the merest commonplace. Bernard Shaw thence proceeded to draw the moral that Ibsen, apart from mere favor and prettiness, was the greater and more penetrating dramatist. Fortunately for Bernard Shaw, as we shall shortly realize, this criticism of his is not only false in fact, but it is also nonsense in theory. It is false in fact, because it is quite untrue that Shakspere paraphrased is commonplace whereas Ibsen paraphrased is an intellectual feast. It would be more to the point if Bernard Shaw had said that Shakspere paraphrased is commonplace for all time and that Ibsen paraphrased is commonplace for only the nineteenth century. It would be still more to the point if Bernard Shaw had said that it is quite impossible to paraphrase any work of genius in so far as genius has gone to its making. It is absurd to talk of paraphrasing Shakspere, because Shakspere is of genius all compact; and it is as true of Ibsen as of Shakspere that, so far as he is a genius and not merely a scientific naturalist, it is absurd to separate what he says from his way of saying it. When Shakspere has written:

. . . Out, out, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing,

he has written more than the equivalent of "life is not worth living." If Bernard Shaw will not admit that Shakspere in this passage is no more than an utterer of a universal platitude for pessimists, he will have to agree that Ibsen is no more than an utterer of parochial platitude for the suffragette platform. Probably, however, now that Bernard Shaw has himself become a classical author, he has realized that to distinguish between the ideas of a literary genius and the language in which they are expressed is as absurd as to distinguish between the subject of a painter and the way in which it is painted, or between the themes of a musician and the notes in which they are rendered.

At any rate, Bernard Shaw must realize how very badly he himself would fare under such a distinction. We have seen that Bernard Shaw *in doctrine and idea* is in no sense original. His celebration of the state is as old as Plato. His particular sort of puritanism is as old as Cromwell. His particular brand of socialism is as old as Owen. A paraphrase of Bernard Shaw—a reduction of Bernard Shaw to the bare bones of his subject matter—would be as intolerable as the speeches of his disciples and some of his masters usually are. In a word, if Bernard Shaw is a genius, he is a genius for the same reason that Shakspere is a genius. He is a genius not because he has anything new to say, but because he has a passionate and a personal way of saying it. If I had the time to go deeper into this matter, I should like to ask whether it is really possible to get hold of a new idea as distinguished from a new way of pre-

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senting an old one. But, at all events, I have already said enough to justify the assumption that, if Bernard Shaw can claim an immortality, however brief, it will not be by virtue of his original, novel, and startling opinions, but by virtue of his literary presentation of them in a manner entirely his own. The equations read:

The ideas of Bernard Shaw = the commonplaces of his time.

The ideas of Bernard Shaw+his way of presenting them = G. B. S.

PASSION AND STYLE THE SECRETS OF SHAW'S SUCCESS

BERNARD SHAW, then, has won the attention of the present generation, and he will hold the attention of posterity not because he has new theories about the world, but because, by virtue of strictly personal and inalienable qualities, he is able to give to the most "hackneyed claptrap" (Bernard Shaw's own description) an air of novelty. Were he baldly to tell us that incomes should be equally divided, and that interest is an iniquitous and profoundly unsocial device invented by those who have too much money for the purpose of levying blackmail upon those who have not enough, we should simply remember that we had read all this years ago in an old book and turn to something rather more worth our time and attention.

But when Bernard Shaw writes "Widower's Houses" or "Socialism and Superior Brains," it is quite another matter. Here we have original work of the first quality. The ideas are common to us all; but Bernard Shaw's presentation of these ideas thrills us with a conviction that nothing quite like it has ever come within our experience. We realize that we have never before encountered just this blend of wit and sense, this intellectual wrestle and thrust, this fervor and fun, this argumentative and syllabic virtuosity, this apparently impudent disregard of style that only the more piquantly emphasizes a perfectly individual and highly cultivated literary art. Then we begin to wonder what is the inspiration of this rapid Jehu; whence does he get his impulse to drive all these ancient ideas so furiously through the modern world. How are we to explain the passion that fills him and lifts his work to levels higher than the platform he undertakes to fill? We are sensible in Bernard Shaw's best work of a horse-power, of a spiritual energy, which is no more the product of his doctrinal prejudice against rent and interest than the energy which drove Wagner to compose the *Nibelung's Ring* was the product of his desire to justify his revolutionary principles or to improve the operatic stage scenery of his generation. We know that the inspiration of Bernard Shaw must be something deeper than a dislike of Roebuck Ramsden or a desire to abolish Mr. Sartorius. We know, in fact, that Bernard Shaw, like every man of genius, is the happy agent of a power and a passion which uses his prejudices, memories, and doctrines in a way he is intellectually powerless to resist.

The real thrill of his work is conveyed in some sentences of his preface to "Man and Superman"—sentences used by him in quite another connection:

> This is the true joy of life: the being used for a purpose recognised by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap-heap; the being a force of nature, instead of a feverish, selfish little clod of ailments and grievances, complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy.

To apply this passage to the work of Bernard Shaw is again to destroy the popular conception of him as merely the acute *raisonneur,* the intellectual critic of his kind, with a wallet of revolutionary propaganda whereby his reputation lives or dies. Not his doctrine and not his deliberate pulpiteering make Bernard Shaw a vital influence in modern literature. The real secret of his influence can be explained in a sentence: Bernard Shaw has passion and he has style. Therefore, like every man of genius, he is driven to say more than he intends, and to say it in an arresting voice.

It remains to ask what is the prime irri-

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tant of this passion in Bernard Shaw. Where are we to look for the catfish which keeps his mental aquarium alive and astir? First, without preliminary, let us dart on that preface "Why for Puritans," which more than any other gives us the key to Bernard Shaw's work and character. Bernard Shaw writes as follows:

> I have, I think, always been a Puritan in my attitude towards Art. I am as fond of fine music and handsome buildings as Milton was, or Cromwell, or Bunyan; but if I found that they were becoming the instruments of a systematic idolatry of sensuousness, I would hold it good statesmanship to blow every cathedral in the world to pieces with dynamite, organ and all, without the least heed to the screams of the art critics and cultured voluptuaries.

Bernard Shaw's primal inspiration, that is to say, is not esthetic or intellectual, but moral. We have to reckon with a moral fury where he most individually rages. The demon which seizes his pen at the critical moment, and uses him for its own enthusiastic purpose, is the demon which drove Milton to destroy Arminius. When Bernard Shaw imagines that he coolly and reasonably desires, simply as a practical socialist and in the name of common sense, to nationalize land and capital, and give to everybody as much money as he requires, he is mistaken. Like every other prophet who has succeeded in moving his generation, Bernard Shaw begins with a passion and a prejudice, and afterward manufactures and systematizes the evidence. That Bernard Shaw is a socialist is an accident of the time. The essential thing is that Bernard Shaw passionately hates all that is complacent, malevolent, callous, inequitable, oppressive, unsocial, stupid, irreligious, enervating, narrow, misinformed, unimaginative, lazy, envious, unclean, disloyal, mercenary, and extravagant. Hating all this with the positive, energetic, and proselytizing hatred of an incorrigible moralist, he has naturally seized on the biggest and most adequate stick in reach with which to beat the nineteenth-century sinner. This stick happened to be the socialist stick. If G. B. S. had lived with Grosseteste in the thirteenth century, it would have been the no-taxation-without-representation stick. If he had lived with Star Chamber in the sixteenth century, it would have been the Habeas Corpus stick. If he had lived with Rousseau in the eighteenth century, it would have been the social-contract-and-law-of-nature stick. Bernard Shaw's socialism stick is simply his weapon—the most convenient weapon to hand—with which to convict a society founded upon capitalism of the greatest possible amount of sin with the least possible opportunity of an overwhelming retort from the sinner. The important thing is not that Bernard Shaw preaches socialism, but that he uses the doctrines of socialism as Cromwell's troopers used the psalms of David or as Tolstoy used the gospels of Christ—namely, to put the unjust man and his evil ways out of court and countenance. To this end he employs also his craft as a dialectician, his gift as a stylist, his clear exposition and wit, his fun, irony, observation of men, genius for mystification and effective pose—all, indeed, that enters into the public idea of G. B. S. These things are merely auxiliary; any moment they are likely to be caught up in the service of his passionate mission—a mission of which Bernard Shaw is often himself aware when he is most firmly under its dominion.

OUR MODERN TREATMENT OF PROPHETS

THIS brings us within view of Bernard Shaw's pamphlet on the war. It is natural in a preacher that the most unpardonable sin of the many he is called to denounce should be the sin of complacency; for the sin of complacency virtually amounts to the sin of refusing to hear what the preacher has to say, or, at all events, of refusing to take it seriously. Bernard Shaw has said continuously for many years that the average man is an unsocial sinner; and the average man, instead of hanging his head and mending his ways, has smiled in the face of the prophet. At one time the prophet was stoned, and at another time he was poi-

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soned or ostracized or pelted in the pillory. But we have lately learned a more effective way of dealing with a prophet: either we turn him into a society preacher and enjoy his denunciation of what our neighbours do, or we pay him handsomely to amuse us in the theater. We have thus improved immensely on the methods of the scribe and the Pharisee; for where the scribe and the Pharisee destroyed only the bodies of their prophets, we, with an even more thorough complacency, aim also at destroying their souls—usually with some success.

But the British public has not succeeded with Bernard Shaw, who continues to be periodically stirred to frenzy by his inability to make every one realize that he or she is directly responsible for all the crimes and miseries of modern civilization. Moreover, because Bernard Shaw has lived most of his life in England, and has therefore been less seriously taken in England than elsewhere, he has concluded that the English are more complacent than any other people in the world. More and more he has come to regard it as his special mission to humble this complacency, to convict the Englishman, above all men, of sin, and of the necessity for humility and repentance. Therefore, whenever the British public becomes, in the view of Bernard Shaw, unduly exalted,—whenever, in fact, it thinks it has a reason to be proud of the British name,—Bernard Shaw is at once suspicious and usually incensed. Latterly he has been unable to resist any occasion of pricking the inflation, real or imagined, of the British spirit; and latterly, misled by habit, and exaggerating the sins he was born to chastise, Bernard Shaw has made some serious mistakes.

SHAW A PROPHET OF HUMILITY TO THE ENGLISH

THUS when, more than two years ago, the whole British nation was struck with grief at the loss of the *Titanic,* and was reading with a reasonable pride of the splendid behavior of her heroic crew, Bernard Shaw rose in his robe of the prophet and told the public not to exaggerate its vicarious gallantry. Then in August, 1914, when Great Britain was straining every nerve to get her army to the Continent in time to save Belgium from the worst of war, Bernard Shaw published an article in the British press virtually to the effect that Great Britain was not fighting for the sanctity of treaties or the rights of a little nation, but for British homes and British skins. Maliciously he chose for the publication of this assault upon British complacency the most obstinately and hatefully complacent British newspaper at his disposal.

Finally there came the celebrated pamphlet "Commonsense and the War." This must be read as Bernard Shaw's most audacious effort to puncture the self-esteem of the British public. It has caused much brain-searching among those who have simply regarded George Bernard Shaw as a very discreet and financially successful mountebank; for Bernard Shaw, in writing this pamphlet, has done a clearly unpopular thing. Undoubtedly he has angered and estranged many of his admirers. Some regard the pamphlet as an obscure attempt to discredit the allied cause. Others regard it as an escapade of revolting levity, inexpedient from a patriotic point of view and essentially wrong in its conclusions. The real point that concerns us here is that the pamphlet is not a new, unexpected, or isolated performance of Bernard Shaw, but a natural sequel of all he has hitherto written. Those who have followed Bernard Shaw to the threshold of his pamphlet on the war have no right at this time to be astonished or to refuse him their applause. "Commonsense and the War" is simply a topical and a later edition of "Widower's Houses." That is to say, it is a tract in which the case against British complacency is put at a maximum by a fearless and passionate advocate for the prosecution.

Not Bernard Shaw, but the time, has changed. Here we strike at the root of Bernard Shaw's mistake. Hitherto, he was doing salutary work in his campaign

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against the silent self-assurance of the mean, sensual man. There are as many complacent persons in Great Britain as elsewhere, and so long as Great Britain was at peace with her neighbors, it was beneficial that Bernard Shaw should imagine that the British, among whom he lived, were more guilty in this respect than any other extant community, and that he should lose no opportunity for satirical, ironical, comic, or didactic reproof. But when Great Britain and her allies had their back to the wall, when there were opponents to be countered and met, Bernard Shaw's insular mistake that the British as a nation are any more complacent than any other nation with a past to be proud of and a future to believe in became a really injurious heresy. It began, indeed, to look rather like giving away his people to the enemy. Of course it was nothing of the kind. "Commonsense and the War," intelligently read, vibrates with patriotism, and it proudly proclaims the essential rightness of the struggle in which Great Britain is now engaged. But the patriotism of "Commonsense and the War" is less apparent to the audiences which laugh at Bernard Shaw in the theater and outrageously regard him as a privileged fool at the court of King Demos, than the fact that it begins by asserting that Sir Edward Grey is a Junker, and goes on to examine whether we really have the right to condemn our enemies without a preliminary inquiry into our own consciences and affairs.

Bernard Shaw has made a mistake, but it is a natural, not an ignoble, mistake. It will have no permanent effect upon those who are sensible, even in Bernard Shaw's most special pleading, of the passionate moral sincerity which gives consistency and fire to all he writes. "Commonsense and the War" was a blunder; but it was also an act of disinterested courage. It was not dictated by any wish to stand in front of the picture or to splash in a sea too deep for purposes of exhibition. Bernard Shaw, in writing "Commonsense and the War," is simply the priest who insists upon sacrifice before going into battle, or believes that every good fight should be preceded by confession, absolution, and high mass.

THE PERSONAL EQUATION IN SHAW

ONE word more. Bernard Shaw, the prophet and the puritan, lives in his work. But the passion which gives him uniformity and purpose as a public figure has not impaired his personal humor, his tolerance for all that is sweet and commendable, his broadness of view and eagerly inquisitive outlook upon life, his candor and honesty of mind, his generous welcome of new ideas, his love of beautiful things, his ability to appreciate and sympathize even with those forces which are banded to destroy him. These are the qualities which have obscured from contemporaries the essential simplicity of his mind, and have warmly endeared him to the younger generation of authors and critics who have learned from their master how profitably they may supersede him. This younger generation, though it very frequently turns the weapons of Bernard Shaw against himself, will never forget or neglect the debt it owes to the helpful, patient, and wise counselor it has been privileged to observe and know.

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A Woman at a Prize-fight

By INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

Author of "Angel Island," "Phoebe and Ernest," etc.

ALL my life I have wanted to go to a prize-fight. I do not apologize for this truth; I merely state it. I will add, however, that I do not think that I am a peculiarly brutal or cruel person. It makes me weep to see little boys pounding each other in the street, and I do not believe I could stay through a bull-fight. This desire of mine has always been one bridge of mental contact between me and the other sex, for I have never considered that I particularly understood men. I cannot make up my mind about them. Sometimes I think they are the better sex, and then again I think they 're not. I have even had my moments when I would not admit that they were part of the human race.

I will confess that, as a woman, I have been a little jealous of them. I am always comparing them with women, trying to prove to myself that some of their obvious superiorities are purely adventitious. Often I cannot understand the things that entertain them—foot-ball and base-ball, for instance. I have seen a bit of both those sports, but I still do not know what they 're all about. But I have always had a feeling that I should like prize-fighting for the same reasons men do, and that after a while I should understand what it meant.

Cashel Byron has long been a favorite book-hero of mine. And the Sherlock Holmes stories have never thrilled me as has Conan Doyle's *Croxley Master*. Even now Jack London, who always interests me ultimately, can command my attention immediately, even in serial form, if he will but choose a prize-fighter for a hero.

I suppose it reinforced this interest that all the men I have known have talked about the fighting-game with a kind of interest and excitement and enthusiasm that they showed for no other. I have listened so often to the lore of the prize-ring that I know its big figures as well as though I had met them, and I have yearned to meet them even as little boys yearn to meet ball-players. When I was a young girl growing up in Boston, Sullivan was the king of his profession. I had a great admiration for him, and an enormous civic pride in him. I remember reading in one of the Boston newspapers that once when Sullivan was training, a school-boy brought into the camp a copy of Homer; whereupon the great man, opening it at random, translated the "Iliad" with ease and accuracy. Of course I do not believe that story now, although I did then, implicitly. But I still think it was only an accident of birth that kept Sullivan out of the "Iliad." He belongs there. Those were the only times spacious enough for that mighty spirit.

But as it was impossible for me to see any gentlemen of the ring in the exercise of their profession, I did the next best thing, I saw them at their art. I have seen Corbett, Fitzsimmons, and Jeffries on the stage. And I witnessed in the biograph a fight between Jeffries and Fitzsimmons and another between Battling Nelson and Jimmie Britt, noble contests both of them. The only effect of these experiences was to make me want more and more to see the real thing.

In the East, where many things are impossible, it was never feasible for me to

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go to a prize-fight; but in the West, where everything is possible, this is how it came about. One evening I dined in the company of a distinguished gentleman who bears with equal modesty the minor honor of being a city father, a labor leader, the prospective mayor of San Francisco, and the major honor of having once been the amateur heavy-weight champion of the Pacific Coast, Hawaii, and the Philippines. He had been telling me how he happened to go into the ring, a story so full of humor, character, and charm that it is with great difficulty I resist telling it here. I sighed when he finished.

"All my life," I said, "I have wanted to go to a prize-fight, but of course it 's out of the question."

"Why out of the question?" he queried calmly. "We 're going to have an important contest here in a few weeks—between Ritchie and Murphy for the lightweight championship of the world. I 'll take you to it if you 'd like to go. Would you?"

Would I! But that 's the way the thing you 've always wanted comes—naturally, simply, and when you least expect it. *Would* I!

I said I would.

Then he added easily:

"I 'll take you out to the camps to see the two men in training if you 'd like. Would you?"

Would I! Again I said I would.

So it happened a few days later that a party of four of us motored into San Mateo County to see Willie Ritchie. It was a beautiful day in the beautiful California April. We raced through the city, leaped up one side of the terrifying San Francisco hills and slid down the other, spun through the bosky mazes of its biggest park, came out on the golden-bronze Pacific. Afar the sea moved in great placid, shining planes, bearing proud ships over the horizon; near by it beat upon the sand in foamy, silver-shot waves that were like cataracts. The party included the former amateur heavy-weight champion of the Pacific Coast, Hawaii, and the Philippines; one of the most able fight-promoters in the country, a gallant and entertaining gentleman known to his admirers both as "Sunshine" and "Moonlight" Jim because of his ability to pick good weather; a mere judge; and I.

I felt the shyness that we always feel in the presence of distinguished abilities; but in addition I felt an embarrassment which arose from a sense of being misunderstood. I knew that the former heavy-weight champion understood why I wanted to see a prize-fight; and even if he did n't, he belonged to that unspoiled island race which never refuses women anything. But I had a feeling that the other two would think it strange. I wanted them to know that I had not come in search of a sensation or a thrill, that I knew I was going to like prize-fighting. Indeed, Sunshine Jim said frankly that he did not think a woman could enjoy a fight, because she could not possibly get it all—he meant the technic. And it was true, as I had to admit, that I did not know the difference between an upper-cut and a left-hook. I did not quite know how to explain that it was not the detail that I wanted most to see, but the spectacle as a whole—the demonstration of the strength and endurance, the speed and agility, the beauty and grace of the human machine.

I realized silently—I would not have dared to contradict him—that Sunshine Jim's dictum, translated into other fields, would have cut me out of much literature, music, and art. I made up my mind that I should let no such insidious sophistry cut me out of the prize-fight. In the meantime I was instructed that "prize-fight" as a descriptive term has gone out of fashion; that "boxing-contest" has taken its place. Boxing-contest certainly sounds better, and is, in point of fact, more accurate. But yet subtract nothing from my glory, O ye who use the vocabulary of my girlhood. What ultimately I saw was a prize-fight.

On and on we spun over a road which for some inexplicable reason always makes me think of the Roman Campagna, between giant hedges of eucalypti the foliage

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of which at a distance filmed the sky with black, thread-like webs, and near by dropped bunches of round, soft, white blossoms and leaves like simitars of some gray-green metal. We left the gold-green ocean and came into a country that ran straight and flat to rolling hills covered with farms. The world was all green except where the lupines made a carpet of gorgeous purple or the poppies lay in great splashes of gold shot with blood-red.

Presently we stopped before the low wooden building that was the training-camp. We stepped into a long, low, bare room. At one side was the ring, the first I had ever seen. In a corner, made of curtains, was a dressing-room. A few benches, set haphazardly about, were filled with perhaps fifty men and a few happy, oh, very happy, little boys.

We were welcomed. We were led to seats. We were introduced to personages of great importance, Foley, who was training Ritchie for the coming fight, and Griffin, who was to referee it.

Presently the dressing-room curtains quivered, parted. There stepped out from between them a slender lad in a boxing-costume of purple and green. The room seemed suddenly to light up. In another instant I was shaking hands with Willie Ritchie, champion light-weight of the world.

I shall not try to describe that moment. I will say only that I have met some best-selling authors, leading actors of both sexes, several titles, two Presidents of the United States, one beauty of international reputation, a celebrated bandit, and a famous ball-player; but it was not like this.

Ritchie and I had a little talk. He asked me if it was my first experience with "this sort of thing," and when I said yes, he said that he would be interested to hear my impressions. I think he meant it. At any rate, I suddenly had a reassuring sensation of confidence; for now I felt that there were two people in the room who understood, the former heavy-weight champion of the Pacific Coast, Hawaii, and the Philippines and Ritchie himself. My spirits rose.

In the meantime Ritchie began his afternoon's work. That, I was told, had been preceded by a six- or eight-mile walk in the morning. I watched him. Ritchie is twenty-three. He is slender, dark, beautiful. His features are regular and clean-cut, and they have not yet been marred by his work. His big eyes, a soft hazel combination of green and brown, fill his face with radiance. His hair, thick, dark, silky, very straight, flies in all directions. His expression is full of light, change, animation. His figure has a Tanagra quality, and he is graceful. In short, he looks what Everywoman would like her son to be. In addition, he has a notable degree of boyish charm that gives the superficial effect of personality, and may develop into real personality. That charm translates itself into pretty manners, a delightful appearance of sympathy and appreciation, and a perpetual, naïve enjoyment of his own work.

The instant I looked at him, I was reminded of somebody, but I could not think who.

Later I said to Sunshine Jim:

"I suppose, being mere man, you have never noticed that Ritchie is exceedingly handsome."

"No," he admitted; and he added with the air of one who is establishing a perfect alibi, "but I noticed that his sister, who looks like him, was." Later still, I said:

"I suppose, being mere man, you have never noticed that Ritchie has a dimple in each cheek and one in his chin."

"No," he admitted, still with the air of one who presents an irrefutable defense, "but I noticed that his sister had."

Since then I have spoken to several men of Ritchie's beauty; but no one of them had noticed it. It has long been a theory of mine that men see nothing when they look at one another. Later, I said to Sunshine Jim:

"I should like to see what a high-brow photographer would do with Ritchie." I mentioned the names of one or two.

"We don't publish that kind of picture," answered Sunshine Jim. "We have

to make them look as fierce as possible." Every time I have come across a picture of Ritchie since that talk I have smiled to myself. With his look of ferocious and indomitable purpose, deliberately clamped on to his bonny young face, he reminds me of a little boy playing Indian.

First Ritchie played hand-ball, then he skipped rope exactly as I did when I was a little girl, jumping at intervals on one spot and then running. Up and down, back and forth across the long, bare room he moved. He did not seem to run or jump or leap; he *glided,* and with an unimaginable swiftness and lightness. He seemed an imponderable thing. It was the swift, clean swoop of a bird. His strength transmuted itself at every point into ease and grace. I watched him with the same sense of delight with which I have watched a gull floating over the water or a fountain bursting out of a pond. And all the time I was wondering of what he reminded me. Suddenly it came.

Ritchie is at this moment a perfect *Peter Pan.* When he came fleetly rushing down the length of the room, half a-skip, half afloat, if he had suddenly spread wings and flown out of the window, I should not have been surprised. Nor, I believe, would he. He is the spirit of boyhood incarnate.

After that he punched the bag. That seemed to me a marvelous exhibition, the whir and blur of flying arms and the pretty *rat-a-tat* that accompanied it. In it was something of the prestidigitator's skill, muscular magic.

After this Ritchie retired to his dressing-room for a moment. When he returned, he was accompanied by another youth. They were wearing about their heads the kind of guards that foot-ball players use. The other lad was of Ritchie's age and size, a beautiful boy, too, clean-skinned, with eyes the exact blue of a turquoise, only that they were singularly transparent. Masses of thickly curling hair bunched in great light-shot tufts through the interstices of his head-guard. They boxed.

Imagine two machines unbelievably strong, incredibly delicate, adamantinely hard, geared to the maximum of speed and efficiency, capable of an infinite variety of motion, and, in addition, with the power of thought. Every move was lightning-swift, every attitude graceful, every grouping sculpturesque, the whole effect plastic, flowing. It was like seeing a Greek frieze in motion. And the seriousness of those two young faces! Once there spread over Ritchie's look a sinister blackness so sudden and thick that it was as though ink had welled up under his skin.

"That 's his fighting-face," whispered the former heavy-weight champion of the Pacific Coast, Hawaii, and the Philippines. "He 's mad because the other fellow made him look like a boob for a moment." I had already recognized the "fighting-face," for the term was familiar to me. Immediately, however, the sinister blackness faded away to mere seriousness.

Presently Ritchie's opponent began to bleed at the nose. The former heavy-weight champion of the Pacific Coast, Hawaii, and the Philippines told me afterward that the men all looked at me furtively to see how I was going to take this. In point of fact it did not shock me at all. I am not sensitive to the sight of blood, and I know well enough its expansive and elastic quality. Five drops can give a very creditable imitation of a massacre. Presently Foley swabbed the boy's face with a sponge. The lad lifted his head and smiled radiantly up into the trainer's eyes exactly like a child who is having his face washed. This bout ended; Ritchie took on another lad. That bout ended. I noticed each time at conclusion that Ritchie's arms dropped about his opponent's shoulder with a combination of hug and pat which said: "You 've done fine. Thank you." None of the men noticed this.

When Ritchie came down from the ring, he stopped to bid us good-by. He looked as though somebody had poured a cruet of salad-oil over his head, but he was still beautiful. He apologized to me for

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his appearance and, when he shook hands, he first covered the hand with a towel. He did not bother to do this for the men. I wished him good luck, and he disappeared beyond the curtains. It was strange what a radiance he took out of that room, how big, bare, and barnlike it immediately became. The half-hundred men disappeared. The ecstatic little boys disappeared. We went spinning back to San Francisco. All along the route children with flowers for sale came running down to the road just as they do in Italy. In a little while my lap was heaped with irises, violets, roses.

A WEEK later came another expedition. Accompanied this time only by the former heavy-weight champion of the Pacific Coast, Hawaii, and the Philippines, I crossed San Francisco Bay, past Alcatraz, swinging and floating like a dream-island in the blue water, past Angel Island, standing moveless in the swirling tide, a heavy mount of pleated, green velvet, past Belvidere, where the lupines drifted in a purple mist down the soft slopes, to tiny Sausalito, a Japanese print of a town, tumbling over the wooded hills into the bay. There we took a train. We rode for a quarter of an hour through parallel lines of bloom. At West End we walked for a minute or two and arrived at a tiny villa hidden in roses. Buckley, Murphy's manager, welcomed us and conducted us inside. A ring in the center, a dressing-room in one corner, bleachers at one side —the room was just such another big, bare, barnlike place as the other.

We took seats. Again we met personages of great importance. Presently the curtains of the dressing-room parted and I was shaking hands with "Harlem" Tommy Murphy, who had challenged Willie Ritchie to defend his title of light-weight champion of the world. The instant I looked at him I began to wonder, as in Ritchie's case, of what he reminded me. I was a little afraid of Murphy, for I felt that I could never make him understand why I wanted to see a boxing-contest. I seemed to know somehow that, to his mind, women and fighting were as unmixable as water and oil. But he was very courteous. After a while he went into the ring and began work.

"That 's what they call shadow-boxing," whispered the former heavy-weight champion of the Pacific Coast, Hawaii, and the Philippines. He did not have to tell me. I recognized the process at once, although I had never seen shadow-boxing. It is very pretty. I watched, fascinated, and all the time I continued to wonder of what it was Murphy reminded me. Suddenly it came. Murphy is a composite of all the Greek marble athletes that I saw in the galleries of Europe.

Head well-shaped; hair so thick and close that it was like a cap; brow a little low, but not meanly so; profile regular, but battered, pressed into the line of the skull—he gives a classic effect. Murphy is blond; his eyes are a noticeable blue, and they are very serious in expression. His face has great dignity. He has the look of a man who thinks a great deal, but keeps his own counsel. His figure is not so slender as Ritchie's. Ritchie's muscles lie flat and compact against the admirable bony structure of his body. Murphy's muscles bulge into hard, round bunches.

Again I was struck with the beauty of trained motion—its speed, its ease, its lightness. Yet in action these two men were different: Ritchie was like a soaring bird; Murphy like a leaping animal. There was no more effort in Murphy's movements than in a bounding ball. And yet, as I watched, I realized gradually that there was something about Ritchie that I missed in Murphy, a quality which I had not recognized in Ritchie until I saw that Murphy lacked it—a spontaneity, an exuberance, and a superabundance of vitality; a strength that reveled in its own richness—a strength not only unexhausted, but unexplored; a strength that without cessation bubbled to the surface in a million unheeded runnels through the cracks and crannies of motion; a strength that not only wasted itself, but joyed in its own waste. That quality was *youth*.

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Murphy's motion was not mechanical, but there was no waste of energy. He put every drop of it to some use.

In the meantime, my companions were discussing him. They spoke with admiration of the quiet, clean, sober, decent life he had lived, of the strictness with which he observed the rules of his religion, of his gameness and pluck. They said he had fought a hundred and fifty battles. They said that a victory over Ritchie now would mean a great deal to him because he was old. I asked how old, and they said *twenty-nine*. I asked how long he had been fighting, and they said eleven years. I asked how much longer he would fight, and they said three years, perhaps. But this was his big try, and if he lost, his last *big* fight. I looked at the slender, black-tighted figure in perpetual vibration in the ring, with its swift forward leaps, its deft backward jumps, the arms moving in continual attack and defense as he boxed his ghost-opponent; and suddenly I felt sad, for I knew I was gazing on tragedy.

After a while Buckley conducted us to the garden. In a little rustic bower, over which rose-bushes tented and blossoms cascaded, we drank cooling drinks and talked. We talked of life and death and capital punishment. These abstractions were varied by references to the beautiful California scene. All about us were hills which came down with a swift, loping gait to our very feet. Later they would be tawny, massy gold and brown, like nests of sleeping lions, relieved only by live-oaks of a brilliant, poisonous green, standing knee-deep in shadows as thick and moist as purple paint; but now they were a tender green. Through the talk stalked the heroic figures of a brave world, Sullivan and Corbett, Fitzsimmons and Jeffries. All the time I kept catching glimpses of a man moving back and forth among the bushes. Presently he appeared at the door with an enormous bouquet of roses for me.

I SUPPOSE here is the best place for me to say, for the benefit of my women readers, that this boxing-contest must run to twenty rounds unless before that there was a knock-out; that an hour before entering the ring neither man must weigh more than one hundred and thirty-five pounds, and must forfeit twenty-five hundred dollars for overweight. A round lasts three minutes, and there is a minute of rest after every round. All this I had thoroughly learned.

Now, this visit to Harlem Tommy Murphy happened on Wednesday, and the boxing-contest was to be Friday. Although I am writing calmly enough about it now, I could not believe then that this wonderful thing which I had longed for all my life was really going to happen to me. There were a great many things that might prevent. I made a mental list of them.

First, I might die myself. Mere illness, I knew, could make no difference, as I had every intention, if it were absolutely necessary, of getting up from my dying bed.

Second, something might happen to the former amateur heavy-weight champion of the Pacific Coast, Hawaii, and the Philippines, although he seemed to be in the prime of young manhood, and he assured me that he played hand-ball and swam every night of his life. Still, something might happen.

Third, Sunshine Jim might make a mistake in the weather.

Fourth, something might happen to Ritchie. On two previous occasions accidents had prevented a meeting with Murphy.

Fifth, something might happen to Murphy.

Sixth, despotic governing powers might decide at any moment not to admit women to the contest. In point of fact, later they did. But in regard to this the former heavy-weight champion of the Pacific Coast, Hawaii, and the Philippines was taking no chances.

"I have obtained a letter from the chief of police that will make it impossible for them to turn you away at the door," he said.

I quote the letter:

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Police Department
of the
City of San Francisco
State of California
Office of the Chief
Hall of Justice

April 12, 1914.

Lieutenant Herbert J. Wright,
Commanding, Company "B"
Southern Police Station.

Sir:—

The bearer, Mrs. Inez Haynes Gillmore, will visit the Boxing Tournament at Eighth and Howard Streets on the evening of Friday, April 17th, 1914. You will arrange so that the lady in question will not be discommoded, in fact endeavor to have every courtesy extended her, as she visits the arena in a purely professional character.

[Signed] D. A. WHITE,
Chief of Police.

Anybody who reads this article and does not yet understand why I am going to have that letter framed is requested to read on a little. Almost certainly he will understand then.

I take three San Francisco newspapers. In the interval between my visit to the training-camps and the night of the boxing-tournament I turned first to the sporting-page as naturally as any man.

It is the first time in my life that a sporting-page was clearer than Greek to me. The Panama tolls, the Mexican situation, the Ulster trouble, the divagations of the English militants, the execution of the New York gunmen, seemed in comparison of shadowy importance. Wednesday dragged an unnatural length to a slow conclusion, Thursday proved to be a day absolutely unlimited as to hours, Friday's sun had every appearance of standing still; but finally night came, and I was alive. I crossed off one from my list of possible casualties. Sunshine Jim had again demonstrated his genius as a weather-prophet. The night was beautiful. I crossed off another. By seven o'clock I had put on my coat, hat, gloves, and veil. At half-past eight an automobile tooted outside my window. The former heavy-weight champion of the Pacific Coast, Hawaii, and the Philippines alighted. I crossed off a third possible calamity.

When we drew up to the entrance of the arena, we came out upon what looked like a riot.

Later Sunshine Jim said:

"That 's the first time in my life a crowd ever got away from me. You 'll understand the situation when I tell you that the normal theater audience numbers two thousand, and that it enters the theater in about twenty minutes. This audience is ten thousand, and it also must enter in twenty minutes. They started at the door with two lines; then it became five; then it became a fighting mob."

It was on this fighting mob that we gazed.

But the former heavy-weight champion of the Pacific Coast, Hawaii, and the Philippines had prepared for this contingency. Two mounted policemen stood in the middle of the street. Apparently they were waiting for him. Immediately they rode on to the sidewalk, and very gently and deftly backing their horses, they rolled the crowd away from the entrance. One policeman slipped in ahead of us, another fell in behind, and thus escorted and protected, we passed through an empty doorway, which immediately filled up with riot again, into the arena, and took our seats in the royal box, that is, Sunshine Jim's. Immediately a captain of police, very gorgeous in blue and gold, came and sat with us.

Now, if you don't understand why I am going to have Chief White's letter framed, read no farther; you never will understand.

It had taken the combined forces of the former heavy-weight champion of the Pacific Coast, Hawaii, and the Philippines, four policemen (two on horses), and a police captain to get me there; but I was there. I crossed off another from my list of possible casualties.

I cannot describe, although I have searched my soul for phrases, the daze

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into which that enormous gathering plunged me. It was a little like going half under anæsthesia. I got an impression of noise, confusion, movement, of a terrific abnormality. That came a little, I suppose, from the fact that I was the only woman among ten thousand men; it came also from the fact that I was seeing man in a new aspect. Somehow he seemed reduced to his lowest terms. I don't mean that he appeared brutalized; I mean that he appeared more man.

The arena was huge, square, roofless. Above were sky and stars, but because of the brilliancy of the lighting I never saw them. In the center stood the ring, flushed with the golden light shed by many pendant oval gas-lamps, about which buzzed myriads of moths, and among which at intervals hung what looked like enormous cheese-boxes, draped in white muslin. About this center bubbled an endless activity of moving figures. At one side was the press-table, at the other the moving-picture machine. All about stretched flat banks of men—men and men and more men, all the men in the world. Near, of course, their faces were perfectly clear, but afar they began to fade, and as they arose in tiers, up, up, they turned to pink rhomboidal blurs that vanished finally even as the sky had vanished. Above all this massed masculinity hung a cloud of smoke, and from it came perpetual sound—sound of many kinds and in all voices and inflections; laughter, question, answer, comment, woven into a complicated web which, one instant lifting, seemed to grow thin, and another falling, thickened again.

More men were entering the arena all the time. The activity about the ring was increasing every instant. Distinguished personages appeared, stopped at our box. Finally came Billy Jordan, the venerable announcer of many battles. He proceeded up to the ring. He introduced to the audience those ambitious fighters who challenged the winner.

Presently a preliminary boxing-contest was announced, and the contestants were introduced. Finally the four rounds ended. Who won or what became of him, I have n't the remotest idea. At one point an eye closed suddenly and for good. It gave its owner a look of profound perplexity. That 's positively all I remember about that. I was still vaguely worried. For though I was alive, and so was the former heavy-weight champion of the Pacific Coast, Hawaii, and the Philippines, and though the weather was good, and we were both in our seats, I could not be quite happy until Ritchie and Murphy arrived.

There came a perturbing lull in excitement, and then Murphy appeared. A roar went up. Ritchie appeared. Another roar went up. They shook hands. The world turned into one prolonged roar. I crossed the last item off my list of possible casualties.

The activity about the ring doubled, trebled, quadrupled. The hanging cheese-boxes suddenly flared with a blinding, purple-white electric glow that turned the gas-lamps to pendants of lustrous gold. It was like sunrise; tiers of men, lost in the night, suddenly jumped into sight. Ritchie remembered to look over to our box and smile and bow. More great personages appeared. Photographers scuttled about, carrying heavy boxes. Groups crystallized, were photographed, disintegrated, vanished. Billy Jordan passed us, going out. He reappeared soon, carrying the gloves. He stopped and let me examine them; I had a due sense of high honor paid me. The contestants retreated to their corners. Again Ritchie looked over to our box and smiled. Then he threw off the red bath-robe that is his mascot. Murphy threw off his black mackintosh. The two nearly nude bodies glistened not in the pink, but the ivory, of condition. Their seconds drew on the gloves. Again they shook hands. A gong sounded. Instantaneously, and like two tiger-cats, they leaped at each other.

It is difficult for me to give my impressions of this occasion, I had so many. Then, again, all crowded in on me at once, so that I do not know in what order to record them. It was all novel and yet all

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familiar. At one moment I felt that it was exactly what I expected; on the other hand, there were surprises. It did not, for example, impress me as brutal. The next day I read all the newspaper accounts. I was astonished at the discrepancy in barbarity between the thing itself and the thing as the newspapers recounted it. They made it seem not fifty per cent. more brutal, but seventy-five per cent. This is due in part to the violent vocabulary of the sporting editor. Probably the fact that these men were light-weights minimized the ferocity that I expected. With heavy-weights it might have seemed more terrifying. Also, my very ignorance helped in this matter. Those padded punches made almost no sound on the hard flesh, and in judging the effect of blows, it is certainly a handicap to belong to the sex that is commonly not struck. Even when the men about me said, *"That* hurt!" or "That *stung!*" I could not see that the blow in question was any worse than any other. After a while, however, the white flesh began to display big pink splotches, not blood-stains or weals or welts, but just pinkened areas, ragged in shape. Midway in the contest Murphy's nose began to bleed and later his ear. Again the sight of blood did not alarm me.

And when the contest ended, they strolled out of the arena in as *dégagé* a manner as though they had been for a little walk.

That minute between rounds was the busiest minute I have ever seen. As they sprang to their corners, they were met by a jet of water which hit their faces and sprayed all over them. Water was poured over their heads and chests. Their torsos were massaged. They were fanned without cessation by two men with towels, and all the time their trainers whispered feverish admonition. Ritchie would nod as he gulped water, sometimes make answer of some sort; but Murphy listened wearily, his mouth wide open, pulling great chunks of air into his lungs, as though he never could get enough. When again they sprang into the ring, their naked torsos glistened wet.

Along with this absence of brutality was a complete absence of the ferocity that I dreaded, an entire lack of anything like temper or fury. Not once did I see that sinister "fighting-face" which Ritchie displayed in the training-camp. Rather would I describe their look as one of stupendous concentration. It was the expression that you see in jugglers and acrobats when they approach the climax of their act, but that look raised to the *n*th power.

And the contest had all the qualities of heroism and beauty that I expected. It cannot be gainsaid, there 's something magnificent about it; one gets thrilling impressions, first of power and skill, then of courage and an extraordinary capacity for taking punishment. And as for beauty, again and more markedly than before I got that effect of a Greek frieze suddenly come to life, of two wonderful machines, perfectly adjusted, which had for driving-power something quicker than thought—intuition. And this effect of beauty was strengthened by the fact that in his abbreviated fighting-tights Murphy looked more than ever like a composite of all Greek marble athletes, and that Ritchie, flying to conflict at the sound of the gong, was more than ever like *Peter Pan.*

In the picture which I shall always carry of Murphy, he stands a little crouched, with both padded paws, moving slightly, held close to his face, and in that face a look of superhuman watchfulness. Blood flecked his cheeks at intervals; but nothing could detract from the inherent dignity of his look.

Ritchie, on the other hand, stood straight and free, his head held up, even a little back, his wet hair flying stiffly. As he came out of battle virtually unmarked, he continued to be beautiful. Every line of Murphy, figure and face, breathed concentration; but Ritchie seemed to fight with an air of detachment. It was as though something in him stood off and watched all the time. Once during the contest he actually looked over Murphy's shoulder, and I could not believe it, although I saw it plainly enough.

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Afterward, however, the former heavy-weight champion of the Pacific Coast, Hawaii, and the Philippines said, "Did you notice that once Ritchie smiled at us?"

Of course all the fine points were lost on me, though I saw and understood more than I expected. At first it was like watching a pair of electric fans; but after a while I began to see when Ritchie delivered his relentless body-blows. When they clinched, however, I never could get what was going on. This was maddening, in view of the fact that any male, however low browed, sitting on the top tier, one mile away and five miles up, saw *everything*.

All the time I was troubled with a sense of the extraordinary confusion about me, behind me, and above me. It was like having two dreams at once. I wanted to listen to the comments of the crowd, but I could not. The spectacle in the ring was too thrilling, too fascinating. I gathered that the crowd favored Murphy, even when he was obviously losing. They did not like it, and indicated it, whenever Ritchie ducked to avoid a blow. The former heavy-weight champion of the Pacific Coast, Hawaii, and the Philippines said this was because they expected a champion to stand up to the game. They did not like it, and showed it, when again and again he hit Murphy on his cauliflower ear. But although the majority cheered Murphy, there were plenty who, in tense moments, called on Ritchie for a knock-out. In fact they poured into the ring a constant flood—screamed, barked, yelled, growled —of satiric question, frenzied command, derisive or encouraging comment.

I watched a man near me win a thousand dollars. His wager was that Murphy would stay through the fifteenth round. Up to that moment he had shown great excitement, often he screamed and laughed hysterically; but at the fifteenth round he became very tense and still. All about me I heard sapient comment on the progress of the fight. It was with extreme difficulty that I kept myself from asking questions of these strangers. Not that I had any principle against opening conversation,—a boxing-contest is no place for nice conventionalities,—but I did not want to be a bother.

I had felt ever since I saw the two men in training that Ritchie would win. I trusted to that spirit of youth, that overbrimming vitality. About the middle of the fight it was evident to me, amateur though I was, that, except by accident, he could not lose. There came once an interval when he slowed a little. All about me men said, "He 's hurt his right hand; he is n't using it any more." But suddenly that right hand came into action again. Murphy began to get tired, more and more tired. By the middle of the fight I did not think he would stay the twenty rounds, but he rallied again and again. By the fifteenth round I felt sure that he would last to the end. I have never seen such pluck. I would not have believed that the body could rally so quickly from shock. I would not have believed that the mind could clear so quickly from fog. Again and again when he seemed utterly dazed, when the crowd was calling for a knock-out, when, indeed, it looked as though the whole thing lay in Ritchie's hand, Murphy would come back for a whirlwind interval in which he was more like an egg-beater in action than anything human. There is only one word to describe Murphy's fighting spirit, and that word is splendid.

Now all through this contest I was, in the petrified phrase of the mid-Victorian novelist, "torn with conflicting emotions." I confess, and I confess it with a kind of shame, that I wanted to see a knock-out. This was not a blood-lust, not that atavistic ferocity which, according to most fiction-writers, should have seized me in the big moments; it was merely curiosity. I wanted to witness one of those breathlessly dramatic moments that I have many times heard described.

On the other hand, I did not wish to see either of those boys knocked out. Certainly not Murphy, after the magnificent defense he had put up. Certainly not Ritchie, after the glorious siege he had

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waged. In fact, I could not bear to think of the decision being withheld from either of them. I could not endure the thought of defeat for Murphy—Murphy with his long, conscientious career and his meager remaining fighting years. That I suppose is the woman's instinct to save men suffering. No woman really believes that the other sex is built to stand spiritual agony. Equally I could not endure the thought of defeat for Ritchie—Ritchie with his boyish gaiety and his naïve enjoyment of his own skill. And that I decided was the woman's instinct to spoil the youngest child. In fact, I 'll have to admit that I was craven enough to have been satisfied with a draw.

The fight went on and on and on to its stipulated twenty rounds. Subtracting the nineteen minutes of rest, these boys fought an hour. Half a dozen times it looked as though Ritchie was going to knock his opponent out; always, however, Murphy rallied. But all the time he was getting more and more tired. "The referee will give the decision to Ritchie," the men about me said. And apparently the referee had n't an instant's doubt. When the last gong rang, he leaped to Ritchie's side and raised his arm high. And by that token Willie Ritchie was still the lightweight champion of the world.

Immediately the arena boiled. Immediately the ring seethed. One group, sympathetic, consoling, still admiring, gathered about Murphy. Another, triumphant, exultant, congratulating, gathered about Ritchie. Then the two met. Ritchie put his arms about Murphy.

"You 're a great little fighter, Tommy," he said. And Murphy, with the tears in his eyes, grinned his thanks. Surrounded by admirers, Murphy left the ring bruised, battered, still gamely smiling. There are some defeats more glorious than many victories. Harlem Tommy Murphy, I salute you!

Ritchie followed, almost borne off his feet by a crazed mob. But as he passed our box, pretty-mannered to the last, he remembered to crane over the heads of the crowd and, smiling, to wave to our group.

I AM glad that I saw that battle. I admit that I enjoyed it as much as I expected. I feel sure that I know why men like fighting. For strength is as thrilling to men, as beauty to women.

The first money I ever earned—I was only fourteen—I spent taking my mother to see Lily Langtry. Never have I got more pleasure out of any merely selfish expenditure. Women filled that theater, and women make the audience of the majority of stage-beauties. My mother used to say that she would walk ten miles to see a beautiful woman, and I have inherited her feeling. And so I can understand perfectly the state of mind of the lad who saves up his money to go to a boxing-contest. He loves strength—skilled strength. It links him to that fighting past when physical prowess made men kings.

The truth is, I think, that there should be not less boxing in the world, but more. Every boy should be taught to box; it should be included in the school curriculum. For of all exercise, it is the most manly, beautiful, and thrilling. It develops not the strength and skill of the body alone, but certain noble qualities of the mind and heart, particularly the instinct for fair play. The majority of people ignorantly believe that only the low-browed and brutalized enjoy it. On the contrary, it is quite as inspiring to painters and sculptors, who deal in beauty. In fact, all kinds of men enjoy it. If ever again I am asked if I think prize-fighting is wrong, I shall have to say, as I do in regard to most questions of right or wrong, "I don't know." But in all justice I shall have to add, "The major arts compete for prizes, why not the minor ones?" and in all truth, "If I ever get a chance to attend another boxing-contest, I shall want to go."

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CURRENT COMMENT

John Muir[1]

APROPOS of the death of John Muir, it seems fitting that THE CENTURY, which has printed some of the best of Mr. Muir's rare literary work, should give a place to this just appreciation.—THE EDITOR.

JOHN BURROUGHS is the historian of a small area; he has the home instinct, the hereditary farmer's love for his own fields and woods, haunts of his childhood. He is contemplative, tranquil, unassertive. John Muir was restless, fervid, Scotch in temperament as by birth, the very opposite of Burroughs. He was telescopic, not microscopic; his units were glaciers and Yosemites, Sierras and Gardens of the Gods.

The childhood of Muir was broken at eleven by the migration of his family to the wilderness of Wisconsin, near the Fox River. After a boyhood in what was literally a new world to him, he started on his wanderings. By accident he found himself in the University of Wisconsin, where he studied for four years, the first author of note to be connected with the new state college movement, the democratizing of education. He pursued no regular course, but devoted himself to chemistry, botany, and other natural sciences that interested him, and then, to quote his own words, "wandered away on a glorious botanical and geological excursion, which has lasted nearly fifty years and is not yet completed, always happy and free, poor and rich, without thought of a diploma, of making a name, urged on and on through endless inspiring Godful beauty."

First he went to Florida, walking all the way, and sleeping on the ground wherever night overtook him; then he crossed to Cuba, with visions of South America and the Amazon beyond; but malarial fever, caused by sleeping on swampy ground, turned him away from the tropics toward California, where he arrived in 1868. The tremendous scenery of this west coast, those American Alps edging a continent from the Sierras to the Alaskan glaciers, so gripped his imagination and held him that he forgot everything save to look and wonder and worship. For years he explored the region, living months at a time in the forests of the Yosemite, in the wild alpine gardens and glacial meadows of the Sierra, in passes and cañons, moving as far northward as Alaska, where he was the first white man to see the great glacier now called by his name, sleeping where night overtook him, disdaining blanket or shelter, and returning to civilization only when driven by necessity. After years of such wandering he became as familiar with the mighty region, the tremendous western wall of a continent, as Thoreau was with Concord or Burroughs was with the Pepacton.

Unlike Burroughs, Muir sent down no roots during his earlier period; he was a man without a country, anchored to no past, a soul unsatisfied, restless, bursting eagerly into untrodden areas, as hungry of heart as Thoreau, but with none of Thoreau's provincialism and transcendental theories. In 1869, in the Big Tuolumne Meadows, he was told of a marvelous, but dangerous, region beyond, and his account of the episode illumines him as with a flash-light:

> Recognizing the unsatisfiable longings of my Scotch Highland instincts, he threw out some hints concerning Bloody Cañon, and advised me to explore it. "I have never seen it myself," he said, "for I never was so unfortunate as to pass that way. But I have heard many a strange story about it, and I warrant you will at least find it wild enough." Next day I made up a bundle of

[1] From Fred Lewis Pattie's forthcoming "American Literature since 1870."

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From a photograph by George R. King

John Muir and John Burroughs

bread, tied my note-book to my belt, and strode away in the bracing air, full of eager, indefinite hope. . . .

To read Muir is to be in the presence not of a tranquil, chatty companion like Burroughs, who saunters leisurely along the spring meadows listening for the birds just arrived the night before and comparing the dates of the hyla's first cry; it is rather to be with a tempestuous soul whose units are storms and mountain ranges and mighty glacial moraines, who strides excitedly along the bare tops of ragged peaks and rejoices in their vastness and awfulness, who cries, "Come with me along the glaciers and see God making landscapes!" . . .

He had more humor than Burroughs, more even than Thoreau, a sly Scotch drollery that was never boisterous, never cynical. . . .

Like Thoreau, he was a mystic and a poet. He inherited mysticism with his Scotch blood as he inherited wildness and the love of freedom. He was not a mere naturalist, a mere scientist bent only on facts and laws: he was a searcher after God, even as Thoreau. As one reads him, one feels his soul expanding, his horizons widening, his hands reaching out for the infinite. The message of Muir is eager:

Next to the light of the dawn on high mountain-tops, the alpenglow is the most impressive of all the terrestrial manifestations of God. . . . Stay on this good fire mountain and spend the night among the stars. Watch

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their glorious bloom until the dawn, and get one more baptism of light. Then, with fresh heart, go down to your work, and whatever your fate, under whatever ignorance or knowledge you may afterwards chance to suffer, you will remember these fine, wild views, and look back with joy. . . .

The output of Muir, especially of books, has been small. To one who cares nothing for money and who is indifferent to fame it is hard to offer inducements. He has written only to please himself; he will not be commanded or bribed or begged, for why should one write words when the Sierras are in bloom and the winds are calling in the upper peaks? The public at large knows little of him compared with what it knows of Burroughs or even of Thoreau. His influence, therefore, has been small. Though he had published many magazine articles, it was not until 1894 that he published "The Mountains of California," his first book. "Our National Parks" came in 1901, and "My First Summer in the Sierra" in 1911. The last is a book of promise: it is Muir's journal, kept on the spot, full of the thrill and freshness of the original day. In all his climbing and camping and watching he has been faithful always to this journal. . . .

Unlike Burroughs, he has named the birds without a gun, and, unlike Thoreau, he has refused to kill even fish or rattlesnakes. He can look on even the repulsive lizards of his region, some of them veritable monsters in size and hideousness, with real affection. . . .

Small fellow-mortals, gentle and guileless, they are easily tamed, and have beautiful eyes, expressing the clearest innocence, so that, in spite of prejudices brought from cool, lizardless countries, one must soon learn to like them. Even the horned toad of the plains and foothills, called horrid, is mild and gentle, with charming eyes, and so are the snake-like species found in the underbrush of the lower forests. . . . You will surely learn to like them, not only the bright ones, gorgeous as the rainbow, but the little ones, gray as lichened granite, and scarcely bigger than grasshoppers; and they will teach you that scales may cover as fine a nature as hair or feathers or anything tailored.

And there is no more sympathetic, interpretative study among all the work of the nature-writers than his characterization of the Douglas squirrel of the Western mountains:

One never tires of this bright chip of Nature, this brave little voice crying in the wilderness, observing his many works and ways, and listening to his curious language. His musical, piney gossip is savory to the ear as balsam to the palate; and though he has not exactly the gift of song, some of his notes are sweet as those of a linnet, almost flute-like in softness; while others prick and tingle like thistles. He is the mocking-bird of squirrels, pouring forth mixed chatter and song like a perennial fountain, barking like a dog, screaming like a hawk, whistling like blackbirds and sparrows, while in bluff, audacious noisiness he is a jay.

Lift the Curse upon Childhood!

FRIENDS of the movement to abolish child labor throughout the country are watching with much hope the effort to pass the Palmer-Owen Bill in the present session of Congress. This bill forbids inter-state commerce in articles made either in whole or in part by the employment of boys and girls under fourteen. No thinking person advocates child labor under modern industrial conditions unless he is gaining something from it. Its horrors are made familiar to us by the pamphlets and exhibits of the National Child Labor Committee. It will be most fitting if the tenth year of their efforts can be marked by a Federal law striking vitally at the commerce built on the helpless bodies of little children, and removing the handicap under which those States now suffer that will not permit their children to be so exploited. The housewife who with a clear conscience longs to buy her

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canned food, ready-made garments, artificial flowers, dressed dolls, Christmas-tree ornaments, oysters, or cranberries, cannot do better than to find out the name of her local congressman and write to him at once, urging his support of the Palmer-Owen Bill. Here is something definite and immediate for every wife and mother in the United States to do. Will they respond?

Distrusting Democracy

THE calm and dispassionate statements contained in Secretary Garrison's article in this issue of THE CENTURY leave no room for practical argument. The facts which he sets forth are historical or official, and the conclusions which he intimates are unavoidable. To those who sincerely believe that the United States should frankly throw itself as a nation on the justice and righteousness of the rest of the world nothing need be said. Their theory that such an attitude would make for peace and justice has yet to be proved. It has no precedent in history, and there are unlimited precedents to the contrary. As a rule, experiments in untried fields are made without risking the welfare and safety of millions of people. It is improbable, therefore, that the American people will decide, at the very moment when the future of the entire world is veiled in uncertainty, to try any experimental policy, however alluring.

A fair review of the facts renders absurd the fear that there is any trend in this country toward militarism. A nation of one hundred millions of people maintaining a standing army, by voluntary enlistment, of one soldier to each thousand inhabitants, could never by any standard be termed militarist. The United States army in size is little more than a national police force, and when parts of it have been told off to guard the Panama Canal, the Philippine Islands, the Hawaiian Islands, and Alaska, there remains a pitifully inadequate force for any serious difficulty arising on our mainland territory.

For many American citizens who have realized this fact there has remained the belief that the militia of the different States could be promptly enlarged into a volunteer army capable of defending the country from attack and invasion. The utter fallacy of this belief has been repeatedly demonstrated, yet the vague impression persists. Prominent public men speak of a million patriots rushing to the flag in a day, without realizing, in addition to uttering a puerile exaggeration, that the men who answered a call for volunteers would be as incapable of meeting a well-planned attack on our coasts as so many schoolboys. War to-day is a highly technical and complicated profession. It can no more be successfully conducted by laymen than can any other recognized profession. To send untrained officers and men, however brave and well equipped, against professional soldiers is little short of insanity. To send them, as in an emergency they would have to be sent, neither trained nor equipped, would be insanity plus something criminal. Yet that is what would have to be done by the Government of the United States should the case arise before a change shall have been made in its existing military establishment.

The presumption in favor of the United States remaining at peace with the world is strong, but it is not absolute. Preparations for defense on the part of any nation are like insurance, particularly in regard to being of no avail after the damage has been done.

There have been just two arguments urged against the American people making adequate preparation to establish a first line of land defense: one is that it would involve the danger of militarism; the other that it would tend to provoke attack.

The latter argument may be dismissed on the grounds of strategical absurdity. The United States is incapable of invading the European territory of any of the first-rate powers with any force capable of overcoming the military forces maintained by them.

As to the other argument, it means simply that the American people do not trust

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themselves, their character, good faith, and institutions. It implies that the danger of Americans becoming worshipers of the war-god is a substantial factor in their national life, plans, and aspirations. Lest we become a nation of incendiaries, we refuse to insure our lives and property. The argument is a saddening one. If the benefits of democracy, of free institutions, of liberty and education,—if the constant exercise of the privilege of self-government for nearly a century and a half,—have produced a people so unstable in character, so distrustful of self, so blind to the blessings of their civilization, that fear of following false gods is their predominant trait, then we must reconstruct the fabric of our satisfaction.

Geography and the political centers of other great nations have rendered it impossible for the United States to wage an aggressive war against them. There would be neither incentive to nor hope of success in such a course. Yet there are many circumstances under which the United States might be attacked, especially if the risks to be run by the aggressor are permitted to be small in comparison with the rewards of victory.

The American people, desiring to dwell in peace, can render the continuance of that state more probable by increasing the risk for any nation or group of nations which in future may seek to disturb it.

Editor of THE CENTURY,

Dear Sir:

The man who wrote "A Boston Anecdote" in the January CENTURY has imposed upon you, so far as the idea is concerned. This story is very old, and in various forms has been floating about in the newspapers. I refer you to my book, "The Best Stories in the World" (Doubleday), where ("His Destruction," page 40) you will find the story in an abbreviated form. Mr. R—— has rewritten it very well. His talent is better than his morals—unless, possibly, he explained it beforehand; but that is highly improbable.

THOMAS L. MASSON.

The Furnace

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ALL day for a wage
He shoveled rage
Into a furnace underground.
It waxed white-hot. It made a roaring sound
That sent its blast
Through all his being, till at last
This rage grew all his world. And still his chains held fast.

So, from his throes,
At last he rose,
And, with his shovel, slew a man,—past care
Ran stumbling, sobbing, raving for the air.
In consequence of which they bound him in a chair
And killed his body with electric volts.
The utter dolts!

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IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Drama's Advertising Pages

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

SITUATIONS WANTED
(Male and Female)

WANTED—A beleaguered garrison which is not saved at five minutes to eleven by the timely arrival of Lieutenant Somebody and the cavalry. Apply Broadway, Box (office) 1 to 1000, inclusive.

WANTED—A "crook" melodrama in which some one does not effect his escape by suddenly switching out the lights. See above.

YOUNG GIRL wants situation in good drama where her visit to bachelor's apartment is not subsequently detected by her father through a pair of gloves which she left lying on table. Apply Sense of Humor.

YOUNG SCAPEGRACE SON wants situation in comedy where he will not arbitrarily have to "make good," and marry a simple country girl in last act. Best references. Has worked in American comedies for thirty years.

SCREEN wants situation in farce (preferably French) where it will not be called upon to overturn and disclose to wife her husband having supper with a gay actress.

CRIMINAL is extremely desirous of obtaining situation in an American play where he will not have to reform in last act. Apply Common Sense.

OLD NEGRO wants situation in Civil-War play in which he will not have to wear white cotton hair above his ears and assuage the Southern heroine in Act II with, "It 's a' right, Missy; it 's a' right, it 's a' right, Miss Vohginia. Massa 'll come back safe t' yoh," thereupon hobbling off the stage shaking his head in melancholy doubt.

YOUNG WESTERN ENGINEER seeks a position with a melodrama in which he will not have to be the hero.

WANTED—Situation in melodrama by a race-horse whose jockey will not be drugged or otherwise incapacitated by the villain, and who will not thereupon be ridden to victory by the heroine dressed in men's clothes. Would like situation where the race was run for sport's sake, and not either to recoup the hero's fortunes or lift a mortgage.

WANTED—Situation in a "problem play" by a husband who will not have to pretend that he is leaving town and return fifteen minutes later to surprise his wife in the arms of an admirer.

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LADY'S MAID (American) wants position in play in which she will not be called Céleste merely in order that the leading lady may demonstrate to the audience, in addressing her, that she can speak French.

WANTED—Situation by a little girl of nine who, once she goes to bed at half-past ten, will not be called upon subsequently to get up and creep down-stairs in her night-gown in order to reunite her parents who have been contemplating separation.

ARTIST, young and handsome, is particularly eager to connect himself with a situation in a musical comedy in which he may be permitted to sleep peacefully instead of having to dream a dream wherein his painting of a beautiful woman comes to life.

WALL STREET STOCK MARKET wants a situation in which it will not have to rise in the last act for the convenience of the ruined hero.

HERO wishes at once to obtain a situation in American drama in which heroine will not tell him she loves him because he is "so big, so clean, so strong."

HELP WANTED

(Male)

GERMAN CHARACTER, long experience on American stage, wants help from some English-speaking playwright who will not arbitrarily cause him to place verb at end of sentence. As the German for "He is right" is "Er hat recht," he sees no reason why playwrights always make him say "He right is."

YOUNG WESTERNER has had many years' experience as hero in American melodrama. Wants help from some kind producer who will not compel him to wear gray flannel shirt, said shirt open at throat, and with sleeves rolled up to elbows.

POLITICAL BOSS seeks immediate help from playwright who will not make him a scoundrel.

FAITHFUL OLD SERVANT desires help from playwright who, when hero master loses his "all," will not cause him to approach said hero master and pathetically beg latter to permit him to help him with the few dollars he has managed to save up.

NECKLACE has been in the service of drama for seventy-five years. Now seeks help from a playwright who will cause it to be made of gems other than pearls, and who will value it at some figure other than the seemingly invariable one of $200,000.

HELP WANTED

(Female)

WIDOW long experience in plays containing trial scenes. Desires help from some producer who will not compel her to walk to her seat on the witness-stand with measured steps and head downcast.

WOMAN WITH PAST seeks help from dramatist who will not make her again fall in love and regret said "past" with "every drop of blood in her body."

INGÉNUE seeks help at once from "comic relief." Also from the practice of uttering risqué remarks in an innocent, unconscious manner.

ACTRESSES (aged twenty-one to sixty inclusive) seek help from stage-directors who will prevent them from indicating "indecision" and "doubt" by biting the end of a penholder, and from indicating "alarm" by staring wide-eyed into space and pressing the open right hand against the cheek.

FOR EXCHANGE

AUTOMOBILE used for ten years to introduce musical-comedy comedians by blowing up off stage.

SELTZER SIPHON, slightly damaged from excessive use, will exchange for a small piece of humor. Even British humor will be accepted.

SLAMMING DOORS, used for many years in farce, will exchange for a burglar-proof French window.

ARM OF CHAIR, somewhat worn from contact with seat of leading man's trousers, has served in "Society" plays.

TWENTY "Big Financial Successes" and "Greatest Plays of the Century" will exchange for one moderately good play.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK

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Portrait of a woman, by Aman-Edmond Jean

Wood-engraving by Timothy Cole

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THE CENTURY

Vol. 89 APRIL, 1915 No. 6

Me

A Book of Remembrance

THE writing of this book seems to me one of the most astounding literary feats I have ever known. It is one hundred thousand words long; it was started on Thanksgiving day and finished before New Year's. The actual writing occupied two weeks, the revision another two. The reason for this amazing celerity lies in the fact that it is pure reporting; the author has not branched out into any byways of style, but has merely told in the simplest language possible what she actually remembered. These are the circumstances in which the book was undertaken.

The author had been wrenched from her feverishly busy life to undergo an operation in a hospital; four days later she began the writing of this book. I will quote her own words: "It seems to me as though these two weeks I have just passed in the hospital have been the first time in thirteen years in which I have had a chance to think. As I lay on my back and looked at the ceiling, the events of my girlhood came before me, rushed back with such overwhelming vividness that I picked up a pencil and began to write."

I cannot imagine just what the general reader's attitude toward this work will be. I myself, reading it in the light of the knowledge I possess of the life of the author, look upon it not only as an intensely interesting human document, but as a suggestive sociological study. It is an illuminative picture of what may befall a working-girl who, at the age of seventeen, gaily ventures forth to conquer life with ten dollars in her pocket. You may object that many of her difficulties were brought about through her own initiative; that she ran to meet them open-armed. This is, no doubt, true, but you must consider her ignorance and her temperament. It was her naïveté and generosity and kindly impulses that left her unarmed. She was unique in many respects—in her peculiar heredity, her extreme ability, her uncanny charm, and her total unacquaintedness with the world.

I have known the author for a number of years, and I know that what she says is true, though the names of people and places have necessarily been changed in order to hide their identity. The author has written a number of books that have had a wide circulation. The aspirations of the little girl of seventeen with the suitcase full of poetry have been realized!

JEAN WEBSTER.

IT was a cold, blizzardy day in the month of March when I left Quebec, and my weeping, shivering relatives made an anxious, melancholy group about my departing train. I myself cried a bit, with my face pressed against the window; but I was seventeen, my heart was light, and I had not been happy at home.

My father was an artist, and we were very poor. My mother had been a tight-rope dancer in her early youth. She was an excitable, temperamental creature from whose life all romance had been squeezed by the torturing experience of bearing sixteen children. Moreover, she was a native of a far-distant land, and I do not

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think she ever got over the feeling of being a stranger in Canada.

Time was when my father, a young and ardent adventurer (an English-Irishman) had wandered far and wide over the face of the earth. The son of rich parents, he had sojourned in China and Japan and India in the days when few white men ventured into the Orient. But that was long ago.

This story is frankly of myself, and I mention these few facts merely in the possibility of their proving of some psychological interest later; also they may explain why it was possible for a parent to allow a young girl of seventeen to leave her home with exactly ten dollars in her purse (I do not think my father knew just how much money I did have) to start upon a voyage to the West Indies!

In any event, the fact remains that I had overruled my father's weak and absent-minded objections and my mother's exclamatory ones, and I had accepted a position in Jamaica, West Indies, to work for a little local newspaper called "The Lantern."

It all came about through my having written at the age of sixteen a crude, but exciting, story which a kindly friend, the editor of a Quebec weekly paper, actually accepted and published.

I had always secretly believed there were the strains of genius somewhere hidden in me; I had always lived in a little dream world of my own, wherein, beautiful and courted, I moved among the elect of the earth. Now I had given vivid proof of some unusual power! I walked on air. The world was rose-colored; nay, it was golden.

With my story in my hand, I went to the office of a family friend. I had expected to be smiled upon and approved, but also lectured and advised. My friend, however, regarded me speculatively.

"I wonder," said he, "whether *you* could n't take the place of a girl out in Jamaica who is anxious to return to Canada, but is under contract to remain there for three years."

The West Indies! I *had* heard of the land somewhere, probably in my school geography. I think it was associated in my mind in some way with the fairy-stories I read. Nevertheless, with the alacrity and assurance of youth I cried out that *of course* I would go.

"It 's a long way off," said my friend, dubiously, "and you are very young."

I assured him earnestly that I should grow, and as for the distance, I airily dismissed that objection as something too trivial to consider. Was I not the daughter of a man who had been back and forth to China no fewer than eighteen times, and that during the perilous period of the Tai-ping Rebellion? Had not my father made journeys from the Orient in the old-fashioned sailing-vessels, being at sea a hundred-odd days at a time? What could not his daughter do?

Whatever impression I made upon this agent of the West Indian newspaper must have been fairly good, for he said he would write immediately to Mr. Campbell, the owner of "The Lantern," who, by the way, was also a Canadian, and recommend me.

I am not much of a hand at keeping secrets, but I did not tell my parents. I had been studying shorthand for some time, and now I plunged into that harder than ever, for the position was one in which I could utilize stenography.

It was less than two weeks later when our friend came to the house to report that the West Indian editor had cabled for me to be sent at once.

I was the fifth girl in our family to leave home. I suppose my father and mother had become sadly accustomed to the departing of the older children to try their fortunes in more promising cities than Quebec; but I was the first to leave home for a land as distant as the West Indies, though two of my sisters had gone to the United States. Still, there remained a hungry, crushing brood of little ones younger than I. With what fierce joy did I not now look forward to getting away at last from that same noisy, tormenting brood, for whom it had been my particular and detested task to care! So my father

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and mother put no obstacle in the way of my going. I remember passionately threatening to "run away" if they did.

My clothes were thick and woolen. I wore a red knitted toque, with a tassel that wagged against my cheek. My coat was rough and hopelessly Canadian. My dress a shapeless bag belted in at the waist. I was not beautiful to look at, but I had a bright, eager face, black and shining eyes, and black and shining hair. My cheeks were as red as a Canadian apple. I was a little thing, and, like my mother, foreign-looking. I think I had the most acute, inquiring, and eager mind of any girl of my age in the world.

A man on the train who had promised my father to see me as far as my boat did so. When we arrived in New York he took me there in a carriage—the first carriage in which I had ever ridden in my life!

I had a letter to the captain, in whose special charge I was to be, that my Jamaica employer had written. So I climbed on board the *Atlas*. It was about six in the morning, and there were not many people about—just a few sailors washing the decks. I saw, however, a round-faced man in a white cap, who smiled at me broadly. I decided that he was the captain. So I went up to him and presented my letter, addressing him as "Captain Hollowell." He held his sides and laughed at me, and another man—this one was young and blond and very good-looking; at least so he seemed to the eyes of seventeen—came over to inquire the cause of the merriment. Greatly to my mortification, I learned from the new arrival that the man I had spoken to was not the captain, but the cook. He himself was Mr. Marsden, the purser, and he was prepared to take care of me until Captain Hollowell arrived.

The boat would not sail for two hours, so I told Mr. Marsden that I guessed I 'd take a walk in New York. He advised me strenuously not to, saying that I might "get lost." I scorned his suggestion. What, *I* get lost? I laughed at the idea. So I went for my "walk in New York."

I kept to one street, the one at the end of which my boat lay. It was an ugly, dirty, noisy street,—noisy even at that early hour,—for horrible-looking trucks rattled over the cobblestoned road, and there were scores of people hurrying in every direction. Of the streets of New York I had heard strange, wonderful, and beautiful tales; but as I trotted along, I confess I was deeply disappointed and astonished. I think I was on Canal Street, or another of the streets of lower New York.

I was not going to leave the United States, however, without dropping a bit of my ten dollars behind me. So I found a store, in which I bought some post-cards, a lace collar, and some ribbon—pink. When I returned to the boat I possessed, instead of ten dollars, just seven. However, this seemed a considerable sum to me, and I assured myself that on the boat itself, of course, one could not spend money.

I was standing by the rail watching the crowds on the wharf below. Every one on board was saying good-by to some one else, and people were waving and calling to one another. Everybody seemed happy and excited and gay. I felt suddenly very little and forlorn. I alone had no one to bid me good-by, to wave to me, and to bring me flowers. I deeply pitied myself, and I suppose my eyes were full of tears when I turned away from the rail as the boat pulled out.

The blond young purser was watching me, and now he came up cheerfully and began to talk, pointing out things to me in the harbor as the boat moved along. He had such nice blue eyes and shining white teeth, and his smile was quite the most winning that I had ever seen. Moreover, he wore a most attractive uniform. I forgot my temporary woes. He brought me his "own special" deck chair,—at least he said it was his,—and soon I was comfortably ensconced in it, my feet wrapped about with a warm rug produced from somewhere—also his. I felt a sense of being under his personal charge. A good part of the morning he managed to remain

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near me, and when he did go off among the other passengers, he took the trouble to explain to me that it was to attend to his duties.

I decided that he must have fallen in love with me. The thought delightfully warmed me. True, nobody had ever been in love with me before. I was the Ugly Duckling of an otherwise astonishingly good-looking family. Still, I was sure I recognized the true signs of love (had I not in dreams and fancies already been the heroine in a hundred princely romances?), and I forthwith began to wonder what life as the wife of a sailor might be like.

At dinner-time, however, he delivered me, with one of his charming smiles, to a portly and important personage who proved to be the real captain. My place at table was to be at his right side. He was a red-faced, jovial, mighty-voiced Scotchman. He called me a "puir little lassie" as soon as he looked at me. He explained that my West Indian employer (also a Scotch-Canadian) was his particular friend, and that he had promised to take personal care of me upon the voyage. He hoped Marsden, in his place, had looked after me properly, as he had been especially assigned by him to do. I, with a stifling lump of hurt vanity and pride in my throat, admitted that he had.

Then he was *not* in love with me, after all!

I felt cruelly unhappy as I stole out on deck after dinner. I disdained to look for that special deck chair my sailor had said I could have all for my own, and instead I sat down in the first one at hand.

Ugh! how miserable I felt! I supposed, said I to myself, that it was I who had been the one to fall in love, fool that I was! But I had no idea one felt so wretched even when in love. Besides, with all my warm Canadian clothes, I felt chilly and shivery.

A hateful, sharp-nosed little man came poking around me. He looked at me with his eyes snapping, and coughed and rumbled in his throat as if getting ready to say something disagreeable to me. I turned my back toward him, pulled the rug about my feet, closed my eyes, and pretended to go to sleep. Then he said:

"Say, excuse me, but you 've got my chair and rug."

I sat up. I was about to retort that "first come, first served" should be the rule, when out on deck came my friend Marsden. In a twinkling he appeared to take in the situation, for he strode quickly over to me, and, much to my indignation, took me by the arm and helped me to rise, saying that my chair was "over here."

I was about to reply in as haughty and rebuking a tone as I could command when I was suddenly seized with a most frightful surge of nausea. With my good-looking blond sailor still holding me by the arm, and murmuring something that sounded both laughing and soothing, I fled over to the side of the boat.

II

For four days I never left my state-room. "A sea-voyage is an inch of hell," says an old proverb of my mother's land, and to this proverb I most heartily assented.

An American girl occupied the "bunk" over mine, and shared with me the diminutive state-room. She was even sicker than I, and being sisters in great misery, a sweet sympathy grew up between us, so that under her direction I chewed and sucked on the sourest of lemons, and under mine she swallowed lumps of ice, a suggestion made by my father.

On the second day I had recovered somewhat, and so was able to wait upon and assist her a bit. Also, I found in her a patient and silent listener (Heaven knows she could not be otherwise, penned up as she was in that narrow bunk), and I told her all about the glorious plans and schemes I had made for my famous future; also I brought forth from my bag numerous poems and stories, and these I poured into her deaf ears in a voluble stream as she lay shaking and moaning in her bunk.

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It had been growing steadily warmer—so warm, indeed, that I felt about the room to ascertain whether there were some heating-pipes running through it.

On the fourth day my new friend sat up in her bunk and passionately went "on strike." She said:

"Say, I wish you 'd quit reading me all that stuff. I know it 's lovely, but I 've got a headache, and honestly I can't for the life of me take an interest in your poems and stories."

Deeply hurt, I folded my manuscripts. She leaned out of her berth and caught at my arm.

"Don't be angry," she said. "I did n't mean to hurt you."

I retorted with dignity that I was not in the slightest degree hurt. Also I quoted a proverb about casting one's pearls before swine, which sent her into such a peal of laughter that I think it effectually cured her of her lingering remnants of seasickness. She jumped out of her bunk, squeezed me about the waist, and said:

"You 're the funniest girl I 've ever met—a whole vaudeville act." She added, however, that she liked me, and as she had her arm about me, I came down from my high horse, and averred that her affection was reciprocated. She then told me her name and learned mine. She was bookkeeper in a large department store. Her health had been bad, and she had been saving for a long time for this trip to the West Indies.

We decided that we were now well enough to go on deck. As I dressed, I saw her watching me with a rather wondering and curious expression. My navy-blue serge dress was new, and although it was a shapeless article, the color at least was becoming, and with the collar purchased in New York, I felt that I looked very well. I asked her what she thought of my dress. She said evasively:

"Did you make it yourself?"

I said:

"No; mama did."

"Oh," said she.

I did n't just like the sound of that "Oh," so I asked her aggressively if she did n't think my dress was nice. She answered:

"I think you 've got the prettiest hair of any girl I ever knew."

My hair *did* look attractive, and I was otherwise quite satisfied with my appearance. What is more, I was too polite to let her know what I thought of *her* appearance. Although it was March, she, poor thing, had put on a flimsy little muslin dress. Of course it was suffocatingly hot in our close little state-room, but, still, that seemed an absurd dress to wear on a boat. I offered to lend her a knitted woolen scarf that mama had made me to throw over her shoulders, but she shook her head, and we went up on deck.

To my unutterable surprise, I found a metamorphosis had taken place on deck during my four days' absence. Every one appeared to be dressed in thin white clothes; even the officers were all in white duck. Moreover, the very atmosphere had changed. It was as warm and sultry as midsummer, and people were sipping iced drinks and fanning themselves!

Slowly it dawned upon me that we were sailing toward a tropical land. In a hazy sort of way I had known that the West Indies was a warm country, but I had not given the matter much thought. My father, who had been all over the world, had left my outfitting to mama and me (we had so little with which to buy the few extra things mama, who was more of a child than I, got me!), and I had come away with clothes fit for a land which often registered as low as twenty-four degrees below zero!

My clothes scorched me; so did my burning shame. I felt that every one's eyes were bent upon me.

Both Captain Hollowell and Mr. Marsden greeted me cordially, expressing delight at seeing me again, but although the captain said (in a big, booming voice that every one on deck could hear) that I looked like a nice, blooming peony, I sensitively fancied I detected a laugh beneath his words.

Tragedies should be measured according to their effects. Trifles prick us in

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youth as sharply as the things that ought to count. I sensitively suffered in my pride as much from the humiliation of wearing my heavy woolen clothes as I physically did from the burden of their weight and heat. I was sure that I presented a ridiculous and hideous spectacle. I felt that every one was laughing at me. It was insufferable; it was torture.

As soon as I could get away from that joking captain, who *would* keep patting me on the head, and that purser, who was always smiling and showing his white teeth, I ran down to my room, which I had hoped to see as little of as possible for the rest of the voyage.

I sat down on the only chair and began to cry. The ugly little room, with its one miserable window, seemed a wretched intolerable prison. I could hear the soughing of the waves outside, and a wide streak of blue sky was visible through my port-hole window. The moving of the boat and the thud of the machinery brought home to me strongly the fact that I was being carried resistlessly farther and farther away from the only home I had ever known, and which, alas! I had yearned to leave.

It was unbearably hot, and I took off my woolen dress. I felt that I would never go on deck again; yet how was I going to endure it down here in this little hole? I was thinking miserably about that when my room-mate came back.

"Well, here you are!" she exclaimed. "I 've been looking for you everywhere! Now what 's the matter?"

"N-nothing," I said; but despite myself the sob would come.

"You poor kid!" she said. "I know what 's the matter with you. I don't know what your folks were thinking of when they sent you off to the West Indies in Canadian clothes. Are they all as simple as you there? But now don't you worry. Here, I 've got six pretty nice-looking shirt-waists, besides my dresses, and you 're welcome to any of them you want. You 're just about my size. I 'm thirty-four."

"Thirty-four!" I exclaimed, astonished even in the midst of my grief. "Why, I thought you were only about twenty."

"Bust! Bust!" she cried, laughing, and got her waists out and told me to try them on. I gave her a kiss, a big one, I was so delighted; but I insisted that I could not borrow her waists. I would, however, buy some of them if she would sell them.

She said that was all right, and she sold me three of them at a dollar-fifty each. They fitted me finely. I never felt happier in my life than when I put on one of those American-made shirt-waists. They were made sailor-fashion, with wide turnover collars and elbow sleeves; with a red silk tie in front, and with my blue cloth skirt, I really did look astonishingly nice, and, anyway, cool and neat. The fact that I now possessed only two dollars and fifty cents in the world gave me not the slightest worry, and when I ran out of my room, humming, and up the stairs and bang into the arms of Captain Hollowell, he did not say this time that I looked like a peony, but that, "By George!" I looked like a nice Canadian rose.

III

"Do you know," said my room-mate on the night before we reached Jamaica, "that that four-fifty you paid me for those waists just about covers my tips."

"Tips?" I repeated innocently. "What are tips?"

She gave me a long, amazed look, her mouth wide-open.

"Good heavens!" at last she said, "where *have* you lived all of your life?"

"In Quebec," I said honestly.

"And you never heard of tips—people giving tips to waiters and servants?"

I grew uncomfortably red under her amused and amazed glance. In the seven days of that voyage my own extraordinary ignorance had been daily brought home to me. I now said lamely:

"Well, we had only one servant that I can ever remember, a woman named

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Sung-Sung whom papa brought from China; but she was more like one of our family, a sort of slave. We never gave her tips, or whatever you call it."

Did I not know, pursued my American friend, that people gave extra money—that is, "tips"—to waiters at restaurants and hotels when they got through eating a meal?

I told her crossly and truthfully that I had never been in a hotel or restaurant in all my life. She threw up her hands, and pronounced me a vast object of pity. She then fully enlightened me as to the exact meaning of the word "tips," and left me to calculate painfully upon a bit of paper the division of two dollars and fifty cents among five people; to wit, stewardesses, cabin boys, waiters, etc.

I did n't tell her that that was the last of my money—that two-fifty. However, I did not expend any thought upon the subject of what was to become of me when I arrived in Jamaica *sans* a single cent.

We brought our bags and belongings out on deck before the boat docked next day. Every one was crowded against the rails, watching the approaching land.

A crowd seemed to be swarming on the wharves, awaiting our boat. As we came nearer, I was amazed to find that this crowd was made up almost entirely of negroes. We have few negroes in Canada, and I had seen only one in all my life. I remember an older sister had shown him to me in church—he was pure black—and told me he was the "Bogy man," and that he 'd probably come around to see me that night. I was six. I never took my eyes once from his face during the service, and I have never forgotten that face.

It was, therefore, with a genuine thrill of excitement and fear that I looked down upon that vast sea of upturned black and brown faces. Never will I forget that first impression of Jamaica. Everywhere I looked were negroes—men and women and children, some half naked, some with bright handkerchiefs knotted about their heads, some gaudily attired, some dressed in immaculate white duck, just like the people on the boat.

People were saying good-by, and many had already gone down the gang-plank. Several women asked me for my address, and said they did not want to lose me. I told them I did not know just where I was going. I expected Mr. Campbell to meet me.

As Mr. Campbell had not come on board, however, and as Captain Hollowell and Mr. Marsden seemed to have forgotten my existence in the great rush of arrival, I, too, at last descended the gang-plank. I found myself one of that miscellaneous throng of colored and white people.

A number of white men and women were hurrying about meeting and welcoming expected passengers, who were soon disposed of in various vehicles. Soon not one of the boat's passengers remained, even my room-mate being one of a party that climbed aboard a bus marked, "The Crystal Springs Hotel."

I was alone on that Jamaica wharf, and no one had come to claim me!

It was getting toward evening, and the sky in the west was as red as blood. I sat down on my bag and waited. Most of the people left on the dock were laborers who were engaged in unloading the ship's cargo. Women with heavy loads on their heads, their hands on their shaking hips, and chattering in a high singsong dialect (I did n't recognize it for English at first!), passed me. Some of them looked at me curiously, and one, a terrifying, pock-marked crone said something to me that I could not understand.

I saw the sun slipping down in the sky, but it was still as bright and clear as midday. Sitting alone on that Jamaica wharf, I scarcely saw the shadows deepening as I looked out across the Caribbean Sea, which shone like a jewel under the fading light. I forgot my surroundings and my anxiety at the failure of my employer to meet me; I felt no fear, just a vague sort of enchantment and interest in this new land I had discovered.

But I started up screaming when I felt a hand on my shoulder, and looking up in the steadily deepening twilight, I saw a

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smiling face approach my own, and the face was black!

I fled toward the boat, crying out wildly:

"Captain Hollowell! O Captain Hollowell!"

I left my little bag behind me. Fear lent wings to my feet, and I kept crying out to Captain Hollowell as I ran up that gang-plank, mercifully still down. At the end of it was my dear blond purser, and right into his arms unhesitatingly I ran. He kept saying: "Well! well! well!" and he took me to Captain Hollowell, who swore dreadfully when he learned that Mr. Campbell had not met me. Then my purser went to the dock wharf to get my bag, and to "skin the hide off that damned black baboon" who had frightened me.

I ate dinner with Captain Hollowell and the officers of the *Atlas* that night, the last remaining passenger on the boat. After dinner, accompanied by the captain and the purser, I was taken by carriage to the office of "The Lantern."

I don't know what Captain Hollowell said to Mr. Campbell before I was finally called in, for I had been left in the outer office. Their voices were loud and angry, and I thought they were quarreling. I devoutly hoped it was not over me. I was tired and sleepy. In fact, when Captain Hollowell motioned to me to come in, I remember rubbing my eyes, and he put his arm about me and told me not to cry.

In a dingy office, with papers and books scattered about in the most bewildering disorder, at a long desk-table, likewise piled with books and journals and papers, sat an old man who looked exactly like the pictures of Ibsen. He was sitting all crumpled up, as it were, in a big arm-chair; but as I came forward he sat up straight. He stared at me so long, and with such an expression of amazement, that I became uneasy and embarrassed. I remember holding on tight to Captain Hollowell's sleeve on one side and Mr. Marsden's on the other. And then at last a single sentence came from the lips of my employer. It came explosively, despairingly:

"My God!" said the owner of "The Lantern."

It seems that our Quebec friend had been assigned to obtain for "The Lantern" a mature and experienced journalist. Mr. Campbell had expected a woman of the then approved, if feared, type of bluestocking, and behold a baby had been dropped into his lap!

The captain and Marsden had departed. I sat alone with that old man who looked like Ibsen, and who stared at me as if I were some freak of nature. He had his elbows upon his desk, and his chin propped up in the cup of his hands. He began to ask me questions, after he had literally stared me down and out of countenance, and I sat there before him, twisting my handkerchief in my hand.

"How old are you?"

"Seventeen. I mean—I 'm going on eighteen." Eighteen was, in fact, eleven months off.

"Have you ever worked before?"

"I 've written things."

After a silent moment, during which he glared at me more angrily than ever, he demanded:

"What have you written?"

"Poetry," I said, and stopped because he said again in that lost voice, "My God!"

"What else?"

"I had a story published in 'The Star'," I said. "I 've got it here, if you 'd like to see it."

He made a motion of emphatic dissent.

"What else have you done?"

"I taught myself shorthand," I said, "and I can take dictation as fast as you can talk."

He looked frankly skeptical and in no wise impressed.

"How can you do that if you 've had no experience as a stenographer?"

"I got a shorthand book," I said eagerly. "It 's not at all hard to teach yourself after you learn the rudiments. My sister showed me that. She 's secretary to the Premier of Canada. As soon as I had learned shorthand, I acquired practice and speed by going to church and prayer-meetings and taking down sermons."

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After a moment he said grudgingly:

"Not a bad idea." And then added, "What do you think you are going to do here?"

"Write for your paper," I said as conciliatingly as I could.

"What?" he inquired curiously.

"Why—anything—poetry—"

He waved his hand in such a dismissing manner that I got up, though it was my poetry, not I, he wished to be rid of just then. I went nearer to him.

"I know you don't want me," I said, "and I don't want to stay. I 'm sorry I came. I would n't if I had known that this was a hot, beastly old country where nearly everybody is black. If you 'll just get me back to the boat, I know Captain Hollowell will let me go back with him, even if I have n't the money for my fare."

"What about the money I paid for you to come here?" he snarled. "Think I 'm going to lose that?"

I did not answer him. I felt enervated, homesick, miserable, and tired. He got up presently, limped over to another table,—he was lame,—poured a glass of water, brought it to me with a big fan, and said gruffly, "Sit!"

The act, I don't know why, touched me. In a dim way I began to appreciate his position. He was a lame old man running a fiery, two-sheet little newspaper in this tropical land far from his native Canada. There was no staff, and, indeed, none of the ordinary appurtenances of a newspaper office. He employed only one able assistant, and as he could not get such a person in Jamaica and could not afford to pay a man's salary, being very loyal to Canada, he had been accustomed to send there for bright and expert young women reporters to do virtually all the work of running his newspaper. Newspaper women are not plentiful in Canada. The fare to Jamaica is, or was then, about $55. Mr. Campbell must have turned all these things over in his mind as he looked at this latest product of his native land, a green, green girl of seventeen, whose promise that she would "look older next day," when her "hair was done up," carried little reassurance as to her intelligence or ability.

He did a lot of "cussing" of our common friend in Canada. Finally he said that he would take me over to the Myrtle Bank Hotel, where accommodations had been arranged for me, and we could talk the matter over in the morning.

While he was getting his stick and hat, the latter a green-lined helmet, I could n't resist looking at some of his books. He caught me doing this, and asked me gruffly if I had ever read anything. I said:

"Yes, Dickens, George Eliot, and Sir Walter Scott; and I 've read Huxley and Darwin, and lots of books on astronomy to my father, who is very fond of that subject." As he made no comment, nor seemed at all impressed by my erudition, I added proudly: "My father 's an Oxford man, and a descendant of the family of Sir Isaac Newton."

There was some legend to this effect in our family. In fact, the greatness of my father's people had been a sort of fairy-story with us all, and we knew that it was his marriage with mama that had cut him off from his kindred. My Jamaica employer, however, showed no interest in my distinguished ancestry. He took me roughly by the arm, and half leaning upon, half leading me, hobbled with me out into the dark street.

It was about nine o'clock. As we approached the hotel, which was only a short distance from the office of "The Lantern," it pleased me as a happy omen that somewhere within those fragrant, moonlit gardens a band began to play most beautifully.

Mr. Campbell took me to the room of the girl whose place I was to take, and who was also from Quebec. She had already gone to bed, but she rose to let me in. Mr. Campbell merely knocked hard on the door and said:

"Here 's Miss Ascough. You should have met her," and angrily shoved me in, so it seemed to me.

Miss Foster, her hair screwed up in curl-papers, after looking at me only a moment, said in a tired, complaining voice,

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like that of a sick person, that I had better get to bed right away; and then she got into bed, and turned her face to the wall. I tried to draw her out a bit while undressing, but to all my questions she returned monosyllabic answers. I put out the light, and crept into bed beside her. The last thing she said to me, and very irritably, was:

"Keep to your own side of the bed."

I slept fairly well, considering the oppressiveness of the heat, but I awoke once when something buzzed against my face.

"What 's that?" I cried, sitting up in bed.

She murmured crossly:

"Oh, for heaven's sake lie down! I have n't slept a wink for a century. You 'll have to get used to Jamaica bugs and scorpions. They ought to have screens in the windows!"

After that I slept with the sheet over my head.

IV

I WAS awakened at six the following morning. A strange, singsong voice called into the room:

"Marnin', missee! Heah 's your coffee."

I found Miss Foster up and dressed. She was sitting at a table drinking coffee. She put up the shade and let the light in. Then she came over to the bed, where the maid had set the tray. I was looking at what I supposed to be my breakfast. It consisted of a cup of black coffee and a single piece of dry toast.

"You 'd better drink your coffee," said Miss Foster, wearily. "It will sustain you for a while."

I got a good look at her, standing by my bed. The yellowness of her skin startled me, and I wondered whether it could be possible that she, too, was "colored." Then I remembered that she was from my home. Moreover, her eyes were a pale blue, and her hair a light, nondescript brown. She had a peevish expression, even now while she made an effort at friendliness. She sat down on the side of my bed, and while I drank my coffee and nibbled my piece of toast she told me a few things about the country.

Jamaica, she said, was the beastliest country on the face of the earth. Though for a few months its climate was tolerable, the rest of the year it was almost unbearable. What with the crushing heat and the dirty, drizzling rain that followed, and fell without ceasing for months at a time, all ambition, all strength, all hope were slowly knocked out of one. There were a score of fevers, each one as bad as the others. She was suffering from one now. That was why she was going home. She was young, so she said, but she felt like an old woman. She pitied me, she declared, for what was before me, and said Campbell had no right to bring healthy young girls from Canada without first telling them what they were coming up against.

I put in here that perhaps I should fare better. I said:

"I 'm almost abnormally healthy and strong, you know, even if I look thin. I 'm the wiry kind."

She sniffed at that, and then said, with a shrug:

"Oh, well, maybe you will escape. I 'm sure I wish you better luck than mine. But one thing 's certain: you 'll lose that Canadian complexion of yours all right."

My duties, she said, would be explained to me by Mr. Campbell himself, though she was going to stay over a day or two to help break me in. My salary would be ten dollars a week and free board and lodging at the Myrtle Bank Hotel. I told her of the slighting reception I had received at the hands of Mr. Campbell, and she said:

"Oh, well, he 's a crank. You could n't please him, no matter what you did." Then she added: "I don't see, anyhow, why he objected to you. Brains are n't so much needed in a position like this as legs and a constitution of iron."

As the day advanced, the heat encroached. Miss Foster sat fanning herself

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languidly by the window, looking out with a far-away expression. I told her about my clothes, and how mortified I was to find them so different from those of the others on the boat. She said:

"You can have all my clothes, if you want. They won't do for Canada."

That suggested a brilliant solution of my problem of how I was to secure immediately suitable clothes for Jamaica. I suggested that as she was going to Canada, she could have mine, and I would take hers. The proposition seemed to give her a sort of grim amusement. She looked over my clothes. She took the woolen underwear and heavy, hand-knitted stockings (that Sung-Sung had made for an older brother, and which had descended to me after two sisters had had them!), two woolen skirts, my heavy overcoat, and several other pieces.

She gave me a number of white muslin dresses,—they seemed lovely to me,—an evening gown with a real low neck, cotton underwear, hose, etc.

I put my hair up for the first time that morning. As it curled a bit, this was not difficult to do. I simply rolled it up at the back and held the chignon in place with four bone hair-pins that she gave me. I put on one of her white muslin dresses, but it was so long for me that we had to make a wide tuck in it. Then I wore a wide Leghorn hat, the only trimming of which was a piece of cream-colored mull twisted like a scarf about the crown.

I asked Miss Foster if I looked all right, and was suitably dressed, and she said grudgingly:

"Yes, you 'll do. You 're quite pretty. You 'd better look out."

Asked to explain, she merely shrugged her shoulders and said:

"There 's only a handful of white women here, you know. We don't count the tourists. You 'll have all you can do to hold the men here at arm's-length."

This last prospect by no means bothered me. I had the most decided and instinctive liking for the opposite sex.

The hotel was beautiful, built somewhat in the Spanish style, with a great inner court, and an arcade that ran under the building. Long verandas ran out like piers on each side of the court, which was part of the wonderful garden, which extended to the shores of the Caribbean.

Miss Foster took me into the hotel's great dining-room, which was like a pleasant open conservatory, with great palms and plants everywhere. There we had breakfast, for it seems coffee and toast were just an appetizer. I never became used to Jamaica cooking. It was mushy, hot, and sweet.

After breakfast we reported at "The Lantern," where Mr. Campbell, looking even fiercer in the day, impatiently awaited us. He wished Miss Foster to take me directly out to Government House and teach me my duties there, as the Legislative Council was then in session. He mumbled off a lot of instructions to Miss Foster, ignoring me completely. His apparent contempt for me, and his evident belief that there was no good to be expected from me, whetted my desire to prove to him that I was not such a fool as I looked, or, rather, as he seemed to think I looked. I listened intently to everything he said to Miss Foster, but even so I received only a confused medley of "Bills—attorney-general—Representative So and So—Hon. Mr. So and So, etc."

I carried away with me, however, one vivid instruction, and that was that it was absolutely necessary for "The Lantern" to have the good-will of the Hon. Mr. Burbank, whom we must support in everything. It seemed, according to Mr. Campbell, that there was some newspaper libel law that was being pressed in the House that, if passed, would bring the Jamaica press down to a pusillanimous condition.

Mr. Burbank was to fight this bill for the newspapers. He was, in fact, our representative and champion. "The Lantern," in return, was prepared to support him in other measures that he was fathering. Miss Foster and I were to remember to treat him with more than common attention. I did not know, of course, that

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this meant in our newspaper references to him, and I made a fervent vow personally to win the favor of said Burbank.

We got into a splendid little equipage, upholstered in tan cloth and with a large tan umbrella top, which was lined with green.

We drove for several miles through a country remarkable for its beautiful scenery. It was a land of color. It was like a land of perpetual spring—a spring that was ever green. I saw not a single shade that was dull. Even the trunks of the gigantic trees seemed to have a warm tone. The flowers were startlingly bright —yellow, scarlet, and purple.

We passed many country people along the road. They moved with a sort of languid, swinging amble, as if they dragged, not lifted, their flat feet. Women carried on their heads enormous bundles and sometimes trays. How they balanced them so firmly was always a mystery to me, especially as most of them either had their hands on their hips, or, more extraordinary, carried or led children, and even ran at times. Asses, loaded on each side with produce, ambled along as draggingly as the natives.

Miss Foster made only three or four remarks during the entire journey. These are her remarks. They are curious taken altogether:

"This carriage belongs to Mr. Burbank. He supplies all the vehicles, by the way, for the press."

"Those are the botanical gardens. Jamaica has Mr. Burbank to thank for their present excellent condition. Remember that."

"We are going by the Burbank plantation now. He has a place in Kingston, too, and a summer home in the mountains."

"If we beat that newspaper libel law, you 'll have a chance to write all the funny things and rhymes you want about the mean sneaks who are trying to push it through."

Even during the long drive through the green country I had been insensibly affected by the ever-growing heat. In the long chamber of Government House, where the session was to be held, there seemed not a breath of air stirring. It was insufferably hot, though the place was virtually empty when we arrived. I had a shuddering notion of what it would be like when full.

Miss Foster was hustling about, getting "papers" and "literature" of various kinds, and as the legislators arrived, she chatted with some of them. She had left me to my own devices, and I did not know what to do with myself. I was much embarrassed, as every one who passed into the place took a look at me. We were the only two girls in the House.

There was a long table in the middle of the room, at which the members of Parliament and the elected members had their seats, and there was a smaller table at one side for the press. I had remained by the door, awaiting Miss Foster's instructions. The room was rapidly beginning to fill. A file of black soldiers spread themselves about the room, standing very fine and erect against the walls. At the council table, on one side, were the Parliament members, Englishmen, every one of whom wore the conventional monocle. On the other side were the elected members, who were, without an exception, colored men. I was musing over this when a very large, stout, and handsome personage (he was a personage!) entered ponderously, followed by several younger men. Every one in the room rose, and until he took his seat (in a big chair on a little elevated platform at the end of the room) they remained standing. This was his Excellency Sir Henry Drake, the Governor-General of Jamaica. The House was now in session.

By this time I experienced a natural anxiety to know what was to become of me. Surely I was not supposed to stand there by the door. Glancing across at the press table, I presently saw Miss Foster among the reporters. She was half standing, and beckoning to me to join her. Confused and embarrassed, I passed along at the back of one end of the council table, and was proceeding in the direction of the

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press table, when suddenly the room reverberated with loud cries from the soldiers of, "Order! order! order!"

I hesitated only a moment, ignorant of the fact that that call was directed against me, and, as I paused, I looked directly into the purpling face of the Governor of Jamaica. He had put on his monocle. His face was long and preternaturally solemn, but there was a queer, twisted smile about his mouth, and I swear that he winked at me through that monocle, which fell into his hand. I proceeded to my seat, red as a beet.

"Great guns!" whispered Miss Foster, dragging me down beside her, "you walked in *front* of the governor! You should have gone behind his chair. What will Mr. Campbell say when he knows you were called to order the first day! A fine reflection on 'The Lantern'!" She added the last sentence almost bitterly.

What went on at that session I never in the world could have told. It was all like an incomprehensible dream. Black men, the elected members, rose, and long and eloquently talked in regard to some bill. White men (government) rose and languidly responded, sometimes with a sort of drawling good humor, sometimes satirically. I began to feel the effect of the oppressive atmosphere in a way I had not yet experienced. An unconquerable impulse to lay my head down upon the table and go to sleep seized upon me, and I could scarcely keep my eyes open. At last my head did fall back against the chair; my eyes closed. I did not exactly faint, but I succumbed slightly to the heat. I heard a voice whispering at my ear, for the proceedings went on, as if it were a common thing for a woman to faint in Government House.

"Drink this!" said the voice, and I opened my eyes and looked up into a fair, boyish face that was bending over mine. I drank that cool Jamaica kola, and recovered myself sufficiently to sit up again. Said my new friend:

"It 'll be cooler soon. You 'll get used to the climate, and if I were you, I would n't try to do *any* work to-day."

I said:

"I 've got to *learn*. Miss Foster sails to-morrow, and after that—"

"I 'll show you after that," he said and smiled reassuringly.

At one there was an adjournment for luncheon. I then became the center of interest, and was introduced by Miss Foster to the members of the press. Jamaica boasted three papers beside ours, and there were representatives at the Parliament's sessions from other West Indian islands. I was also introduced to several of the members, both black and white.

I went to luncheon with Miss Foster and two members of Parliament (white) and three reporters, one of them the young man who had given me the kola, and whose name was Verley Marchmont. He was an Englishman, the younger son in a poor, but titled, family. We had luncheon at a little inn hard by, and while there I made three engagements for the week. With one of the men I was to go to a polo match (Jamaica had a native regiment whose officers were English), with another I was to attend a ball in a lighthouse, and young Marchmont, who was only about eighteen, was to call upon me that evening.

At the end of the afternoon session, which was not quite so wearying, as it had grown cooler, I was introduced by Miss Foster to the governor's secretary, Lord George Fitzpatrick, who had been smiling at me from behind the governor's back most of the day. By him I was introduced to the governor, who seemed to regard me as a more or less funny curiosity, if I am to judge from his humorous expression. Lord George also introduced me to other government members, and he asked me if I liked candies. I said I did. He asked me if I played golf or rode horseback. I said I did n't, but I could learn, and he said he was a great teacher.

By this time I thought I had met every one connected with the House, when suddenly I heard some one—I think it was one of the reporters—call out:

"Oh, all right, Mr. Burbank. I 'll see to it."

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Miss Foster was drawing me along toward the door. It was time to go. Our carriage was waiting for us. As we were going out, I asked her whether I had yet met Mr. Burbank, and she said she "supposed so."

"I don't remember meeting him," I persisted, "and I want very specially to meet Mr. Burbank."

On the steps below us a man somewhat dudishly attired in immaculate white duck, and wearing a green-lined helmet, turned around and looked up at us. His face was almost pure black. His nose was large and somewhat hooked. I have subsequently learned that he was partly Hebrew. He had an enormous mouth, and teeth thickly set with gold. He wore gold-rimmed glasses with a chain, and these and his fine clothes gave a touch of distinction to his appearance. At least it made him stand out from the average colored man. As I spoke, I saw him look at me with a curious expression; then smiling, he held out his big hand.

"I am the Hon. Mr. Burbank," he said.

I was startled to find that this man I had been planning to cultivate was black. I do not know why, but as I looked down into that ingratiating face, I was filled with a sudden panic of almost instinctive fear, and although he held out his hand to me, I did not take it. For that I was severely lectured by Miss Foster all the way back. She reminded me that I could not afford to snub so powerful a Jamaican as Burbank, and that if I had the slightest feeling of race prejudice, I had better either kill it at once or clear out of Jamaica. She said that socially there was absolutely no difference between the white and colored people in Jamaica.

As a matter of fact, I had literally never even heard the expression "race prejudice" before, and I was as far from feeling it as any person in the world. It must be remembered that in Canada we do not encounter the problem of race. One color there is as good as another. Certainly people of Indian extraction are well thought of and esteemed, and my own mother was a foreigner. What should I, a girl who had never before been outside Quebec, and whose experience had been within the narrow confines of home and a small circle, know of race prejudice?

Vaguely I had a feeling that all men were equal as men. I do not believe it was in me to turn from a man merely because of his race, so long as he himself was not personally repugnant to me. I myself was dark and foreign-looking, but the blond type I adored. In all my most fanciful imaginings and dreams I had always been golden-haired and blue-eyed.

V

I GOT on better with Mr. Campbell after Miss Foster went. He told me it was necessary for us to keep on the right side of Mr. Burbank, who was one of the greatest magnates and philanthropists of Jamaica, but he took occasion to contradict some of Miss Foster's statements. It was not true, he said, that there was no social distinction between black and white in Jamaica. That was the general opinion of tourists in Jamaica, who saw only the surface of things, but as a matter of fact, though the richest people and planters were of colored blood; though they were invited to all the governor's parties and the various official functions; though they were in vast evidence at polo and cricket matches; though many of them were talented and cultivated, nevertheless, there was a fine line drawn between them and the native white people who counted for anything. This he wished me to bear in mind, so that while I should always act in such a way as never in the slightest to hurt or offend the feelings of the colored element, whose good-will was essential to "The Lantern," I must retain my dignity and stoop to no familiarity, which would bring me and "The Lantern" into disrepute with the white element, whose good-will was equally essential.

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I think in less than a week my employer began grudgingly to approve of me; in about two weeks we were friends. His eyes no longer glared at me through his thick glasses. Once when I timidly proffered one of my "poems," those same fierce eyes actually beamed upon me. What is more, he published the poem!

Of course it was chiefly my work that won me favor with Mr. Campbell. I came back every day from Government House with accurate and intelligent reports of the debates. I wonder what Mr. Campbell would have said to me had he known that nearly all my first reports were written for me by young Verley Marchmont of "The Daily Call," "The Lantern's" deadliest rival! For the life of me, I never could grasp the details of the debates clearly enough to report them coherently, and so young Marchmont obligingly "helped" me. However, these debates were only a part of my work, though at this time they constituted the chief of my duties.

For a young person in a hot country I was kept extremely busy. Even after my day's work was over I had to bustle about the hotel and dig up society notes and stories, or I had to attend meetings, functions, and parties of various kinds.

One morning after I had been on "The Lantern" about a week, Mr. Campbell handed me a list of my duties as an employee of "The Lantern." Perhaps you would like to know exactly what they were:

1. To attend and report the debates of the Legislative Council when in session.
2. To report City Council proceedings.
3. To report court cases of interest to the public.
4. To keep posted on all matters of interest to Great Britain and Jamaica.
5. To make calls upon and interview at intervals His Excellency the Governor-General, the Colonial Secretary, the Commander of the Forces, the Attorney-General, and other Government officials.
6. To interview elected members when matters of interest demanded.
7. To interview prominent Americans or those who were conspicuous on account of great wealth.
8. To report political speeches.
9. To report races, cricket matches, polo, etc.
10. To represent "The Lantern" at social functions.
11. To visit stores, factories, etc., and to write a weekly advertising column.
12. To prepare semi-weekly a bright and entertaining woman's column, into which must be skilfully woven the names of Jamaica's society women.
13. To review books and answer correspondence.
14. To correct proof in the absence of the proof-reader.
15. To edit the entire paper when sickness or absence of the editor prevented him from attending.

Mr. Campbell watched my face keenly as I read that list, and finally, when I made no comment, he prompted me with a gruff, "Well?" To which I replied, with a smile:

"I think what you want, Mr. Campbell, is a mental and physical acrobat."

"Do I understand from that," he thundered, "that you cannot perform these necessary duties?"

"On the contrary," I returned coolly, "I think that I can perform them all, one at a time; but you have left out one important item."

"Well, what?"

"Poetry," I said.

My answer tickled him immensely, and he burst into loud laughter.

"Got any about you?" he demanded. "I believe you have it secreted all over you."

I said:

"I 've none of my own this morning, but here 's a fine little verse I wish you 'd top our editorial page with," and I handed him the following:

For the cause that lacks assistance;
For the wrong that needs resistance;
For the future in the distance,
And the good that we can do!

With such a motto, we felt called upon

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to be pugnacious and virtuous, and all of that session of Parliament our little sheet kept up a peppery fight for the rights of the people.

Mr. Campbell said that I looked strong and impudent enough to do anything, and when I retorted that I was not the least bit impudent, but, on the contrary, a dreamer, he said crossly:

"If that 's the case, you 'll be incompetent."

But I was a dreamer, and I was not incompetent.

It was all very well, however, to joke with Mr. Campbell about these duties. They were pretty hard just the same, and I was kept rushing from morning till night. There was always a pile of work waiting me upon my return from Government House, and I could see that Mr. Campbell intended gradually to shift the major part of the work entirely upon me.

The unaccustomed climate, the intense heat, and the work, which I really loved —all contributed to make me very tired by evening, when my duties were by no means ended.

Miss Foster's warning that I should have to keep the men at arm's-length occasionally recurred to me, but I dare say she exaggerated the matter. It is true that considerable attention was directed at me when I first came to Jamaica, and I received no end of flowers and candies and other little gifts; but my work was so exacting and ceaseless that it occupied all of my time. I could do little more than pause a moment or two to exchange a word or joke with this or that man who sought flirtations with me. I was always in a hurry. Rushing along through the hotel lobby or parlors or verandas, I scarcely had time to get more than a confused impression of various faces.

There was a ball nearly every night, and I always had to attend, for a little while, anyway; but I did not exactly mingle with the guests. I never danced, though lots of men asked me. I would get my list of guests and the description of the women's dresses, etc., write my column, and despatch it by boy to "The Lantern," and I would go to bed while the music was still throbbing through the hotel. Often the guests were dancing till dawn.

Now I come to Dr. Manning. He was the one man in the hotel who persistently sought me and endeavored to make love to me. He was an American, one of a yachting party cruising in the Caribbean. I was not attracted to him at all, and as far as I could, I avoided him; but I could not come out upon the verandas or appear anywhere about the hotel without his seeming to arise from somewhere, and come with his flattering smiles and jokes. His hair was gray, and he had a pointed, grizzled beard. He was tall, and carried himself like a German officer.

He was always begging me to go to places with him, for walks, drives, or boat-trips, etc., and finally I did accept an invitation to walk with him in the botanical gardens, which adjoined, and were almost part of our own grounds.

That evening was a lovely one, with a great moon overhead, and the sea like a vast glittering sheet of quicksilver. The Marine Band was playing. People were dancing in the ball-room and on the verandas and out in a large pagoda in the gardens. Down along the sanded paths we passed numerous couples strolling, the bare shoulders of the women gleaming like ivory under the moonlight. The farther we strolled from the hotel, the darker grew the paths. Across the white backs of many of the women a black sleeve was passed. Insensibly I felt that in the darkness my companion was trying to see my face, and note the effect upon me of these "spooners." But he was not the first man I had walked with in the Jamaica moonlight. Verley Marchmont and I had spent a few brief hours from our labors in the gardens of the hotel.

Dr. Manning kept pressing nearer to me. Officiously and continuously, he would take my arm, and finally he put his about my waist. I tried to pull it away, but he held me firmly. Then I said:

"There are lots of people all around us, you know. If you don't take your arm down, I shall scream for help."

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He took his arm down.

After a space, during which we walked along in silence, I not exactly angry, but irritated, he began to reproach me, accusing me of disliking him. He said he noticed that I was friendly with every one else, but that when he approached me my face always stiffened. He asked if I disliked him, and I replied that I did not, but that other men did not look or speak to me as he did. He laughed unbelievingly at that, and exclaimed:

"Come, now, are you trying to make me believe that the young men who come to see you do not make love to you?"

I said thoughtfully:

"Well, only one or two come to see me, and—no—none of them has yet. I suppose it 's because I 'm always so busy; and then I 'm not pretty and rich like the other girls here."

"You are pretty," he declared, "and far more interesting than any other girl in the hotel. I think you exceedingly captivating."

For that compliment I was truly grateful, and I thanked him for saying it. Then he said:

"Let me kiss you just once, won't you?" Again he put his arm about me, and this time I had to struggle considerably to release myself. When he let me go, he said almost testily:

"Don't make such a fuss. I 'm not going to force you," and then after a moment, "By the way, why do you object to being kissed?" just as if it were unusual for a girl to object to that.

"I 'll tell you why," I said tremulously, for it is impossible for a young girl to be unmoved when a man tries to kiss her, "because I want to be in love with the first man who kisses me."

"And you cannot care for me?"

I shook my head.

"Why?"

"Because you are an old man," I blurted out.

He stopped in the path, and I could feel him bristling with amazement and anger. Somewhat of a fop in dress, he had always carried himself in the gay manner of a man much younger than he probably was. His voice was very nasty:

"What?"

I repeated what I had said:

"You are an old man."

"What on earth makes you think that?" he demanded.

"Because your hair is gray," I stammered, "and because you look at least forty."

At that he broke into a loud chuckle.

"And you think forty old?"

I nodded. For a long moment he was silent, and then suddenly he took my arm, and we moved briskly down the path. We came to one of the piers, and he assisted me up the little stone steps. In silence we went out to the end of the pier. There was a little rustic inclosure at the end, covered with ivy from some sort of tree that seemed to grow out of the water. We sat down for a while and looked out across the sea. Everything was very dark and still. Presently he said:

"What would you do if I were to take you into my arms by force now?"

"I would scream," I said childishly.

"That would n't do you much good, for I could easily overpower you. You see, there is not a soul anywhere near us here."

I experienced a moment's fear, and stood up, when he said in a kind and humorous way:

"Sit down, child; I 'm not going to touch you. I merely said that to see what you would do. As a matter of fact, I want to be your friend, your very particular friend, and I am not going to jeopardize my chances by doing something that would make you hate me. Do sit down."

Then as I obeyed, he asked me to tell him all about myself. It was not that I either trusted or liked him, but I was very lonely, and something in the quiet beauty of our surroundings affected me, I suppose. So long as he did not make love to me, I found him rather attractive. So I told him what there was to tell of my simple history up to this time, and of my ambitions.

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He said a girl like me deserved a better fate than to be shut up in this country; that in a few weeks the hot season would set in, and then I would probably find life unbearable, and surely have some fever. He advised me very earnestly, therefore, not to remain here, but suggested that I go to America. There, he said, I would soon succeed, and probably become both famous and rich. His description of America quickened my fancy, and I told him I should love to go there, but, unfortunately, even if I could get away from this position, and managed to pay my fare to America, I did not know what I would do after arriving there virtually penniless.

When I said that, he turned and took both my hands impulsively and in a nice fatherly way in his, and said:

"Why, look here, little girl, what 's the matter with your coming to work for me? I have a huge practice, and will need a secretary upon my return. Now, what do you say?"

I said:

"I say, 'Thank you,' and I 'll remember."

At the hotel he bade me good night rather perfunctorily for a man who had recently tried to kiss a girl, but I lay awake some time thinking about what he had said to me.

I suppose every girl tosses over in her mind the thought of that first kiss that shall come to her. In imagination, at least, I had already been kissed many many times, but the ones who had kissed me were not men or boys. They were strange and bewildering heroes, princes, kings, knights, and great nobles. Now, here was a real man who had wanted to kiss me. I experienced no aversion to him at the thought; only a cool sort of wonder and a flattering sense of pride.

VI

It was a cruel coincidence that the dreadful thing that befell me next day should have followed at a time when my young mind was thus dreamily engrossed.

The day had been a hard one, and I know not why, but I could not concentrate my mind upon the proceedings. I felt inexpressibly stupid, and the voices of the legislators droned meaninglessly in my ears. As I could not follow the debates intelligently, I decided that I would stay a while after the council had adjourned, borrow one of the reporters' notes, and patch up my own from them.

So, with a glass of kola at my elbow, and Verley Marchmont's notes before me, I sat at work in the empty chamber after every one, I supposed, had gone, though I heard the attendants and janitors of the place at work in the gallery above. Young Marchmont waited for me outside.

A quiet had settled down over the place, and for a time I scribbled away upon my pad. I do not know how long I had worked—not more than ten or fifteen minutes—when I felt some one come up behind me, and a voice that I recognized from having heard it often in the House during the session said:

"May I speak to you a moment, Miss Ascough?"

I looked up, surprised, but not alarmed. Mr. Burbank was standing by my chair. There was something in his expression that made me move my chair back a little, and I began gathering up my papers rapidly. I said politely, however:

"Certainly, Mr. Burbank. What can 'The Lantern' do for you?"

I sat facing the table, but I had moved around so that my shoulder was turned toward him. In the little silence that followed I felt his breath against my ear as he leaned on the table and propped his chin upon his hand, so that his face came fairly close to mine. Before he spoke I had shrunk farther back in my chair.

He said, with a laugh that was an odd mixture of embarrassment and assurance:

"I want nothing of 'The Lantern,' but I do want something of you. I want to ask you to—er—marry me. God! how I love you!"

If some one had struck me hard and suddenly upon the head, I could not have experienced a greater shock than the

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words of that negro gave me. All through the dreaming days of my young girlhood one lovely moment had stood out like a golden beam in my imagination—my first proposal. Perhaps all girls do not think of this; but *I* did, I who lived upon my fancies. How many gods and heroes had I not created who had whispered to me that magical question? And now out of that shining, beautiful throng of imaginary suitors, what was this that had come? A great black man, the "bogy man" of my childhood days!

Had I been older, perhaps I might have managed that situation in some way. I might even have spoken gently to him; he believed he was honoring me. But youth revolts like some whipped thing before stings like this, and I—I was so hurt, so terribly wounded, that I remember I gasped out a single sob of rage. Covering my face with my hands, I stood up. Then something happened that for a moment robbed me of all my physical and mental powers.

Suddenly I felt myself seized in a pair of powerful arms. A face came against my own, and lips were pressed hard upon mine.

I screamed like one gone mad. I fought for my freedom from his arms like a possessed person. Then blindly, with blood and fire before my eyes and burning in my heart, I fled from that terrible chamber. I think I banged both my head and hands against the door, for later I found that forehead and hands were swollen and bruised. Out into the street I rushed.

I heard Verley Marchmont call to me. I saw him like a blur rise up in my path, but behind him I fancied was that other —that great *animal* who had kissed me.

On and on I ran, my first impulse being to escape from something dreadful that was pursuing me. I remember I had both my hands over my mouth. I felt that it was unclean, and that rivers and rivers could not wash away that stain that was on me.

I think it was Marchmont's jerking hold upon my arm that brought me to a sense of partial awakening.

"Miss Ascough, what is the matter? What is the matter?" he was saying.

I looked up at him, and I started to speak, to tell him what had happened to me, and then suddenly I knew it was something I could tell no one. It loomed up in my child's imagination as something filthy.

"I can't tell you," I said.

"Did something frighten you? What is it, dear?"

I remember, in all my pain and excitement, that he called me "dear," that fair-haired young Englishman; and like a child unexpectedly comforted, it brought the sobs stranglingly to my throat.

"Come and get into the carriage, then," he said. "You are ill. Your hands and face are burning. I 'm afraid you have fever. You 'd better get home as quickly as possible."

The driver of our carriage, who had followed, drew up beside us; but even as I turned to step into the carriage, suddenly I remembered what Miss Foster had said that first day:

"This carriage is owned by Mr. Burbank. He supplies all the carriages for the press."

"I can't ride in *that!*" I cried.

"You 've got to," said Marchmont. "It 's the last one left except Mr. Burbank's own."

"I 'm going to walk home," I said.

I was slowly recovering a certain degree of self-possession. Nevertheless, my temples were throbbing; my head ached splittingly. I was not crying, but gasping sobs kept seizing me, such as attack children after a tempestuous storm of tears.

"You can't possibly walk home," declared Marchmont. "It is at least four and a half miles, if not more."

"I am going to walk just the same," I said. "I would rather die than ride in that carriage."

He said something to the driver. The latter started up his horses, and drove slowly down the road. Then Marchmont took my arm, and we started.

That interminable walk in the fearful Jamaica heat and sun recurs sometimes to

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me still, like a hectic breath of hateful remembrance. The penetrating sun beat its hot breath down upon our backs. The sand beneath our feet seemed like living coals, and even when we got into the cooler paths of the wooded country, the closeness and oppressive heaviness of the atmosphere stifled and crushed me.

At intervals the driver of that Burbank carriage would draw up beside us on the road, and Marchmont would entreat me to get in; but always I refused, and a strength came to me with each refusal.

Once he said:

"If you would let me, I could carry you."

I looked up at his anxious young face. His clothes were thicker than mine, and he had a number of books under his arm. He must have been suffering from the heat even as I was, but he was ready to sacrifice himself for what he must have thought was a sick whim on my part. He was nothing but a boy, very little older than I; but he was of that plugging English type which sticks at a task until it is accomplished. The thought of his carrying me made me laugh hysterically, and he, thinking I was feeling better, again urged me to get into the carriage, but in vain.

We met many country people on the road, and he bought from one a huge native umbrella. This he hoisted over my head; I think it did relieve us somewhat. But the whole of me, even to my fingers, now seemed to be tingling and aching. There was a buzzing and ringing in my head. I was thirsty. We stopped at a wayside spring, and an old woman lent me her tin cup for a drink. Marchmont gave her a coin, and she said in a high, whining voice:

"Give me another tuppence, Marster, and I 'll tell missee a secret."

He gave her the coin, and then she said:

"Missee got the fever. She better stand off'n dat ground."

"For God's sake!" he said to me, "let me put you in the carriage!"

"You would not want to, if you knew," I said, and my voice sounded in my own ears as if it came from some distance.

On and on we tramped. Never were there five such miles as those.

Many a time since I have walked far greater distances. I have covered five and six miles of links, carrying my own golf-clubs. I 've climbed up and down hills and valleys, five, ten, and more miles, and arrived at my destination merely healthily tired and hungry.

But five miles under a West Indian sun, in a land where even the worms and insects seemed to wither and dry in the sand!

It was about four-forty when we left Government House; it was seven when we reached the hotel. I was staggering as we at last passed under the great arcade of the Myrtle Bank. Though my eyes were endowed with sight, I saw nothing but a blurred confusion of shadows and shapes.

Mr. Marchmont and another man—I think the manager of the hotel—took me to my room, and some one—I suppose the maid—put me to bed. I dropped into a heavy sleep, or, rather, stupor, almost immediately.

The following day a maid told me that every one in the hotel was talking about me and the sick way in which I had returned to the hotel, walking! Every one believed I was down with some bad fever and had lost my mind, and there was talk of quarantining me somewhere until my case was properly diagnosed. I sent a boy for Mr. Campbell.

He came over at once. Grumbling and muttering something under his breath, he stumped into my room, and when he saw I was not sick in bed, as report had made me, he seemed to become angry rather than pleased. He cleared his throat, ran his hand through his hair till it stood up straight on his head, and glared at me savagely.

"What 's the matter with you?" he demanded. "Why did you not report at the office last evening? Are you sick or is this some prank? What 's this I 've been hearing about you and that young cub of 'The Call'?"

"I don't know what you 've been hear-

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ing," I said, "but I want to tell you that I 'm not going to stay here any longer. I 'm going home."

"What do you mean by that?" he shouted at me.

"You asked me what happened to me?" I said excitedly. "I 'll tell you."

And I did. When I was through, and sat sobbingly picking and twisting my handkerchief in my hands, he said explosively:

"Why in the name of common sense did you remain behind in that place?"

"I told you I wanted to go over my notes. I had not been able to report intelligently the proceedings, as I felt ill."

"Don't you know better than to stay alone in *any* building where there are likely to be black men?"

No, I did not know better than that.

And now began a heated quarrel and duel between us. I wanted to leave Jamaica at once, and this old Scotchman desired to keep me there. I had become a valuable asset to "The Lantern." But I was determined to go. After Mr. Campbell left I sought out Dr. Manning. He had offered to help me if I went to America. To America, then, I would go.

Dr. Manning watched my face narrowly as I talked to him. I told him of the experience I had had, and he said:

"Now, you see, I warned you that this was no place for a girl like you."

"I know it is n't," I said eagerly, "and so I 'm going to leave. I want to take the first boat that sails from Jamaica. One leaves for Boston next Friday, and I can get passage on that. I want to know whether you meant what you said the other night about giving me a position after I get there."

"I certainly did," he replied. "I live in Richmond, and when you get to Boston, telegraph me, and I will arrange for you to come right on. I myself am leaving to-night. Have you enough money?"

I said I had, though I had only my fare and a little over.

"Well," he said, "if you need more when you reach Boston, telegraph me, and I 'll see that you get it at once."

"This relieves me of much anxiety," I said. "And I 'm sure I don't know how to thank you."

He stood up, took my hand, and said:

"Perhaps you won't thank me when you see what a hard-worked little secretary you are to be."

Then he smiled again in a very fatherly way, patted my hand, and wished me good-by.

I now felt extremely happy and excited. Assured of a position in America, I felt stronger and more resolved. I put on my hat and went over to "The Lantern" office. After another quarrel with Mr. Campbell, I emerged triumphant. He released me from my contract.

That evening Verley Marchmont called upon me, and of course I had to tell him I was leaving Jamaica, a piece of information that greatly disheartened him. We were on one of the large verandas of the hotel. The great Caribbean Sea was below us, and above, in that marvelous, tropical sky, a sublime moon looked down upon us.

"Nora," said Verley, "I think I know what happened to you yesterday in Government House, and if I were sure that I was right, I 'd go straight out and half kill that black hound."

I said nothing, but I felt the tears running down my face, so sweet was it to feel that this fine young Englishman cared. He came over and knelt down beside my chair, like a boy, and he took one of my hands in his. All the time he talked to me he never let go my hand.

"Did that nigger insult you?" he asked.

I said:

"He asked me to marry him."

Verley snorted.

"Anything else?"

A lump came up stranglingly in my throat.

"He—kissed—me!" The words came with difficulty.

"Damn him!" cried young Verley Marchmont, clenching his hands.

There was a long silence between us after that. He had been kneeling all this time by my chair, and at last he said:

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"I don't blame you for leaving this accursed hole, and I wish I were going with you. I wish I were not so desperately poor. Hang it all!" he added, with a poor little laugh, "I don't get much more than you do."

"I don't care anything about money," I said. "I like people for themselves."

"Do you like me, Nora?" He had never called me Nora till this night.

I nodded, and he kissed my hand.

"Well, some day then I 'll go to America, too, and I 'll find you, wherever you may be."

I said chokingly, for although I was not in love with this boy, still I liked him tremendously, and I was sentimental:

"I don't believe we 'll ever meet again. We 're just 'Little ships passing in the night.' "

Marchmont was the only person to see me off. He called for me at the hotel, arranged all the details of the moving of my baggage, and then got a hack and took me to the boat. He had a large basket with him, which I noticed he carried very carefully. When we went to my state-room, he set it down on a chair, and said with his bright, boyish laugh:

"Here 's a companion for you. Every time you hear him, I want you to think of me."

I "heard" him almost immediately; a high, questioning bark came out that package of mystery. I was delighted. A dear little dog—fox terrier, the whitest, prettiest dog I had ever seen. Never before in my life had I had a pet of any kind; never have I had one since. I lifted up this darling soft little dog—he was nothing but a puppy—and as I caressed him, he joyfully licked my face and hands. Marchmont said he was a fine little thoroughbred of a certain West Indian breed. His name, he said, was to be "Verley," after my poor big "dog" that I was leaving behind.

"Are you pleased with him?" he asked.

"I 'm crazy about him," I replied.

"Don't you think I deserve some reward, then?" he demanded softly.

I said:

"What do you want?"

"This," he said, and, stooping, kissed me.

I like to think always that that was my first real kiss.

VII

THE trip home was uneventful, and, on account of Verley, spent for the most part in my state-room. The minute I left the room he would start to whine and bark so piercingly and piteously that of course I got into trouble, and was obliged either to take him with me or stay with him.

I used to eat my meals with Verley cuddled in my lap, thrusting up his funny, inquiring little nose, and eating the morsels I surreptitiously gave him from my plate, much to the disgust of some of the passengers and the amusement of others.

Once they tried to take Verley from me,—some of the ship's people,—but I went to the captain, a friend of Captain Hollowell, about whom I talked, and I pleaded so fervently and made such promises that when I reached the tearful stage he relented, and let me keep my little dog.

I had an address of a Boston lodging-house, given me by a woman guest of the Myrtle Bank. A cab took me to this place, and I was fortunate in securing a little hall room for three dollars a week. There was a dining-room in the basement of a house next door where for three dollars and fifty cents I could get meal-tickets enough for a week. My landlady made no objection to Verley, but she warned me that if the other lodgers objected, or if Verley made any noise, I 'd have to get rid of him. She gave me a large wooden box with straw in it. This was to be his bed. I did n't dare tell her that Verley slept with me. He used to press up as closely to my back as it was possible to get, and with his fore paws and his nose resting against my neck, he slept finely. So did I. I kept him as clean as

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fresh snow. I had tar soap, and I scrubbed him every day in warm water, and I also combed his little white coat. If I found one flea on him, I killed it.

The first day I went into the dining-room next door with little Verley at my heels, every one turned round and looked at him, he was such a pretty, tiny little fellow, and so friendly and clean. The men whistled and snapped their fingers at him. He ran about from table to table, making friends with every one, and being fed by every one.

I was given a seat at a table where there was just one other girl. Now here occurred one of the coincidences in my life that seem almost stranger than fiction. The girl at the table was reading a newspaper when I sat down, and I did not like to look at her at once; but presently I became aware that she had lowered her paper, and then I glanced up. An exclamation escaped us simultaneously, and we jumped to our feet.

"Nora!" she screamed.

"Marion!" I cried.

She was one of my older sisters!

As soon as we recognized each other, we burst out hysterically laughing and crying. Excited words of explanation came tumbling from our lips.

"What are you doing here?"

"What are you?"

"Why are n't you in Jamaica?"

"Why are n't you in Quebec?"

I soon explained to Marion how I came to be in Boston, and then, crying and eating at the same time, she told me of her adventures. They were less exciting, but more romantic, than mine. She had left Quebec on account of an unhappy love-affair. She had quarreled with the young man to whom she was engaged, and "to teach him a lesson, and because, anyway, I hate him," she had run away. She had been in Boston only one day longer than I. She said she had been looking for work for two days, but only one kind had been offered her thus far. I asked her what that was. Her eyes filled with tears, and she said bitterly, that of an artist's model.

Marion could paint nicely, and papa had taught her considerably. It was her ambition, of course, to be an artist. In Quebec she had actually had pupils, and made a fair living teaching children to draw and paint on china. But here in Boston she stood little chance of getting work like that. Nevertheless, she had gone the rounds of the studios, hoping to find something to do as assistant and pupil. Nearly every artist she had approached, however, had offered to engage her as a model.

Marion was an unusually pretty girl of about twenty-two, with an almost perfect figure, large, luminous eyes, which, though fringed with black lashes, were a golden-yellow in color; hair, black, long, and glossy; small and charmingly shaped hands and feet; and a perfectly radiant complexion. In fact, she had all the qualities desirable in a model. I did not wonder that the artists of Boston wanted to paint her. I urged her to do the work, but poor Marion felt as if her best dreams were about to be shattered. She, who had cherished the hope of being an artist, shrank from the thought of being merely a model. However, she had scarcely any money. She said she would not mind posing in costume; but only one of the artists had asked her to do that, a man who wanted to use her in "Oriental studies."

In her peregrinations among the studios she had come across other girls who were making a profession of posing, and one of them had taken her to a large art school, so that she could see exactly what the work was. This girl, Marion said, simply stripped herself "stark naked," and then went on before a large roomful of men and women. Marion was horrified and ashamed, but her friend, a French girl, had laughed and said:

"Que voulez-vous? It ees nutting."

She told Marion that she had felt just as she did at first; that all models experienced shame and embarrassment the first time. The plunge was a hard thing; and to brace the girl up for the ordeal, the model was accustomed to take a drink of whisky before going on. After that it was easy. Marion was advised to do this.

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"Just tek wan good dreenk," said the French girl; "then you get liddle stupid. After zat it doan' matter."

Marion remarked hysterically that whisky might not make *her* stupid. She might be disposed to be hilarious, and in that event what would the scandalized class do?

However, Marion was hopeful, and she expected to get the costume work with the artist mentioned before.

As for me, just as I advised Marion to take this easy work that was offered her, so she most strenuously advised me not to waste my time looking for work in Boston, but to go on to Richmond, where a real position awaited me.

It is curious how natural it is for poor girls to slip along the path of least resistance. We wanted to help each other, and yet each advised the other to do something that upon more mature thought might have been inadvisable; for both courses held pitfalls of which neither of us was aware. However, we seized what was nearest to our hand.

Marion got the work to pose in Oriental studies next day, and I, who had telegraphed Dr. Manning, received by telegraph order money for my fare. I at once set out for Richmond, and I did not see my sister again for nearly five years. I left her crying at the station.

VIII

THEY would not let me keep my little dog with me on the train, although I had smuggled him into my Pullman in a piece of hand baggage; but in the morning he betrayed us. Naughty, excitable, lonely little Verley! The conductor's heart, unlike that sea-captain's, was made of stone. Verley was banished to the baggage-car. However, I went with him, and I spent all of that day with my dog among the baggage, not even leaving him to get something to eat; for I had brought sandwiches.

There were a number of other dogs there besides Verley, and they kept up an incessant barking. One of the trainmen got me a box to sit on, and I took my little pet on my lap. The trainmen were very kind to me. They told me they 'd feed Verley well and see that he got plenty of water; but I would not leave him. I said I thought it was shameful of that conductor to make me keep my little dog there. The men assured me it was one of the rules of the road, and that they could make no exception in my case. They pointed out several other dogs, remarkable and savage-looking hounds, which belonged to a multi-millionaire, so they said, and I could see for myself that even he was obliged to have them travel this way.

While the men were reassuring me, a very tall man came into the car and went over to these hounds. They were making the most deafening noises. They were tied, of course, but kept leaping out on their chains, and I was afraid they would break loose, and perhaps attack and rend my little Verley.

The tall man gave some instructions to a man who seemed to be in charge of the hounds, and after patting the dogs' heads and scratching their ears, he started to leave the car, when he chanced to see me, and stopped to look at Verley.

Before I even saw his face there was something about his personality that affected me strangely, for though I had been talking freely with the men in the baggage-car, I suddenly felt unconscionably shy. He had a curious, drawling voice that I have since learned to know as Southern. He said:

"Is that your little dog?"

I nodded, and looked up at him.

I saw a man of between thirty-five and forty. (I have since learned he was forty-one.) His face was clean-shaven, and while not exactly wrinkled, was lined on the forehead and about the mouth. It was lean and rather haggard-looking. His lips were thin, and his steel-gray eyes were, I think, the weariest and bitterest eyes I have ever seen, though when he smiled I felt strangly drawn to him, even that first

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time. He was dressed in a light gray suit, and it looked well on him, as his hair at the temples was of the same color. As my glance met his curious smile, I remember that, embarrassed and blushing, I dropped my eyes to his hands, and found that they impressed me almost as much as his face. It is strange how one may be so moved by another at the first meeting! At once I had a feeling, a sort of subtle premonition, you might call it, that this man was to loom large in my life for all the rest of my days.

Stooping down, he patted Verley as he lay on my lap, but as he did so, he kept looking at me with a half-teasing, half-searching glance. I felt flustered, embarrassed, ashamed, and angry with myself for feeling so much confusion.

"What 's your dog's name?" he asked.

He was opening and shutting his hand over Verley's mouth. The dog was licking his hand as if he liked him.

"Verley," I replied.

"Verley! That 's a pretty name. Who 's he named for?"

"The young Englishman who gave him to me," I said.

"I see!"

He laughed as if I had confided something to him. I said ingenuously:

"He 's a real thoroughbred," and that caused him to smile again.

He had turned Verley over on my lap, and was dancing his fingers over the dog's gaping mouth, but he still kept looking at me, with, I thought, a half-interested, half-amused expression.

"He 's a fine little fellow," he said. "Where is he going?"

"To Richmond."

"To Richmond!"

That seemed greatly to surprise him, and he asked why I was going to that city, and if I knew any one there. I said that I knew Dr. Manning; that I had met him in the West Indies, and he had promised me a position as his secretary.

By this time he had let Verley alone, and was staring at me hard. After a moment he said:

"Do you know Dr. Manning well?"

"No; but he has been kind enough to offer me the position," I replied. He seemed to turn this over in his mind, and then he said:

"Put your little dog back in his box, and suppose you come along and have dinner with me."

I did not even think of refusing. Heedless of the frantic cries of my poor little dog, I followed this stranger into the dining-car.

I don't know what we ate. I do know it was the first time I had ever had clams. I did not like them at all, and asked him what they were. He seemed highly amused. He had a way of smiling reluctantly. It was just as if one stirred or interested him against his will, and a moment after his face would somehow resume its curiously tired expression. Also I had something to drink,—I don't know what,—and it came before dinner in a very little glass. Needless to say, it affected me almost immediately, though I only took two mouthfuls, and then made such a face that again he laughed, and told me I 'd better let it alone.

It may have been because I was lonely and eager for some one I could talk to, but I think it was simply that I fell under the impelling fascination of this man from the first. Anyhow, I found myself telling him all of my poor little history: where I had come from; the penniless condition in which I had arrived in Jamaica; my work there; the people I had met; and then, yes, I told *him* that very first day I met him, of that horrible experience I had had in the Government House.

While I talked to him, he kept studying me in a musing sort of way, and his face, which perhaps might have been called a hard or cold one, softened rather beautifully, I thought, as he looked at me. He did not say a word as I talked, but when I came to my experience with Burbank, he leaned across the table and watched me, almost excitedly. When I was through, he said softly:

"Down South we lynch a nigger for less than that," and one of his long hands, lying on the table, clenched.

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Although we were now through dinner, and I had finished my story, he made no move to leave the table, but sat there watching me and smoking, with neither of us saying anything. Finally I thought to myself:

"I suppose he is thinking of me as Mr. Campbell and Sir Henry Drake and other people have—as something queer and amusing, and perhaps he is laughing inside at me." I regretted that I had told him about myself one minute, and the next I was glad that I had. Then suddenly I had an eloquent desire to prove to him that really there was a great deal more to me than he supposed. Down in my heart there was the deep-rooted conviction, which nothing in the world could shake, that I was one of the exceptional human beings of the world, that I was destined to do things worth while. People were going to hear of *me* some day. I was not one of the commonplace creatures of the earth, and I intended to prove that vividly to the world. But at that particular moment my one desire was to prove it to this man, this stranger with the brooding, weary face. So at last, awkwardly and timidly, and blushing to my temples and ears, and daring scarcely to look at him, I said:

"If you like, I 'll read you one of my poems."

The gravity of his face softened. He started to smile, and then he said very gravely:

"So you write poetry, do you?"

I nodded.

"Go ahead," he said.

I dipped into my pocket-book, and brought forth my last effusion. As I read, he brought his hand to his face, shading it in such a way that I could not see it, and when I had finished, he was silent for so long that I did not know whether I had made an impression upon him or whether he was amused, as most people were when I read my poems to them. I tremblingly folded my paper and replaced it in my bag; then I waited for him to speak. After a while he took his hand down. His face was still grave, but away back in his eyes there was the kindliest gleam of interest. I felt happy and warmed by that look. Then he said something that sent my heart thudding down low again.

"Would n't you like to go to school?" said he.

"I did go to school," I said.

"Well, I mean to—er—school to prepare you for college."

The question hurt me. It was a visible criticism of my precious poem. Had that, then, revealed my pathetic condition of ignorance? I said roughly, for I felt like crying:

"Of course college is out of the question for me. I have to earn my living; but I expect to acquire an education gradually. One can educate herself by reading and thinking. My father often said that, and he 's a college man—an Oxford graduate."

"That 's true," said the man rather hurriedly, and as if he regretted what he had just said, and wished to dismiss the subject abruptly: "Now I 'm going to take you back to your seat. We 'll be in Richmond very shortly now."

We got up, but he stopped a minute, and took a card from his pocket. He wrote something on it, and then gave it to me.

"There, little girl, is my name and address," he said. "If there ever comes a time when you—er—need help of any kind, will you promise to come to me?"

I nodded, and then he gave me a big, warm smile.

When I was quite alone, and sure no one was watching me, I took out his card and examined it. "Roger Avery Hamilton" was his name. Judge of my surprise, when I found the address he had written under his name was in the very city to which I was going—Richmond!

I arrived about eight-thirty that evening. Dr. Manning was at the train to meet me. He greeted me rather formally, I thought, for a man who had been so pronounced in his attentions in Jamaica.

As he was helping me into his carriage, Mr. Hamilton passed us, with other men.

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"You forgot your dog," he said to me, smiling, and handed me a basket, in which, apparently, he had put my Verley. I had indeed forgotten my poor little dog! I thanked Mr. Hamilton, and he lifted his hat, and bade us good night.

Dr. Manning turned around sharply and looked after him. They had exchanged nods.

"How did you get acquainted with that chap?" he asked me. I was now in the carriage, and was settling Verley in his basket at my feet.

"Why, he spoke to me on the train," I said.

"Spoke to you on the train!" repeated the doctor, sharply. "Are you accustomed to make acquaintances in that way?"

My face burned with mortification, but I managed to stammer:

"No, I never spoke to any one before without an introduction."

He had climbed in now and was about to take up the reins when Verley, at our feet, let out a long, wailing cry.

"I 'll have to throw that beast out, you know," he said unpleasantly.

"Oh, no! Please, please don't throw my little dog out!" I begged as he stooped down. "It 's a beautiful little dog, a real thoroughbred. It 's worth a lot of money."

My distress apparently moved him, for he sat up and patted me on the arm and said:

"It 's all right, then. It 's all right."

The doctor again began to question me about Mr. Hamilton, and I explained how he became interested in my dog; but I did not tell him about my dining with him.

"You ought to be more careful to whom you speak," he said. "For instance, this man in particular happens to be one of the fastest men in Richmond, though he came originally from farther south. He has a notorious reputation."

I felt very miserable when I heard that, especially when I recalled how I had talked intimately about myself to this man; and then suddenly I found myself disbelieving the doctor. I felt sure that he had slandered Mr. Hamilton, and my dislike for him deepened. I wished that I had not come to Richmond.

Dr. Manning's house was large and imposing. It stood at a corner on a very fine street. A black girl opened the door.

"You will meet Mrs. Manning in the morning," said the doctor to me, and then, turning to the girl: " 'Mandy, this is Miss Ascough. She is coming to live with us here. Take her up to her room." To me he said, "*Good* night." With a perfunctory bow, he was turning away, when he seemed to recall something, and said: "By the way, 'Mandy, tell Toby to put the dog he 'll find in the buggy in the stable."

I started to plead for Verley, but the doctor had disappeared into his office. A lump rose in my throat as I thought of my little dog, and again I wished that I had not come to this place. The doctor seemed a different man to the one I had known in the West Indies, and although I had resented his flattery of me there, the curt, authoritative tone he had used to me here hurt me as much.

Curiously enough, though I had not thought about the matter previously, nor had he told me, I was not surprised to find that he was married.

My room was on the top floor. It was a very large and pretty chamber, quite the best room I had ever had, for even the hotel room, which had seemed to me splendid, was bare and plain in comparison.

'Mandy was a round-faced, smiling, strong-looking girl of about eighteen. Her hair was screwed up into funny little braids that stuck up for all the world like rat-tails on her head. She had shiny black eyes, and big white teeth. She called me "chile," and said:

" I hopes you sleep well, honey chile."

She said her room was just across the hall, and if I wanted anything in the night, I was to call her.

My own room was very large, and it was mostly in shadow. Now, all my life I 've had the most unreasonable and childish fear of "being in the dark alone." I seldom went to bed without looking under it, behind bureaus, doors, etc., and I

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experienced a slight sense of fear as 'Mandy was about to depart.

"Is n't there any one on this floor but us?" I asked.

"No; no one else sleeps up here, chile," said 'Mandy; "but Dr. Manning he hab he labriterry there, and some time he work all night."

The laboratory was apparently adjoining my room, and there was a door leading into it. I went over and tried it after 'Mandy went. It was locked.

I took my hair down, brushed and plaited it, and then I undressed and said my prayers (I still said them in those days), and got into bed. I was tired after the long journey, and I fell asleep at once.

I am a light sleeper, and the slightest stir or movement awakens me. That night I awoke suddenly, and the first thing I saw was a light that came into the room from the partly opened door of the doctor's laboratory, and standing in my room, by the doorway, was a man. I recognized him, though he was only a silhouette against the light.

The shock of the awakening, and the horrible realization that he was already crossing the room, held me for a moment spellbound. Then my powers returned to me, and just as I had fled from that negro in Jamaica, so now I ran from this white man.

My bed was close to the door that opened into the hall. That was pitch-dark, but I ran blindly across it, found 'Mandy's door, and by some merciful providence my hand grasped the knob. I called to her:

" 'Mandy!"

She started up in bed, and I rushed to her.

"Wha' 's matter, chile?" she cried.

I was sobbing with fright and rage.

"I 'm afraid," I told her.

"What you 'fraid of?"

"Oh, I don't know. I 'm afraid to sleep alone," I said. "Please, please, let me stay with you."

"Ah 'll come and sleep on the couch in your room," she said.

"No, no, I won't go back to that room."

"It ain't ha'nted, chile," declared 'Mandy.

"Oh, I know it is n't," I sobbed; "but, O 'Mandy, I 'm afraid!"

(To be continued)

Haunted

By WALTER R. BROOKS

WITHOUT the window lies the rain-streaked night;
Without, the wet, black pavement shines like glass,
Mirroring in long, wavering lines of bright,
Pure gold the haloed street lamps. Figures pass
Like wind-blown wraiths across the dripping pane,
And, passing, turn a moment toward the light
Pale faces, dumbly questioning. The rain,
Blurring the window, blots them from my sight.
Within is warmth, and comfort that derides
Their wistful eyes. I turn away. And still
Those faces haunt me; one thin pane divides
My life from their life, my good from their ill.
What must I do, then? How act? Undismayed,
Throw up the window, or draw down the shade?

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Art Influence in the West

By MARY AUSTIN

Author of "A Woman of Genius," "Love and the Soul Maker," etc.

WHOEVER undertakes to discuss art influence brings up sooner or later at the Greeks. I prefer to begin there, and to begin with that one of its sources which is not peculiarly Greek, but eternal: I mean with Greece. Whatever a people may make will resemble the thing that people look on most; so that the first guess as to what is likely to come out of any quarter is a knowledge of the land itself, its keen peaks, round-breasted hills, and bloomy valleys. Greek polity had never so much to do with the surpassingness of Hellenic art as the one thing the Hellenes had nothing whatever to do with —the extraordinary beauty of the land in which they lived.

However much it is possible to derive the varied and intimate art of Italy from Greek influence, it is impossible to ignore the variations that mark just the differences between the topographies—mass, contour and color—of the two peninsulas. In attempting to forecast the probable shapes of art in any quarter of America, it becomes of prime importance to know whether the contours of that region are austere, dramatic, or slow and gracious, and, above all, whether it is colorful. Given to all quarters an equal chance at man, the richest in color will bring the quickest reactions. And of all America the most strikingly colored is the strip lying along the south Pacific coast "nearest to the terrestrial paradise," as the old Spanish romance puts it, "called Californias."

In the early days, when all the West was full of a belt-loosening, breath-easing sound as men accommodated themselves to its largeness, the color of California was a thing to make one gasp. It affronted the puritan temperament with its too abundant charm; gold it was, and blue and amber, over miles and miles of up-flung foot-hill slopes and indolent mesa. Beyond that it melted, between green and blueness, to peaks of opalescent white. It was a country of which one of the wittiest of its writers said, "You could n't tell the truth about it without lying," and got into the blood of the Iowans and New-Englanders within a generation. It charged not only their hopes, but their speech; made it rich in figures, full of warmth and amplitude. It had even more obvious and commercial results.

On one of those frequent cross-continent trips growing out of an inability to reconcile a desire to enjoy the charm of the West with the necessity of doing business in New York, I met a buyer of women's garments for a large Los Angeles house. In the course of the acquaintance she explained why it was that my clothes, which seemed quite all right on South Occidental Boulevard, had the effect on Fifth Avenue of being noisily out of place. They were perfectly good clothes and appropriately expensive, they bunched up in the right places or displayed a modish slimpness; but they put me decidedly out of the picture. The distinction was too subtle for me to grasp, but knowing nice distinctions of that kind was the buyer's business. She said it was a question of color; not so much of intensity, but of expert arrangements by which the dress of the Westerner is made to reflect the total effect of bright sun, rich-toned landscapes, and a life spent largely in the open air. The buyer expressed it more crudely than that, but she knew to a dollar in buying for Los Angeles how far she could carry the instinctive feeling of human kind for harmony with its environment.

It comes out, this lurking preference of the land for color, in that latest toy of the West, a world exposition. Whether or not they succeed in making it a bigger or a better or more interesting exposition, in one thing the West has satisfied the secret

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desire of its heart: it has made this exposition the richest dyed, the patterned splendor of all their acres of poppies, of lupines, of amber wheat, of rosy orchard, and of jade-tinted lakes. Beside a sea which runs from lion color to chrysoprase and sapphire blueness, they have laid down a building scheme which is as bright as an Indian blanket. This is the first communal expression of the kind on a scale large enough to take account of. Probably one would have to hark back to the days of Pompeii and the Greco-Roman splendor to find its like, and be safe in prophesying from it a more vivid burst of decorative art. That is to say, if there is anything in comparative influences, for the color of California is to the color of Italy as a rose is to its pressed remembrance in a book.

Taking that good look at the West which is the first requisite to knowing what is to come from it, one is struck at once with the extraordinary definition of form in the landscape. The high mountain-edges deserve their specific name, Sierras—toothed, cutting edges. The foothills, even under thick chaparral, never lose their bold outlines; the pines upon the farthest ridges preserve their perfect spires; and the low, round-headed oaks, both the roble and the encina, have all been put into the landscape with the same brush. Farther south and east the buttes, squared to the sky-line, repeat the flat note of the mesas with insistence. One has, however, to turn square about, face to the Old World for a moment, to understand just what this may mean in the final product of the West. One must recall that the glory of Gothic architecture comes of its being a sublimated memory of a forest, its clustered trunks, its crossing boughs, leaf-stained light and rare chiaroscuro, and that the Egyptian expressed the massiveness of natural stony outcrops and the relief of shadowy caves from the glare of the sun. Lands which have strongly accented features from the hands of the World Builder are those which produce the lasting types of architecture, not only by the superior degree to which they stamp themselves upon the memory, but in the demands which they make for special ways of being lived in. Here in the West the suggestion made by the soil and the wild growth has already been accepted by the aboriginal. The castellated mesas have produced the flat-roofed pueblo types of dwelling, which, mixed with the elements happily introduced by the Spanish missionaries, has become one of our most characteristic styles of domestic architecture. But the peculiar gift of the Southwest to a genuine American form is the one which takes its name from the Indian bungalow on which it is remotely based. In fact, it is very little like anything in India, and has much more kinship with the American Indian wickiup both in its form and its adaptation to the exigencies of living. In other words, it is derived from the forms of life native to the land. Go up beyond Pasadena some day when the chaparral is in full leaf, and you will discover that the preferred type of dwelling repeats the characteristics of the encinal, with low, slightly pitched roofs and pillared entrances. You dive into one out of the heat and glare of the day as the rabbit into its tunnel. Southern California runs to encinal and bungalows as naturally as the North runs to sharp, sloping roofs and pointed firs. It is written in the Baedekers that the form of Milan's marble miracle was suggested by the springing stalks of marsh grasses; but it is not said anywhere often enough that if a man with the soul of an architect were brought up in the California Tulares, amid all those miles and miles of thin, graceful reeds, breaking at the top into arching, airy inflorescence, he might easily touch the inspirational sources of Milan. It is all a question of looking four hundred years forward or four hundred years back.

These two, then, must be thought of as affecting the final form of Western art—color and high simplicity of form combined with great intricacy of detail.

It is inevitable that the first response of a people to the shaping hand of beauty would be expressed in that which meets the eye, but there is another factor in life

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in California likely to have a profound effect on the kinds and qualities of its art product, one which brings us a little nearer to the influence of ancient Greece and Italy: I mean the element of pageantry in life as it is lived there.

Variations in the artistic product of any nation can be scaled very nicely to the degree to which the people live with their land rather than off it. There is much in the difference between Greek and Italian art which can be directly traced to such obvious circumstance as that the Greeks, when they were not conquering, talked philosophy, and the Romans returned to their farms to raise turnips. It is only critics of art, and not artists, who maintain that art and turnips have nothing to do with each other. For the Romans did not only plant turnips and harvest them; they understood that there is a god of turnips, an essential essence of plowed fields and dung-heaps and steaming oxen, which must all be brought into harmony by prayer and sacrifice before turnips could come forth properly to feed and comfort the nations.

Just how it works is not easy to say,—it is in part perhaps a matter of feeding,—but the great art-producing peoples have also been great agriculturists, much given to the joyous expression of their relation to the land they live in by green-corn dances, cherry-blossom fêtes, and processions to Pomona. Any one familiar with the West must see in the tendency toward rose tournaments, apple fairs, and festivals of Raisina Regina, a return to this instinctive method of dramatizing the working partnership between man and the forces of nature.

No doubt it is in part the effect of topography. Everything, even the daily alternation of night and morning, tends to appear more dramatic in a mountain country; mile-long shadows move as dials across the valleys, cloud masses do not sail an open sky, but wheel and enfilade between the ranges; storms are not obscured in a flat horizon, but are seen to gather and break, and suns come out as in an amphitheater. When I first knew that country which is watered by the Merced, Tuolumne, Kings, and Kern rivers, a country now producing food enough to support a small kingdom of Europe, it was overrun by little, long-armed Basque and French herders and their wandering flocks. It embraces in Hetch-Hetchy, Yosemite, and Kings River Cañon the most stupendous scenic panorama of America, but the herders read it as a dog reads the face of its master. I remember how in May and June they would go peering along the edge of the down-pouring rivers for the floating yellow scum, pollen drift from the forests hundreds of miles away on the uplifted flanks of the Sierras. By the date of the first appearance of the floating pollen, and the quantity, they judged whether the summer feed would be full or scanty, and on indications as slight as these they bargained with the dealers who came out from San Francisco for their spring lambs. Intimacies such as these between the land and the people breed poets faster, and much better ones, than do universities.

Undoubtedly, the development of the creative spirit in the West is affected by the sense of sustained vitality in nature. A blossoming almond-orchard is not only a beautiful thing; it is also an inescapable thing: it scents the air for almost as many miles as its delicate, roseate cloud takes the eye along the foot-hill slopes. Swarms of fallen petals drift in the roadways like snow. And the long rows of the low-trimmed muscats, reaching out from vine to vine with advancing summer as though to take hands against the weight of the harvest—how they assault us with the visible process of earth and sun and air made into wine and food for man! At every turn the consciousness of something doing, something vitally connected with the large process of nature and our own means of subsistence, raises the plane of expectation. There *is* something doing every minute in a country of such varied topography, as the procession of harvest follows the season. Orange-picking begins in December and overlaps the pruning of the deciduous orchards. The smoke of the last burning has scarcely passed from the shorn trees

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itself out, and they walked on in silence, awkward on both sides. At the barn door she made an effort to throw off this numbness. "Here 's Ed," she said. The words sounded a little screechy to her. The young man nodded abstractedly across the ponies.

"I 'm hungry as the dickens," he commented to his companion. She smiled at a certain recollection.

"Come into the house and have a cup of coffee," she urged, repeating the exact words of another night, "and something to eat."

"You bet I will." He had failed to catch the allusion.

But she must play it out, undaunted by this slip of his. She must have the small table set in the library; she must sit and watch him eat; she must retire to spy upon him from the passageway. A sudden and unreasonable warmth came over her at sight of him looking up from his food to stare about the room, and she hurried back without remembering to slam the kitchen door.

"I did rather well with this room, don't you think?"

"I should say so!" He spoke with a good-humored enthusiasm. "You ought to see my place in the city, though—" He hesitated, realizing suddenly that he had said more than he had meant to say just at this time. He looked up to find her staring at nothing, her face perfectly placid except for a slight droop at the corners of her lips. "You know, I had to take a long lease on it," he explained, coloring. "Only way you can get them, you know."

"Ah—I see."

He grew still more pink and uncomfortable, regarding her from beneath his hand. He did not know quite what to make of this tone of hers. He retreated to the business of eating, making much of the details. In the end the silence was too much for him.

"You have n't told me," he broke out abruptly, "how you like my stuff."

"Your 'stuff'? I don't quite understand."

"My—why, the stuff I 've been doing, you know."

"Oh, I see. But I do *not* know."

"Not know—" He appeared to be off his feet. "Why—why I supposed of course—"

"I may have missed a letter," she put in.

He fidgeted again, colored, and failed to meet her eyes. Then, with a show of enthusiasm, he jumped up and cried:

"Fine! Great! I can bring you the news in person, then." He stepped over to the piano, sat down with a preliminary flourish of his coat-tails and, as he had done upon another evening, began to wander through this and that, picking out haphazard phrases. He played better than he had before; that is, with fewer inaccuracies. He came back to a certain fragment from the "Overture to 1812," repeated it, then picked out the dominant thread with a deliberate finger.

"It 's very easy," he said, wheeling to face his auditor, who had retreated to the depths of a window-seat. There was an assurance about his words that bordered upon glibness and smacked vaguely of the medicine-vender. "Others have done it, but none of them so well as I have." He wheeled to the keyboard again. "Listen!"

She listened while he took that fragile souvenir and made something quite different out of it, distorting, embroidering, dragging it willy-nilly into a sort of ragged lilt. It ended with more or less of a crash, a thoroughly democratic composition, in that it could not conceivably have been played wrongly.

"There!" He faced her expectantly, his hands clamped on his knees.

"It is very pretty," she said. Words had become easy for her once more. "What do you call it?"

"That? That 's the 'Chick, Chick, Tschaikowsky!' Halliday is sure it will be a mint when it gets going. I 'll show you the one I broke through with. Want to hear?"

"Never mind. Please don't bother. I think I 've heard it—the 'Beethoven Bear,' is n't it?"

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"He began to wander through this and that, picking out haphazard phrases"

"There, I thought you said you did n't know! The way that thing caught on! And just to think of it,—" he smiled at the recollection, staring down at the piano,—"a year and a half ago, when I was here, I thought it was pronounced 'Beeth-oven.' That 's why I did n't understand you. Does n't seem possible—only a year and a half."

Miss Vail spoke in the level tone of exquisite breeding.

"No, it does n't seem possible. Only a year and a half ago!" She got up and moved about the room, arranging small objects here and there. "Are you quite satisfied now?" she asked at length. Not one of those five generations could have picked a flaw in the tone of her question. The other stuck his hands deep into his pockets and frowned. She had happened upon something of importance.

"No," he said. "Frankly, I 'm not.. I have a suspicion Halliday is gouging me, from things I 've heard. I 'm going to try another publisher for my next."

"Ah, I should." Miss Vail found a book out of place on the shelf, inserted it where it should have been, and murmured: "You must be tired." Involuntarily her eyes went to that front window

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where the boy had stood and struggled with his embarrassment. "I 'll run up and see that everything is straight."

When she had returned and he had gone up with the candle, she sat down on the settee before the empty fireplace. She remained there all night, dozing off at intervals. And there he discovered her in the early morning, surprising one of those lapses of slumber.

"Naughty girl!" he expostulated, hugely amused. "Forgetting to go to bed at night!"

After breakfast he called enthusiastically for overalls. He would go out and help with the "little horses"; he had been looking forward to this for ever so long. He plunged into the work with a blithe exuberance; but after a while he was back in the house again, wandering from room to room.

"You have n't such a thing as a paper, have you?" he asked, when his peregrinations had brought him to her in the library.

"I 'm sorry," she said; "I 'm afraid we have n't."

It was nearly eleven when he appeared in his homespun, twirling his stick uneasily. "I believe I 'll stroll down to the village and get a paper," he announced, "and see about my things. I don't know what 's happened to Doar. He should have brought them last night."

"I 'll have the mare put in the buggy," she offered, without color or fervor, being quite sure it would be refused.

"Oh, no, no; don't bother. I 'd rather get the exercise." He waved it all off with an exaggerated unconcern, getting himself half out of the front door.

"Very well."

"Oh, by the way,"—he turned back, fumbling in a pocket,—"before I forget it. Thirty-nine dollars it was. Here, I think that 's right."

"Thank you."

She stood there, leaning slightly against the door-jamb, watching him go away, winding down the face of the front hill, ducking into the maple clump, reappearing, diminishing, vanishing. After a long time she allowed her eyes to fall to her hand and the wad of bills lying on the open palm. Five generations ago this woman would have needed that wad of bills, and would have thrown them into the fire. In this generation she did not need them, and she carried them back into the library and put them into her purse with a mechanical care. Then she went out into the kitchen and spoke to Ben's wife.

"Lunch for one only," she said. "Mr. Perkins has been called back to the city."

The Broken Wave

By JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

HER loveliness was like a wave;
The sudden stroke of her delight
Flooded my heart's adoring cave.
The shock of the belovèd might
Startled the glooms to starry light,
That gave it back, and drank, and gave.

But broken, broken is her strength,
That vehement glory loved before,
The sweet rage of her radiant length
Shattered and shed forevermore:
The adorable ardor, the dear might,
Hurled itself deathward with delight,
And sank upon the sounding shore.

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The Death of Louis XVI

High Lights of the French Revolution: *Part Five*

By H. BELLOC

Author of "Robespierre," "Marie Antoinette," etc.

AFTER the Battle of Valmy, the French armies, with the beginning of autumn, obtained quite unexpected and, as they were to prove, ephemeral successes. Dumouriez, a man of vast military ability, continued to command. The Republican armies poured over the Low Countries. Coincident with these successes, there came a period of high political excitement in Paris, and the rise of a sort of crusading spirit to spread the democratic principles throughout Europe and to transform society. It is to this more than to any other cause that we must ascribe the trial and execution of the king. There was, indeed, from the point of view of statesmanship alone, some excuse for the trial and fate of Louis. So long as he lived, he was necessarily a rallying-point round which all the counter-revolution would gather. The royal family having been kept in strict imprisonment, but not without some state and considerable luxury, in the tower of the Temple, a medieval building in the northeastern part of Paris, it was at first uncertain what would be done with them. The first steps in the affair took the form of an examination of the papers found in the palace and of a report on Louis's conduct. The accusations against the fallen king were formulated on the third of November. There were debates as to the legality of trying a former head of the state. The trial was decreed exactly a month later. Louis was to plead at the bar of the Convention—that

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is, the national congress,—which had met just before Valmy, and which had voted the republic. Long before his trial began, he was already separated from the rest of his family, who were given rooms above his own in the Temple. The indictment was framed by a committee, which reported on the tenth of December; on the eleventh Louis appeared at the bar of the Convention. He had three advocates, the chief being the old and highly respected legist Malesherbes. The king appeared for the second time on the twenty-sixth of December, and withdrew after the speeches for the defense had been made. His guilt was pronounced by the unanimous vote of the Parliament, no one voting against, and only five abstaining. What followed I now describe.

THE long trial at the bar of the Parliament was over. The pleas had been heard, and old Malesherbes, weighty and with dignity at once of ancient law, of contempt for fate, and of complete self-control, had done all that could be done for the king. The verdict had been given. Louis was found guilty by all of betraying the nation. He had called in the enemy. There remained to be decided by a further vote what his penalty should be.

It was the evening of Wednesday, January 16, 1793. The deputies of the nation were to vote, each publicly and by name, an enormous roll-call of hundreds of men; each was to come up the steps to the tribune, to face the vast audience that stretched from left to right of the riding-school, and to pronounce clearly his decision. Each was free, if he chose, to add to his declaration the motives that had determined it.

The three great chandeliers that hung from the roof of the place were lit, affording a mellow, but insufficient, light in which the faces of the great throng, small dots of white on the black background, were but ill distinguished. Upon the tribune itself a brighter light was turned.

The sun had long set; the evening meal was over; at eight o'clock the interminable procession began. They came on one by one, arranged in groups by their constituencies. They went up in turn the steps of the tribune from the right, voted in open voice, descended by the left. Among the first was Robespierre, because he was of those that sat for the capital. He made a speech (too long) to explain what he was about to do. He protested that if the penalty of death was odious to him, and if he had combated it consistently as a general principle of law, yet did he now support it for this exceptional case. "I remain compassionate for the oppressed. I know nothing of that humanity which is forever sacrificing whole peoples and protecting tyrants. . . . I vote for death."

One after another the deputies for Paris, the extreme men, the men of the Mountain, mounted those few steps, faced the great silent body of their colleagues, while those who had just voted before them were quietly seeking their places again, and those who were about to vote stood lined up before the steps upon the farther side, and one after the other gave his voice for death. Each after so declaring loudly his responsibility, his verdict, and his name, confirmed the whole by the signing of a roll.

Vergniaud, the leader of the Girondists

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King Louis taking leave of his family in the tower of the Temple

The voice of Danton was heard, the harsh, but deep and strong, voice that was already the first in the country. He had sat all that day by the bedside of his wife, who was to die. He had but just come back from the frontiers and from the army. His huge body was broken with fatigue; his soul was heavy with grief; his powerful brain was aching from a lack of sleep. "I am no politician," he shouted; "I vote for death."

So all night long the dreadful litany proceeded. Men left the hall to take an hour or two of sleep, a snatch of food; yet the hall seemed always full despite the coming and going of single figures, and through the long, cold darkness of that misty weather history heard voice after voice, weak, strong, ashamed, defiant, pitiful, muffled, outspoken, bass, treble, old, and young, repeating at regular intervals: "Death absolute"; "Death with respite"; "Banishment"; "Imprisonment." And history saw, after each such speech or cry (for many spoke as well before they declared the doom), an isolated man, high upon the tribune, beneath the candles, bending over the register and signing to what he had determined and proclaimed.

The dull dawn of winter broke through a leaden sky. No eastern window received it. The tall, gaunt casements of the southern wall overlooking the Tuileries Gardens grew gradually into lighter oblongs of gray. The candles paled and were extinguished. Hardly a third of the list was done. All that short January day (Thursday, the seventeenth of January) the dreadful thing proceeded until darkness fell again, until once more the chandeliers were lit. Once more it was night, and they were still voting, still declaring.

At last, when more than twenty-four hours had passed, the business was over. No one was left to come forward to the tribune; and this great sleepless mass, within which some few had noted one by one the voices as they fell, and had already calculated the issue, waited for the counting of the votes and for the recounting. Not only by word of mouth, nor

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only by the signing of the register, had the precision of so awful an event been secured, but one by one the votes had been

Lamoignon de Malesherbes, counsel for the king at his trial

written down, folded, and sealed. The clerks of the Parliament opened each packet and arranged the sentences in rows, according to their tenor: for death absolute, for imprisonment, for delay. So one hour went past, and then another; but in the third, when it was perhaps ten o'clock, this silent process was interrupted, and the many that had fallen asleep, or were nodding half asleep after such a vigil, looked up surprised to hear that two letters had reached the assembly, one from some agent of the Bourbon king in Spain to demand a respite; the other from the advocates of the king, who demanded to be heard once more before the chair should announce the result of the voting.

All was interrupted; an immediate and passionate, though short, debate began. The intervention of the King of Spain the Convention would not consider; upon the proposal that the king's advocates should be heard once more a debate was allowed. Many members joined it, though in brief periods. Robespierre, among others, spoke intensely. He demanded that sentence should be read out and given before there could be any consideration of appeal. That opinion (not through him) prevailed, and the opening and arranging of the votes continued. A ceaseless little crackling of tearing papers, the whispered comments of men in groups, now and then some cry from the public in the galleries, broke the silence.

It was not far from midnight when a further movement among the clerks at the table, a comparison of sums, and heads bent together, scrutinizing the additions, prefaced the last scene of this act. The paper, with the figures written on it, was handed up to the chairman. That chairman was Vergniaud; perhaps the noblest, certainly the most eloquent, of the Girondins. He rose in his place above them, holding that paper before him, and read out in the grave and even voice which had often moved their debates:

"It is with profound sadness that I declare the penalty incurred by Louis Capet to be, by the vote of the majority of this assembly, that of death."

Abbé Edgeworth de Firmont, confessor of Louis XVI

Of seven hundred and twenty-one men who had voted, three hundred and ninety-seven had demanded the scaffold, a majority of seventy-three.

It was in complete silence that this memorable sentence fell. That silence was continued for some moments un-

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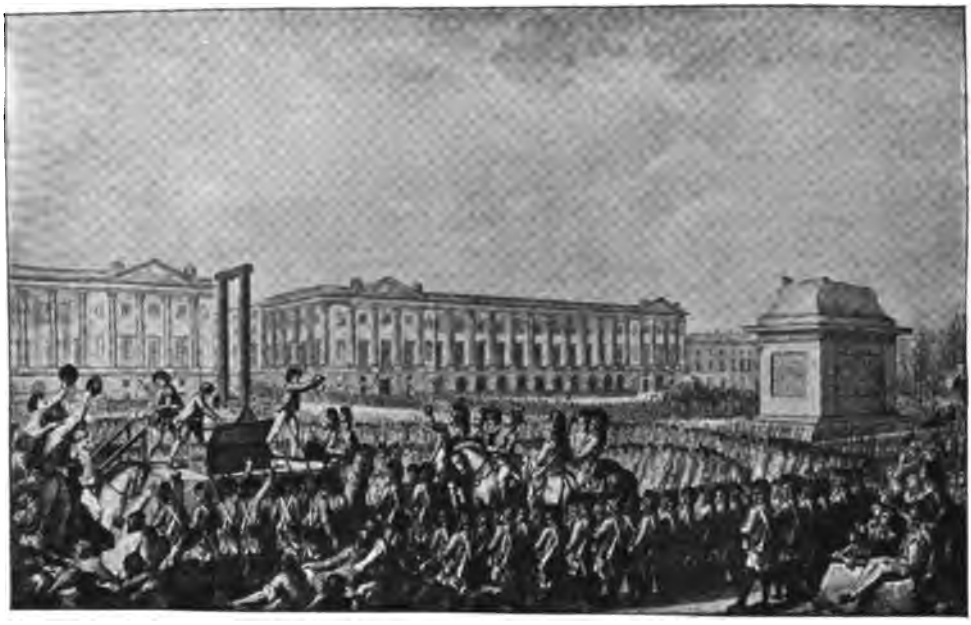

The death of King Louis XVI, January 21, 1793

broken. The advocates of the king were now permitted to enter, for sentence had been formally delivered, and old Malesherbes, short, strong in figure for all his years, and now so far oblivious of his dignity and name as to be weeping, put forward his last plea. Sentence of death could not be given, by all the traditions of their law, unless two thirds of the bench (for the French will have no single judges) concurred. And again, the prisoner had not had all those guaranties which a prisoner should have. And again, since it was as the head of the whole nation that he had acted, and since it was by the whole nation that he was conceived to be judged, then let the whole nation speak. He demanded an appeal to the French people.

For a third time Robespierre spoke. He spoke with more emotion than his peculiar academic style commonly permitted. Though he was in no way representative as yet of public feeling, though he was still a lesser man among those hundreds, for the third time his opinion coincided with that which was to prevail. He implored the assembly not to reopen the whole issue of civil war by putting this grave matter upon which they had fixedly decided to a general vote of millions. Not for the first time did this unalterable man betray for a moment his own unalterable creed. Later he was himself to perish in punishment divine of such deviations from the conscience of equality and of citizenship.

Guadet—Guadet, the Girondin—spoke for the king in the legal matter. Merlin, a jurisconsult of some weight, replied. It was not true, he said, that by the traditions of the common law a majority of two thirds was required to confirm so grave a sentence in any tribunal. Upon points of *fact,* he urged, a majority not of two thirds, but more,—of ten out of twelve judges or assessors should determine,—but for the *penalty* a bare majority—three votes out of five given from the bench—had always been held sufficient. The appeal of Louis was rejected, and the Convention rose after a continued session of thirty-six hours.

There remained the question of respite. It was debated upon the next day, Friday. It was with a singular difficulty that this second debate proceeded. Men left their places time and again during the course of the day; there was such confusion that no vote could be taken; and all the Satur-

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The head of the king

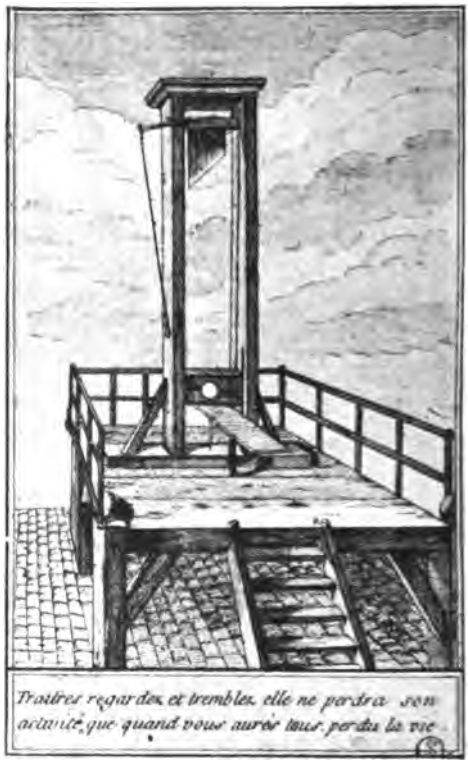
day the thing hung in the balance right on into the small hours—the dark and cold small hours of the January night. It was three o'clock upon the Sunday morning before the final vote appeared. Six hundred and ninety men decided it, and a majority of seventy was found for immediate death.

That Sunday, Louis, in the prison of the Temple, in the great square tower where he and his wife and his children and his sister had now for many months been held captive, suffered his passion.

It is singular, instructive, a lesson in history, to note what the man's temper was during this prodigious time. The curious may examine (displayed under glass in the archives for all to see) the note which, he wrote out with his own hand in his prison. It proves in its handwriting and in its composition, in its very erasures, a momentous calm. If courage in the presence of death be a chief index to character, admire so complete a courage present in a man whose lack of judgment, torpor, grave lethargies, whose imbecilities even, had helped to bring him where he was. Louis, but for his death, might pass to history among the negligible figures of her roll; but see how he died!

The note, written finely in even lines, asks for a delay of three days "to permit me to appear before the presence of God." It asks further for the right to have his own confessor and for the guarantying of that confessor (the Abbé Edgeworth, of course) from all anxiety. He asks to see his family, and he recommends to the good-will of the nation all those who were attached to his person.

Here and there he changes a word, scratching out the original expression deliberately, rewriting the substituted expression in a hand as firm as the rest. It is curious to note that he twice expunges



"The Sword of Patriots"

the term "the National Convention." He was making his address to the Convention, and yet he would not use its title.

The night came early upon that Sunday, for the unbroken, drizzling sky still stretched above Paris, and there was no sunset. Moreover, the insufficient win-

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The Abbé Edgeworth on the scaffold with the king

dows of the medieval tower, sunk in their thick walls, were partly boarded to prevent communication with friends outside. After some hours had passed,—rather more than two hours in the light of the candles,—it was somewhat after eight o'clock and the time for the supreme ordeal, for his family were to be admitted.

For some weeks now he had been separated from them. They had been in the rooms above. His demand for three days had been rejected. He was to die upon the morrow, but he was to be permitted to see his own before he died, and to discuss with his confessor what he nobly called "the great business" of our passage from this life.

There gave upon the stair facing the narrow stone staircase of the Temple a great oaken door, studded with many huge old nails. It opened, and the queen came in. God! what must we not imagine her to have seemed in that moment, this woman who had so despised him, and yet had been faithful to him, and had principally ruined him; and who had, in these last months, so marvelously changed and grown in soul. The queen came in falteringly. She held by the hand her rickety little son; her somewhat dull little daughter, the elder of the children, followed. The king's sister, the Princess Elizabeth, of a different and more simple bearing, and of a soul longer tried and longer purified, came in more erect, the last of the four.

The king sat down and put his wife upon his left, his sister upon his right. He took the boy, the last heir of the Capetian monarchy, and stood him between his knees, and told him in a clear manner and in a low and even tone the duties of a Christian in the difficult matter of revenge, that it must be foregone. He lifted up the boy's little right hand to give to this direction the sanctity of an oath.

It seems that few words were spoken during that terrible time. The queen clung to him somewhat. He mastered himself well. Altogether these three and the two children were assembled for nearly two hours. A little before ten he himself determined this agony must end.

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PROCLAMATION

DU

CONSEIL EXÉCUTIF

PROVISOIRE.

EXTRAIT des Registres du Conseil, du 30 Janvier 1793, l'an second de la République.

Proclamation of the provisional Executive Council

Marie Antoinette, as was her custom under stress, broke out into passionate protestation. Then she checked herself and admitted doom. But she implored him that they should see him again, and he said to her, perhaps unwisely, that he would see her before he left for his passing. He would see her in the morning. She would have it earlier still. He said it should be earlier by half an hour. She made him promise solemnly enough, and he promised her. Ten o'clock had struck, and the chimes were sounding over Paris and from the great clock of the Temple before she unloosed her hands.

He stood, the women passed out with weak knees (it is said that the girl was half fainting), the oaken door shut behind them, and the iron door outside it clanged to. He heard their soft steps, slow and creaking, mounting the winding stone stairs without, then they were lost, and he was in silence. He prayed a moment and then lay down to sleep. He slept deeply till five in the morning. The men bringing in the vessels for a mass awoke him. He rose and prayed.

In the full darkness, before it was yet six o'clock, the queen heard a step approaching up the stairs. It could not be the king. She watched from above her candle. It was a messenger come for books of devotion which the king required at his mass and communion. Then she heard the chimes of seven, and the day was breaking; upon her window the falling mist had made a blur, and it was very cold. She waited on until eight o'clock. There was no sound. Her agony was unrelieved. Yet another hour, and she heard steps and the coming and going of many men upon the stone stairs below. No one came up. The sounds sank away. The great door that gave into the courtyard was heard creaking upon its hinges, there was the pawing of horses upon the stones, and the cries of command to the escort, a certain confused noise from the crowd outside the walls. The tower was empty. She had not seen the king.

The king had passed through the prison door. He had gone on foot, with the priest by his side, across the little court to the high wall which surrounded the tower. The guards followed him.

Just before he came to the barrier he turned back to look at the prison. He made a slight gesture as of constraint, and firmly turned again toward the gate.

Outside this the guards were drawn up, and a roomy carriage of the sort that was then hired in the streets by the wealthy stood at the entrance. Two policemen armed with muskets were awaiting him at the carriage door. As Louis appeared, one of these men got in and took his seat with his back to the horses. Then the king entered, sitting in his proper place upon the right, facing him, and motioned to the priest, Edgeworth, to sit beside him. When they were both thus seated, the second policeman took his place opposite, and he and his colleague set their guns before them. The door was shut, the cab started at a foot's pace.

As they came out on the broad streets (for they followed the boulevards), they could see upon each side of the way, three or four ranks deep, the soldiery and militia which guarded those few miles through the town. There was no crowd behind them, or at least but few specta-

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tors, and a curious observer might have noted how few and rare were the uniforms, how many of the thousands alined were clothed in workman's dress or in the mere remnants of military coats. Even the windows of the uneven houses they passed (the boulevards were then but half built) gaped empty, and no one stood at the doors.

Before the carriage marched a great multitude of men, all enregimented in some sort of troop, and the greater part of them drummers. These last drummed incessantly, so that this long and very slow procession was confused and deafened with a loud and ceaseless sound. Paris heard that sound rolling up afar from the eastward, crashing past its houses, lost again toward the west.

It was close upon eleven o'clock when the carriage came before the unfinished columns of the Madeleine and turned into the Rue Royale.

Louis was reading from a book the Psalms which his confessor had pointed out to him when he noticed that the carriage had stopped. He looked up, turned to the priest, and said in a low voice:

"Unless I am mistaken, we are there." The priest did not answer.

They had come to that wide open space which is now called the Place de la Concorde, and as he looked quietly through the windows, the doomed man perceived a great throng of people densely packed about a sort of square of cannon which surrounded the scaffold and guillotine. That fatal woodwork and the machine it bore stood near the entrance of the Rue Royale and a little to the east. One of the executioners (who stood at the foot of the scaffold) took the handle of the carriage door to open it. Louis stopped him and, putting one hand on the priest's knee before he got out, said:

"Sirs, I recommend you this gentleman here. See to it that after my death no insult shall be offered him."

They said nothing in reply, but when the king would have continued, one of them cried:

"Oh, yes, yes. We will see to it. Leave it to us."

The king opened the door, and came out into the freshness of that damp air. Above, the sky was still quite gray and low, but the misty drizzle had ceased. They made as though to take off his coat and his collar. He moved them aside, and himself disembarrassed his neck. Then one came forward with a cord and took his hands.

"What are you at?" he cried.

"We must bind you," said the man.

"Bind me!" answered the king. "I will never allow it! Fulfil your orders, but you *shall* not bind me!"

There was a struggle in which he turned to the priest as though for counsel or for aid, but they bound his hands behind him.

The few steps up to the scaffold were very steep. The Abbé Edgeworth supported him so bound, and thought for a moment, as he felt the weight upon his arm, that the prisoner was losing courage. But even as he turned to glance furtively at the king, in that crisis Louis had strengthened himself, and stood upright upon the broad stage. With a few rapid and determined steps he took his way toward the guillotine, standing to the right of the instrument. Some yards in front of him and below a score of drummers were at the ready with sticks lifted, balanced as drummers balance them between the knuckles of the hand. He cried out, standing erect with his stout figure and heavy, impassive face, "I die innocent of all the—" at which moment there came a sudden cry of command, and the drums beat furiously. To that sound he died; and those who were present relate that immediately afterward there arose from the great mob about, which had hitherto held its breath, a sort of loud moaning, not in anger or in hatred, but in astonishment of the spectacle and of things to come.

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"It was a graceful, golden-skinned figure of lovely, impudent lines, which approached the mirror in a tango step"

Zizi's Hat

By JOSEPH ERNEST

Author of "A Garage in the Sunshine," etc.

Illustrations by Everett Shinn

HATS are hats the world over, it is true; but the world is only the world, while Montmartre is Montmartre, and is accustomed to set values of its own.

On One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street you may distinguish the French hat, the near-French hat, the down-town, or business, hat, and the common, or flower-garden, hat; but at that they are only hats. In Montmartre, on the other hand, a hat is not content to be simply a hat: it is also an ensign; it is a bait, a warning, a challenge; it is a clearly legible notice that he who promenades may read; that says, "Pity me; I am bereaved," or, "Respect me; I am honest," or, "Get behind; third class," or, "Look at me twice; I am here to be seen."

In Montmartre, in short, a hat is not the same thing as a hat in Harlem. It is a *chapeau,* as any dictionary will attest.

To make yourself a new hat in Montmartre, therefore, has all the significance of an adventure; and when I say "make," I mean just that, not trimming or adapting or making over. When Zizi Michot and her friends desired new hats, they were accustomed to make them from the foundations up.

The new hat, the conception of which thrilled the effervescent mind of Zizi when she woke on a certain sunny morn-

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ing, already lay on her bedroom table in a very flat six-by-four parcel of brown paper. It was all the flatter because Zizi had sat on it in the auto-bus the previous evening, so that both her hands might be free for conversational purposes. It was a hat potentially, in the sense that folded canvas and sticks may be called a tent; but Zizi's golden eyes rested on it with undiminished enthusiasm as soon as she sat up to yawn in the sunshine.

Her reasons for wanting a new hat were much the same as those that urge her little working sisters of Harlem to hoard their dollars for the purpose—that her glass had been flattering her, that her old hat was uneasy to look at, that her lover had not written; that, for example, it was a fine day, with the sunbeams streaming warmly through the curtains, and the boulevards around the corner singing with the joy of a new season.

But Zizi's manner of attaining her object was quite different. When she wanted anything at all, she wanted it suddenly, eagerly, with eyes that snapped and fingers that clutched, and tiny square teeth that gleamed in a smile of sweet cupidity. No hoarding of dollars for Zizi.

To begin with, she had decided not to have her hair waved. It was golden brown, like her eyes and her skin,—and her voice and temper as well, if you will allow that these things have colors,—and it looked just as pretty when it was straight. A different *genre,* that was all, requiring a slight rearrangement of the expression in the direction of wistfulness. But it saved forty sous. Then she had decided to lunch in her bedroom for a few days instead of at a restaurant. A dull business, of course, with nobody to talk to but the whiskered valet who made the beds, and constitutionally disapproved of women. But that would be eighty sous saved.

Finally she had clung to the big right arm of the resplendent *commissionnaire* at the dance-hall of the Moulin de Montmartre until he had given her two free passes. And presto, behold a hundred sous economized! Just one dollar, and more than enough to make a hat of intoxicating richness.

Zizi hopped out to the edge of the bed, and for some delicious minutes contemplated the parcel with affection. Two matutinal duties there were, however, that even a new hat could not crowd into oblivion and neglect. Over her pillow was tacked to the striped wall-paper a sanguinary war picture with the legend "Calendar of Service," in which there were three circular holes, with numbers appearing in them. The figures made up the number "687," and underneath were the words "Days Remaining." This meant that a certain Gaston Durand, corporal of dragoons, had still to serve that number of days to complete his term of three years in the army.

Zizi twisted a disk behind the calendar, so that the seven became a six; gazed with a sigh of admiration on the young cuirassier in the battle-picture, who was throwing up his arms preparatory to giving his life for France; and turned away with a sigh of regret that three years was such an interminable time. Finally she opened wide the long windows, and with her toilet jug watered two optimistic little geraniums. This completed her household duties.

In Montmartre you may appear at your window in a filmy night-dress with ribbon insertions; but if you wish to appear at your door, on the other hand, shoes and stockings are *de rigueur.* Zizi proceeded to make herself presentable to the outer world by drawing on champagne-colored silk hose and some very high-heeled suède shoes. With this tribute to the conventions, she was able to emerge into the corridor and demand her mail from Pierre, the bed-making misogynist.

Pierre obediently put down his brooms and his pail and clattered down the bare stairs to the *loge.* Returning breathless, he thrust his head in at Zizi's door and shook it.

"There is nothing," he said.

"Imbécile!" responded Zizi, promptly. "Species of cabbage-head! Do you not know there was nothing yesterday, noth-

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ing the day before? It is unthinkable that there should be no letter to-day. Go, therefore, and look again."

"To what benefit?" objected Pierre. "Have I not said that there is nothing of nothing?"

"He is impossible, this variety of camel," cried Zizi, with a rising incredulous inflection. "Go! Your mustaches finish by irritating me." And she threw a pillow at them.

"I cannot bring letters when people do not write them," growled Pierre. "Love makes time pass away, and time makes love pass away." He closed the door behind him just as a hair-brush hurtled after the pillow.

Left to herself and her disappointment, Zizi finished dressing with a certain violence. In putting on what she regarded as her corset,—it was a strip of linen with two armholes in it, and one tied the ends in front of one,—she tied it so tightly that it hurt. A check skirt, very narrow and generously slit, and a waist of such exiguous dimensions that it made her shoulders look like a Gloire de Dijon rose bursting out of the bud, completed her indoor costume. All that was necessary to transform it into an outdoor costume was to add the tiny black hat that had fallen into unpopularity and a voluminous woolen cloak; and Zizi set forth with the flat parcel under her arm, thinking furiously about the new modes.

But already the epistolary defection of Corporal Gaston Durand had effected a subtle change in her conception of the morning. As she drank her breakfast chocolate at the corner *bistro,* there crept into the imagined outlines of the new hat a strong and dangerous, but strangely comforting, suggestion of revolt.

"You will not recognize me to-morrow, monsieur," said Zizi to the shirt-sleeved waiter. "To-day I make a resplendent new hat."

"All my congratulations, mademoiselle," the waiter responded, bowing profoundly as he opened the door for her to pass out.

The studio of old Boillot, whose paintings of Oriental water-carriers you may have seen in the Salons, was only a few blocks up the Boulevard Rochechouart; but the boulevard is a terrible place for little models in a hurry. At the very first corner Mme. Blanche, the laundress, was ironing at the door of her open shop, hung with drying linen. She had to discuss the hat fashions of the season exhaustively with Zizi, who put down her brown-paper parcel on the ironing-board in order to illustrate the idea that had come to her.

"Of course it should have an aigrette," said Zizi.

"Do you know," said Mme. Blanche, "the aigrette seems to have become a little *démodée?* But I hope that it will be a great success."

And in the café bar of the Place Blanche there was stout little Mlle. Jeanne sitting behind her bright zinc counter. She waved to Zizi, offered her coffee, and indulged in a long and technical description of the hat she herself had decided to wear. She agreed that the aigrette was passing before the glories of the paradise plume, and an engrossing discussion ensued. In Montmartre one works very long hours, so that there shall always be time for talk. Zizi put her parcel on the zinc, and again illustrated her conception.

"It will be daring, but it will be delicious," averred Mlle. Jeanne. "I offer you in advance my felicitations."

"It came to me as I dressed—the idea," said Zizi, modestly. "I do not know how these things come. It is a vision, an inspiration—what do I know? For a whole day one may dig one's head and be no wiser at the end of it; then the next morning, in the time it takes to put on your stockings, *pouf!* one sees the hat as if it was already made. But I cannot tell you precisely what it will be, for all the time it changes. The red silk has appeared since I left the *blanchisserie* at the corner. When I arrive at M. Boillot's, who can tell what will have produced itself? *Mais,* name of a little man gray, how furious he will be at waiting for me!"

And Zizi picked up her parcel and hur-

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ried away up the boulevard, determined not to waste another moment. She did not delay a single instant, except to exchange airy *blague* with the policeman in the Place Pigalle, to try over a new song or two at a music store, and to make a thoroughly irreverent pun about the new trousers of M. Dupuy, who was second to the head waiter at the Dead Rat cabaret, and as such entitled to more respect. Of course she made a special exception on meeting Denise Nied, but nothing would excuse passing one's particularly intimate chum with a mere cold wave of the hand. It is well to hasten, *voyons*, but that need not make one impolite! And Denise was actually wearing a hat the most novel, with a rosette that would bear imitation.

"'It will be daring, but it will be delicious,' averred Mlle. Jeanne"

"Neither can I help it that people talk to me on the way here," protested Zizi, confronting at last the fretful old painter in his great white barn of a studio. "When one is well known in the quarter—reflect a little, monsieur. Nevertheless, I am unable to deny that it is late."

"It would have been better to add that you were sorry," snorted gray old Boillot, industriously scraping his palette. For a moment Zizi's face appeared mutinously over the edge of the dressing-screen; but as M. Boillot did not meet her eyes, she contented herself with twisting her small features into a grimace of defiance.

"I am sorry—M. Bigoudis," she called from behind her screen.

Now, *bigoudis* are the fluted pads that ladies use to augment the crowning glory of their tresses. Old Boillot detected in the name a disrespectful reference to his own thick and massive beard. This was intolerable, to find a generation growing up in Paris with a disrespect for beards. Was it not enough that the young people copied the deformed shoes and jumpy music of Messieurs the Yankees, but they must begin to admire their nude visages? Bah! It was of a piece with that growing spirit of anarchy that threatened the downfall of the republic, the end of all things. M. Boillot became definitely angry, chewed his mustaches, and fumed; and when Zizi reappeared, he twisted her into a pose of excruciating discomfort, and painted away on his canvas with scarcely a glance at her.

Thus it always befalls, when the spark of revolt has entered the mind, that all things conspire together to fan it into open rebellion.

It is sufficiently onerous at the best of times to be a model. Painters have an almost unanimous hatred of clothes, and allow their models as little as possible; doubtless, as Zizi told herself, to save themselves the trouble of painting them. Even on a tolerably warm day, for Paris, the wind blew shrewdly over the Butte, invading the big north light of the studio until your teeth chattered and your flesh grew pin-feathers. Further, if you imagine that it is a restful occupation to remain perfectly still for fifty minutes in every hour, either you have never tried it or you are too old to read stories.

To Zizi, who wore a piece of striped silk draped from the waist, and balanced an expensive vase on her shoulder, after the recognized fashion of Oriental water-

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carriers in Salon paintings, the business of posing had never seemed such torture. And while her vital little body, a perfect vessel of brimming life, cried out against the torment of immobility, her busy brain was riotous with conceptions of hats. And the more fiercely M. Boillot painted, drawing air sharply through his set teeth, and the more her arm ached from balancing the vase, and the more joyously the boulevard outside sang with bustling crowds and traffic, the more the hat was metamorphosed in her mind, until it became a symbol of frank and shameless revolt against the scheme of the universe.

When rest-time arrived, she hardly waited to throw her woolen cloak over her shoulders before pouncing on her cherished parcel. Seated on the edge of the dais, she extracted from the package a coil of wire wound with white silk, some stiff muslin, and various scraps of velvet and satin. Therefrom, at intervals throughout her working day, grew almost miraculously the hat.

First she bound a fillet of wire about her brow, to get the size, afterward erecting upon it ribs of wire till it resembled the skeleton framework of a miniature beehive. This she covered with muslin. Time, ten minutes and some seconds, and M. Boillot already tapping with the metal tips of his brushes on the edge of his palette. In successive breaks in the posing her nimble fingers sewed white silk inside, and on the outside cunningly folded velvet. (Little working sisters of Harlem, what would you not give for the trick?) Thus the hat proper was finished. There remained the question of trimming. Again the tapping of brushes interrupted.

"Yes, that is the idea," whispered Zizi, skipping back to the dais. "I will make all the scarlet show behind, like the automobile lights." Unconsciously she changed the pose into one of desperate eagerness.

"Sapristi! but the devil is in the brat to-day!" cried M. Boillot, explosively. The lithe little golden body on the dais sank back instantaneously into the languorous ease of the water-carrier. The whispered word "Bigoudis" seemed to float in the air for a fraction of a moment, but the painter's ears were aged and impervious. His old eyes came at last to the merciful release of the little model, for the light was failing, and the buildings on the Butte were tinged with the rose of sunset.

Gray old Boillot laid down his brushes and passed a weary hand across his brow. Zizi's fingers twitched impatiently.

"Stay with me a little, child," he said. "It may be that my eyes will recover before the light goes."

Already Zizi was cross-legged on the divan, her busy fingers plying wire and muslin. She was glad to think that the aigrette was passing. She had longed for an osprey or a paradise plume, or at the least two slender, curved feathers suggesting the antennæ of an insect. But such things were clearly not for little models who had always cherished a reputation for wisdom. For some time she weighed the attractions of the fashion of the donkey's ears—it was the year of donkey's ears—against those of the fashion of the aëroplane propeller or windmill-sail. Hesitating, she sang to herself snatches of the rebellious songs of Montmartre, which make fun of everything in earth and heaven, while old Boillot dozed in his battered arm-chair. As you may imagine, the fashion of the donkey's ears, made sufficiently large, with one pointing up and the other down, verges upon the rakish. But two windmill-sails, with a scarlet lining behind them, can be twisted by deft Montmartre fingers into a suggestion as wicked as the great lurid sign of the Moulin Rouge itself.

And with a sudden angry memory of the neglectful silence of a certain Gaston Durand, corporal of dragoons at Melun, Zizi chose the windmill-sails.

When M. Boillot, therefore, opened his tired old eyes some minutes later, it was quite a startling adaptation of an Oriental water-carrier that he saw posing before the big mirror at the far end of the studio. It was a graceful, golden-skinned figure of lovely, impudent lines, which approached the mirror in a tango step, fit-

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ting to its shapely head a most astonishingly Parisian hat. The effect of the hat was curiously to make the lissome form of Zizi appear less adequately draped than was becoming even in a water-carrier on a Salon canvas.

With arms the contour of which was famous in a dozen studios Zizi proceeded to adjust the terrible thing, singing a song of the Butte about sausages. No humorous song of the Montmartre, of course, is complete without a reference to sausages. The two big windmill-sails that sprang diagonally from the hat blazed back at M. Boillot with their bright-scarlet lining, and they were twisted into a perfectly diabolical rake, like wicked fingers beckoning. The incongruity rasped all his delicate sensibilities.

"Therefrom, at intervals throughout her working day, grew almost miraculously the hat"

"Dame!" he cried, gripping the arms of his chair and leaning forward to stare in astonishment. Zizi turned to him a face that sparkled, and hands that clasped each other in delicious impropriety.

"It is a little bit there, the hat?" she demanded. "It has the correct doggishness, thinkest thou?"

"It is a horror, a scarecrow!" exclaimed M. Boillot. "It is a wicked hat, a hat possessed of the devil. It is anything but the hat of a wise girl."

Zizi danced a solitary tango the length of the studio, and suddenly turned and stood before him with extended arms, nodding her head. Her eyes snapped through the failing light.

"There it is!" she cried. "I, Zizi, am wicked. I did not know till to-day how wicked I was. What is the use in pretending to be wise when one does not feel wise?"

The old painter stood up very erect and stern, folding his arms tightly.

"If I were a girl who had a lover, a good boy who does his three years' service in the army of the *patrie*," he said, "that is not the hat I should choose to wear."

"A bad type, who wrote me a most execrable letter," retorted Zizi. "And how long is it since he last wrote at all? Three days, monsieur, on my faith. And he has been at the fortress of Melun less than a year. In three years, then, will there be any little thing in life that he will have forgotten so completely as me, Zizi? I ask myself a little! Two years was too long for lovers to be parted, and now they must needs make it three. No wonder that so many people are angry with the Government." Zizi knitted her brows with profound political sagacity.

"It is, in fact, the best hat I have ever made," she went on. "With a red-fox fur it would be perfect. All the girls have red-fox furs except me. I also will have one now—a red fox of Canada, with a big fat tail all his own, not some other fox's tail sewed on; and a savage little face to look over my shoulder at the boulevardiers."

She resumed her demonstration of the tango, and was presently attracted to the easel, regarding her half-finished portrait with keen appreciation.

"It is one thing to be pretty," she said,

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"but it is quite another thing to be as pretty as that. *Quoi?* I am pretty enough to have an ermine stole for the theater as well."

"My child, you are as pretty as a heart," said the painter. "You are of a beauty to drive men mad, but it was not given to you for any such purpose."

"I am prettier than my pal Denise, any way," added Zizi, inconsequently. Suddenly realizing that the light was too far gone for work and that she was still in costume, she darted away behind the screen.

"It is possibly true," admitted M. Boillot, "but I cannot see that it makes any difference."

"It makes the difference that my *copine* has a red-fox fur and I, Zizi, have none," came from behind the screen. "Also Denise has an apartment, while I am still in a furnished room. And thou knowest, grouchy papa, that we came into Montmartre together from Asnières to seek our fortunes. *Eh bien,* she has succeeded, that one."

"And you have hitherto earned my respect, which she has not."

"*Vieux grincheux!* It is always the way of men, to reward a woman with their very generous respect for being dressed like a rag-picker. That does not cost them a big penny. Work all day, they say, and stay in to sew and save money all night, and we shall be pleased to respect you. Well, one is not always pretty. When I am old I cannot live on respect."

She reappeared dressed, tangoing the length of the studio, and laughing defiance over her shoulder at the old painter. Her cheap woolen cloak was folded into a daring V at the neck, and the windmill sails flaunted crimson in the dusk.

"You are not yourself to-day," asserted the old man, with profound disapproval. "You are not the Zizi that I know. I hate to see you in such a humor, you who are always so wise."

"Ah, one must live up to a new hat, is it not so? With a hat like this, it would be absurd to be dull. It would clash with the effect. And when I have a red-fox fur, you will see how gay I will be."

"Go away!" cried M. Boillot, waving his arms. "And see that you come earlier to-morrow. But show me no fox furs at five louis, while I pay you two francs an hour!"

The windmill-sails whisked back on him in challenge, and the tip of Zizi's small nose reached up until it was within an inch of his own.

"Old *mufle!* I do not even know whether I will come. Perhaps I shall be too tired, for to-night I have a rendezvous. *Voilà!*"

She burst forth into the boulevard as a bird escapes from a cage, singing lightly to herself. The broad, sweeping avenue throbbed with the high, hard eagerness of Parisian life. Many-colored lights began to twinkle through the falling twilight, herds of cabs and autos stampeded past, with tearing exhausts and raucous horns. The theaters and cafés already blazed with a myriad lamps, and the clean, crisp air of evening was like champagne. Through it the line of arc-lamps down the central avenue gleamed like a string of pearls.

The sidewalks were thronged with happy crowds, released from toil to snatch a few hours of life and freedom before the next long day should engulf them. At every corner lovers' greetings, at every step the skirmishing fire of airy chatter, the laughter of girls, and the music of café string-bands blended—all Montmartre singing in the joy and liberty of her romantic twilight.

Through it all the scarlet-lined windmill-sails bore Zizi on feet that seemed barely to touch the ground, light, adventurous feet that were always on the point of breaking into a dance measure. Even women turned to gaze after the radiant figure in the mad, bad hat and the humble woolen cloak that could not conceal the youth and beauty it infolded.

Of course the hat was enchanted. Looking back on the events of the day, Zizi had not the least doubt of that. At a corner debouching from the *grands*

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boulevards a knot of enthusiastic young clerks, who at ordinary times would never have dreamed of such a liberty, joined arms and wrapped themselves lovingly round her, so that much joyous struggling and ingenious personalities were necessary before she could break through. From the top of one of the wheezy old steam-cars that panted up the hill from Batignolles a fiercely whiskered gentleman blew her a kiss. Such a thing had never happened to her before. If it was not the hat, as Zizi said later, will you have the goodness to tell me a little what it was?

Her friend Mme. Million, who kept the newspaper kiosk near the Place Blanche, was stricken wide-eyed with amazement. On glancing back from the Place Pigalle, Zizi could see the stout newswoman still dangerously protruding from the cubbyhole above her piles of journals, staring with all her eyes. Zizi waved to her gaily, and bumped into a passer-by in a silk hat. The man in the silk hat touched the brim of it and said, "Pardon, mademoiselle." At any other time he would have said *"Attention, la môme!"* quite curtly. In fact, none of these things could possibly have occurred without the hat, that wonderful hat that seemed to waft its wearer through a transformed world on wings of gossamer. Zizi arrived at the entrance of the most popular of the *apéritif* balls bright-eyed and glowing; and behold! the man at the desk called her "Madame" and would not even glance at her ticket.

"Her friend Mme. Million, who kept the newspaper kiosk, . . . was stricken wide-eyed with amazement"

In the crowded foyer of the dance-hall she found Denise. Zizi's *copine* had inky-black hair and eyes, and was tall and willowy; so slender and supple, indeed, that she appeared to be boneless. She wore a new costume of blue figured silk, with a little scarlet waistband. The skirt was all bunched up round the knees, and slit up the back instead of at the side, and she wore tiny shoes with heels so high that they almost touched the toes. Her hat swept away up on one side, and stuck away out behind in an expensive aigrette that would have made a New York customs officer's eyes start from his head.

More than all, Denise had a fox fur on her shoulders, a fat red-fox fur, whose paws encircled her pretty white neck affectionately, and whose grinning jaws, painted bright scarlet, projected behind in delightful savagery.

In fact, Denise was quite a good deal "there," as they say in Montmartre, especially when you take into account that she had come up from the suburbs along with Zizi to try the checkered fortunes of Paris. But Denise's handsome face had a way of setting into hard and sulkily selfish lines when she was n't talking, and she had a white scar on her cheek where another angelically beautiful lady had stabbed her; and doubtless in many other ways she had paid for success.

"Ah, but it is marvelous, the hat!" exclaimed Denise, with hands clasped ecstatically. "But it is wicked, my dear, to wear such a cloak with it. Come to the *vestiaire,* and I will lend you mine."

Now, Denise's cloak, as you may imagine, was also "there." You would never have dreamed that under it Zizi's skirt was cheap and faded, and her waist a mere working-girl's blouse picked from

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the piles outside the department stores. Below it were smart shoes, silk stockings; and above it were a pair of sparkling eyes, a gleam of gold-brown hair, and the hat.

There was no ceremony in the ballroom. The great subterranean hall was too crowded for that, like most other places in Paris. At one end there was a stage on which a Tyrolean orchestra exhibited fat, bare knees in the national costume, and played crashing dance-tunes. All round the floor ran a raised promenade, with whole city lots of little tables, and pretty well all of them were occupied; and the floor and promenade were so thronged that you collided with somebody at every turn.

It was in this way that, after the second tango, Zizi made the acquaintance of Mr. Jonathan S. Quigley of Concord, Massachusetts. Passing one of the alcoves in search of Denise, she was pushed by the crowd on to the capacious knee of Mr. Quigley, who exhibited a marked disinclination to let her go again. His French, while scarcely abundant, had the charm of novelty. His face was broad and pink, and possessed a manifold, good-humored chin, and his hair was charmingly grizzled. Passing on the promenade some minutes later, Denise found Zizi seated beside Mr. Quigley in a paroxysm of laughter. Leaning on the table were two other helpless dainty figures, to whom Zizi had just found breath to explain the jest. One of them seized Denise, and struggled a while for speech.

"He—he calls himself Squeeglee," she gasped, pointing a slim, jeweled finger at the jovial person in the alcove.

"Yes, and he lives," added Zizi, recovering her breath, "in a place called Massashoo-sett. It is unthinkable, but I have seen it on his card."

"Squeeglee," said Denise, carefully. "Massa-shoo-sett?" She stared from one to the other as the rich humorous flavor of the words stole on her sensibilities; then her black little head tilted back, her shapely shoulders shook under the red fox, and a trill of joyous laughter issued from her ripe mouth.

"What a droll of a name!" repeated the other girls, and laughed as though they would never stop. Soon Mr. Quigley found himself surrounded by a dozen sparkling faces, with bewildering eyes and delicious lips. He did not wholly see the point, but he realized that in some dim way he was a social success.

"Laugh all you want," he said; "the drinks are on me."

Zizi ordinarily drank nothing but red wine with a good deal of water in it, because if ever she had a nightmare, it was concerned with the specter of herself grown stout. But she put her lips to a creaming glass and made violent love to Jonathan S. Quigley. That gentleman, though he was accustomed to celebrate the success of his business trips by buying refreshment for as many as possible of the population of Montmartre, studiously drank ice-water himself. He observed Zizi's moderation, and applauded it between the dances.

"They 're not your sort, those girls," he said. "A girl like you has got no business in these places."

"I care not," said Zizi. "Since one cannot trust men, one must deceive them. Love, my Squeeglee, is a snare. Always I have been going to be happy; I have always been just about to live. It is idiotic. To-day I am alive at last; to the tips of my finger-nails I am alive. I am going to live always like this, and care for nothing any more. Do you like my new hat?"

And she raised on high a glass with a gesture of reckless grace.

"I wish I knew the French for Dutch uncle," said Mr. Quigley to himself.

"And to-night," added Zizi, with an air of imparting sensational confidences, "I go to the cabaret of the Raging Wolf with Denise, my *copine*."

Mr. Quigley knew the Raging Wolf well. He always visited those places where he was overcharged for champagne, because it reminded him of Broadway. He went back frowning to his alcove, and sat there in profound thought, watching the whirling windmill-sails of Zizi as she

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"'Can that stuff,' he said. 'I 'm not leaving without this chicken if I have to rough-house the entire joint'"

tangoed tirelessly on the packed yellow floor. His last glimpse of them was in the foyer when he left to dine. Zizi was walking entwined and chattering with Denise.

"Adieu, my Squeeglee!" she called. And Denise added, by an inspiration, "Massa-shoo-sett, all raight!" Whereupon windmill-sails and aigrette laid themselves together and shook with laughter. It really was such a droll of a name.

One of the greatest advantages of being a Montmartre girl is that you can pull out at will some sort of mysterious mental stop and become wildly exhilarated at no financial expense at all. You attain suddenly an exalted state in which you become blazingly beautiful, in which your every movement is full of a strange magnetic grace, and your every word a vehicle of coruscating wit. In brief, you are translated. You find yourself for the time a center of vivid attraction, desired of men and envied of women.

Of course you use up a lot of nerve force in the process; but nerve force is cheap and plentiful in the night life of Montmartre, that furnace of souls into which Zizi was hurled by her enchanted hat.

In all the night quarter there is no more hectic spot than the supper-room of the Raging Wolf cabaret. At this corner of the boulevard the sidewalk is brighter than sunshine with the blaze of electric light from a dozen expensive res-

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taurants and cafés, and the square is swept by the breakers of a sea of sound from a dozen wild orchestras. The splendid autos of the idle rich of all the world are parked in long rows, and the luxurious life of all the great capitals sends its contingent to this place of incredible costumes, of thoughtless expenditure, of shimmering beauty, and intoxicating desire. All round that glaring little square are streets of waste and wickedness, where humanity revels its moment of madness in a sort of crazily illuminated moral gutter full of the ashes of burned money, till the sky over the Butte flushes red at the sight of Montmartre rioting in the delirium of her fevered night.

You must imagine Zizi at some time after midnight in the state of translation to which I have referred—Zizi dancing the Maxixe on a table in the midst of a joyous crowd, her borrowed scarlet cloak reflected by all the multitudinous mirrors and gleaming silver ice-buckets of the Raging Wolf; Zizi in an atmosphere so charged with laughter that the very air seems quivering with mirth; Zizi shining like a glow-lamp under the hat, leading the mad pranks of the maddest crowd on the crazy Butte.

And when at last, breathless, she leaped down into the waiting arms of a young Brazilian in evening dress, and was carried off to the corner in which he was supping with his friends, the hat unaccountably fell off.

I call special attention to this remarkable behavior in a Montmartre hat, because it clearly supports Zizi's contention that the thing was enchanted. For at the very moment that it struck the floor amid the crowd of dancers there came from the boulevard the tramp of trooping horses, the clank of accoutrements, the sounds of running feet, and cries of "Long live the army!"

With one accord the revelers rushed to the windows. Drawing aside a curtain, Zizi and her friends watched with beating hearts the passing of the regiment. Men and horses alike were worn with marching and gray with dust; but their huge brass helmets, plumed with feathers and flowing horsehair, were still bright enough to flash back the lights of the cafés, and their eyes snapped with pride as they glanced up at the foolish butterfly life of the cabarets; and they were all big, martial men, splendid warriors in the sight of heaven.

As they passed through the glare of the frenzied hill there arose in a swelling chorus from the crowded windows and terraces the strains of the "Marseillaise," and the light, feather-headed Butte acclaimed, with shouts and waving handkerchiefs, the men who lived arduous days that Paris might dance in safety. A wave of pride surged over the trooping regiment. Backs straightened in the saddle, eyes flashed again under the plumed helmets, an officer waved his sword and saluted. Horses tossed their manes and pretended they were not weary with forced marching. And pale as he was behind his sweeping black mustaches, there was no more martial figure in the long array than Corporal Gaston Durand. He rode at the end of his line with the gladness of home-coming, because he was perfectly convinced that no one in the regiment, after the night's grateful repose in the casern, would have a prettier or more faithful girl to welcome him on the morrow.

The tail of the regiment had hardly vanished round the corner of the square when Zizi found herself struggling in the arms of the Brazilian.

"I must go! I will go!" she cried. "Give me my hat! I have stayed too long in this place."

But, alas! the hat had been caught in the rush to the windows and trampled flat. There it lay before the orchestra, a mere bundle of wire and silk and velvet, raising its twisted windmill-sails as though it had given up the spirit in agony.

"And I say you shall not go," replied the Brazilian, definitely. "We are only just beginning to be acquainted." He dragged her back to his corner. Denise, her boneless arms and shoulders flashing white in a wondrous frock, helped to pull

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her friend down on to the red morocco cushions.

"To go now, when the fun is only just beginning," she said, *"voyons,* it is not reasonable."

"I will go if I say I will go," retorted Zizi. "I don't like this place. I have lost my hat. Denise, I want my soldier."

The Brazilian seized her as she rose again, and the borrowed scarlet cloak came off in his hands. Shaking herself free, Zizi stood forth in the midst of that brilliant crowd in her crumpled waist and faded skirt of the *midinette.*

"Seest thou? I do not belong here," she said. "I should never have come. Now will you let me go, species of animal? Otherwise I shall scratch out your ugly eyes."

The Brazilian only seized her by the wrists and dragged her down to the seat.

"'Squeeglee, Massa-shoo-sett,' she murmured. 'Is it not a droll of a name?'"

"What difference does it make that you work? You are my guest, and may wear what you please."

Zizi struggled frantically, striving to grasp a table-knife.

Suddenly a large hand stretched over the banquette, gripping the astonished Brazilian by the shoulder.

"Say, young man," demanded a hard, unequivocal voice, "is that my young lady or is she yours?"

From behind the banquette rose the large, pink features and multiple chin of Mr. Jonathan S. Quigley, of Concord, Massachusetts.

"I guess," he added, "if she wants to quit, you may as well let her."

"Who are you to tell me what I should do?" demanded the Brazilian.

Mr. Quigley rose and walked round with deliberate steps. He was large and thick in the arm, and ill tempered through much lonely drinking of ice-water all evening. The Brazilian very quietly broke a champagne-glass on the edge of the table and stood up to receive him, holding the jagged edges in readiness for action.

"I speak French with difficulty," observed Mr. Quigley, "but I reckon you know what *casser la gueule* means." He held a fist like a stone hammer under the Brazilian's nose. *"Casser la gueule* is my middle name," added Mr. Quigley.

There was a torrent of excited expostulation from the Brazilian's friends. It is, of course, highly improper to hint that you will break another gentleman's jaw, but it is the final insult to suggest in doing so that his jaw is not that of a human being, but one of the lower animals. The French language is so expressive! Two waiters seized the Brazilian's arms, and two more grasped Mr. Quigley. On his part, the gentleman from Concord seized Zizi by the arm; but at the same time he gave a sort of wriggle with his shoulders, and the waiters who had held him staggered back against the tables and regarded him dubiously.

"Come on out of this, kiddo," commanded Mr. Quigley. He turned suddenly on the head waiter, who had been tapping him nervously on the shoulder.

"Can that stuff," he said. "I'm not

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leaving without this chicken if I have to rough-house the entire joint."

"Without the least desire to offend monsieur, who is so generous a client," responded the head waiter in faultless English, "I would suggest that the better course would be to leave as soon and as quietly as possible. No one, I am confident, desires to detain mademoiselle against her obvious inclinations."

"Ah, cut it out!" said Mr. Quigley. "That wop with the glass in his hand is glaring at me. I 'd feel safer if I kicked him first."

"I have not the least doubt that the gentleman will oblige me by putting it down," replied the head waiter.

His assistants released the Brazilian, who sat down suddenly, breathing hard. One of them took the jagged glass from him. He surrendered it readily enough, but long after Mr. Quigley had vanished he continued to glare at the door and breathe threatenings.

Down-stairs in a taxi-cab, hatless and humble in her workaday clothes, Zizi sobbed her heart clean on the capacious bosom of Mr. Quigley.

"I am a little monster," she stammered, "a thing contemptible and without value. My Gaston would have shot me if he had known. How could the poor boy write when he was route-marching?"

At the door of her home she became apologetic and explanatory.

"It was the accursed hat, thou knowest, my Squeeglee. It was enchanted, bewitched, *ensorcelé;* it made me too much alive. It is very dangerous to be too much alive. To-morrow I shall tell Gaston. Perhaps he will beat me, but afterward we shall be very happy."

The bed-making misogynist, who worked even in his sleep, pulled the cord in response to her ring, and the front door flew open. His sleep-swollen features appeared for a moment in the window of the *loge,* and then, having recognized a tenant, he promptly lay down and slept anew. Zizi reached up on tiptoe and kissed one of Mr. Quigley's manifold chins in farewell. As she closed the door, the taxi-cab, grinding its gears horribly in the quiet street, turned and shot down the hill to civilization.

Up-stairs on her bed Zizi found a parcel, and pounced on it with eager curiosity. From the folds of brown paper and white tissue there unrolled itself before her amazed eyes a red-fox fur of the richest, one with no strange fox's tail vicariously tagged on to it, but with a fat, sleek tail all its own, and a cunning, savage little face, with glass eyes that glared and with teeth bared in a crimson snarl. A note was pinned to the satin lining. It read:

To a little girl who was wise until to-day, in the hope that she will be wise again to-morrow.

It was signed "Monsieur Bigoudis."

For a long time Zizi sat on the edge of the bed in her low-necked night-dress, thrilling with delight at the soft, warm caress of the red fox on her golden neck and shoulders. But once or twice a tear fell and glistened on the rich fur, a tribute of penitence on the account of one Gaston Durand, corporal of dragoons, who should have been at the fortress of Melun, but most happily was in Paris. The sky across the court showed streaky with pale light. Outside the hooting of powerful autos mingled with the footfall of early workmen, and Montmartre's rag-pickers called raucously to one another amid the tawdry tinsel and pasteboard of her grisly dawn.

Zizi turned the "Calendar of Service" to show one day less of separation, kissed the red fox on his ensanguined mouth, and sought her pillow with a happy sigh.

Only once, before she sank to sleep, she laughed in delightful reminiscence.

"Squeeglee, Massa-shoo-sett," she murmured. "Is it not a droll of a name?"

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The New Spirit among Women who Work

By AGNES C. LAUT

Author of "The Conquest of the Great Northwest," etc.

WE all remember the day when the woman who worked outside the home was regarded with something between condescending pity and tacit condemnation. She was alternately patronized because life had thrust her out of the home to earn her living, and criticized for entering into competition with man in the industrial arena. Perhaps the attitude was more mental and subconscious than explicit. The butterflies were supposed to fly in one swarm. If the working bee got into the joy-swarm, it was regarded as by chance. Her business was to hustle money and honey for some needy home hive. She might buzz, or even sting, as she worked; but it was not expected she would sting with sheer joy, or belong to what Hopi legend calls "the delight-makers" of the sunshine. We forgot or ignored that the bird that is nearest a bee, or the bee that is nearest the bird,—namely, the humming-bird,—is at one and the same time the most gorgeous of all nature's playthings and the most diligent of all nature's workers.

Yet a single generation, a mere decade of a single generation, has witnessed a surprising and almost complete reversal of this old mental attitude. Who could foresee ten years ago, when the public prints were ringing with disputes as to whether a woman ought or ought not to go out of the home to work, that to-day the woman inside the home would be asking, for common humanity's ends, the privilege to

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come down and out of her walled security to link arms and aims with the woman outside? If you had told a cynic ten years ago that the most privileged woman would voluntarily and eagerly meet the hardest worker in the land on a level of coöperation in work and play, he would simply have had ears that refused to hear. Lady Bountiful feeding out largess with unctious self-gratulations, yes, he could understand *that;* that has been a game of ladylike bluff for several thousand years. Charity has always been cheaper than justice, condescension easier than courtesy. One salves our self-esteem, the other sticks a bayonet into our complacency. But this new spirit of play and help and coöperation and fellowship among women who work, eye to eye, on the level, with no patronage, no pretense, no social climbing, is something so new to the social consciousness that it has as yet hardly defined itself.

Ask the average skeptical man about it, and he mistakes it for the old Lady Bountiful pose in a new form, or the new femininity trying to escape home duties; and nothing could be further from the truth than either of these misconceptions. The new spirit among women who work is not an attempt to break away from the home job. Every one who is born is endowed with her job when she comes into this world. The new attitude is rather the old mother instinct of creation and protection going out on the home job in the highways and byways of complex modern industrial life. Formerly, woman did her weaving and carding and spinning inside the home. She did her teaching and nursing and art tapestries inside the home. To-day she does all these things by an almost machine-made process, without the protection and recreation and social ties of the old home life. The new spirit among women who work is only a projection of the old home spirit toward the job that has broken away from the home. Women sang over their looms long ago, and owned their own job. To-day huge corporations, factory-owners, school trustees, hospital directors, insurance offices possess the machine by which the average woman worker may perform her job and earn her right to live. She works by leave of some one else, and she seldom sings. Can the old spirit of comradeship, of joy in work, of recreation, of social outlet, of protection and coöperation, of realization of self in service, of making ideals real, be brought back to the women who work? That is the meaning of the new spirit among them.

For instance, how is a girl who comes a stranger to the big city, seeking her home job out in the high-speed whirl of modern industry, to have the recreation and play needed to keep her toned up and in tune with joy? How is she, a total stranger amid the hurrying millions, to meet and make friends? And when she does meet and make friends, what is she to do with them? If her salary is moderate,—and fifty per cent. of the seven million women earning a living outside the home average less than $500 a year,—where is she to receive her friends and entertain them? Boarding-places under the five-dollar-a-week class seldom have a reception-room or parlor. Apartment-houses under the three-dollar-a-week class have barely space enough for a bedroom.

Nor is the case much better for the medium-sized city. Social surveys in Louisville, St. Louis, and Milwaukee have shown that the average earnings for the girl outside the home do not exceed $300 a year. Board absorbs half of this, clothes a quarter. Out of the remainder she must save against the rainy day, for illness or enforced idleness. What holiday, what social life, can she have out of such earnings?

No woman can grind joylessly year in and year out and keep up to the level and speed of her best work, or hold those dream visions in the soul from which spring hope and the youth that never stales. And in a machine age, when human beings have to keep pace with electric speed, lack of speed means loss of wages or loss of work.

This was hideously apparent last winter when 100,000 women were computed to be out of work in New York alone. The

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figures seemed so astoundingly large that I investigated their accuracy. They were understated rather than overstated. One morning 4000 of these met in Cooper Union. It was noticed that the average age ran from thirty-five to fifty-five, exactly when a worker should be exuberantly at her best. What was the explanation of the average age of the unemployed, that women still living were ninety-nine per cent. dead—dead in reserve power and dead to the possibility of coping successfully with life? The machine had fagged the human, and when hard times come, it is the fags, not the young and those fresh with the zest of life, who are thrown out. It is the human being who gets out of gear with life who goes first to the scrap-heap. Ask the trade-unions; they will tell you that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, sheer brain and body fag from working at abnormal pressure is the reason that so many who are between thirty-five and fifty-five are out of work. Rest and recreation the worker must have, just as much as pure air, if he is to keep up to the best level of work. Wellington said that his soldiers won their Waterloo in the games they had played as boys. Many women workers meet their Waterloo because they have never tasted the joy in work that is learned from joy in play. How is the woman worker who lives alone, on very moderate wages, in the big city or even in the average city and town to get this absolutely necessary rest and recreation when her hours of work run from seven in the morning until six at night?

Nor is it very different for the more highly paid worker who comes a stranger to the big city. Boarding-house life at best is only a temporary lodging-place till a permanent home can be established. A house for the woman with a salary of $1200 a year or even $3000 a year is out of the question in New York. She takes an apartment; but her life may be more isolated in this cell existence than if she were marooned in a prehistoric cave in the desert or incarcerated in a prison corridor. I have known of women who have spent their whole lives in New York without having formed, as they told me, a single permanent friendship there. I know one woman whose income was $5000 a year. Her days were so full that she could form no friendships through her work. At night she was so tired that she had no initiative to extend her circle. The loneliness of her existence was so great that at the end of eight years she went to pieces. People said, "Too much work." She told me that work had nothing to do with it. Work had kept her true to her pace that long. It was the loneliness when at night she came home tired to her apartment. There was no one to cheer her, to take her out of herself, to join her in play, to give the lift of gladness that is wings to a jaded soul. It was the loneliness on Sundays and holidays, when she went out without meeting a face she knew. The work grind and sheer lack of play had dulled her spirit so that she had to take a year in Europe to get away from herself.

A man joins a political or social club, a regiment, some state society, or camp-fire and outdoor organization. Public dinners in winter, monthly meetings, midsummer outings, unconsciously blend his interests with other men's interests. His work on every side touches some human interest; it may even be in antagonism, but it keeps him one hundred per cent. alive. Despite these safety-valves for human interest, many a man goes on a periodic drunk from no other cause than a soul loneliness, or a general truculent quarrel with the scheme of life. The power of alcohol is not in stimulant or taste, but in the social loosening up over glasses. Hysteria in women may be the same kind of safety-valve. Anyway, when she takes up hysterics against it, I always know that a woman has passed the danger-point.

Now, then, come back to the woman worker, alone, absolutely alone, in a city or town. We have talked about the conservation of national resources in the last few years, but we have n't quite come to the place where we are sure that human beings are the most valuable of all natural resources. That is, we have n't in this country, though England has. When the

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great war broke out, it was found that applicants for enlistment did not come up to the requirements for the army. In a single generation the race had seemed to drop to dwarf types. Medical men who investigated reported that there had been too much work piled on the mothers of these men. Women weary of life are apt to have children languid and incompetent, born tired, born wrong. Women who are misfits in industry might have children who are unfits and utter imbeciles. English laws are notoriously unfair to women in industry. Was it coming back as a boomerang on the nation? This binding of woman to a Juggernaut car of grinding work might have the power to sacrifice more than womanhood. It might sacrifice and deteriorate and punish the whole race. It might be worth while to set about the business of conserving joy and recreation in the lives of women workers.

For six years there has been a perfect confabulation of discussion as to woman workers. Surveys of housing conditions, hours of labor, minimum wages, occupations, had been piling up in investigation files and schools of philanthropy. If reports could save woman in industry, she would have been ensconced in a perfect paradise long ago. It seemed time to the woman's department of the National Civic Federation of New York, which deals with every angle of a woman's life, to act. If there were seven million women outside the home needing recreation from work and the warm glow of a socializing life to keep joyfully in tune with happiness, there were more than seven million inside the home needing occupation and the vitalizing fact of something real to be done. Too much work means death; not enough means apathy. This does not imply that the women in the home are out of a job; but when you consider that nine tenths of home occupations in former generations have gone out of the home in the present generation,—teaching, sewing, spinning, butter-making, tapestry work, nursing, weaving,—it is not surprising that capable women in the home long just as much for a part in the world's big work as a capable woman out of the home craves the relaxation that follows naturally in all home life. Then there are armies of women living in the country and small towns whose lives grow gray and acrid for lack of touch with the vital affairs of existence. It seems to be a law of life that human beings have to do things to escape death and dry rot. "I would thou wert cold or hot," said the voice to the Laodiceans, and that is the voice in every soul. Women long to help, but they do not always know where to take hold. They long for the town stimulus, just as the cave-immured city women long for the country air.

Could all classes get together? That was the question the women of the National Civic Federation asked. They did not stop with the asking. They got together and tried. The words "charity," "uplift," "welfare," "culture," "self-improvement" never came into consideration at all; in fact, they had no place. Men mix in camp-fire clubs, in politics, in state organizations, in rowing-clubs. Could some organization be formed where women would mix likewise and fraternize on the level? A vacation committee was formed under an executive subordinate to the National Civic Federation. The primary idea was to save out of weekly earnings enough to gain time for a healthful amount of play; and from that thought all the activities have grown. The suggestion was made of opening local and central deposit stations where small sums could be banked with a view to a yearly holiday. Miss Anne Morgan volunteered to meet employers and go over plans and needs with them. Mrs. Rogers Bacon was to meet the girls. Gertrude Robinson Smith took hold of the executive office end. Miss Marbury, Mrs. Caruthers, Mrs. Garrison, Mrs. August Belmont, and a group of others undertook the amusement and social features. It will be noticed that the majority of the women launching the new scheme were as familiar with world affairs outside the home as in it. Half had not only earned their own living outside the home, but had earned it with conspicuous success.

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When employers found that the new movement was not another scheme for augmenting friction between employers and employees, but meant better work, wholesome play, and social life for the armies of youngsters in office, store, and factory, they met the organization halfway. Local secretaries were elected in every big establishment employing women. A girl could deposit five cents, five dollars, or five hundred dollars. The local secretary, representing employer and employees, met the women of the Civic Federation in a vacation committee, and planned entertainments, hops, week-end excursions, lectures, park picnics, and summer holidays. The deposited money was of course subject to withdrawal, but the money raised by the vacation committee went into the cost of the fun. It was an organization with women who work and by women who work. It included theatrical stars of the first magnitude, at least one noted playwright, half a dozen authors, trained nurses, teachers, stenographers, factory operators, and trade-unionists. It is the most thoroughly democratic social venture ever formed in New York. At the ball given by the vacation committee last April in the Grand Central Palace there were 10,000 women and their friends, all of them workers in the home and out of it. On the same floor danced some of the best-known women on two continents, and girls who never before had been to a big affair.

"But," says your man about town, "I 'll bet they did n't mix as men do."

You are mistaken there. Come to the next ball or Christmas festival and see. At that ball there was a shy woman, obviously by herself, lonely, and a little frightened at the amazing spectacle of so many hearts warming to one big idea. She was standing alone, crowded against one of the pillars. A girl came dancing down the floor whom the average cynic would describe as a social butterfly, though that fact is aside from the subject.

"Come on; this is a fine step," called the girl, stretching out her hand to the woman.

"I don't know it," said the shy one.

"Neither do I," said the girl, and away down the hall they danced together.

"Can they keep that spirit of pure comradeship and joy dominant?" the cynic asks.

I do not see how they can help keeping it. Without it, the whole movement goes to pieces. It is the one bond that ties the diverse interests together. One week four thousand of the girls and their women friends explored the *Imperator,* then in port, and were the guests of the committee in the restaurant. Please note I did not say that Miss Morgan led the girls. I said the girls and their friends.

"Which is Mrs. O——?" a little woman asked me shyly at one of the weekly assemblies in vacation headquarters. I pointed out Mrs. O——.

"Why did you ask?" I said.

"Oh, my daughter works in ——'s store. One day I happened to be there, and my daughter introduced us. She was n't a bit like I thought. She treated me as if I were—I can't express it."

A moment later I met Mrs. O——.

"You women are building a bridge," I said and laughed.

"What kind of bridge?"

"A bridge of good-fellowship across a chasm," I answered.

Later I learned that Mrs. O—— had taken care of a little girl whose eyesight was failing. Mrs. B—— had cared financially for one whose lungs were weak. One day a friend of mine stumbled on a family of invalids being supported by one girl wage-earner of fifty dollars a month. "Of course she could n't do it," said the crippled mother of the daughter, "if Miss —— had n't found us out and helped." And I 'll wager that not a soul on the vacation committee knew what part Miss —— was playing in this family. It was quite by chance that my friend stumbled upon them.

Another week Gertrude Robinson Smith or Miss Morgan may go with the girls to the recreation-piers or the Bronx or the Botanical Gardens or West Point. "They," said Mrs. Bacon, referring to the

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girls, "add to our lives as much as we can to theirs. We are all working together. It is a bond of fellowship that the world of workers is reaching out for. It is give and take, and we are here to help one another."

In fifteen months the New York membership has risen to 18,000, with 8000 active members. Deposits reached $176,000. When one considers that deposits come in in amounts from five cents to five dollars, it can be realized what a mass of detail there must be. Gertrude Robinson Smith superintends this with a large office staff, though the work often takes Sundays and Mondays and midnights. Mrs. Bacon goes about inviting women and girls to join. This is perhaps as delicate work as any. Women who work have been done to death by faddists who never did an honest day's work in their lives. They think, and rightly, that the people who work are the people who make the world go round. They are a bit sick of survey reports and publicity confabulations.

When the women and girls learned that there was no place in this organization for the grand air, and that the organization had come into being wholly for women to meet women, as women, on the level and in mutual helpfulness, they joined with alacrity and persuaded their friends to join. Now the organization is barely three years old. It grew so fast that there were applications for branches in Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington, in Baltimore and Chicago, St. Louis and Milwaukee. A national vacation committee was arranged to take care of these. In three years the vacation committee, without any shrieking from housetops, has emphasized three ideas: first, to work well you must also play; second, work is a joy and privilege, not a stigma or hardship; third, it is not fashionable to be exclusive.

Pulpiteers and purists have made the welkin ring in condemnation of modern dancing. Miss Morgan, Miss Marbury, and Mrs. Garrison did not sympathize with these anathemas. Youth, from kittens and colts to maids and men, has frisked with its feet since time began; and, after all, there is more than a suspicion that the Creator knew His job when He created young human beings with frisks in their feet. Perhaps He meant them to dance. At any rate, everything in life does dance.

So the best instructors were brought in to teach the young how to dance every dance right, to dance the fever clear out of their blood till they had had enough of it; and the amusing part of it was that among those crowding to take lessons were applicants all the way from thirty-five to sixty. This is a conclusive proof that there is a dance tune or rune or something in all of us that needs a wholesome outlet.

At first, one dancing class was formed, and eighty came. A second was formed, and forty came. Two classes a night were held three or four nights a week. And they all have such good times! Go in some night and see them whirling at the headquarters on Thirty-ninth Street, with Mrs. Warren and Mrs. Garrison chaperoning the girls and boys. Classes for private theatricals were also formed, with competent instructors.

Some day when you were irritated from too much work, did you ever notice what a curious effect it had on you if somebody stuck a fresh rose in your belt or put a bunch of violets on your table? The beauty, the dew, the fragrance of the crystal morning, the sweetness and essential purity of life, somehow laid a calming hand on your fever heat. You could not tell exactly how or what happened; but it had happened. Well, the vacation committee, girls and women, began working on this idea of beauty in life, this keeping a person's nature wholesome and joyous. So they began folk-lore dances, pageants, and allegorical plays. Rules and regulations never keep erring feet on a narrow trail, though wounds may drive them back when they slip off. It is the dream vision in the soul that keeps us climbing and striving, and singing as we strive. That is the idea of the vacation committee work.

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Besides the annual April ball, a great Christmas festival is arranged every year, with a huge tree on which is a remembrance for every one. Every vacation committee woman can bring guests to an unlimited number. One year, though the day was cold and many members lived in New Jersey, between 8000 and 9000 came. The beauty of the spirit prevailing, the courtesy, the comradeship, the touch of nature that makes us all akin, brought a kind of lull for a little while in the afternoon. Groups huddled about wistfully, not doing much of anything. There were old ladies from up the State come down to see if the thing rang true. There were hungry-eyed little children from the East Side who had never before seen a Christmas-tree. Suddenly, three or four of the local secretaries, headed by the ringleader in the person of Gertrude Robinson Smith, jumped into the bunch, formed a line, and cracked a whip round their Christmas-tree, till children and grown-ups doubled up with laughter. After that they mixed.

One usually speaks of a movement as having leaders. This movement has gone so fast that leaders have had to run to keep up with it. It has been a wave. The response has been so splendid that the vacation committee decided to establish headquarters. Friends and the women organizers put up sufficient money to furnish and equip headquarters on Thirty-ninth Street equal to the finest women's clubs of London. There are dance-rooms, reception-rooms, rest-rooms, bath-rooms, bedrooms, a restaurant; in fact, all the features of a first-class club for men. It has not been called a club, because that implies exclusion; and all who join are welcome.

When the war broke out and it became apparent that thousands of girls would be thrown out of work, the vacation committee was one of the first organizations to arrange war-relief work. Lofts were hired, and manufacturers gave raw material. Under the auspices of several organizations,—the A. I. C. P., the Catholic Women, the Hebrew Women, the Society for Ethical Culture,—two or three hundred women were given employment in making war-relief hospital articles at wages to tide them past the out-of-work period. The committee also arranged a free-employment department, where employers and employees can keep in touch. No registration fee is required.

"But why, why should I join?" a very world-weary, life-weary woman asked me. "I don't need it. Why should I be patronized by women better off than I am?"

"You are the very first person I ever heard apply that word 'patronage' to the vacation committee. If you don't need it, it needs you," I answered.

She did need it. She needed it most desperately. Her life was growing both wilted and bitter from lack of bumping up against youth in comradeship; for we take out of life just what we put into it. If we give to life only complaining, life gives back only a many-echoed wail of our own whining. If we give to life joy, life throws back to us all those gracious, joy-laden gifts that the ancients picture Spring tossing out of her lap to youth. Happy dreams send us out into the day glad. Nightmare thoughts project their dull shadows across the day. The new spirit among women who work may not be able to define itself; but if it gives wings to thought and joy to work, it will also give invisible wings to the hands and the feet of the toiler. The minute it can define itself it will become static instead of dynamic. The wine of this dynamic thing is joy in work.

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Government and Politics

South of Panama: *Sixth Paper*

By EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS

Professor of Sociology, University of Wisconsin; Author of "Changing America," "The Old World in the New," etc.

ONE should approach South American politics with the certainty that it cannot possibly be like that of the United States. To the New World the Spaniards brought no such traditions of local self-government as our ancestors imported from England. Such elective local officials as district attorney, township road supervisor, county sheriff, and county superintendent of schools are quite inconceivable to a people of Spanish extraction. Then, too, the coexistence of whites, mestizos, and Indians makes impossible the emergence of a general will and of a government reflecting the general will. The Indians, who in Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia constitute more than half the population, stand apart, with their own language and customs, devoid of the least ambition to control the Government, and, indeed, counting themselves lucky if only they may escape its blighting notice. Nevertheless, they are by no means a purely negative political element, for they may be made to fight either in the army or in the revolutionary forces; so that counting on the fighting side of life, but not on its deliberative side, they aid the uglier side of politics to prevail over the nobler.

Let it not be forgotten either that the economic relations in the West Coast countries afford a poor foundation for a stable popular government. The land is held chiefly in large estates, the agricultural population is in a state of dependence and stagnation, and there is no such class of intelligent, independent small farmers as has constituted the backbone of democracy in this country. The natural check on the political ascendancy of the *hacendados* would be business, or an alliance of businesses and labor. But so much of the foreign trade, shipping, banking, mining, insurance, and railroads of the South American countries is in the hands of foreigners, that by raising at need the anti-foreign cry the landed oligarchy can keep the common people jealous of business and unwilling to join with it in curbing the domination of the landed proprietors.

The perpetual obstacle to the improvement of political life in South America is the lack of a middle class. In each of these republics there are men of purpose as high and ideas as sound as one could desire. But, in the absence of an intelligent, self-assertive commonalty to respond to their appeals and to clothe them with power, this type comes into office only by accident; so that in general the man who rules is either the army officer, with troops to place and keep him in authority, or else the politician who has gathered about himself a great number of followers animated by the prospect of capturing political jobs and of being let in on such graft as the country may be made to yield.

One who looks for good popular government in tropical South America would expect to gather grapes from thorns and figs from thistles. Take Bolivia, for example. In the small enlightened class there is rife a spirit of progress. A few

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men of character, ability, and education are working together for definite public ends. At present they hold the reins of power in the Central Government and have adopted various excellent reforms. But this bit of leaven is too small in relation to the lump to be leavened. Men of broad outlook and high, firm character are too few. They lack following and support. With us the moral and intellectual peaks rise from a plateau; in the Bolivian people they rise from the plain. The Indians are helpless and inert, and virtually nothing is being done to elevate them. The *cholos* are bigoted and egoistic, of very little worth either intellectual or moral, and they show few signs of improvement.

It is obviously impossible that a people so composed should make the solid advance of a homogeneous people. It is not difficult to introduce railroads, telegraphs, tramways, port works, electric lighting, water supply, parks, telephones, and wireless installations, for these may be provided from above by a stroke of the pen that signs a contract with a foreign firm. By a skilful parade of such improvements it is easy to create in remote observers an impression of rapid social progress in South America; but the real evidences of such progress are such things as efficient popular education, public sanitation, an enlightened penal system, the control of alcoholism, the protection of labor, and the providing of justice for the humble suitor—blessings which cannot be bought with cash from a foreign contractor or realized by the action of a few enlightened men at the top, but require the intelligent coöperation of many devoted public servants, supported by a vigilant public opinion.

The President of Bolivia sends out to his prefects a statement of the laws in force designed to protect the Indians against abuses and oppression, and an urgent admonition to them to see that the rights of the natives are respected. The prefect passes the circular down the line to sub-prefect and *corregidor;* but the treatment of the Indian depends actually upon two men, *corregidor* and *cura,* and it is impossible either to imbue them with the ideals of the prefect and the bishop or to find enough good men to fill their places. There is no vigilant and independent press to expose them, no association of citizens to keep them under surveillance, and no well-directed public opinion to control their conduct. In a word, there is no "people," as we understand the term.

SUFFRAGE AND ELECTIONS

ALTHOUGH in South American countries manhood suffrage prevails, limited only by the citizen's ability to sign his name, the propertied class has found ways of maintaining itself in power. Most of the peons on the estates vote as the master wishes, for they think he knows which is the better candidate or cause. In Colombia the priest denounces from the pulpit the wicked Liberals, who fight the cause of God, and tells his parishioners how they ought to vote. In Ecuador each president picks his successor, and directs every provincial governor, *jefe politico,* and chief of police—all of his appointment—to see that his man is elected. The meetings called on behalf of other candidates are broken up by soldiers or police, their placards torn down, and their headquarters gutted. Usually these candidates take the hint, and find some decent pretext for withdrawing their names. On election day, therefore, there is no contest. The soldiers vote three or four times apiece, and these, together with the ardent supporters of the official candidate, enable him to make a respectable showing at the ballot-box.

In Peru it is said that thirty-five men dominate the one hundred and fifty members of Congress, and that these are Lima men, not always born in Lima, but members of its intellectual circle. Often a man of provincial origin continues to be returned to Congress by his native department years after he has given up residing in his department and has identified himself with the life of the capital. Of course he revisits his constituents from time to time and justifies to them his po-

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litical conduct. Now, one wonders why some local man of demagogic arts does not oust the deputy or senator who for years has been absent, practising at the Lima bar. I put this query to a high official of the republic, and my doubt was promptly resolved.

"The electors are not free," he confessed with charming candor; "and besides, if one of our valued intellectuals should be beaten up in the Sierra by some local nonentity, he would contest the election, and his fellow intellectuals, in control of the Chambers, would decide the contest in his favor."

In Chile the problem of maintaining class rule under popular suffrage is solved by refined methods. The reliance of the oligarchy is not on force at the ballot-box, but on fraud. Sometimes the *inquilinos* vote as their master directs, but more and more they expect him to buy their votes. A friend of mine met an old planter who lamented that, whereas in the old days he voted his four hundred *inquilinos* as a matter of course, now he had to give them from one dollar to four dollars to get them to vote, and even then he could not be sure the vote was delivered. Since there is no shame in offering or taking money for a vote, vote-buying is open and general. In a hot contest one hears of as much as $250 being paid for a vote. Many an illiterate practises until he can write his name, so that he may sell his vote for the wages of a week's work. The Democratic, or Working-man's, party makes no small noise in the campaign, but on election day many who have shouted and worked for it sell their votes to the Conservatives. The names of dead men are of course kept on the register for the convenience of repeaters of the dominant party.

Naturally, extensive vote-buying makes an election costly. A deputy will have to spend from $3000 to $6000 on his election, although I was told that in Valdivia as much as $10,000 is needed. A senator, having a larger district to irrigate, will spend from $10,000 to $16,000. This is a prohibitive cost for the local man who would really represent in Congress the wishes and interests of the province; but for the sake of retaining their national political control, the rich Santiago landowning oligarchy can afford to stake their candidate with such a corruption fund. Hence it is the Santiago group that determines who shall stand for a given seat in the provinces, and finds the money needed to elect him. Naturally, the Conservatives, in control, have not the least idea of sawing off the limb they perch on; so it is not surprising that after years of agitation against electoral frauds, Congress doggedly refuses to enact a corrupt practices act.

In Argentina free elections are a matter of only the last ten years, and even now up country the old spirit of official interference lives on. Secret ballot, although for several years it has existed in law, has existed in fact for only four or five years.

POLITICAL PARTIES

A GREATER obstacle to popular government than even peon subserviency or tampering with elections is the absence of genuine political parties. "If the Liberal party held a national convention and chose its candidate for president," said an Ecuador senator, "it would not be necessary, as now, for President Plaza to pick his successor. If a single candidate were in the field for the Liberal votes, Plaza would not need to use his soldiers to break up the meetings and the propaganda of the friends of other Liberal candidates than his own. Now he *has* to interfere lest the Liberals scatter their support and lose the election. The Conservatives, too, ought to organize and pick their candidate; then the two rival candidates would represent opposed political principles, and we should have a fruitful battle of ideas."

But in Ecuador the materials for building a party from the bottom up do not exist. *Caudillismo,* or bossism, is the curse of this as of most other countries in Spanish America. A candidate is not a nominee, but simply a man with a following. His followers adhere to him not because he is the doughtiest champion of their

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ideas, but because he may be a winner, and if he wins, they share the spoil. "Don't support me in order that I may do something for you, but because I represent your ideas," was the exhortation of President Plaza to a follower. "If my opponent better represents your ideas, support him." But such advice is wasted on the Ecuador mind.

In Peru likewise the political party is built from above down. A political aspirant puts out his "program" as a basis for getting together, and this constitutes the only platform his party ever knows. Why this must be came out very clearly at a dinner conversation involving an ex-president of Peru, the presidents of the Chambers, the dean of the university, and other public men. To my question, "What are the national questions agitating the public mind?" came the reply: "There are no national questions agitating Peru, because a national consciousness of such questions does not exist. The environments and the races of Peru are so diverse that a collective opinion does not form on any question. What matters the people shall consider depends upon what is uppermost in the minds of the group of men who constitute the government of the moment. When they fall and a new prefect is sent out by another group of men, the discussion of the public takes a new direction." In a word, public opinion does not determine the course of government, but government controls the course of public opinion.

In Chile the outstanding political feature is the well-knit ruling class of from one hundred to one hundred and fifty wealthy families. They keep control of the Conservative, or clerical, party by controlling its executive committee, which picks the men who are to stand as the candidates of the party in the provinces. Once in every three or four years there is a convention of elected delegates which formulates the platform of this party, but there are no conventions in the provinces and the departments to nominate a candidate for Congress. Such gatherings might put up a local man who later in Congress would oppose the spending of the lion's share of the national revenues upon the improvement and embellishment of Santiago. So the executive committee picks a safe Santiago man to stand for Tarapaca or Coquimbo, and the Conservatives of that province have to accept him, for only he can command the Santiago money that will buy the needed votes.

The radical and liberal parties leave it to a provincial convention to pick the candidate for senator and to a departmental convention to pick the candidate for deputy. Since, however, the Conservatives, with their great corruption fund, keep a comfortable majority in Congress, the policy of the weaker parties has no effect upon the political system of the republic.

In Argentina, after the great party struggles of Federalists with Unitarians, and later of Nationalists with Autonomists, came an era of parties formed about a leader, or *caudillo*. The leader did not rely solely on the attractiveness of his program, but held out to his loyal followers the prospect of places and favors once he came into power. At present the Socialists constitute the only true party in Argentina; but the old chiefs are gone, and the time seems ripe for the appearance of other national parties.

One possible basis for such cleavage appears to be the free-trade-protection issue. The old cattle-raising and agricultural interests are for free trade, for they fill the home market and overflow into the foreign market. But the wine industry about Mendoza and the sugar industry about Tucuman want the home market reserved for themselves, and they may unite with the nascent manufacturing industries that already show themselves in Buenos Aires, Rosario, and a few other centers to form the nucleus of a protectionist party. Tobacco, lumber, and citrus fruits are mentioned as other possible claimants for protection, and on the basis of our own experience one can easily foresee how a home-industry movement may arise.

Then there is the possibility of a cleavage on nationalism *versus* states' rights.

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In old creole Argentina the provinces were isolated and self-centered. National unity came only with railroads and telegraphs and after bloody strife. In theory the nation is now a federal union of ten states, but the extension of the activities of the Central Government threatens to throw the federal system out of balance. In the provinces (states) there are federal highways and hospitals as well as provincial. In the city of Cordoba there are three kinds of parks, municipal, provincial, and national. Not only are the national universities overshadowing the provincial, but the Central Government actually provides elementary schools to supplement those of a weak or backward province. Most of the irrigation reservoirs and canals are national, and the fighting of insect plagues the country over is directed from Buenos Aires. Most of the banks and all the insurance companies operate under a federal charter. The code of law is national, although it is the provincial courts and police that enforce it.

Buenos Aires pushes national undertakings for the same reason that Tammany pushes public works in New York City—because every fresh expenditure means profit for the insiders. Then, too, just as with us, the federal revenues, being derived from customs duties, come more freely than state revenues and are felt less. When the council formed to provide a water system for the national capital began to install waterworks for interior towns, the service was gladly accepted, since thereby one more local burden was rolled on to the broad back of the nation.

Filled with faith in the power and the efficiency of the National Government, the young men come out of the universities with the maxim, "Let Buenos Aires do it." "I 'll tell you why I 'm for letting a single minister of education direct the schools of the whole country," said to me a public man. "Because it 's easier to find one able educator than to find ten." No one in politics seems solicitous to conserve the political vitality of the provinces and municipalities, thereby keeping the citizens interested in their immediate concerns. Only the rare sociologist points out that if the people miss the experience of discussing and managing local matters, they will be poorer citizens for the National Government. Few foresee that in time the interior backward provinces will overtake the seaboard states in population, wealth, and intelligence, and will then resent having Buenos Aires manage for them things which they could manage better and more to their liking with their own resources and their own men.

CENTRALIZATION

ALEXANDER HAMILTON was defeated in his attempt to give the President of the United States the power to appoint the governors of the States. In Spanish American countries his ideal is generally realized. The President of Colombia appoints the governor of each department, and the governor appoints the prefects and mayors. The President of Peru appoints the prefects, these the sub-prefects, and the latter name the governors. Reports flow up this official staircase, and orders flow down, so that the whole administration dances to Lima's piping. In Chile there is a complete chain from president through intendant, governor, and sub-delegate to inspector. There are municipal councils for cities, but nowhere is there a place for the county, as we know it, electing its own prosecutor, judge, and sheriff.

Peru has three universities out in the provinces: Arequipa, Trujillo, and Cuzco. Lima wishes to center all professional education in San Marcos, leaving to these old provincial institutions nothing but two years of instruction in letters and science. Cuzco talks of a revolt if its university is thus pared down, and its feeling deserves sympathy. Living is twice as dear in Lima, and for the provincial youth the environment is of the worst. To say nothing of the debilitating climate, the tone of the capital is lax, temptation is rife, extravagance reigns, and the highland student who is not ruined in his morals may have to drop out because the spending pace is too hot. In fact, despite its

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circle of intellectuals, Lima is the last place in Peru to gather young men to study.

The Government of Chile relieves the cities of the burden of pavement, sewers, water supply, fire protection, police, and hospitals, so that the municipality has nothing to do but care for streets and parks, light them, and provide band music. Its taxation is limited to three mills in the dollar. No doubt, the department of public works has given some cities better water than otherwise they would have. On the other hand, German-managed towns like La Union and Osorno would have good drinking water if only they might provide it for themselves; but, thanks to their dependence on remote Santiago, their water is bad and typhus is rife.

Still worse is the concentration of state institutions at Santiago. In the capital one finds the arsenal, the penitentiary, the astronomical observatory, the "zoo," the botanical gardens, the national museum, the museum of fine arts, the national institute, the national library, the military school, the school of arts and crafts, the normal school of preceptors, the pedagogical institute, the school of agriculture, and the state university. Out in the provinces one finds a rare *liceo,* or normal school, but the schools of the capital are favored far above the others.

When, now, to this lavish outlay of national income on the capital is added the resulting tendency of the landed proprietors to abandon their estates and spend their incomes in Santiago, society is thrown quite out of balance. As the country gentlemen leave for Santiago, there is no one to take an interest in roads, rural schools, and police, so that the country runs down. The better class of agricultural laborers move to town, where their women will be safe and their children taught. The more people move away, the more deserted, dreary, and rude the country becomes, with the result of stimulating still more the exodus from the fields. Meanwhile the capital finds itself with crowded slums, unemployed, processions of the starving, and like signs of overgrowth. True statesmanship would have planted many of the state institutions in provincial towns, thereby helping them to hold their population, and would have spent more money on making the country a good place in which to live.

THE SPOILS SYSTEM

THE public service in South America singularly resembles what was seen in some of our cities in this country before the advent of civil-service reform. In one Colombian port of five thousand souls I found two hundred persons drawing pay from the public treasury. When the export duty on ivory-nuts brought more revenue into the municipal treasury, the treasurer, who had one helper, enlarged his staff with two secretaries, one doorkeeper, one inspector, and four policemen, all his political friends. In Peru there is no conscious preparation of young men for the service of the state. The president appoints his friends and supporters to the prefectures, and they look upon their duties and opportunities with the eye of the true politician. "Every Chilian," say the Germans of southern Chile, "yearns to live at the expense of the state. If he is of good and old family, he deems it the duty of the state to provide for him." Men born in Chile estimate that seventy-five per cent. of the educated people live off the state. The government railways lose $80,000 a month, and one reason is too many political deadheads and employees. In Tucuman, in Argentina, I found that young men rely on a government post to tide them over the difficulties of getting established in a profession. There are in fact a great number of little government jobs of a clerical character which are nearly sinecures and which are available for those with any influence. Thus the "Library of Congress" of Tucuman, a small affair of 250 volumes, half of them government reports to be had for nothing, is looked after by a librarian who gets $140 a month for never coming near the "library."

Superficially the politics of tropical

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South America bears the aspect of an endeavor of a public-spirited group of citizens to dislodge from office a band of greedy politicians. The "outs" prove their case against the "ins," and, seeing that they profess the noblest sentiments, you expect a general clean-up once they gain the upper hand. What happens, however, is that the supplanters make the Government an instrument of profit, just as did the supplanted. Since usually the taxes go to swell the private fortunes of the "ins," the object of the revolutionary leader and his friends is to gain access to the public treasury. In the main, politics is a struggle between sections of the governing class for the proceeds of taxation, and not, as with us, a struggle between interests for the control of laws and policies. The recent President of Colombia, Dr. Restrepo, startled his country by actually using the revenues of the Government for public works.

The governor of an Ecuador province assured me that the former president seemed to regard the public moneys, of whatever origin or for whatever purpose designed, as his to do with as he saw fit. Having the *conquistador* spirit, he required local treasuries to yield up their funds on orders from Quito. Under his administration, averred the governor, the greatest corruption prevailed. For instance, when the school-teachers presented their vouchers to the treasurer at the provincial capital, they were told there was no money to pay them. A confederate of the treasurer induced the disappointed public servants to part with their vouchers at a discount, and these, being presented again, were promptly paid. Thus an inside ring absorbed a considerable part of the moneys destined for the public employees.

The secret of the constant failure of the Peruvian Government effectually to restrain the rubber-gatherers on the Putumayo River from their enslavement of the forest Indians is attributed not to any want of zeal at Lima, but to the fact that any judge or prefect or commandant sent out to Iquitos was corrupted, did nothing, and returned with the report that all was well. With one exception, every weapon Lima took into its hands went soft as lead.

The quality of Peruvian administration may be gaged from the state of the custom-house at Callao. Many articles sent from the United States never reach the consignees at all. Out of a single box of books one educator lost sixty. If the ship's manifest shows you bringing in ten boxes of goods, and two slip out of the sling and go to the bottom of the bay, you must pay duty on them or lose the remaining eight boxes. All sworn statements must be made on certain stamped sheets of paper, which are rejected in case of an erasure or a half-line too much. The slightest discrepancy between the contents of a box and your statement of what it should contain results in a fine. Callao's exorbitance may be gaged from the fact that a church organ costs as much to get from the ship's hold through the custom-house as the factory price plus the transportation from Virginia to Callao. Of Callao's charges only about one half went to the government treasury. One importer of a Morris chair that cost $16 had to pay $36 in duties. The Americans at Cerro de Pasco have become so exasperated by the thefts and extortions in the custom-house that they admit that they beat the Peruvian Government every chance they get. They bribe the inspector to pass their baggage, and one lady told with glee how, by slipping an inspector $10, she escaped $500 in duties.

In Bolivia the end man of the Government, the *corregidor,* is said to use his power freely to extract for his personal benefit a great deal of produce and labor from the Indians still living in communities on their own land.

In Valparaiso my attention was called to three instances in which influential Chilians in straitened circumstances had sold their mansions at fancy prices to the Government for school buildings, although the houses were unadapted to such use and the Government could have done much better to build for itself. In Valdivia solid German merchants charged

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that justice is for sale. Only the *rico* or the *caballero* ever wins a law-suit. The officials mark the industrious, prospering German and make him their prey.

In Chile it is declared on all hands that political corruption is increasing. In Congress the men of the old governing families are honest, but there is a fringe of "administrative people"—representatives of large mining and nitrate companies, of foreign banks, street railways, and certain private railways—who are without the civic traditions of the oligarchy, and are quite unscrupulous in using their money in making politics and their politics in making money. With the advent of new men into the charmed circle political corruption has increased, but younger and cleaner men seem to be coming into the parties and fighting lobbying and jobbery. Most of the shady politicians are over forty years of age.

Although Argentina certainly has many big public-spirited men in her service, there is evidence that her Government is far from what it should be. For instance, I ran into an old acquaintance selling, let us say, varnish for a very old and reputable English firm. Said he:

"Our goods are famous, but it is impossible to get an order for varnish without buying it. I have to give money to the man who has the say-so about ordering it and to the man who tests it and reports on it. Otherwise no order. Various government departments have used my varnish, and in every case a bribe of from $25 to $50 was necessary. At first I could n't conceive that a dignified white-mustached, frock-coated bureau chief would take my money, but never yet has it been refused. Sometimes when I am to submit a bid, the official has said, 'Add five per cent. for me.' In the United States I never went further than a dinner or a theater party in order to get business, but here you give money as well as entertainment. My house is simply aghast at this way of doing business."

From a friend very much on the inside came the story of a foreign promoter who found the indispensable government permit for his business strangely difficult to obtain. After he had wasted a year he was told to see a certain private person at a certain address. He called there, stated his trouble, and was directed to call again at two o'clock the next afternoon. He came, and was told that, if he meant business, he should give a check for £100,000. Eventually he did so and the matter of the government permit was soon adjusted.

For all its great area, Argentina has no more people than our largest States. It is fairer, therefore, to compare its government with that of New York or Pennsylvania rather than with our Federal Government. From such a comparison I am not sure that the great republic of the South would come off at all badly. There is no little political corruption in Buenos Aires, but I doubt if the Capital by the Plate River has cause to blush before Albany or Harrisburg.

CLASS SELFISHNESS IN GOVERNMENT

ALTHOUGH the South American governments are republican, the needs of the common people receive from them but scant consideration. The ruling class uses its control of government to draw to itself the lion's share of the advantages of the social union. In the tropics the abuse of political power is the shortest road to wealth. Like gold-mining or rubber-gathering with enslaved forest Indians, the capture of the proceeds of taxation is a splendid get-rich-quick enterprise, appealing strongly to the *conquistador* imagination. Government is a mode of acquisition sufficiently predatory, profitable, and perilous to suit the taste of the gentleman. The interest of the common people in politics springs from natural pugnacity or from love of watching a dangerous sport rather than from any benefit they are likely to get from it.

In Ecuador the law bears only on the masses. No respectable man with money or influence is ever annoyed on account of any homicide he may have committed. The perpetrator of a murder may be punished, but not the gentleman who hired it done. Army officers who have engineered

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a futile military outbreak are let off, but the poor soldier boys they seduced are shot. The upper class are so accustomed to favors that they were deeply shocked when the American company operating the Guayaquil-Quito Railroad insisted that everybody, even prominent persons, should pay fare!

The Ecuador system of taxing the produce of the land rather than the land itself is obviously for the benefit of the *hacendados*. There being no penalty for holding land unused, great tracts lie sterilized by speculation while the natives grub a miserable living out of remote ravines up toward the snow-fields. Concessions from colonial times pass down for generations, only a part being tilled. A tax on land values which would oblige the monopolizers of the soil to use their land or sell it would burst up the estates, but of course it will never be imposed.

Chile affords one of the prettiest examples of government for a class to be found in the world to-day. Formerly the landed class provided a stable, public-spirited government resembling that of England a century ago. Gradually, however, the pecuniary interest of this element has become more involved with its political control, while the neglected needs of the masses become ever more pressing.

The public revenues are nearly seventy million dollars, which is enormous for a people of three and one half millions in a country not more than a quarter of which is fit for farming. The secret is that over two thirds comes from export duties on nitrates. There being no taxes to keep them concerned over what the Government does with its income, the people have suffered the ruling class to absorb much of it by the continual creation of government jobs awarded by favor.

Most of the public lands of Chile have been alienated in large blocks to capitalists and speculators rather than to settlers. The original colonial grants were intended to create great estates, and the system of land distribution has never been fundamentally modified.

The dominant class of landed proprietors deliberately perpetuates the régime of paper money under which in forty years the *peso* has fallen to a fifth of its former value. The reason is simple. The *hacendado* sells his product in Europe for gold, and the lower the rate of exchange, the more he gets in Chilian currency. Farm wages do not rise as the *peso* depreciates, so that he makes a profit off his *inquilinos*, who have not the dimmest idea of why every year it is harder to make both ends meet. Again, two thirds of the big estates are encumbered and the depreciating *pesos* are as good as ever in the payment of the interest and principal of these mortgages.

The state has provided well for secondary and university education, but there are elementary schools for less than a third of the children, and these do not connect with the middle schools. The neglect of public hygiene may be measured from the fact that, in one of the finest climates in the world, the death-rate equals that of Russia, being more than twice that of the United States and western Europe. The avarice of the great vine-growers has prevented any state check to an alcoholism which cannot be matched anywhere else on the globe. Save in respect to rural laborers' dwellings, the oligarchy has taken not one step in social legislation. Regulation of mines and factories, safety provisions, workmen's compensation, limitation of hours, protection of working-women and children—all are regarded as anarchistic.

Since the opening of the Transandine, five years ago, many Catalonians and Italians have filtered into Chile from Argentina, so that a propaganda of the anarchistic South-European type is spreading among the laboring classes of the towns. Anti-militarism, which before was quite unknown, is showing its head. Three years ago several hundred "reds" marched in procession, one of their banners bearing the words "The Army is the School of Crime." To-day the governing class shows plain signs of nervousness. One evening in Santiago, when the strike of the shoemakers for a living wage was at its last gasp, I came upon two squads of

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mounted police watching a pitiful demonstration with transparencies being prepared by a score or two of strikers.

Not long ago Enrico Ferri, the Italian statesman, told the Chilians that the social question will find Chile worse prepared to meet it than any other country. He was right. Blind to the signs of the times, the masters have so neglected popular education that, once the benighted masses come to feel a sense of wrong, they will turn savage and destructive. Thoughtful men anticipate the outbreak, within fifteen or twenty years, of a bloody labor revolt. A few far-sighted patriots, who trust there is yet time to escape the day of wrath, are agitating for popular education, public hygiene, labor laws, and the combating of alcoholism. But the classes are uncomprehending and uncompromising. They insist that without the foreign-born agitator discontent would never have entered the heart of the cheerful *roto*. I noticed that the mercantile community in Valparaiso expressed a venomous hatred of the "agitators," whom they held responsible for the longshoremen's strike. Few of the propertied recognize class strife as the inevitable accompaniment of capitalism. Like Marshal de Broglie, they expect proletarian discontent to vanish with "a whiff of grape," and stake their future on carbineers. They *may* yield in time, but I am bound to say that the best heads in Santiago and Buenos Aires do not expect it.

The Runaway

By CALE YOUNG RICE

WHAT are you doing, little day moon,
Over the April hill?
What are you doing up so soon,
Climbing the sky with silver shoon?
What are you doing at half-past noon,
Slipping along so still?

Are you so eager, the heights unwon,
That you cannot wait?
But, unheeding of wind and sun,
Out of your nest of night must run,
Up where the day is far from done,
Shy little shadow-mate?

Up, and away then, with young mists,
Tripping along the blue;
Dance and dally and promise trysts
Unto each that around you lists:
For, little moon, not a one but wists
April 's the time to woo!

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George W. Perkins

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A Pioneer of Big Business

By HAROLD KELLOCK

Author of "Mr. Hobby," etc.

THERE is a man in New York, fifty-two years old, who has never attended a base-ball match or played golf or tennis or, since his boyhood, any other athletic game. When an interviewer recently asked him what was his favorite form of sport, he did not understand; but after a minute he laughed.

"Why, I 've never had time for that sort of thing," he said. "I 've been too busy." Ever since he was old enough to know what work was, with passionate zeal he has been hunting for work, larger and larger work. He has found plenty of it. He took charge of a life-insurance business of $200,000,000 a year, and developed it to a business of $350,000,000 a year. As a business organizer he was instrumental in creating as going concerns some of our biggest industrial corporations. Finally, two years ago, he dropped out of big business because it did not afford a large-enough field to labor in. He saw a bigger task for himself—the task of helping to work out the destiny of big business in its relations to the Government, the public, and the toilers. This is the greatest task confronting us to-day, in the opinion of George Walbridge Perkins.

The popular conception of the "trust magnate" has been patterned largely on the monstrous, bloated figures created by Opper and Art Young. Behind Mr. Perkins's desk, in his private office, hangs one of Opper's familiar "Uncle Trusty" cartoons, reminiscent of the Taft-Roosevelt struggle of 1912, in which "Wild Man Teddy" and "Fat Boy Bill" are featured, and a train-load of campaign contributions from predatory trusts is being piloted to the front by an insignificant-looking engineer labeled Perkins. Sitting under this cartoon, Mr. Perkins suggests neither the swollen Uncle Trusty nor the melancholy engineer. He is a slender, wiry man, in the pink of condition, and a casual visitor might fix his age at forty instead of fifty-two. There is a twinkle of fun in his bluish-brown eyes, and he laughs, in the midst of business hours, with a heartiness that has made many of our solemn-visaged millionaires envious. Since he takes no formal exercise, the best explanation of his physical youthfulness is his secretary's statement that he keeps fit by continuous jumping—from job to job. In the Garden of Eden he would have been unhappy.

Mr. Perkins began to jump at work at the age of fifteen, when he came home from public school one day and told his father he wished to stop studying and get a job. The next morning he went down to the Western headquarters of the New York Life Insurance Company (the family was living in Chicago) and got himself engaged as office boy.

The elder Perkins had been sufficiently prosperous in business to permit him virtually to retire, and devote his time to philanthropic work; so there was no necessity for the boy to leave school. But, though he preferred school to play, he saw in the outside world larger opportunities than school afforded.

For several years a certain newspaper cartoonist maintained a wide popularity through depicting the remarkably varied utility of a young man whom he called George. George was born to work, he achieved work, he had work thrust upon him. The expression "Let George do it" became the catch of the day. Probably the artist congratulated himself on a rare stroke of originality; but the idea was not new. "Let George do it" had become a familiar adjuration in the Chicago office of the New York Life Insurance Company as far back as the late seventies, just as, later, it became a hackneyed motto in the world of big business. "George" was George W. Perkins. He was unquestionably the best office boy the New York Life

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ever had. Fourteen years after he licked his first stamp in the Chicago office, he went to New York as third vice-president of the company, in charge of its entire agency business throughout the world. Thus at twenty-nine Mr. Perkins was managing a business of $200,000,000 a year and had under him an army of thousands of men.

Mr. Perkins found the New York company about to abandon Europe as a field for its activities. Many European countries had already ousted all American insurance companies from their domains. Others betrayed a growing hostility. They looked upon the American companies as concerns of the wildcat order. The outlook was so unfavorable that the New York company's directors were on the point of yielding to this prejudice.

"I was twenty-nine," said Mr. Perkins recently, in recalling this, "and I did n't feel like giving up anything. At that age a man wants to expand, to go after things."

So Mr. Perkins persuaded the directors to let him go after Europe.

His task was not an easy one. The attitude of European governments was one of disfavor. They insisted on radical changes in the management of American life-insurance companies before they would permit their people to deal with them. Mr. Perkins found himself in favor of many of these changes. The German Government, for instance, did not believe that stocks were a sufficiently stable investment for the funds of widows and orphans. Mr. Perkins suggested to his directors that the company give up its stock investments. But the directors turned a cold shoulder on this proposition of their youthful manager. Stocks paid a high rate of interest. "Besides," said the directors, "our company has always carried stock investments."

"But we have always done thus and so." That phrase is the protest of the stand-patter. It is the bane of forward-looking men. Probably when the first uncaudated soldiers of progress were emerging from the jungle, the apes who remained protested mockingly, "But we have always worn tails." Their ancestors are still swinging from the branches of trees. Mr. Perkins was to meet with this phrase frequently in business and in the larger world of politics, and he has fought zealously and effectively against it.

For a time he was beaten, and the New York Life Insurance Company continued to invest its funds in stocks. But Mr. Perkins continued to nag the directors about the German business, and eventually they capitulated. The company disposed of its stocks—on a high market, and the lucrative field of Germany was open to it. Of course this step was a great advertisement for the company in this country. It led to an amazing increase of business. By 1899, after many trips to Europe, Mr. Perkins had effectually captured the Continent for his company. Incidentally he picked up for the company the first German and the first Russian loans ever placed in the United States.

The life-insurance business had grown up very rapidly. In some respects it had, so to speak, outgrown its organization. The result was waste and lack of efficiency. The agents were a case in point.

The agents were not employed directly by the big companies, but their contracts were made with general agents, acting as middlemen, each of whom had a distinct territory, such as a State. This was a very lucrative arrangement for the general agents, but a poor one for the companies; for whenever they lost a general agent, they lost the whole agency organization in that territory. The agents were usually free-lances. They shifted from company to company, and treated their business in a cavalier manner. Instead of being a co-operative corps, they were merely a number of thoroughly undependable units.

Mr. Perkins set out to end such conditions. First he had all the agents employed directly by the company. Then by a system of published bulletins, of conventions (attended by the agents who wrote the most business), and of pensions, he completely revolutionized the agency business. The agents became a loyal, cohesive

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body, strongly welded to the company by common interests.

Meanwhile there was one man in New York who was observing Mr. Perkins's constructive activities with the greatest interest. This was the late J. P. Morgan. Morgan was then approaching the zenith of his power; likewise the so-called trust movement was attaining its highest point of activity. In the gathering of little businesses into big businesses our whole economic life was undergoing a complete evolution, which Morgan was doing all he could to accelerate. It was a period of expansion and prosperity and boundless confidence. Every one was buying stocks. Office boys in Wall Street were making fortunes in speculations. The leaders of finance were thinking in billions. Huge mergers were pushed through. Huge concerns, some of them a bit top-heavy and water-logged, were being launched. The Sherman Anti-Trust Law had slumbered on the statutes for over a decade, but it was a vague law, and no one knew much about its potency for good or evil. To all appearances it seemed likely to remain a mere matter of academic curiosity to the end of time.

Besides, in the opinion of many far-sighted men our tremendous advance in facilities for intercommunication between the States had made any law against large business combinations unenforceable. When the Sherman Law was written, the telephone was still a luxury. A dozen years later Boston was talking with Kansas City over the wire every day. New York was twenty hours from Chicago by railroad, and only two minutes by telephone. Under such conditions big business was inevitable. Morgan's power and ability hastened the process of integration.

The most important of his industrial offspring was the United States Steel corporation, with its billion-dollar capitalization. It was a huge, unwieldy infant, helpless and sadly in need of a mother. There were many who predicted that it would never walk alone. Its natural nurses, Carnegie and the older steel men, were out. Morgan, a financial organizer rather than a practical business man, found himself helpless before the needs of this monstrous baby of industry that he had begotten. He looked about for a nurse; that is, for a business organizer who was capable of putting the steel infant on its feet and teaching it to walk alone. The young life-insurance man who had captured Europe appealed to him. "The man we want is Perkins," he said.

But Mr. Perkins was absorbed in the life-insurance business. He would not abandon it altogether, and Morgan insisted that he wanted all of his time or none. The big financier made several appeals, but Mr. Perkins stood firm. Finally Morgan invited Mr. Perkins to breakfast one morning and capitulated on half-time. It was in 1901 that Mr. Perkins became a member of the Morgan firm.

Mr. Perkins was largely responsible for giving the Steel Corporation a working organization. This was no small task, though it was simply a task of coördinating many units. To start the Steel Corporation on a working basis was a mere matter of administrative detail, but to keep it going was the real problem.

It has been said that a corporation has no soul, and this is often referred to as its principal element of strength in the business world, where might makes right. On the contrary, the lack of a soul was really the great corporation's greatest weakness; for the problem of big-business organization is really a spiritual problem. Back of any successful business must stand a great loyalty and a great enthusiasm, and these are spiritual things. Could the Steel Corporation, in its stockholders, in its employees, cultivate these? This was the question Mr. Perkins faced.

While he was with the New York Life, Mr. Perkins had adopted a system of mailing to all policy-holders detailed annual reports of the business of the company. With the stockholders of the United States Steel Corporation he adopted this open policy. From the first these reports were made as frank and complete as they could be, with the object of enabling the stock-

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holders to visualize the workings of the vast machinery of the Steel Corporation.

Among the steel-workers were those who had loyalty and enthusiasm for Carnegie or for Frick, but could they be inspired by such an impersonal thing as a corporation, a thing without a soul? These employees numbered 125,000. They included union men and non-union men, workers of all nationalities, of all degrees of skilled and unskilled labor. Would it be possible to weld such an army of men together, give them a common cause and a common inspiration in a company that was popularly stigmatized as the Billion Dollar Trust?

To solve this problem Mr. Perkins borrowed from the socialists. Their cry was, "Let the workmen own the tools." Mr. Perkins decided to give the employees of the Steel Corporation a share in the ownership of the tools.

Profit-sharing schemes had been tried before in many industries, but they had never been conspicuous successes. Mr. Perkins was determined to plan a profit-sharing scheme that would work. Inducements were offered for the employees of the company to invest in its stock, the lowest-paid employees being permitted to invest a larger percentage of their earnings than the high-salaried men. Payments were to be made on the instalment plan, on a five-year basis, with a bonus on the completion of the payments. To guard against buying for speculative purposes merely, the ownership of the stock was not vested in the employees until the last payment was made, though interest dated from the first payment. Almost from the start the employees entered into this plan with enthusiasm. They are now subscribing for nearly 100,000 shares of stock annually, about equally divided between preferred and common. This partnership with the employees has resulted in a remarkable gain in efficiency all through the steel organization. Another result has been that with all its great army of workers the Steel Corporation has been remarkably free from labor troubles.

There was a certain plant of the Steel Corporation where the superintendent had always supplied his home from the company's wood pile. He was not a dishonest man, but he looked upon the wood as legitimate graft. No one knew about this pilfering except the watchman in the yard, and so far as he was concerned, if the boss wished to take a load of wood now and then it was none of his business. But under the profit-sharing scheme the watchman acquired a share or two of the company's stock. And the next time the superintendent's man called for a load of wood the watchman looked upon the transaction in a new light.

"You clear out of this," he said.

"But this is for the boss," protested the man. "It 's his wood, ain't it?"

"No it ain't," replied the watchman. "It 's *my* wood; part of it, anyway."

The driver got his wood, but when the watchman went home, fired with all the righteous indignation of the defrauded stockholder, he laboriously wrote out a letter of protest to the headquarters of the corporation in New York. This missive did much to convince skeptical directors that the profit-sharing was good business as well as a philanthropic scheme.

The superintendent was astonished to receive a curt note from headquarters bidding him buy his own wood or seek another job.

Meanwhile Mr. Perkins had been instrumental in forming the International Harvester Company and starting it on the same lines as the Steel Corporation, with detailed annual reports and a complete profit-sharing plan. The Steel Corporation had already been formed when he entered Morgan & Company, but the International Harvester Company was largely the child of his own efforts. It might be called Mr. Perkins's ideal of the so-called trust.

Thus within a period of twenty-five years the Chicago office boy had pressed to the forefront in industrial affairs. A complete economic revolution had taken place, and he had become one of the leaders. Little businesses were passing, and big business had come. The era of co-

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operation and combination, of the giant merger and the giant trust, had arrived. And Mr. Perkins was in the thick of this tremendous development. He was a member of the Morgan firm, first vice-president of the New York Life Insurance Company, chairman of the finance committee of the Harvester Company, and a director or officer in some half a hundred great corporations besides. He was just past forty. It seemed as though Mr. Perkins could hold this pinnacle of success for many years; yet within a decade he had quit. He resigned from the Morgan firm, he dropped his directorships in wholesale fashion. To-day Mr. Perkins is still chairman of the finance committee in the International Harvester Company, a director and member of the finance committee in the Steel Corporation, and director in half a dozen other concerns that still require his advice. That is all. He has called himself a retired workman, but, as it happens, he is still one of the hardest-working men in New York.

This sudden transformation of Mr. Perkins at the end of 1910 has been the subject of much speculation. The American people have become familiar with the type of trust magnate who in his old age enters upon a career of endowing institutions and indulging in other stupendous arm-chair philanthropies; but for a "trust magnate" to retire in the prime of life was not in character. There are many persons who to this day are frankly skeptical of Mr. Perkins's retirement. There are others who profess to see in it a deep-laid scheme to forward the interests of "the trusts."

Mr. Perkins is a reticent man. He has never cultivated reporters. Thus his constructive work has been little known, and he has had the misfortune to attain his first wide-spread publicity in connection with the life-insurance investigation of 1904. Investigator Charles Evans Hughes got Mr. Perkins to tell of the famous conference between George W. Perkins, chairman of the finance committee of the New York Life, and George W. Perkins of J. P. Morgan & Company, at which it was decided to contribute $50,000 of the funds of the widows and orphans to the second McKinley campaign fund. The public, on learning of this transaction, cried, "Off with his head!" Mr. Perkins was indicted. Though the indictment was dismissed, Mr. Perkins, not to put too fine a point on it, was not pictured in the popular imagination as wearing a halo. So it seemed utterly incongruous to find this same Perkins deliberately abandoning big business in the prime of life, and devoting himself to good works, raising funds for the Y. M. C. A., planning, raising money for, and developing for the people of New York and New Jersey a magnificent interstate playground, turning all his energies to an attempt to solve the intricate food-supply and marketing problem of the metropolis, and establish a system that would encourage a lower basis of prices, serving as chairman of a committee appointed by Mayor Mitchel to devise a system of pensions for municipal employees.

The writer has no doubt that precisely the same motives inspired Mr. Perkins to make the $50,000 campaign contribution and to raise a fund for the Y. M. C. A. In his mind unquestionably the $50,000 was a sort of insurance for the widows and orphans of his company against the menace of free silver. Probably he exaggerated this menace; but in the time and the circumstances he rated his action a good deed.

To Mr. Perkins the transition from business to a life enlisted in the service of the public was a natural and consistent thing. His father, in his prime, had gradually cut away from his business affairs to engage in philanthropic work. He had established in Buffalo the first branch Y. M. C. A. in the United States. As a boy George Perkins spent much time assisting his father in a sort of settlement work in the district in Chicago where Hull House now stands. The elder Perkins did not believe in hiring agents to do this sort of thing for him. He himself went into the slums and took his family with him. Mr. Perkins was undoubtedly a better life-insurance man because of this early experience with the problems of the

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poor. In this experience also he gathered the seeds of his later profit-sharing plans. It is worth noting that his first large charitable contribution was given to build a permanent home for the Buffalo Y. M. C. A. in memory of his father.

Mr. Perkins always continued this public work even when in the thick of his business campaigns. It was his idea of recreation. As far back as 1899 he conceived the idea that the Palisades of the Hudson, whose destruction was threatened by the constant blasting of the quarrymen, would make a splendid public park. He went to Governor Theodore Roosevelt to see if something could not be done to save the Palisades. This was the first private meeting of the two men. Col. Roosevelt entered into the plan with characteristic enthusiasm. He had a joint New York-New Jersey Commission appointed, with Mr. Perkins as chairman. Mr. Perkins still serves in that capacity.

The legislatures of the two States appropriated $10,000 for the expenses of the commission. Then Mr. Perkins said to his colleagues: "Our office shall be under our hats. We shall be our own secretaries and do all the work ourselves." The $10,000, designed to cover the cost of an office and office staff, he used to get an option on the land where the most destructive blasting was going on, and then he went to J. P. Morgan and begged the money to buy the land for the State. This was the beginning of the Interstate Park, which now stretches from Fort Lee to Newburgh, and includes the Bear Mountain tract and the Harriman grant of ten thousand acres.

By November, 1909, Mr. Perkins thought the time was ripe for planning a considerable extension of the park project, to include the Highlands of the Hudson. Accordingly he asked Governor Hughes to have a bill passed appropriating two and a half million dollars on condition that a like sum was raised by private subscription. The governor heartily indorsed the plan. He was fond of commissions, and a commission that had acquired and opened a forty-mile park strip in less than a decade at a total personal administrative expense of less than five hundred dollars particularly appealed to him. He agreed to urge the appropriation upon the legislature as soon as Mr. Perkins got his pledges.

The governor's coöperation obtained, Mr. Perkins sallied forth armed with a sheet of foolscap paper. At the top was a terse statement of the objects of the subscription. Below was a long, blank space for names and amounts. With this bit of paper Mr. Perkins went direct to Pocantico Hills and called on Mr. John D. Rockefeller. What Mr. Rockefeller wrote on the paper, in his round, deliberate hand, as if he had a full appreciation of the monetary value of each letter, was the opening wedge for the greater Palisades Park. He put down:

"John D. Rockefeller, five hundred thousand dollars."

Mr. Perkins went back to his office. He was at that time a member of the Morgan firm. He and Morgan sat back to back, their desks being ranged at opposite ends of the same window. When Mr. Perkins went in, Morgan was at his desk, hard at work, his formidable black cigar glowing.

"I want to show you a very interesting signature," said Mr. Perkins, and handed his partner the sheet of foolscap.

Morgan glanced at it. "Humph!" he snorted. He thumped the paper down upon his desk, scratched something upon it hastily, and tossed it over upon Mr. Perkins's desk. Mr. Perkins picked it up and read:

"J. Pierpont Morgan, five hundred thousand dollars."

Added to this came a million from Mrs. Harriman. The rest was easy. The whole two and a half millions was pledged in a fortnight, and the full list was ready before New Year's day, when the legislature met.

Mr. Perkins is an incomparable beggar. He enters upon big begging with as much enthusiasm as he embarked upon big business. His campaign of two years ago to

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raise $4,000,000 in two weeks for the Y. M. C. A. in New York City. looked like a hopeless task, but Mr. Perkins brought to it enthusiasm and strategy. One of his premises was that if you send a secretary to beg from a millionaire you may get a check for $500. If you go yourself, you may get $100,000. For the purposes of his campaign he induced some of the leading citizens of the metropolis to become mendicants. It was a sort of begging de luxe. And the result was a fund $52,000 over the amount fixed.

A rather curious money-raising episode attended Mr. Perkins's only appearance as an international sportsman. This was in connection with the building of the cup defender Reliance.

A challenge had come from Sir Thomas Lipton. It was a lean financial year and J. P. Morgan, who was Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, remarked one day to his partner that every one appeared to be too poor to contribute to the building of a cup yacht that season and he himself did not wish to put very much time on it. "I 'll get the yacht built for you," said Mr. Perkins. So Morgan turned to other things and worried about it no more. He knew Mr. Perkins.

Mr. Perkins got together a syndicate, raised $300,000 (including a generous contribution from Morgan) and the yacht was built. One morning early in the autumn Morgan stepped up to his partner's desk.

"How are you going to the race?" he asked.

"What race?" asked Mr. Perkins.

"The first international yacht race. Did n't you know it was to-day?"

Mr. Perkins had forgotten and moreover when Morgan invited him to see the race, on the *Corsair,* he pleaded excess of work and stuck to his desk. Through all the series he never attended a race.

Mr. Perkins had a greater obligation for leaving his private business career than detached public services such as the Y. M. C. A. work and the chairmanship of Mayor Mitchel's committee on food-stuffs. He had helped call big business into being. He saw that no constructive political provisions had been made to deal with the profound economic changes brought about by it. The new problems that had arisen —the relations of big business to the public and to the wage-earner—were, he considered, the most pressing political and economic problems before the nation. They afforded a larger field for work than big business itself. So when Mr. Perkins retired, he had in view principally the idea of being free to devote himself to this great problem in political economy.

"I might have kept on and made a few thousands or a few millions," he said recently, "but I could only leave it behind me. I saw in private life the prospect of working out more important problems than even the biggest business could afford."

His first venture into political affairs had been during the governorship of Theodore Roosevelt. A bill had been introduced into the New York legislature to limit the business of any one life-insurance company to $150,000,000 a year. As the New York Life Insurance Company's business at that time amounted to $350,000,000 a year, the passage of the bill would deal a big blow at the prosperity of the company. John A. McCall, the president of the company, was in the West. Mr. Perkins wrote him asking permission to see Governor Roosevelt and protest against the proposed legislation. McCall wrote back:

"Don't go to see that wild man. Probably you 'll only stir him up to something worse."

But Mr. Perkins decided on his own responsibility to see the "wild man."

He went to Albany and told Governor Roosevelt that a business was not necessarily bad because it was big, and if there were wrongs and abuses in the life-insurance business, one of them was not that the companies were writing too many policies. It took the governor about five minutes to see that point. He summoned before him the leaders of the legislature and emphatically told them that if the bill was passed he would veto it. The bill was not passed.

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That conversation of fifteen years ago between Mr. Perkins and Governor Roosevelt contained the germs of the economic platform of the Progressive party. Incidentally the incident marked the first attempt to smash a business because of its size.

Mr. Perkins's experience had taught him the importance of an intelligent solution of the political problems evoked by big business. But in the perplexing field of American politics there seemed to be no room for these problems and no interest in them. The tariff obsession blotted out nearly everything else. American statesmen had always been accustomed to make the tariff their main object of consideration, and of course proper politics demanded that they fight the same battles over and over again, sometimes jacking the tariff schedules up a bit, sometimes politely paring them. Meanwhile the land had become inhabited by a race of industrial giants, and far-sighted persons were beginning to wonder what we were going to do with them, or what they were going to do to us. The statesmen, however, merely frowned when the trusts were mentioned. Some denied their existence, others declared that they should not exist; and then both parties turned their backs on these impudent portents and began an eloquent and passionate debate on whether the tariff on aconite should be two per cent. higher or two per cent. lower. The only solution American statesmanship had was to "bust the trusts." They declared that competition must be restored, that it was the life of trade, and we had always had competition. Thus in a manner the Sherman Law became sporadically an active thing.

Unquestionably some statesmen quite sincerely believed that if the wicked Standard Oil Company were split into thirty-one units instead of one it would in some mysterious way become pure and clean and noble. And unquestionable other statesmen believed that trust-busting would not greatly inconvenience the large corporations and was an activity pleasing to their constituents.

In Mr. Perkins's mind big business, holding companies, trusts, whatever they might be called, had been evoked by the industrial exigencies of the times and had come to stay, at least until some further stage of economic evolution. He had no illusions about restoring competitive conditions, which gave us the sweat-shop, child labor, adulterated food, inadequate wages, bad conditions in industry. Just as the thirteen American States were justified in forming a central government, or holding company, "to establish," in the words of the Constitution, "justice, to insure domestic tranquillity, to provide for the common defense, and to promote the general welfare," so, in his opinion, business men were justified in a similar step to insure industrial stability, to protect themselves in the commerce of the world, and to promote the general welfare by ending the waste and inefficiency of cutthroat competition.

Mr. Perkins admitted the criticisms that big business, like little business, occasionally had exacted inordinate profits, had sometimes been unfair or even corrupt. He admitted that it was oligarchic and massed great powers in the hands of private persons. He himself has stated frequently that the more important positions in large corporations, if unregulated and uncontrolled by Federal laws, place too much power in the hands of individual men. But all these evils and possibilities for evil he believed could be remedied by publicity, government supervision and control, and criminal prosecution of persons responsible for dishonesty or violation of the law. To attempt to solve the problem of the trusts by cutting up the Standard Oil Company or the United States Steel Corporation into little pieces was, in his opinion, as absurd as it would be to try to solve the pathological problem of obesity by cutting up fat men into little pieces. It was as naïve as an attempt to solve the railroad problem by abolishing the railroads and restoring the stage-coach.

Besides, Mr. Perkins does not believe that the Sherman Law or any other law can successfully break up big business and

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restore little competitive businesses any more than by legislation we could restore the perukes and ruffs and knee-breeches of our grandfathers.

"This instrument has made big business inevitable," he said recently, tapping the telephone on his desk. "The Standard Oil Company has been broken up into thirty-one companies. But if one man, Mr. Rockefeller, let us say, had a controlling interest in the original concern, he would also have a controlling interest in each of the thirty-one. And he could sit on top of Pocantico Hills with a telephone in his hand and run those thirty-one companies just as if they had never been divided.

"The telephone is really the mother of trusts. A few years ago, in company with some other men here in New York, I was closing a large business matter. Before our final decision, we had to get the advice and consent of a man in Chicago, a man in St. Louis, and men in several other cities. We sat down at dinner, and talked to all these men very comfortably, over the telephone from our table during the course of the meal. Two generations ago it would have taken several weeks to bring these men together.

"Intercommunication is the secret of big business. With all our cities within speaking distance of one another, business can no longer be local."

Mr. Perkins now has a new argument against trust-busting. This is the recent decree of the United States District Court of St. Paul ordering the International Harvester Company to be dissolved into three separate and independent units. This decree is in many respects so remarkable that it undoubtedly would have attracted widespread comment if the news of it had not been blotted out by the European war.

The judges agreed that the Harvester Company stock was free from water, that the company had increased wages between twenty and thirty per cent. in ten years, that its treatment of competitors was just and fair, and that its prices to consumers, for a greatly improved product, remained nearly stationary or "increased far less than other agricultural machinery the trade in which was not claimed to have been restrained or monopolized." But according to the court the Harvester combination had from eighty to eighty-five per cent. of the American business, and by the merger the competition between the constituent parts of the combination was eliminated, and therefore the company was "in restraint of trade." In other words, the Harvester Company is a beneficent corporation, but it must be bad because it is big.

So Mr. Perkins goes about the country declaring that "the great corporation is the live, burning issue of to-day," preaching the gospel of admitting the wage-earners to a share in the ownership of big business, denouncing the Sherman Law in its present form, and urging constructive national regulation of interstate business. For these ideas he argues before chambers of commerce, trade organizations, labor meetings, universities, wherever opportunity offers. Here and there he makes converts. When the bolt occurred in the last Republican National Convention, his economic ideas were adopted by the newly formed Progressive party.

In reality this activity resembles his boyhood incursions with his father into the Chicago slums. It is a sort of economic settlement work.

"But suppose regulation does n't work?" he was asked recently. "For instance, under Governor Hughes, here in New York State, we had one kind of Public Service Commission, and under the Boss of Tammany Hall we have since had an altogether different kind of Public Service Commission. Suppose regulation proves ineffective, corrupt even? What then? Can we possibly go back to competition?"

"Competition is over," replied Mr. Perkins, tapping his telephone. "If regulation fails, then government ownership."

Coming from the man whom Morgan selected as chief organizer in the formative period of big business, this statement is not without significance. But Mr. Perkins emphatically believes that regulation will work.

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The Tower of Jewels, Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco

CURRENT COMMENT

The San Francisco Fair and Our Future

THE Panama-California Exposition at San Diego is already under way, and at this writing San Francisco is on the eve of welcoming every American to her Panama-Pacific Exposition, which opens February 20. By the time this magazine reaches our readers the great exposition will have been open a month, and all Americans living upon the Eastern seaboard should be turning their eyes westward, if they have not already been aroused by the rumors of architectural and industrial triumphs displayed beside the Golden Gate. THE CENTURY MAGAZINE feels specially "well connected" in this regard, inasmuch as Jules Guérin, whose delicate and gorgeous color-work has long been one of our special features, was early called to preside as Director of Color and Decoration of the California pageant. There is no doubt that what we may call the "color value" of this particular exposition will far exceed that of any other yet held in the United States. It is to be absolutely polychromatic. No unrelieved white is to be used. It has been said that, while the Centennial first taught the educational value of expositions, and the great White City of Chicago the value of unity, Buffalo that of a superb single feature like the Howard Tower, and Jamestown that of the colonial as an

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American style, the present fair, through the coöperation of both art and nature, will present finally and gloriously the vast resources of western America for "more than Oriental splendor." It is small wonder. Any one who has spent even a week on the coast, from Monterey to San Diego, has been impressed by the floral abundance, the blaze of color, the eternal festival that Nature holds beside the blue Pacific. In the canvases of such a Western painter as Gamble one catches the pulsations of this superb, almost barbaric, riot of hues. Such decorators, painters, and sculptors as the great Frank Brangwyn himself, our own Karl Bitter, Frank Vincent Du Mond, Robert Aitken, and the firm of McKim, Mead & White, will add to this a sculpture and architecture of true achievement. Such titles as "The Tower of Jewels," "The Court of Palms," and "The Arch of the Rising Sun" leap forth—titles to conjure with.

Further, if we realize what it all celebrates, that after ten years of tremendous effort and many pessimistic predictions, the greatest man-made waterway in the world is at last an accomplished fact; that through this fact closer relations between our West of raw materials and our industrial East have been eternally established; that through it the commerce of Europe is drawn as never before to our Pacific coast; that the South American states are coördinated more closely with us than ever before; that a new era in Asiatic commerce is opening through this achievement; and that the Panama trade may be the means of bringing new American merchant fleets into being—if we realize all this, it should take little urging to convince the average American that the time has come for him to "take stock" of his own country, appraise its resources and grandeurs, and at the same time give himself a holiday of supreme educative value. To mention just a few details showing what an unexampled opportunity this is for our education: Americans may travel three thousand miles or more over their own land; only four days by rail from New York to San Francisco, gaining a nearer knowledge of the great agricultural States; eight days by the south path, with five days at sea, across the Gulf of Mexico, up the Mississippi, and with side-trips through Arizona or the Yosemite Valley; or, better still, by the canal itself, with a glimpse of the Caribbean Sea.

At the end of it we shall perhaps understand, to mention merely one point, the trade opportunities that lie before us in South America. Great cities like Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, and Valparaiso will be more than mere names to us. The opening of the Panama Canal brings us nearer than any other great manufacturing country to these coast ports, where once American merchantmen plied first and successfully. What we think of as the *far* East will also have been brought very near, for dragon-haunted China and rainbow-colored Japan will furnish brilliant displays at the fair, and the contribution of our northern neighbor, Canada, will have opened all unacquainted eyes to her sturdy enterprise and splendid tradition. But even greater than these benefits will have been the benefit of realizing how much closer-knit we are becoming as a nation, how much more closely in contact the harvester of Kansas, the cattleman of Montana, and the lumberman of Oregon have come with the manufacturers and shippers of the East. Some of us will perhaps have passed in automobile over the ancient path of the "prairie schooner," and the phantoms of pioneering caravans have risen from the dust of our hurtling motors, binding our miraculous present to our heroic past. The phrase "See America First" has degenerated into a threadbare catchword, but, like all threadbare catchwords, it has from the beginning held a greater content of wisdom than is apparent upon its flamboyant surface. We can learn much, and have learned much, from the Old World in civilization, though at the moment the devastating cloud of war makes this less apparent than perhaps it should be; but this New World of ours is still in the making, and every one of us has the chance of participating in great things to be done.

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A shadow will come over our dreaming. Far across the ocean, from the Carpathian Mountains to the sand-dunes near Ostend, intrenched War clashes, with here and there a furious attack or a desperate defense. But General Winter is difficult to supersede in command. In France and elsewhere the wet and boggy state of the country makes it impassable for artillery, and the real battles smolder till the battle-fields shall harden and dry. Lord Kitchener is reported as saying, "I do not know when this war will end, but it will begin in May." So, although the loss of life has already stunned our minds with its magnitude, it would seem that the worst is still before the nations. America is responding to every call for succor from the other side. Since the war began the American people, whatever their sympathies or nationality, have answered as one to the appeals of desolation and anguish from the war-zone. Relief-work has gone forward here with cumulative intensity, and there is and will be no sign of slackening in all legalized effort to ameliorate Europe's present misery in any way possible. Compassion is our part, and it has shaken us from east to west. But it is for this very reason that we should be thinking more seriously of our own country this spring than ever before, that we should strike free for a time from the war-fog rolling in from oversea, and go forth on pilgrimages through our own land to acquire some sense of our nationality and of the responsibilities the time imposes upon us. Even the idle, whose yearly, and now indefinitely postponed, European trip represents no real quest for anything but amusement, cannot but be struck to awe if they substitute this year a rediscovery of their own country and its tremendous potentialities. They will awaken. They will begin to think. They will realize that here we hold the hope of the world as a guarded flame in our democratic thought, in our administration of natural resources, in our industry, science, and invention. May this revelation and the determination to realize what it reveals charge us with power for years to come.

For out in San Francisco a panorama is beginning to unfold before us—a splendid panorama of our past and the past of those countries closely allied with us in the endeavors of civilization. We have only to stroll and watch, and we cannot help drawing from it that "vision without which a people perishes." On our way there we shall catch sight of glories of pastureland, sublimities of mountain-range, the golden sight of Titan young cities of the West, the realization of that heritage the pioneers have left us. In great spaces fit for men to breathe in are born great dreams. We must necessarily return with fresher springs of inspiration opened in our souls.

An Answer to "Has the Church Collapsed?"

THE CENTURY has received the following letter, which it is very glad to publish.

THE CENTURY expresses its "keen realization" that "all is not well with the Christian church." Paul and John were even more violently agitated by their realization of the same condition in their day, and three quarters of the preaching since has been mainly occupied with trying to remedy this condition. We admit the indictment.

Mr. Schoonmaker, however, goes THE CENTURY one better: he charges that the church is dead. In support of the accusation he adduces four arguments. First, that the destruction of the Rheims cathedral shocked people on the esthetic rather than on the religious side. We might remind him that the church was never more full of conscious vitality than in those memorable days when it went out smashing cathedrals on its own account. Second, that the church is now beholding "its remaining millions ooze away," which will be news to the statisticians; and in any case we shall agree, I

think, that mere numbers are an uncertain index of the vitality of an institution. Third, that the church did not prevent the present war. Of this there can be no reasonable doubt, but there have been many wars since the beginning of the Christian era, and the church did not prevent any one of them.

I must in all fairness confess that these three arguments are mentioned only casually or by way of illustration. The fourth argument is the main item in the count and occupies the body of the article. It has to do with the evils which have crept into the church: materialism, militarism, dogmatics, and worldly pomp. In other words, the church has suffered from a complication of fatal diseases, and having suffered from fatal diseases, it must be dead. The argument scarcely gains in forcefulness from the consideration, which Mr. Schoonmaker alleges, that the church has been suffering from these diseases in acute form for about sixteen hundred years.

He insists that the church is not really Christian, which is true. We have no really Christian churches on earth, never have had any, and never will have until we succeed in producing a few more real Christians. Thus far we have had but One. A phase of the situation which escapes our diagnostician is, that the church is not a force acting upon society from the outside, like a fire-engine upon a burning building; it actually consists of a very great many ordinary folk, like Mr. Schoonmaker's neighbors, and he must know only too well how impossible it is to create an infallible, fleckless institution out of such imperfect material.

Having proved to his satisfaction that the church as a Christian institution is dead, he next proves that in the very nature of things it never could have existed. Religion is an inward, spiritual thing, he says, and therefore has nothing to do with "wine or bread or cups or altars or buildings." Perhaps some realization of the measure of truth contained in this assertion accounts for the fact that people were not quick to see in the destruction of a cathedral a specifically religious calamity. But we must be careful of the argument. The soul of man is a spiritual thing, and in the same way we might urge that it has nothing to do with flesh and blood, and that the sooner it is separated from the body the better. But any effort to separate it, in your own case or in that of any other man, is generally accounted a crime punishable by very severe penalties.

In reality Mr. Schoonmaker has probably no prejudice against the expression of the spiritual through the material, in art for example, or even in religion. His prejudice is all against the expression of the spiritual through organization. He is not, beyond the rest of us, an idealist; he is merely an anarchist.

Patriotism is a purely spiritual thing, but it issues very naturally, as most of us think, in flags and town meetings and council chambers and codes of law. Religion also is spiritual and, like patriotism, it is primarily the consciousness of a community of life; beyond patriotism, it is the consciousness of an infinite community of life which embraces God and so drives us into union with the entire universe. Our church organizations are very imperfect, but altogether inevitable expressions of this common life.

When men come together in the church they do not leave the world behind them; they bring with them all of the world, all the selfishness and the sectionalism, that is in their own hearts. But it is still the best in them, not the worst, that draws them together, and what better hope have we of the ultimate triumph of this best than in their fellowship, their common communion with God, and their united effort to realize in all the world the ideals of which, however dimly, they have had a vision?

Back of all else in the writer's mind is evidently the fact of the present war in Europe. And I would not minimize the failure of the church which that holocaust implies. It has not shocked me, however, in quite the same way that it has shocked many. Voltaire is said to have turned skeptic on hearing the news

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of the Lisbon earthquake and tidal wave. The revulsion of his faith was a tribute to his sympathies, but a sad reflection on his insight, perhaps even on the quickness of his sympathies. For there is no lesson written in any great natural calamity which is not written just as legibly though less luridly in a hundred thousand little tragedies of the street and home every day of our lives. There is no lesson written in the war which is not written just as plainly in the mining situation of Colorado, in the conditions of any of our slums, in every corner saloon, along our frivolous boulevards, everywhere you look. The work of the church is not yet accomplished; it is scarcely well begun. With shame and sorrow, but with all possible publicity, be it confessed; for on one side at least it is the consciousness of this fact that keeps the church alive.

JOHN J. MOMENT.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Clocks

By BURGES JOHNSON

THE clock I go to bed by is so very wee and small,
The big hand gets around it in almost no time at all;
And after tea, when bedtime is half a nour away,
The little minutes on it are the shortest in the day.

I wish that little bedtime clock was hanging here instead,
And then they 'd use this kitchen clock for sending me to bed.
When I 'm waiting for my luncheon, it 's so terribully slow;
It has the biggest minutes of 'most any clock I know.

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The Unemployed

Drawn by
Frederic Dorr Steele

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The Gentle Art in Cripple Creek

THE following noteworthy communication was received of recent years by a large Eastern publishing house from a Western admirer:

Cripple Creek, Colorado,
May 4, ——.

Messieurs:

Sometime ago one of your agents unloaded your Cyclopedia of names on me at Pueblo with the assurance that it was a way up and modern publication. I have received the book and dont agree with him for the reason that while such Jim Crow and tin horn towns as Abelene Kans. and Grinnell, Iowa, are mentioned in the report, I fail to find any reference to this city or district of Cripple Creek. Consequently I am disgust with the book and although have put up $2. would as soon let that go and not own such a book which is so lacking as to omit any reference to this city or district. Nevertheless for the benefit of your compiler I want to say for the benefit of his jags that the city and mining district of Cripple Creek are located on the Southwest slope of Pikes Peak. Four years ago the population was about *ten*. Today the souls inhabiting the *City* of Cripple Creek number at least *ten thousand* and in the entire district there are at least twenty thousand souls not counting about five hundred coyotes in human shape who are in the chattel mortgage business and consequently dont trot in the souls class.

The Rio Grande and Santa Fe roads are completed into the camp and his jags is further informed that as a slight indication of the importance of this camp as a wealth producer, that one mine known as the Independent, and it is dam well named, produced over half a million dollars profit for the four months just gone for the lucky cuss who own it, to-wit old man Stratton who has just gone in a special Pullman to California. Then the Portland is producing at the rate of a million a year. Recollect this is a gold camp strictly and produces no silver, and I dont see why the hell your statistik prospector omitted to mention the great camp of Cripple Creek which lies on the West side of Pikes Peak and not on the east side of the range which was prospected by suckers for forty years. It strikes me as dam curious that this camp which will positively produce more gold in 1895 than can be produced in all California should get lost in the shuffle by your compiler. You may doubt these figures but if you do it will be because you are not posted. No, I dont want the book since it dont mention Cripple Creek and your agent can take the $2. as his rake off and take his little book back. I am sorry to have to do this as I have always considered your house a good one, but am compelled to say that in my Honest Opinion your compiler is not well onto his job, in fact he aint worth a dam. Let me hear from you by return mail what you propose to do about it.

Yours sincerely,

——— ———

My Dreams

By JOHN AMID

THROUGH the drudging moments of daily toil,
Whether dressing or trudging, I 'm dreaming, too.
Like a bird, my thought wings into the blue.
If the soul be raised from the sordid soil,
What matters the task the mere members do?

What reward these wandering fancies yield!
Perhaps, while I 'm shaving, some eery elf
Springs from the mug on the bath-room shelf;
My thoughts go wandering far afield:
There, now, dammit! I 've cut myself!

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